

Siren Publishing

Ménage Àmour



MELE KALIKIMAKA, BABY

Melissa Schroeder



Hawaiian Holidays

Hawaiian Holidays 1

Mele Kalikimaka, Baby

When Sophia Cantwell gets stuck working in Hawaii on Christmas, she isn't too happy. She doesn't like trying to buy land from a Hawaiian family, especially when she is convinced that her company isn't being ethical. When she is confronted at the airport by the landowner's grandsons, cousins Maleko and Jack Akaka, she doesn't expect the jolt of arousal or the instant attraction. And she doesn't expect them to insist that she stay at the family's condos.

Mal and Jack have shared women before and have thought about getting that one special woman for the two of them. Both of them are surprised that she turns out to be an uptight, corporate go-getter. But the three of them cannot ignore their attraction, and a night out in Honolulu turns into a night in bed for all of them.

But when Sophia's ex-lover and boss arrives unexpectedly, will she be able to walk away from her dreams of climbing the corporate ladder, or will she lose Mal and Jack?

Genre: Contemporary, Interracial, Ménage a Trois/Quatre (M/F/M)

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Letter from Melissa Schroeder

Regarding E-book Piracy

Dear Readers,

I love e-books. I have been an all-digital reader for over a year now and have been a lover of the format for many years. But there is a major problem in the publishing industry today.

E-book piracy hurts everybody. For authors, it is especially hard to take. Each time someone illegally downloads a book, we lose our royalties. I write for a living. Yes, because I love it, but it is also my job. And the only way I make money is through royalties on books sold. Please, do not pirate my books by downloading them from file-sharing sites.

With deep gratitude,

Melissa Schroeder

DEDICATION

To Les, whose job took us to Hawaii for three years. Yes, there were bugs, lots of bugs, and I complained a lot. But, in the end, I found Kona coffee, had an experience I will never forget, and came home with our Hula Baby. You know that any place we go is okay, as long as you are by my side.

Love,
Melissa

MELE KALIKIMAKA, BABY

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MELISSA SCHROEDER

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Chapter One

Sophia Cantwell grimaced as the hot, humid Hawaiian air hit her in the face. She hurried along the opened walkway of the Honolulu airport, calculating just how long she had to be there. While other travelers around her chatted excitedly about their upcoming plans for their Christmas vacation in Hawaii, Sophia was there for work. During Christmas.

Oh, she knew why Rick, her sleazy jackass of a boss, ordered her to go. Number one reason was he wanted to buy out some local company that had prime condos near the Oahu Nouveau. Secondly, as Rick had put it, she had no real family. The company refused to comp for family flights. Twenty-four-hour notice four days before Christmas didn't leave time for people to arrange the trip. Of course, since they considered her without family, they didn't see a problem.

She sighed as she exited the walkway and a wall of cool air feathered over her. Thank the good lord for air-conditioning. She prayed that her hair at least stayed straight most of the time. Nothing like trying to look professional with curly, crazy hair. Christmas music played overhead and cheery decorations littered the entire area. She had to fight the urge to stick her tongue out at them. Hawaii for

Christmas was not bad. Hawaii for Christmas working and by herself...bad.

Pushing those thoughts aside, she stepped on the escalator going down to the baggage claim—still irritated she had to check baggage at all. But she'd had no idea how long this would take, so she had to make sure she had enough clothes for at least a few days. She just wanted to get out of her business suit, into a shower, and then get hold of the Akaka family.

Her phone rang before she reached the bottom of the escalator. Marabelle.

"Yes, Marabelle?"

"Well, aren't you professional?" one of her two best friends said. "No phone call when you landed, just a text?"

She sighed. "I just wanted to get my bag and get to the hotel, then I was going to call you."

"Ah."

Which meant that Marabelle did not buy it. She had been trying to get Sophia to stand up to her boss, but what good would it do, especially in this economy?

"I know you aren't happy about this."

"If you think I'm not happy, you should talk to Eddie."

She grimaced thinking of the third of the musketeers. "Was she really mad?"

"That doesn't cover it. The woman was ballistic. She called you a coward for not calling her."

Guilt stole over her and sent a rush of tears to burn the backs of her eyes. She hadn't meant to leave in such a rush, or avoid talking to Eddie, but truth was she couldn't do anything about the situation. She had to have this job, needed it.

"Well, I'm sorry if I upset her."

"Aw, Soph, don't go all prissy executive on me. You know we aren't upset that you get to spend your Christmas in Hawaii."

“Why would anyone want to spend their Christmas in Hawaii? It’s hot, humid, and there are tourists. Everywhere.”

“Uh, Soph, you do work for Nouveau Resorts, right? Shouldn’t you like tourists?”

“Not when they are on vacation with their families and I am stuck here.”

There was a beat of silence. “That’s what he used, didn’t he?”

The militant tone set off warning alarms in Sophia’s head. She did not need Marabelle confronting Jack. They would both be out of a job by the time she got back. Marabelle didn’t need hers, but Sophia needed hers. At least for a little while more.

“Who?”

“That rat bastard, Jack. I knew it. I knew he used the *you don’t have a family* excuse again. You were gone at Thanksgiving, your birthday... You are going to make it to my wedding, right?”

“Yes, I promise.”

“I swear I will disown you—”

“Yeah, yeah,” she said, and couldn’t hold back the laugh. When she neared the luggage carousel, she saw a man holding a sign with her last name. She frowned and started in his direction.

“Weird,” she murmured.

“Did you just call me weird? I really should hang up on you.”

“No, there’s a man by the luggage thingy holding a sign with my name.”

“Oh, don’t go! He could be a serial killer...or worse.”

Sophia laughed. “How can he be worse than a serial killer? And really, do you think he would hold up a sign with my name if he were a serial killer?”

