

Three of

Hearts

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# Three of Hearts

by

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## Chapter One

Mikki hated her bosses with a burning, unnatural hatred. Though she knew it was irrational, she hated them both with every fiber of her being. Okay, maybe that was a bit extreme, but she really did hate them. First of all, they were both painfully gorgeous. Men that looked like they did weren't supposed to be real; not even movie stars looked that good. Joaquin Perez and Kaito Yoshida were beyond silver screen, male model, poster boy gorgeous.

Joaquin was Argentinean; a true golden boy from the top light brown, golden-streaked head to the tip of his light golden skinned feet complete with silvery blue eyes and impossibly dark, thick lashes. He was all thick muscles without an ounce of fat. Standing well over six foot four, the man towered over damn near everyone. He looked like he should have been a professional football player. A very, very sexy football player, with

a smooth voice just accented enough to be caress and seduce the ear of an unsuspecting listener.

Kaito was Japanese, though he was far from what most people thought of when they thought of Asian males. Well, what she had always thought Asian men were liked before she moved from her tiny Tennessee town to Southern California. He was way sexier than the dude that played opposite Tom Cruise in *The Last Samurai*. Kaito stood about six foot three, all finely sculpted lean muscles. His jet black hair hung in thick waves past his shoulders, daring a woman to sink her hands into those glossy locks. And his eyes! Japanese men were not supposed to have green eyes were they? They damned sure weren't supposed to be sexy as sin with a deep, seductive voice which makes a girl want to drop her panties at a simple hello.

The second reason for her hatred was they were rolling in it. Stinking, filthy, never-have-to-work-another-day-in-your-life rich. And not because either man had inherited a dime from rich families or a long, lost relative. No, they had made their boatloads of money all on their lonesome, using their impressive brainpower.

They had started their company, J & K Industries, their freshman year of college. Fifteen years later, the computer software company had grown by leaps and bounds, becoming the number one producer of business software worldwide. It was bad enough they were both sexier than the law should allow, but intelligent and business savvy too?

Both men had come from the school of hard knocks to rise above and beyond their circumstances to make their own indelible mark on the world. A story like theirs was one you heard about in early America; boys from the wrong side of the tracks who made their fortunes by the sweat of their brow and cunning minds. Rarely did the world see that kind of ingenuity anymore. They had made millions, and now that they were selling out and retiring, they stood to make billions.

Mikki told herself she was upset because she was about to lose her job as the company C.F.O. The company - no, make that the conglomerate, her bosses had sold out to had financial officers far more qualified than she could ever be from the most prestigious schools. There was no way they would keep on a woman who graduated from a tiny, barely accredited college in Nowhere, Tennessee. She still couldn't believe Joaquin and Kaito

hired her as their Chief Financial Officer right out of that tiny school five years ago, but they had. And damn it, she had grown used to the power and status that came with her position. Joaquin had trained her himself. The man was a quiz with numbers. Though at the time he had thought it odd and more than a little fishy how they had both groomed her for her job, she had went with it, and grown into one hell of a C.F.O. if she did say so herself. She had been with the company and watched it prosper and grow beyond even Kaito and Joaquin's dreams.

Although the men had negotiated the contract to where most of the J & K employees kept their positions, most of the senior officers would get a cash payout instead of a guaranteed job. The cash payouts were nothing to sneeze at, but still, how would she find another job that paid so well with such good benefits? The bastards had given her a dream job right out of college with absolutely no experience only to snatch it all away from her five short years later. There was no way she could ever replace this job and the great people she worked with. No other workplace would ever have such a relaxed feel, full of creative and innovative minds. She would run through her savings looking for that perfect fit that would never come.

Oh, who the hell was she kidding? Her cash payout was in the millions. The dynamic duo had offered her stock in the company right up front. She would be making a killing on this sale. So would all the other executives. She didn't hate her bosses because they were selling out. If she was really honest, she would have to admit she didn't hate them because they were gorgeous either. Her reasons for the burning resentment she felt towards the two men was entirely personal, and neither one of them had a clue. She hated them because she was hopelessly, completely in love with both men - and they were completely in love with each other. The bastards.

How two such manly, virile men could be gay, she would never know. Well, technically bisexual. She knew from rumors and various women she had once upon a time considered associates if not friends that both men were very much into women. Actually, none of the women had actually ever seen them getting freaky with one another. But they were all touchy and sensitive around one another, like lovers. They lived together, had since college, they dated together, and they fucked together - the dirty bastards.



“You really need to stop calling them bastards. It’s getting redundant,” Mikki muttered to herself as she looked out of the huge floor to ceiling windows. Her office had an excellent view of the ocean. Their corporate offices were located right on the beach. Prime Newport Beach property. Her office was huge; sporting a large desk, a full sized couch, a chaise lounge, a small bar, and even her own restroom. She was really going to miss this office. She had decorated it herself in light blues, teals and aqua in an overall beach motif. It seemed only right. The office was full of natural light, never failing to lighten her mood and put a little spring in her step. It was a great office.

“Bastards,” she muttered once more, completely forgetting about her earlier admonishment to herself to stop calling Joaquin and Kaito bastards.

“Hey, Michayla. Mind if I come in?”

Mikki shrugged and waved Kaito in. She was a little irritated by the fact he hadn’t knocked, just poked his head right in as if he owned the place. *He does own the place, idiot*, she reminded herself. Besides, that was just Kaito. She knew he meant no disrespect; it was just the way he was.

Whenever he had something on his mind, he forgot about little things like manners or courtesy.

There were times when he would walk away in the middle of a conversation because some big idea had suddenly come to him and he had to diagram it out or fiddle with something to see if it would work. He had that look in his eyes right now, making Mikki immediately wary. Kaito with a big idea could be dangerous. His last one had her up on a surfboard at the crack of dawn. Not her idea of fun, but he was determined to turn her into a “real Californian.” She was just fine with being a transplant, thank you very much.

“What’s up?” she asked cautiously. There was a week left before the merger went through. He better not be having second thoughts now, or thinking of dragging her into some new venture. Building up J & K had been quite enough of a rollercoaster ride. Exciting and scary, but she wasn’t as young as she used to be, she wasn’t sure she was up for any new adventures. Her poor heart couldn’t take it. Plus working side by side with the dynamic duo was getting harder and harder with each passing day.

“You know we always do the annual Valentine’s party right? Well, Valentine’s comes like a week before Valentines this year, Joaquin and I want to do something spectacular this year. You know, blow all the other parties right out of the water,” Kaito rushed to tell her. He tended to talk fast when he had an idea stuck in his craw. He was all bubbly and excited like a little kid.

Mikki gritted her teeth and waited for the kicker. Last year they actually rented a private island, which would have been romantic if Mikki had had a date. She didn’t of course. She never did. The dating scene in Southern California for a small town black woman whose southern roots were still showing was not exactly hopping. Everyone wanted willowy, tanned blondes with huge plastic tits.

At barely five feet, she was far from willowy. She had a set of jugs and a healthy dose of ass, which put her right out of the running for a size one ideal. Her dark chocolate skin was a long way from tan, but it was smooth, soft and blemish free. She liked it, even if the stupid ass men hereabouts didn’t. The one thing that seemed to blend with her surroundings was her hair. Years of hard work and dedication had allowed

it to grow almost to her waist. Thick and black, she had never had to perm it, just blow dry straight. It was her one vanity.

“Michayla, are you listening to me?” Kaito demanded impatiently.

“Sure. Party...Blow the others out of the water...Please, go on. I’m intrigued.”

