

MERZI

ROSS



HOME

FOR

CHRISTMAS

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Home for Christmas

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Dedication:

For Wills--friends always

Chapter One

As much as she loved parties, Sara Kingston could only take so many holiday gatherings. If she had to smile her way through another fancy dress ball, she was going to scream. Nothing ever changed. It was always the same people at every party. The same inane chatter that was sweet to your face but vicious as hell behind your back. She hated it. Nothing ever livened things up. Grabbing a glass of champagne from a passing waiter, she gulped it down, then froze as she started to set it down on the bar beside her.

Actually the whole room froze in place as the long-absent Vice-President of Kingston Enterprises was announced. Leaning insolently against the doorframe, Andrew Hayward managed to look more formal in his black slacks, white dress shirt, and partially zipped black leather jacket than most of the men present did in the tuxedos. With his tousled blonde curls and piercing blue eyes, Drew never quite lost his untamed air. Sara had long ago decided that he was a cross between Indiana Jones and Memphis Raines, the perfect bad boy your mother warned you about as a teenager. Nothing ever seemed to get him down, and

she adored him for that. Then there was the way that he could make her husband, Michael, smile just by being in the same room. Drew was just a bit younger than Michael yet there was something about Drew that fascinated her. She just couldn't figure out what.

Drew was Michael's best friend, but there was some strange undercurrent to their relationship that made her wonder sometimes if there was more than mere friendship in their past. They'd spent a lot of time traveling together before Michael settled into the presidency of the company. Sara blushed at the thought, forcing her mind back to the present and the slowly reviving conversations around her and not on her occasionally wild fantasies. Somehow, she managed to redirect her mother-in-law's latest attempt to quiz her about her lack of children while still watching Drew across the width of the great room.

"You're staring, Sara."

"Hmm?" Sara made herself focus again on her surroundings, looking up at her husband. She smiled at Michael. She could see that he wasn't upset with her. His honey-brown eyes were gleaming with happiness as he spoke.

"At Drew. Why?"

"Oh!" She turned swiftly, her full skirt swirling about her, and truly blushed. "He fascinates me. And not just because he's your best friend. There's just something..." she paused, seeking a good word to describe what she felt for Drew. "Compelling about him."

“Ah.”

Sara looked up, wondering what Michael was thinking, and tilted her head a bit in silent query. When he took her hand, she entwined their fingers, automatically tugging him a bit closer to her so that no one would see. She'd long ago gotten into the habit of hiding their small affections from the press that followed her husband everywhere. She'd just never gotten out of the habit once they'd married. She shivered delicately, catching her breath when he rubbed his thumb over her wedding ring. Sara smiled, tightening her hold on him, and waited patiently for him to speak. When he finally did, his Scots accent, faint though it was, seemed heavier. She forced herself to remain still even as her body reacted to his voice and the memories it roused.

“Do you trust me, darling?”

“Completely.”

Michael smiled again, that sweet smile she so loved, and brushed his fingers down her cheek. She leaned into the touch, savoring it. As he strode off across the room, Sara turned, watching as he joined Drew. She watched Michael speak to Drew. Sara took advantage of the moment to admire her husband, tall, lean and ever so handsome. Where Drew was untamed, Michael was controlled. The contrast was amazing to her even after a lifetime of friendship and two years of marriage. Whatever Michael said clearly startled Drew, the younger man seemed to stare at Michael in disbelief. Sara saw Michael nod and, bewildered, wondered why Drew was suddenly

staring at her in surprise. She considered going over to ask them what was so shocking, but her mother-in-law demanded her attention again. When she was finally able to look around for them again, neither man was in the room. With a resigned sigh, Sara turned her attention to her guests.

Finally, the last of the guests departed, leaving her alone. Sara breathed a heartfelt sigh of relief. She and Michael were now officially on vacation. No one would expect to see them before New Year's. Stepping out of her heels, she set them aside, gathering her skirt in her hands, and started searching for her wayward husband. A smile tugged at her lips when she discovered him in the library, deep in conversation with Drew. "So this is where you two ran off to," she said, smiling as she entered the room. "Abandoned me to those harpies while you drank."