“You never know. Does he have a broken arm? You know, that’s what Ted Bundy used.”

Sophia studied the man as she made her way through the milling crowd. He was at least six feet tall, with a head full of sleek, long ebony hair. She wasn’t close enough to see the shade of his eyes, but

the face was to die for. Strong lines, high cheekbones, full, sensuous lips. Beyond that, he was built. The t-shirt he wore was faded and clung to sculpted pecs. Lord almighty, the man was a god.

“Ah, no. In fact, I would say he was about the best in-shape man in the area. Which is saying a lot considering where I am.”

“Well, you never know. People think that serial killers are stupid, but they are not. They’re just bat-shit crazy.”

“Listen, let me find out what he needs, and get to my hotel, then I’ll call you back.”

“But—”

Sophia ignored her protest and turned off her phone. She drew close enough to the man that she gained his interest. His gaze moved over her with the type of study that had her blood singing. Damn, how long had it been since a man—who wasn’t trying to get a promotion—had looked at her with that much interest? *Too damned long*. Since it had been almost two years since she had sex, there was a good chance it had been at least that long.

Why the hell was she thinking about sex? As she approached him, his gaze moved to her face and she finally saw the shade of his eyes. Light blue, the same shade of blue of the ocean she had just flown over. They widened slightly as she stepped in front of him.

“Ms. Cantwell?” he asked, his voice deep, resonant, with a hint of the lyrical Hawaiian accent. It made her curl her toes inside her shoes.

She nodded. “And you would be?”

Something close to disgust shifted in his eyes, but nothing showed in the rest of his expression.

“I’m Maleko Akaka. I’m here to take you to your villa.”

A loud buzz sounded from the carousel starting up, heralding their bags. She glanced over in that direction, then back to her new friend. She put on her best professional smile, the one Eddie said was her *kiss my ass* smile.

“I think there has been some mistake. I’m staying at the Oahu Nouveau.”

She glanced over and saw her luggage, the purple ribbon tied to the handle easy to spot. She turned to retrieve it, but Mr. Akaka stayed her with his hand.

Sophia looked down at his hand on her arm, the dark, honeyed brown against her fair flesh, and had to fight the shiver of awareness that hit her. Slowly, she raised her gaze to his.

“I think you might want to take your hand off me.”

Cynical amusement shifted over his face and his lips quirked. “I’ll get your bag. Which one?”

He didn’t remove his hand.

“Black, purple ribbon.”

“Figures.”

Then he handed his sign to a man off to his left. Good lord, there was another Hawaiian god with him she did not even notice. His smile was genuine. This one was just as gorgeous as his friend, but a little different. Short brown hair, green eyes, but he had the same excellent body. He was dressed much the same way, but his clothes were not as scruffy.

“Since my cousin didn’t introduce me, I’m Jake Akaka.”

He offered his hand, and her built-in business manners took over and she accepted it. His larger, dark hand swallowed hers and against her palm, she felt calluses.

“I’m Sophia Cantwell.”

“I gathered as much. Sorry for my cousin. Our grandmother likes to say that I got all the charm.”

His smile widened and two dimples appeared. Holy mother of God, this one was even more beautiful. She realized then she was still holding his hand. She twisted her hand and finally got it away from him.

“As I was saying, I’m not staying at your condos. I have a room at the—”

“I told you, you’re staying with us,” Maleko said.

“But, my room—”

“I cancelled it. You’re staying at our condos.”

With that, the irritating man strode ahead, her suitcase in his hand. He never looked back.

“Is your cousin insane?”

“Nope, just a pain in the ass. It’ll be best to just play along, because he can be a bit of a pighead.”

She huffed. “Great. Christmas in Hawaii on a business trip and a Neanderthal for a chauffeur. This just keeps getting better by the minute.”

Chapter Two

Maleko didn't wait, didn't want to wait, for the tight ass executive Nouveau sent to try and steal his family's condos. Granted, they were going to offer some money, the letter his grandmother showed him stated that much. But he knew just how these corporate pigs worked. Bastards offered below market value for everything.

"Could you slow down a bit?"

Her voice had an edge to it that grated on his nerves. She was the typical climber he had met when he'd waded through the same waters she now inhabited. It just didn't make sense that he felt, rather than heard, there was a softness beneath her tone. And it didn't really help him one fucking minute that from the moment he had seen her descending the escalator he had wanted her. His cock had come to attention, his whole body ready to take command.

Shit, even now he could feel his dick thump against his jeans. He had to keep his head on straight.

"Mal," Jack said. The warning in his voice told Maleko he was pushing it. He stopped and waited for them to catch up with him.

"Thank you," Cantwell said, but it sounded more like a fuck you.

"Don't mention it."

She sniffed at his rude tone. Miss High and Mighty didn't like being left behind. When they reached his Jeep, her eyes widened. Ah, so too good for the Jeep? Fuck it. She was stuck with riding in it.

"Is there a top?"

"Yeah, but it's back home."

When she hesitated, he asked, "Is there a problem, Ms. Cantwell?"

She glanced at him with those big green cat eyes. God, she was a beauty. Fair skin over a perfectly sculpted face. The only thing marring the perfection was a dash of freckles dancing over her nose. He rather liked them, liked them a little too much.

“Ms. Cantwell, if you would rather take a taxi...” His cousin trailed off when Maleko tossed him a stink eye.

Her gaze moved from him to Jack, then back to him again. A militant expression covered her face, and her chin rose.

“No, there isn’t a problem.”

She went to climb in the back, but Jack stopped her.

“Please sit in front.”

She flashed Jack a genuine smile. Maleko gritted his teeth.

“Thanks.”

A few minutes later, they were speeding along the ramp that led them to H-1. As the wind whipped through Ms. Cantwell’s hair, she slid on her sunglasses and settled back into her seat.