She hadn’t meant to sound so sarcastic, but the man was talking about the end of the J & K family. She felt like she was losing a part of herself. More importantly, she was losing her opportunity to see Joaquin and him every day, just so she could hate them properly, up close and personal. And how many damn times did she have to remind him not to call her Michayla?

“So, we want to fly everyone to Paris. What could be more romantic? We already rented out an entire floor at the Four Seasons, suites for all the executives. We will rent out a ship or something for everyone else of course, but we want to take all the executives to Paris. So, what do you think?”

He looked so proud of himself; Mikki had to bite her tongue to stop herself from telling him she thought it was all a colossal waste of money. It wouldn't do any good. Plus, he and Joaquin had that kind of money to burn. Bastards.

"Sounds great!" she forced herself to exclaim with false brightness.  
"Hope you all have a great time."

There was no way in hell she was going to Paris, the city of love, all alone. And there was absolutely, positively no way she would watch them wine and dine one of their little plastic floozies. Enough was enough. It was time to make a clean break and move on with her life. Maybe she should consider moving somewhere in the southeast. Somewhere a stacked sister was appreciated. Atlanta maybe.

"You're going."

She hated when Kaito got all Alpha Male, Me-Tarzan-You-Jane on her. For one thing, it made her tingle her in places she didn't want to think about. Plus she always wound up doing whatever he wanted her to do when he used that voice, and he knew it. Hence the freaking surf lessons.

Pulling herself together, she decided to take a stand. She *would not* go to Paris on some Valentine's trip alone. It was just too sad.

"I am *not*, I repeat, *not* going to Paris. I'm moving to Atlanta."

Yep, that's what she was going to do. Move to Atlanta. She heard there was a lot for a sister with money there. Avoiding the jade green eyes that bore into her, she tried to focus on all the wonderful possibilities. She stood from her desk, turning her back on Kaito. She had to get away from them now before she said or did something she would regret for the rest of her life. Too bad all she really wanted was right here. Kaito or Joaquin, didn't matter which one. Both would be even better, but that would make her the worst kind of slut wouldn't it? Damn it! She was supposed to be concentrating on the opportunities in Atlanta, not the dynamic duo. Never again should she allow herself to fantasize about either or both.

"Michayla, you *will* be going to Paris with us, even if I have to spank that little ass and kidnap you myself."

Damn, he sounded delicious when his voice got all growly and deep. Never mind her ass was far from little. She wanted to pull up her sensible

business skirt and toot her ass in his direction just to see if he would really do it.

“Look, Kaito...”

“Did you tell her?” Joaquin burst into her office every bit as excited as Kaito had been a few short seconds ago.

Mikki breathed a sigh of relief at the interruption. Maybe she could sneak out of her own office as Kaito and Joaquin talked about how obstinate she was being. Everything on her end of things was all wrapped up, so they really didn't need her for the closing of the merger. Her money would be transferred directly into her account; she had signed everything she needed to sign. She should book a flight for Atlanta tonight to scope it out. Inching away from Kaito, Mikki tried to move slowly toward the door, only to find her avenue of escape blocked by Joaquin. Damn!

“She says she's not going,” Kaito informed him.

“What do you mean you're not going?” Joaquin reached out and grabbed her by the shoulders. “You have to go. Why don't you want to go?”

It was really difficult not to lean into that hard body of his and just inhale his scent. She had no idea what kind of cologne or aftershave he used, but it smelled all manly and scrumptious. Kaito always smelled like the sun and the sea – the idealized smell of sun and sea anyway. The real thing kind of left a little to be desired.

“I just don’t want to go, okay?” Yeah, she sounded testy, but there was no way she was going to admit she didn’t want to go because she didn’t have a date. She would rather shoot herself in the foot than to admit every time she saw them with one of their flavors of the month she wanted to cry...as she pulled the bitch’s hair out.

Joaquin didn’t say anything for a full minute. Mikki found herself shifting from one foot to another. One was bad enough. Two was impossible. She was getting weak; she had to find a way out. Why should she be miserable in Pairs when she could be miserable at home? Or in Atlanta.

“She said she’s moving to Atlanta,” Kaito supplied. Mikki wanted to shoot him.



“I don’t think so,” Joaquin finally spoke up.

His eyes went all silvery, a sure indication he was pissed, which pissed her off. Why the hell should he be mad just because she didn’t want to go on some stupid trip?

“Okay, both of you need to understand something right now,” she put on her “Mama” voice. The one guaranteed to get their attention. “After next week, I am no longer your employee so you can’t tell me what to do! I don’t want to go to Paris, I will not be going to Paris, and that is final! Do I make myself clear?”

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“Ain’t this a bitch,” Mikki muttered to herself as the private jet taxied down the runway. “I can’t believe I let them talk me into this shit.”

They hadn’t exactly talked her into it as much as they had connived and wheedled.

“We don’t have a date,” Joaquin had told her after twenty minutes of constant back and forth. “We were hoping you would agree to be our hostess.”

That had moved her a little, but it was the ultra-Alpha Kaito that pushed her over. Getting right up in her personal space, he had laid it on thick. Heaven help her, she loved that. She loved the threatening growly voice and the piercing jade green stares. Lord help her, it was the only sexual thrill she had gotten in quite a while.

They had even showed up before the break of day this morning complete with empty suitcases. Kaito had gone through her closets while Joaquin had went around collecting incidentals. Sure, she had every intention of calling them at the last minute claiming to be sick. Kaito had probably anticipated that.

At least they had let her pack her own underwear. That would have been too much. But then, they seemed to know her boundaries. Despite Mikki’s growing crush, the three of them had developed a deep friendship.

Both Kaito and Joaquin had keys to her house and her two cars, she had keys to all of their houses scattered across California, a lodge in Vale and a beach house in Hawaii. She only had to ask if she wanted to drive any one of their cars.

They laughed together, cried together, occasionally vacationed together. There wasn't much they kept from one another. It was only recently Mikki had begun to put distance between herself and her enigmatic bosses. Well, ex-bosses now, since the sale of J & K was final. She had been trying to make a clean break, if only they would let her.

"Why don't you tell me the real reason you didn't want to come with us, Mikki," Joaquin asked as he slid into the plush recliner-like seat next to her.

Avoiding his question completely, Mikki sunk into her seat with a mulish expression on her face. Looking around she felt a twinge of sorrow this would probably be her last ride on the luxurious plane.

The jet had three separate compartments not including the cockpit. The forward cabin was for the plane staff, which consists of one chef, and

two stewardesses, one for the day shift and one for the night shift seeing as how the flight was over seventeen hours.

Kaito had just disappeared into that cabin, probably to deliver detailed instructions. Despite his creative nature, the man was regimented. That left her and Joaquin in the middle cabin complete with six plush seats in two rows, a wide screen projector for movies or presentations, on the rare occasion they had to do business in route somewhere, a bar, and half bath, and a dinette.

The back cabin was a bed/bath combination, complete with a king size bed, a shower and separate toilet compartment. The only thing the flying hotel was missing was a Jacuzzi tub. The dynamic duo did like their creature comforts.

Not that she could blame them. Both men had come from the school of hard knocks. Kaito's mother had been a drugged out girlfriend of a small time thug in San Francisco. His mother had died of an overdose when he was six. His father had moved them to Los Angeles, where he died in a gang fight two years later. Kaito had been raised in the system,

bouncing from foster homes to group homes until he was accepted to USC on academic scholarship.