Sara perched on the arm of her husband's chair, taking his glass from him. She sipped at the drink, handing it back, and snuggled against him. "Evening, Drew."

"Sara."

She ran her fingers through the tiny curls at Michael's nape. His hair was just long enough to brush his collar, thus the curls, but still short enough to fit his image as CEO of the family company. A rich red-brown, faintly streaked with gray, Michael's hair reflected his Scottish ancestry. With a faint smile at

Drew, Sara ran her nails beneath Michael's hair. She loved the way he'd stiffen, tensing beneath her touch. She so loved to tease him like that, knowing how much he enjoyed the light scratching of her nails on his skin. They had a lively relationship, but she could sense him holding back with her, almost as if he was missing something. Only when he was with Drew did she see him relax completely. "So what was so important that you two felt you had to desert me?"

"Your Christmas present."

Sara gasped softly as Michael grabbed her wrist, pulling her down into his lap. Once he had her there, he kissed her, his hand delving beneath her skirt to stroke her thigh. Sara grabbed his wrist, trying to stop him, but gave a startled cry instead when a hand grasped hers, stilling her. She twisted, pulling away, and stared at Drew. He was kneeling beside the chair, her hand firmly in his, watching her intently. She blinked. "What's going on?"

"That depends on you, Sara." Drew was stroking her wrist. The light touch was both disturbing and arousing. "Michael's invited me to stay..."

Again, she blinked. Sara knew, somehow, that the invitation was for more than a mere holiday visit. Her mind flashed to a conversation that she'd had with Michael not long after they'd married.

"Sara, Drew's my closest friend. I've shared half my life with him. Everything, absolutely everything, I've shared with him."

"Everything?"

"Yes." He stared down at her. His eyes were intent, hard. "I hope that you can accept that... someday."

"I..." Sara took a deep breath, shifting her gaze between Drew's, wary and watchful, and Michael's, hopeful and loving. "I need to think. Alone." She moved, easing away from Michael in order to stand up. "I'm going to take a bath. Michael..."

"It's alright. Go."

Sara considered both men for a moment longer and then shook her head. How do I tell you that I want you both? That I care for you both... always have... but I'm Michael's now. Silent, she slipped from the room, retrieving her heels and heading upstairs. She paused halfway up the curving staircase. Aren't I?

Chapter Two

With her hair in a loose knot, Sara entered the bedroom from the bath, planning on at least brushing the heavy mass out before talking to Drew and Michael. Opening the door, she froze, blinking. She had to be imagining things. There was no way in hell that Drew was lounging, fully clothed but for his shoes and jacket on her bed, smiling at her, while Michael leaned against the nearby wall looking quite pleased with himself. She took a deep steadying breath; her half-formed suspicions of what Michael was planning for Christmas now confirmed. Yet she hadn't agreed to anything, much less bringing Drew into their bed!

She watched, more than a bit confused, as Michael pushed away from the wall to cross the room toward her. Sara tilted her head back to look up at him. It was one of those rare moments when she hated the fact that he was so much taller than her. She heard the bed shift slightly but couldn't tear her gaze away from Michael to look. Her husband threaded his hands into her hair, holding her still. She closed her eyes, curling up against him as he kissed her.

His kisses could rouse her completely in an instant. She was wet, hungry and aching when he pulled away. A soft moan escaped her. Sara clung, suddenly uncaring that they had an attentive audience, her nails digging into his back as he moved away a bit to look down at her. Michael stared at her, just watching her for a long moment, and she began to wonder exactly what he was thinking. When he finally spoke, his soft voice seemed loud in the silence of the room.

"Trust me?" he murmured, tightening his hand in her hair.

Sara reached up, brushing back a lock of his hair, and smiled. "I trust you," she whispered, casting a swift glance at Drew, and nodded.

Michael smothered any further reply she would have made in another one of those drugging kisses. She was dazed when he finally released her. Michael slid his hand down her arm, catching her hand and leading her across the room to where Drew still lay, watching them.