“Is this your first time to Hawaii, Ms. Cantwell?” Jack asked.

She smiled at him. “Yes. It is a shame that I won’t get to enjoy it. And well...I am not really a sun person.”

Maleko could understand that. Sophia Cantwell had the fairest skin he had ever seen. It was so pure he could even see the blue tracery veins beneath her skin. Fragile was the word that came to mind when you looked at her. She had thick, long red hair, a cute upturned nose, and a set of full pink lips. Damn, he could just imagine them wrapping around his cock...

Shit. This was one woman he could not mess with. Not as if she would be interested in him. He saw the way she looked at him, queen to peasant. These types slept with people only to get ahead.

“What do you mean you won’t get to enjoy it?”

Her wary glance made him feel like an ogre. “I have work to do. This was a last-minute thing, so I still have work from the office to do.”

“So, let me get this straight. You gave up your holidays with your family and you are being forced to work on things from the office. Nouveau sounds like a real great company there, darling.”

Her spine straightened. “I have responsibilities.”

“Yeah, like trying to steal our grandmother’s land.”

* * * *

Jack controlled his temper as he carried in Ms. Cantwell’s luggage to one of their vacation condos. It was actually the one that he and Maleko used when they were back from the mainland, but for the weekend it was Ms. Cantwell’s.

She stepped around him and studied the room. It was one of their best—a small but convenient kitchen, and a fully furnished living room complete with a flat screen TV.

“This is very nice, Mr. Akaka.”

“Jack, please. If you say Mr. Akaka, I look around for my father.”

She smiled, just as she had earlier, and he couldn’t help but respond in kind. Figuring that every time she offered one of those cautious smiles, he could feel it all the way to his cock, he assumed he should do something.

“Then, please, call me Sophia. What I do not understand is why I am here. I have a room at the hotel.”

This was slippery ground and damn Mal for sitting out in the Jeep like a sulky boy. “First, you don’t have a room at the hotel. Mal cancelled it.”

She sighed and crossed her arms beneath her breasts. Flesh rose above the neckline of the sheer purple blouse. God, she had the most beautiful skin. It was as pure as ivory and he would bet just as smooth. She wasn’t big breasted, but just the right size. Sophia had a nice rounded bottom though, just the way he liked his women.

“I can just get another room.”

No, she couldn't. But he wasn't going to handle that because that was another one of Mal's schemes.

"Listen, why don't you take a shower, relax, and then I can show you around."

She worried her bottom lip, then her tongue darted out over it. Jesus, the woman had a mouth most women would pay to get—and some did. It was fuller on the bottom, and now, wet from her lick.

"Around as in..."

"Honolulu. It will only take us a few minutes to get to downtown from here. And besides, if you need to talk to someone about these condos, it is going to be me or Mal."

She sighed. "I guess it couldn't hurt and I am really punchy from the trip."

"Does an hour give you enough time?"

"Yes."

"I'll see you then."

As he walked to the Jeep, he could not help but smile. Mal may not like the woman because of her occupation, but Jack didn't care. He was going to try hard to get her into his bed...or hers, he wasn't really particular. If Mal was smart, he would come along for the ride.

"Took you long enough," he growled as Jack climbed into the Jeep.

"I invited her out tonight. We should take her down into Waikiki."

Mal hit the brakes and turned his head. The glare was hardly unexpected.

"No."

"What?" Jack asked in mock innocence.

"Keep your fucking dick in your pants, Jack. This woman is not to be fooled around with."

"You think that at first, but there is something there, something soft underneath."

Mal shook his head and gunned the Jeep through the mostly empty parking lot. Not a good sign. They had both rushed here when

they heard from their grandmother about the letter she had received. Their grandmother was a smart woman, but neither of them respected corporations. Mal's experience was enough for both of them. They both had shied away after he'd quit and worked for small organizations. Mal worked construction and Jack was a guide in Colorado. Both of them had figured on coming back to Hawaii soon, but not this soon.

"I do not want to tangle this up. We have to be on our toes around this woman."

"I plan on being a lot of things around this woman."

"Damnit, Jack, I don't need you giving me any ideas."

Jack smiled as he looked in the opposite direction. "Oh? So you find her attractive."

"You know damn well I do. She's just our type."

Jack nodded. "With that fair skin, can you imagine how pink her ass will get when spanked?" He closed his eyes and hummed. Damn, he was making himself hot just thinking about it.

"Yeah."

"What was that?"

"Yeah, okay, I want her, but I am not going to go after her, and neither are you."

Jack smiled and sunk down in his chair. He knew without a doubt, none of them would be sleeping alone tonight.

Chapter Three

“What do you mean there aren’t any rooms left?”

“I’m sorry, Ms. Cantwell. We have nothing left. It is a very busy time of year.”

Sophia sighed. She wanted to scream, wanted to do some kind of bodily damage to Maleko Akaka. It spoke of how many connections he had on the island. She had a feeling that Rick had underestimated what they were really up against.

After thanking the desk clerk, she clicked off her phone only to have it ring with Eddie’s ringtone next.

“What the bloody hell are you doing in Hawaii?”

“Hey, Eddie. Yeah, my flight was wonderful. You should have seen the ocean. It’s gorgeous.”

“Kiss ass. Tell me what’s going on.”

She rubbed her temple. “I got stuck coming over here to settle a situation for Nouveau. Unfortunately, I cannot seem to get a damned room at my own chain’s hotel.”

“What? Where are you staying?”

“At the condos we’re trying to buy out.”

“How did that happen?”

“It’s a long story.”

There was a loud knock at the door.

“I have the time.”

“It’s the middle of the night in Maryland. What are you doing up?”

“Can’t sleep.”

The knock got louder. She sighed and walked to the door.

"I am on my way out the door for dinner tonight."