Joaquin had been adopted from an orphanage in Argentina as a baby by a well to do Orange County couple who believed they couldn't have children of their own. When his adoptive mother became pregnant when he was seven, he was no longer wanted or needed. It was far too late to give him back, so they had kept him, but had made him very aware he wasn't their biological child, declaring that he should be grateful they "rescued" him from life on the cruel South American streets. When they started treating him like a servant to their own child, he began running away. By the time he was fourteen, they had washed their hands of him completely. That's when he met Kaito. The two had been inseparable ever since.

Though Mikki felt honored to be let in their tight little circle, it was getting to hard to pretend she was satisfied with only being their friend. Somewhere in the five years she'd known them, she became okay with the fact she was fiending for two men, two best friends, at the same time.

Had anyone told her before she left Tennessee she would ever contemplate having a ménage à trios relationship she would have slapped them for lying. She was a good girl, always had been. The only one of her mother's five children who went to college. Hell, two hadn't even bothered to finish high school. But her mother was gone now, she had no one to please but herself, and damn it, she wanted the dynamic duo for her own. Too bad she could never have them. But she would never in a million years admit that to Joaquin.

"Mikki, are you going to answer me?"

Looking into Joaquin's clear eyes, she couldn't lie. Whereas Kaito was dominant and demanding, Joaquin was sweet and loving. It amazed her sometimes how different the two men were. Kind of like two parts to a whole.

"I didn't want to be the pathetic, dateless wonder again this year." Maybe she couldn't lie, but she wasn't about to admit the whole truth. While the two may be dateless right now, it wouldn't take long for women to be all over them. It would tear apart.

“You’re not dateless, *chica*. You are with us.”

Mikki turned her head, afraid of what her eyes might show. Pity was not the emotion she wanted to invoke in either man. How she wished they would look at her as more than a friend and confidant.

“Hey.” Joaquin gently pulled her face around to face his once again. The concern in his silver-blue gaze was too much. A single tear escaped despite her best efforts to hold it back. “What’s this, sweetheart?”

She had expected him to wipe the tear away. It wouldn’t have been the first time. She didn’t expect him to lean forward and kiss the tear away. Her breath caught at the soft butterfly kiss against her cheek. When he moved the armrest between them up and pulled her onto his lap, she didn’t resist. Where the hell was this going? She had no idea, but she was desperate to see.

“Mikki, honey, you know you mean the world to us, right?” Joaquin asked her, gently stroking her back as she lay against his chest.

“Yeah, we’re good friends.” Did she sound as bitter as she felt? She hoped not.

Pulling her upright so that she was facing him, he looked surprised. Damn, she had sounded bitter.

“Is that what you think, Mikki? That this about friendship?”

*What hell else could it be?* “Of course,” she replied with all the dignity she could muster. Yeah, she was pathetic but she didn’t have to look or sound like it. “You both probably felt sorry for the poor dateless black girl, so you decided to make me your date. It’s not rocket science. I would have done the same for the two of you, but we both know not having a date has never been a problem for you. Either of you, even if you do tend to share.”

“Is that a problem for you?” Joaquin asked, searching her face. For what she couldn’t begin to guess. “The sharing.”

“No, that’s who you are.”

“You know that much about us, yet you think we are taking you as a pity date?” Joaquin asked incredulously.



It was a stupid question to Mikki's mind. Of course it was a pity date. They had never treated her as anything more than a good friend. One of the boys, so to speak.

"You know, Michayla, for such a smart woman you can be incredibly dense."

Mikki swung around to find Kaito standing so close her nose hit his chest. She hadn't even heard him approach. Her face burned with embarrassment. Admitting to Joaquin what she felt about this trip was one thing, admitting to Kaito was something else altogether.

"Kaito," Joaquin tried to calm Kaito's temper, as usual.

Just the thought really ticked Mikki off. What right did Kaito have to be angry? This was about her feelings, not his unreasonable attitude.

"No, Joaquin. I have every right to feel the way I do." She may have been speaking to Joaquin, but she didn't take her eyes off Kaito. "Look, I know this means a lot to you guys, and believe me, that is the only reason I let you railroad me into coming."

Not exactly, true. She was here because they had begged her, commanded her, and shown up at her house to make damn sure she was on the plane.

“I didn’t ask for your pity, but you insisted on dragging me along. I know it is beyond pathetic that I haven’t had a date in over a year, but you make it worse when you say things like, ‘*You are our date.*’ We all know I am your *friend*, nothing more. A good buddy to pal around with, someone you tell the intimate details of your sorted dating life to. The two of you would ever dream of asking out a girl like me, and you know it! Stop making it worse by trying to make me believe it is more than it is! It hurts enough without you rubbing salt into my wounds, thank you very much!”

Mikki wished she could have swallowed the words as soon as they left her mouth. And to her horror, her unplanned confession was accompanied by tears following freely down her face, tears she couldn’t seem to stop. The last thing she wanted to do was to admit her feelings, however vaguely she had done so. Kaito stared down at her, looking every bit as fierce as he had before her little tirade. She could just imagine the

expression on Joaquin's face. Somewhere in between shock and horror, she would guess.

Unable to think of anything else to do, she took the only avenue of escape left to her. She ran straight to the bedroom at the back of the plane and locked herself in. Throwing herself across the bed, she allowed the pent up frustration and longing to pour out of her body. It was too much, as she had known it would be.

The sale of the company meant she wouldn't have an excuse to see them, to be near them as she had in the past. That made all of her feelings come rushing over her in the past few weeks, threatening to choke her. She wasn't losing her best friends, she was losing the men she loved in a way she would have never acknowledged if not forced to.

She loved them completely, utterly, madly. And they didn't love her back, not the like a lover anyway. She might not have come right out and said it, but there was no doubt that they knew.

They were intelligent men, and her words had been far from cryptic. The only thing she could do now was ride it out and pray the trip would

fly by. Not likely, but a girl could hope. She would just stay in her hotel room as much as possible and avoid both men at all times until the final little party at *Bisous*, one of Paris' hottest nightclubs. That was three days away.

She conceivably wouldn't have to face them until then, where she would have the shield of over a hundred of the company's executives and friends to protect her from having any kind of meaningful conversation. Then she would fly home commercial and move to Atlanta.

## Chapter Two

Kaito moved to go after Mikki, but Joaquin's soft voice stopped him.

"Let her go, Kaito. She needs to deal with what she's feeling before we can lay any more on her."

Kaito scowled, looking toward the closed door, but threw himself into a chair nonetheless.

"We need to tell her Joaquin. She needs to know."

Joaquin nodded sagely, but he didn't think now was the right time.  
"And we will. Just not yet."

Kaito didn't look encouraged, but Joaquin was sure this was the right course. To go charging into the room and dropping a bomb on her now would only cause emotional overload, and that was the last thing any of them needed.

Michayla was only beginning to realize something he and Kaito had always known. Too bad, she was too blinded by her own hang-ups and insecurities to see both he and Kaito loved her every bit as much as she loved them.

For her, the realization that what three of them had was far more than mere friendship had happened slowly, gradually, while he and Joaquin had fallen head over heels at first sight.

Watching her grow from the scared, unsure little girl she had been when she first moved to California into the take charge, sexy, confident executive had been a test in patience Joaquin never wanted to relive. While he and Kaito delighted in each step she made in becoming the woman she was today, it had been increasingly difficult to keep a hands off attitude toward her.

Her physical reaction to either one of them made it hard enough not to take what she probably had no idea she was asking for.