Sara was caught by the expression in Drew's deep blue eyes. It was as if he wasn't any more certain of what was happening then she was. She smiled even as she blushed beneath his frankly assessing regard. She felt Michael step behind her, his hands lifting her hair away so he could press his lips to her throat. Sara purred softly, shivering, beneath the caress. Michael spoke, barely above a whisper, in her ear.

"You want him, don't you?"

"I..." Sara felt Michael's hand curve along her side. "Yes..." She tried not to blush any deeper as Michael

tugged the sash on her robe freeing it from the loose knot she'd tied the fabric in. As the fabric loosened, Michael ran his hands up the front. Sara arched into the inadvertent caress. She didn't resist as he tugged the robe down her arms to toss it aside. When Drew's eyes widened slightly, Sara knew that the thin silk and lace she wore was more than worth the cost, even if Michael wasn't the first to see her in it. Then she blushed again at the turn of her thoughts. "Drew?" she questioned in a soft whisper, startled when he held a hand out to her.

"I won't hurt you...or do anything you don't want."

Sara glanced back, over her shoulder, at Michael. When he nodded in response to her unvoiced question, she turned back, taking Drew's hand and letting him draw her onto the bed. She knelt, on the edge, and absently pulled her gown from beneath her. The fabric pooled about her in piles of cream-colored silk. Her focus was on the man in front of her. Never had she thought that this would be happening and she watched, fascinated, as Drew pulled her hand toward him, brushing his lips over her wrist. She gasped softly. Michael chuckled from behind her. She sensed him moving closer, his hands threading through her hair, lifting it away from her neck to drop the strands through his fingers.

When Drew rested her hand on his shoulder, running his fingers up her arm and cupping her cheek, she closed her eyes. They were seducing her, expertly seducing her. Sara couldn't muster up the

willpower to question the coordination in their actions. She shut her mind off, deciding to enjoy this 'gift' and question it later...much later. Drew held her just long enough that she was beginning to wonder if anything was going to happen at all. She started to open her eyes, to question, when he ran his thumb over her lower lip. She drew in a startled breath. He kissed her.

Kissing Drew was vastly different from kissing Michael, Sara noted absently as she let Drew lead her. Where Michael was all heat and wild passion, Drew was quiet and confident. Drew eased her into the kiss, slowly deepening it, until she was whimpering, wrapping her arms around him to support herself as her body went weak from want.

Her small cry caused Michael to close his hand on her hip. Sara pulled away from Drew, sucking in a much-needed breath, and twisted slightly to look at him. "I'm alright...truly." She dropped a hand to stroke along Michael's arm until he relaxed again. "Just surprised."

Both men chuckled. There was something deliciously untamed in that sound. It rolled through her body, heating her senses; it disturbed her a bit that she wasn't more upset with Michael for not giving her more time to decide if she wanted this somewhat unconventional Christmas present. All she wanted was someone, anyone, to touch her. She looked back at Drew in time to see him look over her shoulder at Michael seeming to communicate silently with her husband. Then all of Drew's attention was

focused on her again.

She felt herself once again blushing beneath that intense gaze. It seemed to strip her bare, exposing vulnerabilities that she didn't even know she had. Yet it aroused her as well. Her eyes dropped to her hand, still resting on Drew's shoulder. In a daze, she watched, almost as if it belonged to someone else, as she trailed her fingers up over the cool silk of his shirt and into his hair. She tugged lightly, smiling, and met him as he leaned toward her. She kissed him hungrily. Her tongue slid along Drew's lip, seeking entrance, and taking it greedily when the offering was made. Drew tasted of the scotch the men had been drinking and something else, spicy, that was unique to him.

Sara knew that someone was carefully undoing the ribbons on her gown, but the knowledge only half-registered. She did recognize the touch when Michael slid a hand along her shoulder, brushing the fabric down. Twisting, she struggled to free herself from the tangled fabric. Drew trailed a hand up her side to stroke the underside of her breast. Sara pulled out of their kiss with a gasp, purring and arching into the caress of his fingers.

"She likes that."