She opened it, expecting Jack but finding his cousin on the threshold. If she had thought the man was dangerous before, she definitely did not know what she was thinking. He now wore a pair of black casual pants and a bright red shirt. The frown he offered had not changed.

"Where's Jack?"

His frown grew darker. "He's in the Jeep."

"Who's Jack? And who is that with the sexy voice?" Eddie asked over the phone.

"I gotta go, Eddie."

"Wait—"

"I love you."

She clicked it off and went to get her purse.

"I didn't know you were married."

When she turned around she realized he'd stepped into the room and was closer than she expected.

"I'm not. And just how would you know if I was married anyway?"

He shrugged. "You're not wearing a ring."

"First, not all women wear rings. And I can love someone without being married."

"Not the way you were talking. Sounded like long term."

She herself frowned now. What the hell difference did it make to him anyway? But from his intense blue gaze, she could tell he wanted to know.

"It is one of my best friends." She stepped past him. "Not that it is any of your business."

"Is he gay?"

She glanced over her shoulder, amazed that he was once again inches from her. "Uh, no. Eddie is a girl. Short for Edwina. She was one of my college roommates."

He grunted as a response and she rolled her eyes. She would never get guys. She hadn't dated much, and most of them had been horrible disasters. Really, all of them had been failures. The last one had been her sleazy boss, Rick, right before she found out he was married.

She pushed those unpleasant memories aside and stepped outside into the fragrant Hawaiian night. She took a deep breath in appreciation as she waited for Maleko to close the door. After locking it, she slipped the key into her purse. She turned and ran into a solid wall of muscle. His hands came up as she lost her balance, his fingers wrapping around her bare arms. For a moment, they stood, inches apart, her breasts touching his chest every time she drew in a breath. She looked up, which was odd for her because she was so tall. She usually stood eye to eye with a guy. The second she met his gaze, the breath clogged her lungs. Desire darkened the blue of his eyes, bringing out the ridiculously long eyelashes. Her whole body heated, and liquid coated her slit.

"Uh." It was all she could come up with. Her brain had shut down the moment she felt his fingers on her flesh. He drew in a deep breath, his nostrils flaring. She wondered if he could smell the lilac soap she always used. She knew she could catch whiffs of his own unique scent, along with a touch of sandalwood.

It was Maleko who took the step back, moving away from her. He still had his hands on her arms, and for a second, she wasn't sure he knew he still held onto her.

"Yeah, well." He said nothing else, and that didn't even make sense.

"Could you let go of me?"

His eyes widened as he looked down at her arms. He let go of her as if he had been burned, then frowned at the marks on her arm.

"I'm sorry," he said.

She shook her head. She hated the fact that she bruised so easily. Even rug burn could leave the nastiest of bruises on her skin.

“Don’t worry about that. Would have been worse if I had fallen against the door.”

He glanced at her face again, and a look of true remorse flitted over his expression. It was odd to see such a big bruiser of a man, especially one as abrupt as Maleko, get upset with a little unintentional bruising.

Without another word, he stepped aside and allowed her to walk to the Jeep. Jack sat in the backseat as before.

“Wow!” he said, his tone showing his appreciation. “Yellow is definitely your color.”

She smiled, not realizing until that moment how much she wanted to impress him. She glanced at Maleko as he opened the car door for her. And for some reason, she wanted to impress this idiot too. Why was she even worried about it? Sure, she liked to look nice, loved to dress up. After so many years of wearing hand-me-downs and secondhand clothes, she was finally happy to be able to afford things that looked nice on her.

But the idea that she wanted both of these men to want her, desire her...it was odd.

“Thank you.”

“And look at your hair. I would have never known it was so curly.”

It took every bit of her control not to run her hand through the curls. “I usually straighten it.”

“I have no idea why. It looks amazing.”

She slid into her seat as Jack moved over to sit closer, bringing his head up between the two seats.

Maleko shut her door and stood there for a minute, then shook his head. He walked around the hood of the car and then slid into the front seat.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“I thought we would have a little something to eat, then do some Honolulu nightlife.”

“I’m not sure if I will be able to keep up.”

Jack smiled at her, his dimples winking. “Don’t worry, darling. We will keep you safe.”

Chapter Four

Jack watched the interaction between his cousin and Sophia. It was fun to watch Mal try to ignore her, his need for her, but he was failing miserably. And Jack knew why.

Mal hated anyone in corporate, but dressed like this, Sophia was far from looking the part now. The yellow sundress was completely unexpected. It molded over her soft curves, brought out the sunrise in her hair. It was one of those halter-type tops that tied behind her neck. From what he could tell, she had gone braless. God almighty, he wanted to slip his hand beneath the gauzy material and rub his thumb over her nipples. That thought made him wonder what color they were. He assumed they would be pink, the color of raspberries.

His cock hardened and he shifted in his seat trying to ease the restriction of his chinos, but all it did was aggravate his already rampant arousal.

Jack knew it was probably stupid, but he wanted her, needed her on some level he didn't understand. Because they had been working on separate continents, he and Mal had not shared a woman in over a year. He seriously missed it. He knew both of them wanted to find one woman to share, but with their lives at the moment, it wasn't feasible. Still...a little fun would not hurt, especially at Christmas.

Mal opened the door for Sophia. It amused Jack to see the way his cousin was acting. Before, he treated her like an evil witch. Now, he was treating her as if she were the goddess of sex. But then, as he said, that dress had done it.

They stepped into the diner and she paused. It was a favorite with locals and he was interested in her take on it. They were shown to

their seats. It was funny when she slid into the booth, stopping in the middle thinking she would sit by herself. Mal sat opposite of her, while Jack slipped in beside her. Her eyes widened but she scooted over.

They ordered their drinks and the waitress left them alone.

“So, Sophia, I take it you live in the DC area,” he said.

She eyed him warily. “Yes. Been doing some checking up?”