The way her nipples pebbled whenever he brushed against her made his hands itch with the need to touch her. Her voice got lower, huskier

whenever they were alone, which sent his blood stream flowing straight to his cock. It had gotten to the point where he couldn't trust himself to be alone with her for very long. He just didn't have the willpower to keep his hands off her.

Joaquin and Kaito had a unique relationship. Although they were not bisexual, and actually far from it, they were in many ways closer than lovers, closer than brothers, even. They had been through the worst foster homes and group homes together, lived on the streets together, fought their way out of the gutter together. They both earned academic scholarships and worked their way through school.

It was partly a symbiotic relationship, probably the type therapists would call unhealthy, but it worked for them. It kept them balanced. From the outside, it may have looked off or hard to fathom, but it worked for him and Kaito, and in the end that was all that mattered.

Joaquin knew he was far too sensitive; he probably wouldn't have survived the foster care system. Kaito gave him the strength he needed to push through. Kaito had been a hardened man of the world at fourteen.

Joaquin had helped him find the inner child her had never been allowed to be. Now it was to the point they just couldn't live without each other.

J & K began in their dorm room and grew beyond their wildest expectations. With their success came women who would have stepped over them had they still lived on the streets. Now that they were ready to settle down and start a family, they needed a special woman who understood them.

One that knew them inside and out. Someone who would love them both equally, as crazy as that might seem. They wanted someone who would be not only wife and mother, but also lover and friend without judgment. The moment Michayla had walked in for an interview as a junior accountant, they knew they had found "The One".

Attraction had been immediate. Although Mikki was fresh from Small Town, U.S.A., she never judged them, accepting them for who they were immediately. She had been there through the early growth pains when they were just breaking into the world market.



Although J & K had been successful domestically, international business was a whole different ball game. Instead of hiring Mikki as a junior accountant, they had decided to groom her to be with them as their C.F.O., which would allow her to get to know them both. It had been a no brainer; let Mikki in to their inner sanctum, something they had never done before and see if what she was the one.

There was no doubt with either man. Michayla Larissa Brown was perfect for them. She was everything a man could ever want in a woman. She was intelligent, funny, loving and loyal, not to mention she had a beauty that went to the bone and a killer body that wouldn't quit.

Her hourglass figure made men drool. It boggled the mind that Michayla didn't have a clue how exceptionally sexy she was. She claimed she never had a date because men weren't interested, but the truth was she pushed men away without realizing it. She never gave anyone a chance to try to talk to her, to their extreme pleasure. She had made her choice, and now it was time for them to let her know.

Joaquin smiled as he watched Kaito stew. He knew how impatient his friend had become. Honestly, Joaquin felt the same way, but they had come too far to botch this now. Without realizing it, Mikki had become more than comfortable with the thought of a relationship with both of them. She just needed some time to process the fact they wanted her just as much. Probably more. They couldn't rush her, not now.

"So, how long to propose we wait before letting her know what we are up to?" Kaito asked gruffly. "We have seventeen hours in this metal bird. If you think I am going to sit up here all this time, you have another thing coming."

"We agreed to tell her on the plane, and we will," Joaquin answered smoothly. "Just give it a few minutes."

Kaito muttered something unintelligible under his breath. Patience was not one of Kaito's strong points. If Joaquin knew anything about Mikki, and he did, she would be out of the bedroom in less than twenty minutes demanding to know what Kaito had meant by saying she was dense.

She just had to think about it for a little while. While she was far from predictable, Joaquin had made it his business to learn everything about her in the last five years.

“What the hell do you mean I’m dense?” Mikki demanded storming out of the bedroom.

Joaquin looked at his watch. Ten minutes, a new record. She stood fuming over Kaito, her hand on her hip, her little toes tapping impatiently. Joaquin had to swallow his laughter so as not to turn her anger on to him. Kaito merely glanced up at her and shrugged, a move guaranteed to piss her off even more. Instead of moving into the fray, as he usually did, Joaquin leaned back, content to watch what happened.

“Are you going to answer me?” Mikki demanded when Kaito refused to say anything.

“Nope,” Kaito answered slouching down in his seat.

Joaquin noticed the tension in his friend’s body immediately. Something Mikki would have seen had she not been so mad. Kaito was ready to spring, but Joaquin was not worried Kaito would hurt Mikki. No,

Mikki was about to get a dose of all the pent up sexual frustration they had both been feeling for a long time now. He couldn't wait to see how she would deal with Kaito's passion unleashed.

Leaning down, Mikki poked her finger into Kaito's chest to punctuate each word she said. "You. Called. Me. Dense. I. Want. To. Know. Why."

Kaito snagged her wrist before she was even finished the last word and dragged her down to his lap. In less than a heartbeat, Kaito's hand snaked into the sensible bun she always wore, forcing her head back while his lips descended on her.

Mikki didn't even think to fight.

One second she was frozen in shock, the next she was melting into Kaito's demanding kiss. Joaquin squirmed in his seat as he watched his best friend ravish the mouth of the woman they both loved.

It was hard to watch them without joining in, but he knew he had to end the kiss soon. They were straining against one another's bodies,

desperate to get closer. He watched Kaito's hand creep up the heavy sweater she wore.

When Mikki began to whimper and grind harder on Kaito's lap, Joaquin's mouth watered. He fisted his hands to try to ease the burning itch. As much as he wanted to be the one touching her, caressing her, Kaito needed this.

Joaquin just had to make sure he didn't take too far. That was the main reason he couldn't join them now. For Mikki's sake, this had to happen gradually. The worst thing that they could do would be to rush her emotionally. Her wanting them was one thing, but the reality was much, much more. She had to be sure; they had to give her that choice.

"Kaito," Joaquin made sure to speak loud enough to break through the fog of need he knew his friend to be in.

With a lingering kiss, Kaito reluctantly let Mikki go, allowing Joaquin to pull her from his lap and into his arms. Carefully, he arranged her across his lap so she wasn't rubbing against the hard evidence of how badly he wanted to do as Kaito had done, and so much more. Placing her head

against his shoulder he waited until Kaito got up and walked into the bedroom, probably to take a cold shower, before preemptively answering the questions he knew was brewing in that actively mind of hers.

“Kaito has been waiting a long time to do that,” he murmured as he rubbed messaged her back through the heavy sweater. He just didn’t trust himself to caress her bare skin. It was too much of a temptation. “Don’t think for a second I don’t want to kiss and caress you just as badly. I do. But you need time to think about what we want from you.”

“But...”

He knew what she was about to say, but he also knew it was the partly the passion Kaito had ignited she was feeling.

“No,” Joaquin stopped her. “This is not about physical attraction Mikki. As much as we both want you, we need so much more than an affair. You are too much a part of us, sweetheart. We want forever. We want for you to carry our children, to share our lives in every way possible. We don’t want an answer now; we just want a chance to show you how it would be. That’s why we wanted you to come on this trip so badly.”

Tilting her head up so that he could look into her deep brown eyes, Joaquin placed a small kiss on her passion-swollen lips. “Will you give us that chance, Mikki?”

She was quiet for so long, Joaquin was terrified she would say no. But that wasn't like Mikki. She wasn't one to run away from a challenge. There was no doubt what he was asking was a huge challenge to any woman.

A purely sexual ménage à trios might be the fantasy of many, but a true relationship, an enduring relationship – that was difficult. They would be ostracized by most, their lives titillating fodder for gossip and ridicule. Any children they would have would likely suffer. She needed to take all of these things in to account; and knowing Mikki, she was thinking about all the consequences right now.

“Why now?” Mikki demanded, struggling to sit up.