"Oh, yes." Sara leaned back, letting Michael support her weight. She reveled in the feel of him behind her, his skin warm against her back. She didn't even think to question how he'd managed to lose his shirt, too caught up in the slow simmer of desire that they were rousing in her. "Please..."

"Please what?" Drew asked the question softly, almost distractedly, his hands busy tugging the gown the rest of the way down. With the fabric bunched in her lap, Sara flushed as his eyes traced over her, his hands following the path his eyes traveled, stroking delicately along her skin.

"Touch me," she murmured. Her blush deepened when Drew chuckled softly and shifted back away from her. She followed him, suddenly craving the feel of his hands on her body, and threaded her hand deeper into his hair. Sara dropped her eyes for a moment, shy and uncertain, then drew in a breath, leaning forward to kiss Drew. She let her instincts guide her, tracing his lower lip with her tongue and then nipping him with her teeth. She had just enough time to register that Drew liked that before he was clutching her too him, taking complete charge of their kiss. Sara was more than willing to follow his lead. Both men knew far more than she about what was going to happen tonight then she did. She finally pulled away from Drew, panting, to catch her breath.

She'd barely caught it when Michael was turning her to face him. He kissed her, rougher than he usually did, a hard edge of passion in him. She moaned softly, trembling, and tilted her head when he started kissing her neck, murmuring a soft apology. She loved those rare moments when Michael didn't restrain himself with her. Purring her pleasure, she let him urge her back onto the bed. Sara could feel hands stripping her, knowing it was Drew who did so as Michael stroked her breasts with a practiced touch.

She lay there for a moment, eyes half closed, as Michael pulled her hair from beneath her. A part of her wanted to hide from them yet at the same time, she wanted this...wanted them.

A startled cry escaped her when she felt Drew's hand on her stomach, tracing idle circles on her skin. When he started to take his hand away, she caught his wrist, shifting his hand to her breast. "Please..."

"Are you certain?"

Drew's voice was softer yet—a slight hesitation in it—but she understood. If she agreed, if she let this continue, then everything changed. There was no going back to the way things were, yet she had no idea where they were going either. Sara closed her eyes for a moment, knowing deep inside her that this was something she did want and, apparently, Michael did too. "Love me, Andrew."

Chapter Three

Even knowing that she did want them both, Sara never expected the reaction her softly spoken command would get. Much of the next several minutes were lost in a haze of building pleasure and rough passion. Later, she could only recall a few moments clearly: Michael's scotch-flavored kisses; Drew's hesitant touch; and her own half-smothered cries.

Sara gasped, her mind clearing a bit when she felt Michael trace a finger around her pussy, slipping it inside her for a moment. Her eyes flew open, widening as she watched him trace that finger across Drew's lips, then lean over her body to lick the taste of her from the other man's mouth. Drew pulled Michael in for a kiss, even as he continued to stroke her breasts with the back of his hand.

Sara had never seen anything so arousing in her life as that kiss. One hand drifted across the bed to explore Drew. A small startled cry escaped her when Drew took his hand from her breasts to catch hers, pressing her hand closer to him. She knew what he wanted from her. Sara stroked her hand down the

fabric before squirming a bit to be able to reach the button on Drew's slacks. She looked up when he moaned, low in his throat, and watched him pull away from Michael to look at her.

She shifted, rising to her knees, and set to undressing both men, exploring them with light touches and occasional kisses. Sara knew exactly where and how to touch Michael, but she was enjoying the chance to explore another man, to see if any of her knowledge applied to him. She urged Drew to lay back, her hands trailing over him as she threw the last of his clothes across the room.

Sara gasped, her back arching as Michael trailed a finger down her spine. Then she moaned as he pressed his naked body against her back. She stilled in her explorations of Drew, shifting her position as Michael whispered instructions in her ear.

She'd never felt so exposed and vulnerable in her life, kneeling there with her legs parted so Drew could watch Michael touch and explore her. Unconsciously, she curled her fingers around Drew, his length so warm in her hands, and began to echo Michael's movements and gentle stroking of her on Drew. Her head fell back against Michael's shoulder, a soft cry coming from her, echoed in Drew's groan before he caught her wrists, pulling her hands away.