“We protect what is ours,” Mal said.

“Mal, give it a rest,” Jack said.

His cousin’s eyes narrowed, then he looked out the window at the traffic on Kukuio Street.

“Now, why don’t you tell us about home?”

“I live in Baltimore. Nouveau is headquartered in the area. I take it you don’t want to talk over the situation.”

“There is no situation,” Mal said.

She glanced at him. “What do you mean?”

“I—”

Jack interrupted her. “What Mal means is that we aren’t going to sell. This business has been in our family for a while, and now that we decided to move back, we are going to take over it.”

She studied him for a second, then shrugged. “Okay.”

“Just like that?” Mal asked suspiciously.

“Yes. Listen, it would have been a feather in my cap, but the only reason I came here is because your grandmother seemed open to the idea.”

Which had made no sense to either Mal or Jack. But then, it might have just been her way to get the two of them back to Hawaii. If anything, that one thing in the plan worked.

“We aren’t going to sell.”

She nodded. “Okay.”

“What did Nouveau want the condos for anyway? I mean, the property was separate from theirs. If anything, people would have to drive over there.”

“I guess I can tell you now that you aren’t going to sell. Their idea was to turn them into luxury VIP suites. They were ready to do a total renovation. More secluded and with the walking paths you have there, it probably would have been a good idea. But they do need a lot of work.”

Jack nodded. “Well, since that is out of the way, why not tell us how you got into the business?”

* * * *

Mal ground his teeth together. He wanted nothing more than to beat the living hell out of his cousin. It was bad enough he had made him come out with the two of them tonight, but watching Jack charm Sophia was a little too much to take. The electronic pulse of the music pounded through his blood, revving him up even more. She laughed at something Jack said. He couldn’t actually hear the laugh, just saw it. Even so, it affected him. It shot through his blood straight to his dick. He shifted in his seat and Jack tossed him a knowing smile. He did his best to keep his cool, but it was hard. He wrapped his hand around the glass of water and took a long drink, almost draining the large glass in one drink.

God, he could have kept his distance if she had shown up as the buttoned-down executive she had been when she stepped off that escalator. But, now...damn, it was going to be hard. Her hair now fell about her shoulders in soft waves that he could imagine slipping over his flesh. The dress she wore was a far cry from what she had worn when she arrived. Yellow gauze draped her curves, and he could just imagine pulling it off her, watching it slide from her body and pool on the floor at her feet.

Damnit. He had to keep his mind on the subject at hand, but he had no idea what it was. He was trying to concentrate on her words, but her unpainted pink full lips drew his attention. As before, he

imagined them wrapped around his cock, taking him in as he fucked her face.

He wished he could drink. Blind stinking drunk, that is what he needed to be. But he had been stupid enough. It would be smarter to not drink, be the DD and keep his wits about him. But, damn, it was hard to watch her as he was sober.

“Hey, Mal.”

He turned and saw Trudy Wittacker. They had dated a few times, slept together a lot more times. Last time he was back from the mainland, they’d had a bout of hard, sweaty sex with no strings attached.

“Hey, Trudy.”

She was a woman who he normally liked. Full on top, breasts that would spill over his hands. And she liked it rough. For some reason, when she batted her eyes at him and smiled, he felt nothing inside.

When he said nothing else, she shrugged. “See you around.”

He nodded and turned his attention back to his cousin and their enemy. Jack wasn’t even looking at him, he was so caught up in gazing at Sophia. The woman in question was eyeing him with something that mirrored irritation. What the hell did she have to be irritated about? She wasn’t the one stuck drinking water, with the sweating palms of a thirteen-year-old and an erection so hard it could lift the table.

A slower song started up, giving him some relief from the pounding rhythm that reminded him of sex. He saw the speculation on Jack’s face, saw him open his mouth, and knew that he was about to ask her to dance. It was just too much to handle. Mal couldn’t watch that. He probably needed to get up, leave the club, and take in some clean night air. Instead, he said, “Let’s dance.”

Without waiting for an answer, he grabbed her small hand and yanked her toward the dance floor.

Chapter Five

Sophia followed Mal out to the floor. She really had no choice since he tugged her along as he strode forward. It was a good thing she was so tall or she would have never kept up with his quick, long strides. He reached the floor, and then pulled her into his arms. She had expected him to try and keep his distance, but he pulled her so close that their bodies were touching. She could smell that sandalwood cologne again. It was one of her favorite scents on men. Mixed with the natural scent of him, it made her hormones bounce.

“Is there a reason you asked me out here?”

“To dance.” He said nothing else but he did pull her closer. So close, she could feel his erection against her belly. Good lord. She shot a look at him. The anger she saw there confused her.

She opened her mouth but he slipped his hand down her spine and she shivered. Little spikes of lust flared low in her belly as her pussy grew damp. Oh, this was not good. She had been pretty attracted to Jack, still was, but now...she wanted nothing more than to place her lips on his neck and taste Mal. He skimmed one hand up her side, his fingers slipping beneath the fabric of her dress.

The music continued in the slow vein, the band slipping from one slow song into the next. Mal had moved them enough that she could see Jack, who was watching them with a smile. It was an odd thing that both men apparently wanted her, but Jack had no problem with his cousin mimicking sex on a dance floor. Normally such an aggressive move would turn her off, but for some reason, it was a turn-on for her with this irritating man. Oh, most people could probably not tell, but with every move of his feet, he thrust his sex

against her. And, dammit, she was moving against him, her body easily responding. Heat spiraled in her tummy. Her own sex was dripping wet. Her panties would be soaked...if she had been smart enough to wear them.

She looked up at his face again. She was startled to see his deep blue eyes staring down at her. The heat she saw there, the need, struck her to the core. She had never seen a man look at her that way, need her that way. It was a sad state of affairs that she had reached the age of thirty and had never witnessed a man wanting her.