Joaquin tightened his embrace. If she got up and started pacing, she would just build up steam. Forcing her to stay in place would keep her calmer somewhat.

“Damn it, Joaquin, let me up!”

“Nope.” He had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling. Smiling would just piss her off.

“Why now? Why, all of a sudden, did the two of you decide you wanted a relationship? I have been here for five years. I have watched the two of you with floozy after ho. You have no idea what that did to me, watching women who wanted nothing more than your money and a cheap thrill all over you. Why me, why now?”

“Mikki, it has always been you. From the moment you walked into our lives, it was you.”

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The cold shower wasn't working. Kaito ached in the worst way. One kiss from Michayla's succulent lips and he was hooked. He wanted more, he wanted to strip her of the damnable sweater and jeans and bury himself deep within her core.

Never had he wanted a woman so badly, and it wasn't completely physical. He was crazy about everything about her; the way she paced



when she was agitated, working herself up in a frenzy. It was beyond adorable the way she got mad and put her hands on her hips and tapped her little foot.

She was demanding and naturally assertive. She had a way of wiggling her little self inside a man's heart and mind and not letting go. Michayla had seduced his mind long ago.

Moaning softly, Kaito took his aching length in hand stroking gently. There was no doubt she would be just a fiery in bed as she was out of it. There was no doubt she was high strung, and damned if that didn't make his dick harder.

Joaquin insisted that they had to make sure Michayla made the choice to be with them in every way before they move on to anything sexual. Kaito didn't think that was going to be possible. They hadn't been with another woman in months.

The need for Michayla had grown too much. It was not so easy to ease the physical urge with fake, calculating women or women just looking

for a new experience when the woman they both so desperately wanted was right there for the taking.

Stroking with increasing vigor, Kaito let his mind dwell on how rightly she fit in his lap, how sweet her kisses tasted. The way she softened against him felt so damn good. He hadn't wanted to stop at Joaquin's gentle warning. He wanted to touch more of her; he wanted to taste all of her. She felt so very good, so very right.

The way she looked in that oversized sweater that seemed to drown her small frame and jeans that seemed painted on was sexy as hell. Everything the woman wore was sexy, and she never seemed to realize it. His breathing became heavier; his strokes up and down the hard length of his shaft erratic.

Her breasts were enough to make a man want to swallow his tongue. Definitely a D-cup. And they stood straight up, firm and full. He knew from the many times he had seen her in a bathing suit, or on a lazy Saturday walking around her house or their house without a bra. She was completely lacking in self-consciousness. Joaquin swore it was because she

really thought they had no interest in her in any way other than friendship. That blew his mind. What kind of man could be around her luxurious curves and not want her? His cock began to pulse as he imagined what she would look like bare, laying before him. If any of her swimsuits were any indication, it would be heaven.

Kaito's climax took him by surprise. He was so caught up in his fantasy he failed to notice the tightening of his balls, the burning need that erupted against his will. He wanted this little session of self-gratification to last longer.

Coming this quickly was testament to how badly he needed Michayla. There was no doubt Joaquin was suffering just as much. Probably more, given that at least Kaito had had this time to take the edge off.

Fueled by that thought, he quickly washed away all evidence of what he had been doing in the shower and hurriedly dressed to join the two in the main cabin. Michayla was fast asleep on Joaquin's lap.

“How bad was it?” he couldn’t help but ask. Michayla wasn’t the type to take a shock quietly. There was no doubt that what they wanted from her was a shock. Joaquin had said they could gently persuade her, that she was half there already. Kaito didn’t doubt that; he knew she was attracted to the both of them. The question was, could she accept a long-term relationship. He knew their friendship meant a lot to her. Would she see this turn as a threat of their friendship, or a natural progression of it?

“Not so bad,” Joaquin frowned. “She was a little pissed when I told her about the whole grooming thing though.”

“It wasn’t grooming,” Kaito growled. He hated it when Joaquin called it that.

“Oh, so it is normal to hire a 23-year-old fresh out of college as a Chief Financial Officer? Someone with no experience in finance, no work experience at all beyond working nights at *White Hen Pantry*, whatever the hell that is?”

He was right; Kaito knew that. It was madness, but the moment she waltzed into the office, he had known, and so had Joaquin. Of course, he

was the one that blurted out the offer of C.F.O instead of the position she had applied for. It had been his idea to include her in every aspect of the growing business, in every decision whether it was in her purview or not.

Joaquin had to train her in her job; Kaito was horrible with numbers and accounting in general. He couldn't balance a budget to save his life. But Michayla certainly could. She had been delightfully adept, catching on quickly and making it her own in a matter of months.

"It's a convenience store," he muttered throwing himself into the seat next to his best friend. Absently he reached out and pulled Michayla's legs up across his lap, caressing her calves as he did so. "And she was an assistant manager."

"Right. Assistant manager, C.F.O. - basically the same thing."

"What else did she say?" There was really no point in arguing with Joaquin. He was essentially right.

"She railed a while about us being sick bastards with designs on her virtue, cried on my shoulder for about four seconds, then started her deep thought thing she does, and went to sleep."

That sounded about right. Michayla was capable of fifteen different emotions in less than five minutes.

“What do you think will happen?” Kaito didn’t want an answer to his question, but he had to ask it.

Despite the success his life had become, there was still a raw vulnerability deep inside. Kaito was scared shitless in a way he had never been scared before. He would rather be back on the streets, cold hungry and alone than without Michayla. Michayla and Joaquin. Not that he wanted Joaquin. Just the thought was just plain wrong, like sleeping with your brother or something. But he did very much want to share Michayla with him.

Kaito could not imagine ever being happy without his best friend. Not even with the woman of his dreams.

## Chapter Three

Mikki listened to Joaquin and Kaito's hushed conversation, but didn't bother to interrupt. They were only confirming what Joaquin had told her earlier. She wasn't sure how she felt. This morning she was suffering from unrequited love, or lust, or whatever. Now she finds out the bastards had been grooming her to be their...their what? Wife, lover, permanent third?

Wait a minute...

"Hey, you two aren't really bisexual are you?"

She really hadn't meant to let them know she was awake. Joaquin messaging her back while Kaito worked on her lower legs and feet felt damn good. Plus, she was feeling unbelievably comfortable surrounded by their warmth and security.

She had been alone for so long, the feeling of something cozy and secure felt damned good. She wasn't ready to try to identify the feeling; she

just had wanted it to last as long as possible. Showing she was awake would mean facing everything Joaquin had told her, which made alarming sense if she really went over the last five years of her life.

Then the thought occurred to her, although she had always thought of the two as bisexual, given their appetite for the fairer sex and their unusual closeness, she had never seen either man touch the other in any sexual way at all. No covert touches or caresses, no kissing or cuddling. There was absolutely nothing feminine or soft about Kaito. Joaquin was sensitive and sweet, but not really feminine either. Sure, there could be bisexual or gay men who were not feminine, but she'd never seen one in her knowledge.

She jumped to her feet, unable to contain herself. They weren't asking her to share in whatever they had going on with each other. They were asking if they could share *her*. Should she be freaked out? Should it matter? She really didn't know, but she wanted an answer.

"You thought we were bisexual?" Kaito choked out.



He looked like he was about to laugh. He better not laugh, or she was sure she would have to kick him where it hurt. Damn it, it was a reasonable question. Wasn't it?

"Mikki, what made you think we were bisexual?" Joaquin asked with patience that just annoyed her.