"Michael!" Sara panted softly, writhing against his hands, against Drew's hold on her wrists. One held her still while the other explored her. A frustrated scream escaped her when Michael pulled his fingers from within her, leaving her hovering on the edge of

an orgasm. He stroked his hand up her body, leaving a trail of her juices up to her breasts and encircling each nipple. She struggled a bit harder, twisting her hands, only to still when Michael took her wrists, pulling her hands behind her back and arching her body toward Drew.

A hand curled around her ribs. Drew smirked at her, bending down to follow that glistening trail Michael had left on her skin. His hand cupped her just before he closed his lips around her aching nipple. She tilted her head, watching as Drew suckled her. A small whimper escaped her at the lust in his eyes as he looked up at her. "Please, Michael. Please!"

"Not yet, baby, not yet." Michael's purring voice, thick with his accent, just increased the desperate arousal flooding her body. "I want him to truly taste you first."

Just the thought had her ready to climax, Sara didn't know if she could handle to reality. She managed a nod, biting her lip to try to contain her cries as Drew switched his attentions to her other nipple, biting her just hard enough to arouse, even as Michael guided one of Drew's hands down through her drenched curls to stroke her pussy. Sara brought one of her now free hands up, clenching it in Drew's hair, holding him to her, while she twisted a bit, using the other hand to pull Michael to her for a deep kiss.

When Michael pulled away to let her breath again, Sara found herself on her back with no real memory of how she'd gotten there. She watched through hooded eyes as Michael whispered to Drew, his lips

brushing the other man's skin as he spoke. She wondered what was being said, as Drew flushed in response to the comments, and then didn't bother wondering as Drew began trailing kisses down her body. "Yes," she hissed softly. "Oh yes!"

Her hands clenched on the coverlet beneath her as she twisted, trying to press closer. She wanted more, needed more, and watched through her lashes as Drew pressed his cheek to her thigh, breathing deeply of her scent. Sara drew in a breath, fully prepared to beg, when Michael eased his fingers into her. She keened, unable to stop the cry from escaping her as her tightly wound body spasmed from just that tease of penetration. She didn't even get a chance to recover from that before Drew tasted her, his tongue swirling around Michael's fingers as he pulled the other man's hand from her. Once he had Michael's hand out of the way, Drew wrapped his own hands around Sara's hips, holding her still as he began to feast on her. Sara let her eyes close, flinging her head back and writhing against that hold. "Oh! God, Drew, please!"

He stroked her stomach with his fingers. Sara panted at the touch. She couldn't take this, not much longer, and whimpered. She was so close to the edge...just one proper touch would send her over...she couldn't even focus enough to care that Drew was leaving faint bruises on her as he held her. All she wanted was for the tension within her to break. Drew shifted his hold, pulling away a bit. Before she could protest the move, he shoved his fingers deep into her and she screamed as her whole

body went taut, then relaxed as she climaxed.

"Don't do that to her again." Drew reached up to stroke Sara's sweat-dampened, tangled hair back from her face. Her small cries had been more pain than pleasure. He'd felt the tension in her, felt the way her muscles spasmed from the slightest touch. As much as he'd wanted to savor the taste of her, so hot and sweet, he couldn't continue the torture that Michael had been putting her through. "Just don't."

"Drew... she doesn't mind the teasing."

"I know how you like to tease, Michael." Drew reached across Sara, his hand settling on Michael's chest. He tunneled his fingers through the sparse hair there, finding one nipple to stroke; his other hand finally left Sara, still barely conscious where she lay between them, to curl around Michael's neck. "I remember that sweet torment far too well, but *she's* never experienced it. Has she?" Drew pinched the nipple beneath his fingers lightly, releasing the older man when Michael caught his wrist and squeezed. "That wasn't the sound of a woman so lost to pleasure that she didn't care about anything anymore. You *hurt* her... made me hurt her... and I told her I wouldn't!"

"Don't..."

Drew quieted, instantly turning from Michael to the woman beside him. "Sara?"

"I..."