“Mal?” She could barely hear her own voice over the music, but he was watching her lips.

He leaned closer and his lips brushed her ear. “Just relax. Enjoy.”

His voice was rough, but there was a thread of tenderness beneath it that shook her. It zeroed right to her heart, making it beat out of control. He lifted his hand to the back of her head and gently urged her to rest it on his shoulder.

Her mind whirled even as her body heated. Damn, this was not the right time. She had to keep her head, needed to make sure she didn’t screw this up. There was a promotion hanging in the balance and she would not lose it. But then she felt his lips on her temple. The sweet gesture brought a rush of tears to her eyes, clogging her throat. The song petered out and another slow one started up, but Mal stepped back. His cousin was standing next to them. She had not seen him approach, she was so caught up in the temptation Maleko offered. Before she could say anything, Maleko leaned in and brushed his lips over her mouth. It was almost sweet in gesture, but for the tip of his tongue slipping out to taste for just a second. Then he handed her off to his cousin and headed back to their table.

Jack smiled as he pulled her into his arms.

“I don’t know what is going on here,” she said.

“Don’t worry, Sophia. We’ll get to that later. Just enjoy.”

He stepped closer and his erection pressed against her. What the hell was this about? She didn’t know what game they were playing,

but she didn't think it was something she could handle. She could barely keep up with one man, but apparently they both wanted her.

Then the memory of Eddie's fling in college with two military guys came to mind. The guys had been into sharing, and Eddie had been in her experimental stage. She would tell both Sophia and Marabelle about her time in bed with the two of them over one summer. God, the stories had been beyond anything she could have imagined, but now the vibe she was getting from the cousins made her think that they might be like those two guys.

The song slowed down and with a sigh of regret, Jack stepped back. The hot, pounding beat of a popular dance song filled the club. She would have thought it would get rid of the insane idea of both of these men wanting her. Instead, it pounded through her blood, sending her body humming. Walking back to the table was an experience in self-torture. With each step, her pussy clenched, the lips soaked. When they reached the table, Mal stood up and followed her and Jack out of the restaurant.

When they stepped out into the cool Hawaiian air, she drew it in hoping to get rid of the idea of taking these two men to bed. The idea was absurd.

They walked without talking to the Jeep. Mal slipped into the driver's seat, but Jack lifted her up into the backseat, where he joined her. Without a word, he bent his head and kissed her. She had expected something sweet like Mal's, but she was mistaken. The hot, wet kiss shot straight to her pussy. He tasted of the beer he drank and temptation. Even without knowing what she was doing, she slipped her hands up his chest to his shoulders. She fell into the kiss, dancing her tongue along his as he slanted his mouth over hers again and again.

There was a beep of a horn from another car that brought her to her senses. She pulled away and was amazed to find out they were speeding down a street.

Jack said, "Ignore that." But she held firm.

“What is going on here?”

He frowned. “We want you.”

“And?”

“Isn’t that enough?”

He said it as if it should be. But it wasn’t. She had never trusted passion. Whenever she gave in to her own needs, it was unsatisfying and usually ended up in some kind of mess.

“No. I mean, you both...” She looked at Mal, who was watching them in the mirror as they sat at a red light.

“Yes,” Jack said, drawing her attention back to him. “We both want you.”

“But...why?”

Jack snorted. “I think that should be obvious.”

She shook her head as a sneaky suspicion crawled into her mind and left her cold.

“Is this about the condos?”

He frowned. “No, what would this have to do with the condos?”

She pulled away from him as Mal turned onto the road that led to the condos. She didn’t know what to say. If she confronted them, would they tell her the truth? Did she want to know the truth?

Before she could answer, Mal pulled up to the condo and cut the engine. She started to climb out, but Jack held onto her.

“I am not having this discussion in public.”

He let her go then and they followed her into the condo. She threw the key onto the kitchen counter and then turned to confront them.

“If either of you think you can control me with sex, you are dead wrong.”

The varying expressions on both their faces would have been comical if she hadn’t been so keyed up. Mal looked ready to kill, his eyes narrowing, a flush darkening his cheeks. He crossed his arms over his massive chest and frowned at her.

Jack on the other hand laughed. His eyes danced with amusement as he shook his head.

“There is no plan to control you with sex, and I cannot think that we have anything to discuss. There will be no sale, whether you or your boss knows it.” He sauntered to her until he was just inches from her. “What this is about, well...we want you. Mal and I here like to share women, and you are right up our alley.”

She stepped away. “I find that hard to believe.” She wanted to believe it, that was for sure. Her body responded to the image, both of them naked, one cock in her mouth as the other fucked her pussy. Sophia had to suppress the shiver that ran over her flesh. But it was not fear that she felt. Need dripped from every pore of her body, her brain still whirling with the images of being taken by the two of them.

Jack must have seen it in her expression, known what she was thinking. He stepped around her and then pressed his body against her back. His hard cock pressed against her ass, his heart thumping against her back.

“Jack...she doesn’t—”

“But she does, cuz. She’s hot...thinking about it right now, aren’t you, Soph.” He settled his hands on her waist as he flexed his hips. Closing her eyes, she fought against the hum of need that crowded her throat. She should step away, order them out. Even though they were both overpowering, she knew they would leave if she did. But before she could open her mouth, Jack skimmed his hands up to her breasts. He took both nipples between his fingers and plucked.

“Yeah, she wants this, Mal. Right now she is probably wondering just what we would do. I know what I want to do. I want to have that x-rated mouth on my cock, sucking me dry. That is one thing I want. I bet you want it too, right?”

She couldn’t respond. It was stuck in her throat. She could only nod.

She opened her eyes when she heard Mal approach her. He stepped closer as Jack’s hands fell away, sliding down her torso to her sex. Through the gauzy fabric, he caressed her, his fingers playing over her dripping slit.