Who wouldn't think they were gay or bisexual? They lived and worked together, vacationed together, and more importantly, they dated together. What other reasonable conclusion would a thinking woman come up with?

"You know damn well why I would think that," she answered testily. "You do everything together, and I do mean *everything*."

"No," Joaquin answered slowly. "We are not gay, or bisexual or interested in anything doing anything sexual with one another."

"But we are interested in doing *you* together."

Mikki blinked as she watched Kaito advance to where she was standing. Had that man growled at her? She gathered herself up as best she

could, though even in heels she only stood as tall as the middle of his chest. She wasn't wearing heels today. Weren't Asian men supposed to be short? She was sure she read that somewhere. She had to force herself not to take a step back. She had every right to think what she had thought. Right?

"Maybe, we should just show you instead of talking about it, Michayla."

He had to go and use that *voice*, didn't he? She never failed to get weak in the knees when he used that deep, sexy voice of his. She felt heat immediately pool between her legs. Did the fact she was wet at the prospect of them showing her anything at all make her perverted? Did it make her a whore? And why the hell did she care?

"You're thinking too hard, Michayla. We should definitely do something about that."

Mikki swallowed hard. What did he have in mind? Could she handle it?

"Kaito, you're scaring her."

Mikki's eyes swung to Joaquin who was still sitting nonchalantly in his seat. She wasn't fooled for a second. He was poised to do something; she just wasn't sure what.

"Are you scared, baby?"

She jumped at the words purred in her ear. She hadn't been aware when Kaito had closed the small gap between them, but he had. His front was pressed against her back, his arms reached around her waist to pull her against him.

"You're not scared of me are you?"

Mikki found herself nodding even though she really had no idea what the hell he had just asked. All of her senses were enmeshed in the way his smell sent her synapses snapping in overdrive. She closed her eyes and leaned back against him without thought. His arms felt so warm and good around her.

"You can tell him if you are scared, you know."

Her eyes snapped open to see Joaquin right in front of her. Even though he wasn't close enough to touch her, she could feel his body heat

coming of him in waves. The heat in his eyes alone was enough to sizzle. When his large hand reached out and pulled her head forward she didn't resist. She was enthralled at the sensuous lips coming toward her. How many times had she imagined those lips covering her own? When they descended, it was beyond her wildest fantasies.

Soft but firm, sweet yet decadently sinful. He gently bit her lower lip then sucked the tiny pain away, all the while working his body closer and closer to hers. She tried to move forward, but Kaito's hands on her hips kept her from moving away from him. She could feel his rock hard erection pressed against the small of her back and Joaquin's equally hard cock pressing against her front. It was so decadent, so heady. She felt like a goddess in between two devoted worshippers.

"You would tell me if I scared you, wouldn't you Michayla?" Kaito bit gently her ear after his question.

She would have answered, she wanted to answer, but between Joaquin's heart stopping kiss and Kaito's hands creeping up her sweater, she couldn't speak. Her nipples tightened to the point of pain as Kaito's

hands skimmed the underside of her breasts. She needed so bad for him to touch them, to pinch them. Anything to ease the ache.

To her dismay, his hands kept going to pull the sweater up and away from her body.

A low, almost mournful moan escaped as Joaquin lifted his lips from hers so that Kaito could draw the garment over her head. She didn't have to wait long for them to descend again, kissing her with all the desperate passion she felt deep inside. It was hard to believe that he, that they both could want her just as much as she wanted them, yet here was irrefutable evidence.

"I think we should move this to the bedroom, *sí?*" Joaquin murmured against her lips.

All she could do was nod. Heaven help her, she was about to experience her fondest dream...and her biggest fear.

Joaquin stepped back just enough to grab a hand that had been hanging limply by her side. She allowed him to lead her towards the cabin that housed the large bed without a peep, feeling Kaito moving along

behind her. Joaquin led her straight to the bed, stopping and turning to stare down at her. She was afraid to meet his eyes, but she couldn't turn away from them.

She was petrified at the smoldering intensity she saw there, much more silver than blue. She had only seen them burn like that when he was mad. She knew very well that he wasn't mad right now; his eyes were burning her to ashes for a far different reason.

"Since you don't seem to believe us," he told her in slow, even tones, "we are going to show you exactly what you do to us. What you have been doing to us, making us feel, making us want, for five long years now."

"You don't have to make up your mind today, or even tomorrow." Mikki jumped at the sound of Kaito's voice behind her. She had known he was there, but she had been engrossed in Joaquin. Turning now, she witnessed the same fiery heat she had seen in Joaquin's eyes, only Kaito's were burning with green fire.

"But we will show you what we have in store for you. What we can give you, what being with us would mean. All day, all night, until we get

to Paris," Kaito continued. "By the time you step off this plane, there will be no doubts in your mind how badly we want you, need you. If you can't handle that, honey, you better say something now. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?"

Mikki nodded like her head was being manipulated by a puppeteer. She couldn't speak, her knees were knocking, and butterflies were wreaking havoc on her stomach, but she had never wanted anything more in her life. This was it, her chance, and she was going to take it.

"Do you want this, Mikki?" Joaquin asked her, gently grasping her chin and turning her to face him. "Be sure, honey, because once we start, I don't think I will be able to stop, and I know Kaito won't."

She nodded vigorously, never so sure of anything before in her life.

"Say it, Michayla," Kaito demanded, moving in closer to rub against her back. "Tell Joaquin you want this. Tell me."

"I want this," she obeyed immediately. "Please."

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Kaito wanted to howl at the moon at the soft little “please.” It wasn’t pleading; it wasn’t the least bit subservient. Michayla was a strong, passionate woman. She was far from the obedient little sub some men longed for. She could never be that kind of woman, and he wouldn’t want her to be.

It was just the way she said it, asking them to show her. His cock was so hard he half expected it to burst through his pants. Sure, he had felt a chemical reaction with her, but Michayla was so headstrong, he hadn’t been as sure as Joaquin she would go for any of this without serious seduction. He had the next week all planned for just that reason.

Unbeknownst to her, she wouldn’t be staying at the hotel with the rest of the executives. He and Joaquin had bought newly renovated estate just outside the city.

It was a sprawling three story stone building with an unreal master suite and plenty of room for a veritable tribe of children. Kaito not only



wanted his own, and of course, Joaquin's, but he also wanted to adopt older children one day.

He knew Michayla would make a great mother and an even better role model for any child. It would ultimately be up to her, but he couldn't help but dream, especially now. Just thinking of the possibility of Michayla round with child almost had Kaito coming on himself.

He had to step back and watch as Joaquin undressed her completely, revealing inch by delectable inch of dark, flawless mocha skin. To his credit, Joaquin managed to do it with deliberate slowness without stopping to take a little taste.

Kaito wouldn't have been able to do it, which was why he couldn't join them yet. He watched the tiny shiver race through Michayla as her jeans were slowly unzipped and pulled down her legs. Kaito couldn't suppress a moan at the matching emerald colored bra and thong set she wore underneath. The cups of the bra threatened to spill their prize, but managed to cling to its lush treasure much to his chagrin.

"Lay back on the bed, *chica*," Joaquin instructed gently.

Kaito wanted to hit his lifelong friend in the mouth, but he understood the method to his madness. Seeing Michayla clad in bra and panties made him want to cry, Joaquin was trying to prolong this as long as possible. Plus, they were both still fully clothed.

Wasting no time, Kaito stripped as quickly as possible, throwing his clothes to the side as he went. He was kneeling on the bed when he stopped. Michayla watch them both with wide, unblinking eyes. She looked like the perfect dichotomy of virgin and wanton. Had there ever been a sweeter sight?