Drew caught her searching hand, holding it, and watched as she pulled herself up. Just looking in her eyes, he could see that she wasn't sated yet. He'd been right; Michael had never tormented her for hours on end before. This was new. She didn't know how to handle it. A glance at the other man confirmed the guilt that he knew would be riding Michael for quite some time.

"Michael...?"

That they both spoke at the same time startled Drew into silence. He watched Sara, content to hold her hand for the moment, and wondered what would happen now.

"I..." She shook her head, trying to refocus her mind through the passion that still rode her body. She had no idea how to ask for what she wanted, desperately wanted, at that moment. She wanted them, together or separately; she didn't care which, inside her. Drew had taken the edge off her desperation, but she was still aching and hungry. She raised her eyes to Michael, flicked them toward Drew and back.

"Aye, love."

Sara's eyes widened a bit as she stared at her husband. For only the second time in their relationship, she saw guilt haunting his beautiful eyes. She wondered what had brought it about now. She shifted her hand, cupping his cheek, and leaned up further to brush her lips across his. "May I?" she murmured, again letting her gaze drift to Drew. "Please?"

She held his gaze, refusing to look away again, even as she freed her hand from Drew's light hold. She started to touch Drew, her fingers finding and tracing over him, knowing that the light caresses kept Drew focused on her while she let Michael read her eyes and her heart. She hoped that he understood that while she loved him with all her heart and soul, she needed Drew.

"Aye, ye may."

Sara twined her fingers in Michael's hair, pulling him to her to kiss him properly. When she released him, she shifted her attention to Drew. She held her hands out to him, lying back as she did so, and smiled an invitation. She wondered at his hesitation.

"Love her, Drew."

She heard the words, but didn't get a chance to question why Michael was giving Drew permission to make love to her. Sara uttered a small cry as Drew settled on his side beside her, his mouth returning to her breasts, suckling her as much as a baby would. She threaded her fingers into his hair, moaning a bit of encouragement. She couldn't resist touching him, her hands stroking along his shoulders before returning to her petting of his hair. Sara turned her head, sending a questioning glance at Michael, who just smiled, lowering his head to kiss her.

Sara arched her back toward the men sharing her bed. They had started running their hands over her again. The long sweeping caresses rousing her again. She shifted, restless and needy, pulling away from Michael to draw in a sharp gasping breath. As she

watched, Michael leaned over, murmuring softly to Drew, dropping kisses on the other man's skin between words. Whatever was said caused an intense reaction in Drew as he sucked harder at her breast. A sharp cry escaped her. A low chuckle from Michael had her starting to question, but the question was lost when Michael took her free nipple in his mouth, tormenting it as much as Drew did the other. She writhed, incoherent words falling from her, her hips rising in silent entreaty.

The roll of Sara's hips toward him combined with Michael's expert stroking of his cock had Drew ready to scream. Still, he paused for a moment, lifting his head from Sara's addictive breasts, to stare down at her. She shifted, drawing a leg up and opening herself for him, but it was Michael's softly spoken command that had him moving over her.

Take her, Drew, pleasure her... she wants you...

The words Michael had whispered in his ear echoed in his mind even as he obeyed them. Sara was hot and tight, so small and delicate; Drew savored the slow glide into her, the clenching of her pussy around him. She moaned, the moan turning into a pleasure-filled scream, as he took her. Drew groaned, resting his weight on his hands as he paused to let her adjust to his possession. He thrust slowly, easing back before sliding forward, taking her inch-by-inch. If this was the only time he'd have Sara, he intended on enjoying

ever moment, imprint the event on his memory.

He'd just found a rhythm that had her tossing her head, writhing beneath him when a very familiar touch had him gasping. Michael's hand curled over his shoulder as the older man shifted on the bed. Drew could hardly concentrate on the woman so desperate beneath him once Michael started caressing him. The glide of Michael's tongue on his skin, the gentle bite of his teeth at the base of his spine; it was all achingly familiar. When Michael curled his hand around his cock, squeezing lightly before shifting his hand to stroke his fingers over his wife, Drew thrust hard, wringing a scream from Sara.