Mal raised his hands and palmed her aching breasts. She wanted to close her eyes, enjoy the feel of his fingers as they danced over her hot flesh. But his blue gaze was burning into hers.

“So, Sophia. Do you want us?” Mal asked, his voice rough with desire. He sent shockwaves of pleasure coursing through her veins. It was stupid and unprofessional, but right now, with two sets of hands roaming over her, teasing her, tempting her, she did not care. All she wanted to think about was pleasure, to take, to give, to drown in it.

“Oh, God, yes. Take me.”

Chapter Six

Sophia gasped as Mal took her mouth in a hard, needy kiss that had her head spinning. Lord, both of these men could kiss. His tongue danced over hers, inviting, tempting, pulling her into the kiss.

Jack pushed her hair to the side and undid the top of her halter dress. Mal pulled back and let the fabric fall to her waist. Cool air brushed over her hot flesh as he bent and took one nipple into his mouth. Heated pleasure danced over her nerve endings as he sucked then scraped his teeth over her nipples. God, he was insane with his mouth. She did not even notice that Jack was pulling at the rest of her dress until it slipped down her legs.

“Oh, my, Mal. We have a very naughty girl on our hands.” Jack’s voice deepened, desire threading through it. He slipped his fingers over her slit.

Mal pulled back. His gaze traveled down her bare body, stopping briefly at her shaved pussy, then down the path to her sandals. By the time his gaze moved back up to her face, she was red with embarrassment.

“Definitely naughty,” he said, his mouth kicking up on one corner. “Wearing no panties, no bra, going out with two men...I think you’re a dream come true.”

Even in her embarrassment, she felt a sense of pride. It wasn’t like her to go without lingerie, but tonight, for some reason, she did it. She had told herself that it was because of the heat and the style of the dress, but she knew that to be a lie. She had wanted to be bad, without any thought that anyone would know. She thought she could have her little naughtiness and only she would be the person to know. But then,

she had not expected to come back to her condo and agree to bed two men.

“I think we are in for a hot time tonight, cuz,” Jack said.

Mal nodded, then bent over, slipping one arm beneath her knees, the other at her back, and picked her up. Her sandals slipped off and clattered against the tiled floor, but she paid no attention. Mal was watching her as he carried her, his eyes so intense she was afraid to look away.

He laid her on the bed gently and followed her down. It felt odd being completely naked and having a man on top over her who was completely clothed. But she wasn't given time to think about it. Mal moved down her body, his mouth moving over her flesh, nipping and teasing her until he settled between her legs.

She rose to her elbows to watch. He slipped his hands over her thighs and spread them further apart. Damn, she wasn't a prude by any standards, but she could feel the blush rushing over her skin. She would be ever cursed with the damned fair skin.

“I love that you shaved down here,” he said, while he slipped his fingers over her sensitized flesh. “Damn, these pretty pink lips are wet.”

Jack had pulled off his shirt and was only in his jeans. He kneeled on the bed by her stomach and slid his hand down to her pussy. He slipped a finger into her at the same time Mal did. She collapsed on the bed as the sensations moved over her. Both of them fingered her, in rhythm. Wet heat pooled there. She knew it was dripping over their fingers.

“Fuck,” Mal said as one of them added another finger, bringing the number up to three. “I can't wait to sink my cock into this tight little pussy.”

“Hmm, yeah,” Jack said and someone rubbed against her clit. Without warning her orgasm was on her, shooting her from aroused into a vortex of heated pleasure as it blasted through her.

“Holy shit!” Mal said.

As she was drifting down from the orgasm, she felt Jack move off the bed. Before she could even open her eyes, she felt Mal's hot breath on her cunt. She lifted her head and looked down at him. His eyes were closed as he set his mouth on her. A look of sheer pleasure moved over his face as his tongue pierced her pussy.

She heard a chuckle from Jack and she glanced at him. He was naked, his entire body there for her to see. She had been right about his build, about the way his long muscles would look under that light brown skin. Her gaze traveled down to muscled chest, sculpted abs, to his erection, which curved up to his belly. She swallowed.

"Are you ready for a taste?" he asked as he crawled beside her on the double bed.

She nodded. "Oh, yes."

He moved his cock against her mouth, the pre-cum there spreading over her lips. She opened her mouth and allowed him to slip into her mouth.

Mal stopped to watch Jack slip his cock into Sophia's mouth. Those pink lips wrapped around his cousin's dick sent another wave of heat slamming into his gut. God, she was a revelation. From the soft flesh, with those pretty pink raspberry nipples, to the shaved pussy...he would have never expected her to be such a delight in contradictions.

"Fuck," Jack said as he moved slowly in and out of her mouth.

Mal knew his cousin didn't have much control when it came to this woman, so he thought he would push him even further. Mal set his mouth on that sweet, sweet cunt of hers and went back to work driving her crazy. The taste of her exploded over his taste buds again. Salty, sweet, sexy, and innocent. He couldn't help his own moan as he slipped his tongue in and out of her. He replaced his mouth with his fingers as he teased her clit. She moaned and he looked up. The bed was now smacking up against the wall as Jack pistoned in and out of her mouth. Jack's hands were now clenched in her hair as his movements became frantic, out of control.

Mal pushed the flat of his tongue against her clit, shoving her over the edge again, her muscles clamping down tight on his fingers as she moaned around Jack's cock. It was then that his cousin lost it. He shouted her name as he shoved his cock into her mouth and held her head still.

Mal pulled away, tearing at his clothes, then cussing when he realized he had left his condom in his wallet in his pants. He found it and rolled it on as fast as he could. Jack was lying beside her by the time Mal climbed between her legs again. He lifted her legs over her shoulders and pressed against her entrance. Her eyes fluttered open. Lazy sensuality darkened her eyes as she watched him. God, she was gorgeous. He did not think he would ever get used to the fair beauty wanting him. She was tall, but delicate, and he felt like a hulking bull next to her.