Suddenly the enormity of what was about to happen crashed over him. This was what he and Joaquin had been waiting for. The final piece to make their lives complete.

This was not about sex; this was about proving to Michayla how much they wanted and needed her. It was beyond the physical, they wanted to bond with her on a deeper level. Taking a cleansing breath, he moved toward her slowly, conscious of Joaquin closing in on the opposite side of her. They couldn't rush this no matter how badly he might want to.

Stopping at her feet, he lifted the limb to take a dainty toe in his mouth. Joaquin swallowed her gasp in a deep kiss as Kaito lavished adulation on each digit.

Only after he had suckled each one, did he move on to bestow equal attention to each ankle, moving up to kiss and message each calf, to the back of each knee where he paused to tease.

By the time he got to her upper thighs, she was squirming and moaning into Joaquin's mouth. Kaito rubbed his cheeks against the silky smooth softness of her thighs, inhaling deeply to take in her scent. His mouth watered as his eyes inevitably turned to his main target. He couldn't wait anymore; he had to taste her.

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Joaquin wasn't in heaven quite yet, but he was damned close to it. Mikki's lips were soft, full and inviting. He could kiss her forever, and he

fully intended on doing just that. He knew instinctively where Kaito was kissing and caressing her from the intensity of her gasps, sighs and moans. When she moaned deep and long, he knew Kaito had reached the motherland. He lifted his head to watch Kaito place tiny, soft bites against her still panty clad crotch. Mikki was trying to arch her lower body upward, but Kaito held her hips firmly in place.

“Please,” Mikki pleaded. “Stop playing around!”

“Don’t you like the way we play, Mikki?” Joaquin whispered roughly.

“Yes...No...I need...Oh, sweet Lord!” her voice trailed off as Kaito pressed his lips firmly against her cloth covered clit.

“What, baby? What do you need?” Joaquin insisted.

She didn’t answer, but then he didn’t really expect her to. The point was to inflame her, not get answers to rhetorical questions. He watched avidly as Kaito slowly drew her underwear down her legs.

Maybe because it belonged to the woman he had grown to love so deeply, he didn't know, but he audibly gasped as the most beautiful pussy he had ever had the privilege to behold came into view. It was perfectly trimmed with the barest strip of hair running down the middle. Her vaginal lips were bare, slightly puffy, and more than a little slick with evidence of her need.

"Oh *chica*, you have a beautiful pussy," he breathed.

Kaito sent him a pointed look, reminding him he was falling a bit behind in his end of things. With a simple flick at the clasp nestled in her impressive cleavage, he set her magnificent breasts free, causing Kaito to groan aloud much as he had just done.

"And the most glorious set of breasts I have ever seen." Kaito was breathing heavily, his eyes glued to her chest even as his hands dipped into her moist core.

Kaito's growing excitement never failed to increase Joaquin's own mounting desire, but with Mikki, it was twice as heady to watch his friend staring in reverent awe at her copious mounds while driving her crazy

with one hand, and stroking himself with the other. Joaquin leaned over to lavish attention on each generous globe. He kneaded, kissed, suckled, and licked until each nipple stood straight up, rock hard and begging for more.

Mikki thrashed her head back and forth, as her hips rose and fell in time with Kaito's questing fingers. It didn't take long before all the moans coming from her crested into keening cries as she came, her body shaking from her release.

"That was beautiful, baby," Joaquin murmured approvingly, and it was. There was just something about a woman in the moment of her release that was just as gratifying to man as it was to the woman. It was breathtaking. He wanted to see her do it again and again. A thousand times wouldn't even begin to satisfy him.

"Now, let see how soon you can do that again."

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Mikki was saturated with sensations from the top of her head to the tip of her feet. One man heaped attention on her breasts, making her so hot she was sure her body must have been engulfed in flames, while the other alternated between stroking his fingers so deep inside her he hit her sweet spot with every single thrust and rubbing her engorged clit with ruthless intensity. Even when she came, they didn't let up. She was sure she would die from pleasure overload, yet she was strangely bereft, wanting and needing something much more.

Finally, Kaito lowered his head between her thighs to place expert attention where she needed it most. He didn't play around, nibbling and probing as some might do. Oh, no. Kaito went to town, sucking hard on his clit before he actually smacked it with his tongue, sending shocks of electricity right up her spine.

Then Joaquin bit down on her nipple, sending her right over the edge all over again. If she didn't get filled soon, she was going to have to kill somebody!

“On your knees, sweetheart,” Kaito commanded her, finally surfacing from between her legs.

Mikki’s sat up to comply, her breast slipping from Joaquin’s mouth with a loud “pop” and nearly had a heart attack. Kaito didn’t have a penis hanging down between his legs; the man had a weapon. A weapon that had been encased in a condom and now stood all ready to ram her gates open.

Where the hell he had been hiding that thing all these years she would never know. She swung around to plead with Joaquin to save her when she saw what he was packing, and it was every bit as large as his buddy. She was in serious trouble.

“Don’t be scared, Mikki,” Joaquin soothed, somehow positioning her on her knees on the bed. Caressing her cheek he gave her a wicked little smile that had goose bumps breaking out all over her body. “We’ll be gentle, I’ll help you.”

But then he disappeared from sight. She supposed she *could* have said something, but the truth was, no matter how scared she may have



been by the size of either man, she wanted this. She wanted this so bad she was literally dripping with need.

Instead of trying to stop Kaito, or even voicing her concerns, she took a deep breath and tried to prepare herself as best she could. The last thing she expected was to feel a hot tongue stroking her sensitized clit, then the thick, broad head of what she suspected was Kaito's cock pressing inside her with slow, steady pressure.

How was she supposed to survive this? It was damn near too much. Never in her life had she felt so many sensations at once. To her surprise, other than the unbelievable fullness and slight stretching of her vaginal walls there was very little pain.

"Oh my...Oh my..." she repeated over and over again like prayer.

Then Kaito began moving, back in forth with leisure like he had all the time in the world. Each in surge stroked her g-spot perfectly, which combined with the nonstop assault on her clit by the oh-so talented tongue. She was panting, moving her hips back to meet Kaito's forward thrusts. The sweet tinge of pain from the sheer size of Kaito only seemed add to her

ultimate pleasure. Is this what it would be like? Why had they waited so long?

“Fuck, Mikki, you feel so damn good squeezing my cock! Look at you, right where you belong,” Kaito groaned, increasing his pace and her pleasure.

It must have been just as earth shattering to Kaito as it was to her because he never, ever called her Mikki. She was always Michayla to him despite her constant pleas to the contrary.

“Come for me, baby,” Kaito continued, pounding her without mercy. It was good; Mikki fell forward on her elbows, opening herself wider to his onslaught. “Come all over my cock.”

That was all it took. Mikki shattered.

“Turn over, sweetheart,” Joaquin instructed, emerging from in between her legs, licking his lips. “We are far from finished.”

## Chapter Four

Joaquin had to admit, Kaito's strategy of seducing Mikki had been a good one. They had been in Paris for four days, and he could feel the breaking down of the walls Mikki had built around herself. They had overwhelmed her with attention since the moment they stepped off the plane, but there had not been a repeat performance of the seventeen glorious hours in the air when they had rarely left the sleeping cabin.

To be honest, the self-imposed celibacy was killing him. He saw the hunger in her eyes whenever she looked at him or Kaito, but they wanted more than hunger. They wanted her to acknowledge the love that was there right beneath the surface, all she had to do was let go of her natural hesitation.