Sara pulled him to her, kissing him deeply and forcing her tongue into his mouth. Drew reciprocated in the intense kiss, tasting her as deeply as she tasted him. They broke the kiss only when they needed to breathe. He lowered his weight onto her, bracing himself, and rode her, hard, taking her with a fierce desperation. When she began to scream, arching her back to press closer, Michael moved again, catching Sara's jaw in his hand to hold her still for his kisses. Even then, Michael was still stroking them both, his touch light enough to be an intense tease, a torment instead of a pleasure.

Through the haze of passion that was enveloping her, Sara felt Drew thrust deep and hard, stilling inside her. He groaned softly, his face buried in the depths

of her hair, lips pressed against her skin. She thought he murmured something, but didn't understand it. She sighed softly as he shifted, settling beside her, his hand tracing a pattern on her breasts. Michael's hand was still between her thighs, stroking her, tormenting her, and she hissed in pleasure-pain at the touch.

"Baby?"

Michael's question and his sudden stillness had her smiling up at him. "Need you..." He chuckled, laying back and lifting her astride him.

"Like this, Sara."

Moaning, she eased down on him, resting her hands on his chest for balance and leverage. After a moment's pause, she began to ride him, rocking her pelvis and seeking the climax that seemed to have eluded her all night. It wasn't long before she was digging her nails into Michael, on the edge of another scream, as the tension within her snapped completely. She knew that her climax, so hard and almost painful, drew Michael after her by the deep groan and cry of her name that spilled from him. Still it was Drew who smothered her scream this time, catching her as she started to collapse and laying her between him and Michael. She panted, exhausted, too tired to really say anything. She just smiled, curling a hand over Drew as he rested his head in her breasts and stroked his hair, leaning her own head into Michael's touch as he stroked hers. In those last silent moments before sleep claimed her, Sara wondered what the morning would bring.

Chapter Four

Freshly showered and dressed, Sara smiled at the sight of Michael and Drew curled together in the bed. She shook her head slightly. They hadn't even realized that she'd slipped away. Taking a deep breath, she leaned down to brush her lips over both men's temples and then headed downstairs. She needed to think, to figure out what she wanted now, and for that she needed coffee. Could she truly send Drew away now? Now that she'd seen how much Michael seemed to care for him? Perhaps even loved him?

Pouring herself a cup of coffee, Sara stepped out onto the deck. Despite her thick wool sweater, she shivered in the breeze coming down from the mountains. She settled onto one of the deck chairs, curling her legs up beneath her, and watched the sun start to rise. She loved the quiet hours of the morning, most of the time. Now all the silence did was emphasize how much she had to think about before the men woke up.

I love him. Michael is the best thing to have happened to me. But what do I do about Andrew? I want him. He

roused me so much last night. But was it him, or the situation?

Intellectually, Sara knew she should be upset at the presumption that Michael had made the previous evening. Her heart, on the other hand, just accepted the situation, saw what could be and moved on. That was just Michael. Controlling Scotsman that he was, when he saw something he wanted he took it with both hands, made it his own. Sara sighed softly. Sara's thoughts repeatedly chased themselves about in her mind until she flung the cup away over the deck rail with a disgusted cry.

"I'd ask what the coffee did, but I don't think I'd want to follow it. That's a long drop."

Sara looked up at the laughing comment and chuckled herself. Drew, looking far too awake for just after dawn, was standing there with his own cup in hand. He set it aside while she watched him. "It wasn't the coffee..."

"But the thoughts."

"Yeah." She considered the man before her. Drew looked as nervous as she did. He crouched down beside her chair, looking up at her. After a moment, Sara recognized the action for what it was, an unconscious attempt to relax her. "Nasty thing, thoughts, they bring all your insecurities to light."

"Do you want me to leave, Sara?"

"No!" Sara reacted instantly. She couldn't stop the response. After a moment, she realized it was true. She didn't want him to leave. "No. Don't go." She reached over, stroking his hair out of his eyes, and

traced the lines of his face. "I want you to stay." Silence fell between them. Sara continued her absent-minded stroking of Drew's hair while she thought.

When a light snow began to fall, Drew sighed and rose, pulling her to her feet. Sara released a startled scream when Drew swung her up into his arms and carried her inside. "Drew!"

His shy smile reassured her as nothing else would that things were all right, if a bit off kilter at the moment, between them. Sara felt him shift slightly, getting a better hold, before he turned and headed back inside the house. She sighed softly, resting her head on his shoulder and wrapping an arm about his neck as he carried her through the house. Sara was torn between indignation and relief when he sent her down. "What are you doing?"

"You're freezing, Sara. I should have brought you inside sooner."

"You aren't my keeper."

"I want to be." He looked away, kneeling to light the freshly laid fire. "I want to be a part of this." Drew waved a hand at the house around them. "You're important to Michael's happiness, which is important to me."

"So are you." Sara knelt beside him. When he still refused to look at her, she cupped his cheek in her hand, slowly turning him to face her. "I so rarely see Michael as completely happy as he is when you are around." She stared into his eyes, determined that he'd understand the risk she was taking with her own heart where both men were concerned. "I love him. If

he wants you, he can have you."

"What about you, Sara? Do you want me?"

The soft whisper was unsteady. Sara released a slow breath, looking beyond him for a moment. Somehow, thought she wasn't entirely certain how, she knew that the future of her marriage rested on the answer to that one question. She looked away, considering everything, and realized that she more than wanted him. She loved him as much as she loved Michael. It was that feeling that had allowed her to relax the previous night, to enjoy what both men had done to her. Looking back at Drew, she smiled, leaning toward him. "Yes... I do..." she purred, letting her hand drift back into his hair. Pulling him toward her, she kissed him. "Very much."

Sara put all her want into that kiss, hoping that she wouldn't have to explain any more. A gasp escaped her when Drew grabbed her, pulling her closer so that she straddled his lap, and deepened the kiss. He laid her back on the floor, his hands stroking over her, only to still when a laughing voice interrupted his explorations.

"Now this is something I've wanted to see for a very long time."

Sara turned toward the sound, flushing a brilliant scarlet when she met Michael's gaze. Before she could say anything, Michael settled beside her on the floor, lounging there, staring at both her and Drew. Then he leaned down and kissed her... then Drew. Long, deep exploratory kisses that left her panting in their wake. She caught that silent communication between the

two men again. It angered her that they could do that. Just look at each other and know what they were saying without a word being spoken. "Don't do that!"

"Do what?"

"Talk without words. It bothers me."

"Won't do it again." Drew chuckled. "You're absolutely adorable when you're angry."

Sara blinked at the nonsequitor. When Drew shifted his weight pressing against her, she knew that he thought her more than adorable. She gasped and arched in response, delighting in Drew's deep groan as he pressed his face into her neck.

"Don't stop on my account." Michael's quietly expressed permission startled Sara. "I'm quite enjoying watching you two."

Sara blinked. A deep throb of desire raced through her body. For an instant all she could think of was how delicious it would be to watch Michael and Drew together, like in her morning fantasy. She smirked, shifting her gaze from one man to the other. "What if I wanted to watch the two of you? Hmm..."

"Baby?"

Michael's shock was a delight. Sara dissolved into giggles. She couldn't help it. When Drew lifted himself away from her, she held her hands out to him, letting him pull her up so she was sitting between the two men on the floor. She leaned back against the sofa behind her. "Well?"

"It wouldn't disturb you?"

Shaking off their hands, for both had started touching her as soon as she was within easy reach,

Sara rose to her feet. She stood silently for a moment before the fireplace, watching the logs snap and pop. "I don't think so. Not considering how I felt last night, especially when you kissed. Michael, I...I wouldn't know until it happened..." She turned slowly to face them again. "But I want the chance to find out."

About the Author

Merzi Ross is a loving wife, devoted mother to her five year old daughter and the spoiler of her Cat, Miss Varina. She writes her amazing stories in a small town in Alabama. Merzi also reviews other writer's work. And when she isn't glued to her computer or teaching her daughter something new, she works as a seamstress. Her favorite color is black, she has a weakness for classic rock and enjoys triple-chocolate brownies while watching movies with Joseph Fiennes in it.