Right now, Mikki was with Kaito shopping on the Champs-Élysées . Not one of Kaito's favorite things to do, but it was important to show her just how much they wanted her out of bed as well as in it.

Joaquin had endured hours at the Louvre the previous day. Museums were definitely not his favorite thing to do, but with Mikki's quirky sense of humor and natural exuberance made it fun for the both of them. They both took her to dinner every night, and even out to a club once there neither man left her side all night.

The nonstop attention was working so far. She hadn't even demurred when they finally told her about the estate, and their plans to make this home eventually.

Still, his mind couldn't help but wander back to the time on the airplane. She was so wonderfully responsive, so fabulously tight. He could practically feel her right now. He wanted her with every breath he took and he knew his feelings were echoed by Kaito. It would physically hurt if she were to turn her back on what they could have now. He wasn't so sure he would survive.

They had done everything they could think of to make her decide to stay with them. They had put more effort into this full court press than they had building their company.

In all honesty, to Joaquin this was far more important than the company had ever been. He knew without a doubt that Kaito felt the same. J & K had been a vehicle to their dreams; Mikki was the culmination of those dreams. She was the future they wanted. All she had to do was say yes.

“Tomorrow night we’ll know,” he muttered, opening the tiny jeweler’s box in his hand.

Five karats sparkled back at him, catching the light of the massive fireplace he currently sat beside. Hopefully by Valentine’s night, it would be gracing the finger of the future Mrs. Perez-Yoshida.

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Kaito watched Michayla practically dance from rack to rack of clothing that lined the walls of whatever boutique they were currently in with a small smile. She had no less than three of the shops sales women at her beck and call.

The car that awaited them outside had a trunk full of clothes, shoes, perfumes and bags. Not all the bags were for her either. She had been buying clothing for both himself and Joaquin from about the second year they had known her. She claimed it was because neither one of them had much sense of style.

While it was true that they both kind of dressed like juvenile delinquents, despite being thirty-five, but neither man considered themselves completely without style. He still had to admit, they looked damn good once Michayla was done with them.

She was completely in her element now, choosing items that accentuated her delectable little body. With her hourglass figure, it would have been all too easy to get clothes that were either too tight or that drowned her. She didn't make either mistake. He would love to see her in

everything she bought. But most of all, he decided he liked her best wearing nothing at all.

Try as he might, he couldn't get his one and only time seeing her as she was created out of his mind. He went to sleep dreaming about her, he woke rock hard wanting her. He had never jacked off so much as he had during the last four days. He was beginning to suspect that making love in the plane on the way over had backfired, driving him and Joaquin crazy wanting her.

But then she turned toward him and smiled. The same aching need that was reflected in her eyes was like a physical punch to the gut.

One more night without her, then never again. His arms were just too empty without her.

It was the day before Valentine's Day. Tomorrow was D-Day as far as he was concerned. She had to say yes. She just had to.

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Mikki stood in front of the full-length mirror. The spaghetti strapped red dress she wore was fitted to her every curve. Stopping just above the knee, it was just short enough without being hootchie.

She decided to wear her hair up tonight, just to be contrary. Kaito loved her hair down. If she was honest with herself, she would have to admit she loved it when he took her hair down combing his fingers through it with maybe a slight tug or two. But she didn't feel like being honest. She was petrified.

They had given her until tonight to choose whether or not she wanted to be with them in a real relationship. As much as she wanted to be with them, did she have the courage to really do it?

Granted, living here in France would be a great deal easier than it would in the States. Still, living in a ménage à trios was not what she ever planned on. Not until she met Joaquin and Kaito anyway. It was one thing to dream about it, it was another to make it a reality. What was she going to do?



“Are you ready?” Joaquin asked poking his head in the guest bedroom she was currently occupying.

The master suite stood empty, but if she decided to stay, they would all be moving in to it tonight. Was she ready for that?

“Yes.”

No. She wasn't anywhere near ready to make this decision. But she couldn't put it off. For one thing, even though she was sure Joaquin would give her more time to make up her mind, she was equally certain Kaito would not. He would know she was stalling.

The party was fabulous. Fabulous food, fabulous music. Everything was perfect. Neither Kaito nor Joaquin left her side and at least one was touching her at all times. Not very subtle. She could feel the weight of her decision hanging over her head, building with pressure ever second. She tried to drown herself in champagne, but it wasn't working. She was sober as a judge about to hand out a death sentence. There was no doubt they cared deeply from her she knew that. The depth of their feelings had taken her somewhat by surprise.

“You know you’re going to have to give us your answer sometime tonight, Michayla,” Kaito whispered into her ear.

Mikki almost spit out her champagne. Leave to Kaito to pile on the pressure. Great. Just to spite him, she decided to throw him off guard.

“Yeah, well I’m ready now.” Shit! Why had she said that?

“Really?” Joaquin stopped and turned her toward him. “You’ll tell us your answer?”

He looked so excited and more than a little bit scared. She didn’t have the heart to tell him she just said it to mess with Kaito.

“Uh, yeah. Sure.”

What would she say? She didn’t even know. Yet here she was, being hustled out on a balcony to tell them...what? She gave a brief prayer that it would be raining or something, but no, it was a clear night, if a bit chilly. But no sooner did the thought form in her mind, Kaito was draping his suit coat over her.

“Warm enough?” he asked, piercing her with a stare that expected far more than the answer as to whether or not she was cold.

“Yes,” she answered quietly, taking a step back from both of them. No more putting them off, she had to tell them something.

A half formed explanation on why she couldn't possibly make such a choice right now with so many things changing in her life sprung to her lips. In order to help her put the thoughts into some kind of order, Mikki began to pace, keeping her face carefully averted. She couldn't look at them. Not now, not with what she was about to say.

“Look,” she began agitatedly, “you have both come to mean so much to me. Despite being mad at the whole grooming thing, I appreciate your belief in me. Not to mention, your choice has made me a hell of a lot of money.”

It was a poor attempt at a joke, but she had to try. Sneaking a look at her faces to see if she got at least a smile, Mikki stopped in her tracks. There was such a wistful gaze of hope on both of their faces, it was stunning.

It hit her like a ton of bricks. These were more than just her friends; Joaquin and Kaito were her family. She loved them. She had always loved them, and not like brothers either. What the hell was she so afraid of?

Never had anyone other than her mother show her such complete love. Not to mention the heart stopping sexual fire they ignited in her. Who really gave a damn what other people thought. She was damned tired of being lonely, and all of a sudden, it was all too clear why she had pushed away every other man that even tried to get close. This was what she wanted. This was home.

“Yes,” she stated firmly. “No, make that a hell yes.”

To hell with the rest of the world. She was going to grab her brass ring and hold on until it killed her.

“Oh, thank God,” Joaquin breathed, letting out a pent of breath.

Then right before her eyes, both men went down on their knees. What the hell was this?

“Michayla Larissa Brown,” Kaito began popping open a tiny box.  
“Would you do us the honor of becoming our wife?”

Okay, she was definitely not expecting this. In fact, she wasn't too sure what to expect seeing as how until five seconds ago she was essentially going to say no and immediately move to Atlanta. She didn't know if it would be legal, or if she would marry one officially and both unofficially, all that mattered was they had come here with a big ass rock, wanting her - forever.

“You bet your sweet ass I will!” she declared throwing herself in their general direction.

“And Michayla,” Kaito said whispering into her hair, “Please stop thinking about Atlanta.”

**The End**