He hesitated and she frowned. He felt like some kind of damned thirteen-year-old, not knowing what to do with her. Jack had moved to her breast and pulled one of those beautiful raspberry nipples into his mouth. She moaned, her eyes sliding shut as she arched her neck. The sound struck his soul, seducing him. There was no way he would leave without feeling those tight pussy muscles fisting around his cock as he came.

He eased his way in, amazed at the tight feel of her pussy. Damn, she was almost as tight as he expected a virgin would be.

"Oh, Mal," she said, her voice a throaty moan that had him losing control.

He pushed all the way into her and then pulled out slowly. But soon, he had no more control than his cousin had earlier. That tight, wet cunt clasped onto his cock every time he thrust into her and he lost control. His frenzied thrusts came as he felt heat shoot straight to his sac. His balls drew up and he came, shouting her name as she moaned his. All those little muscles convulsed around his cock, pulling him deeper, making his orgasm go on and on.

Moments later he released her legs and collapsed on top of her. He couldn't move for a moment or two longer because every muscle he had seemed to have melted. Mal finally gathered enough strength to roll to her side. She followed, burrowing her head beneath his chin, her small hand resting over his heart. It fell at his feet. How could this have happened? He barely knew the woman, didn't even know anything about her life back on the mainland. But he wanted this, wanted her in Hawaii with him...and Jack. He lifted his head to look at his cousin, who was watching him with a smile. A look of mutual understanding moved over Jack's face. It was then he knew they were in agreement.

They would do anything in their power to keep Sophia with them.

Chapter Seven

Jack opened his eyes as he felt the bed move. He watched his cousin get up and walk to the bathroom, and sighed. He was relieved that at least one of them had finally realized that this was a good thing. Now all he had to do was convince Sophia.

He looked down at the woman in question and sighed again. She had been a delight and he was sure it had been her first time with two men. He slipped his hand through her red curls and smiled as she rolled over to cuddle against him. She had come off as cold, uncaring at the airport, but as he had thought, there was a warm, soft center to the woman. What he wanted to know was why the woman felt as if she had to protect herself.

“Jack?” Her voice was sleepy and sexy and he couldn’t stop his body’s reaction. His cock twitched, ready to go another bout.

He pulled her closer. “Right here. I was wondering why you were here in Hawaii and not someone else.”

“No family really. Some distant cousins I barely know. And I don’t like to be home this time of year.”

His heart clenched at her tone.

She shifted against him, flexing her hips, and he groaned. “Woman, stop that unless you want me rolling you on your stomach and taking that hot little ass.”

She stopped but snorted. “Little is something that has never been applied to my ass.”

The bathroom door opened.

"I have to say I am glad it isn't small. I like how round it is," Mal said as he walked toward the bed. He joined them and crowded up against her. They had her pinned between them. It felt...right.

They had shared women before, but this was different, deeper. They barely knew her, but the connection was there. Jack just knew it was the right woman. Maybe not the right time, but he couldn't do anything about that.

"Besides, I can't wait to see how pink it gets when I spank you," Mal said.

Her head came up with a jerk, her eyes wide with surprise, fear, and arousal. The look sent a shaft of heat straight to Jack's dick. Shit, she was such an innocent.

He wanted to reassure her, so he decided to ask her questions to get her mind off what Mal had said. And, from looking at the way his cousin's hands were moving over her skin, what he was about to do to her.

"So you live in Baltimore?"

She closed her eyes as Mal's hand slipped over her ass. He loved watching Mal's dark hand move over her ivory flesh. The contrast was startling, sexy.

"Hmmm, yes."

"By yourself?"

"Yep."

"I was just surprised that you could leave so fast and not bring any family with you."

She frowned and her eyes opened. "I don't have any family."

"No family?" The idea was just odd to him. Besides Mal, he had a ton of cousins, aunties, and uncles, not to mention the adopted family of close friends his family had known for years.

"No. My parents died in a car wreck when I was eighteen. I was an only child. And to answer any questions you might have past that, I am not or have ever been married, I have no family, as mentioned—other than my two best friends—and counting you two, I've only slept

with five guys. The reason I am here is because my boss knows I have no family and he always makes me work on holidays. I think it is to get back at me because once I found out he was married, I refused to sleep with him anymore.”

A beat of silence filled the air and her face flushed with embarrassment as if she just realized what she had just told them. He had a feeling that she rarely told anyone more than she needed to. There was something that was so, well, buttoned down about her. But it wasn't that she shunned emotion completely, she was afraid of it.

“Well, all of that was really interesting,” Mal said, amusement threading his voice. “But I want to know when I'm going to get a sweet taste of your body again.”

The tension that had been building dissolved. She looked back over her shoulder, her hair falling over her shoulder and tickling him.

“Whenever you want.”

Her simple answer had Jack's blood heating to boiling, lust coursing through his veins.

“You know, it's a shame we didn't have time to shop,” Jack said, thinking he would love to have bought a nice plug for her ass. Just the thought of sliding a plug into that tiny puckered hole had his hands shaking. “I would love to use some toys on you.”

“Hmm, yeah,” Mal said as he moved his mouth off her shoulder. “You're so amazingly responsive.”

It was then that Jack noticed she was blushing again. “If you don't like our frank talk, you just have to tell us.” It wasn't like it would stop, but they would tone it down until she got used to it, at least.

She shook her head. Those gorgeous cat eyes stared at him.

“What?”

“I-I brought a vibrator with me.”

For a moment his brain stopped working and he couldn't speak. Her face flushed a brighter shade of red. Before he could react, Mal did.

“Really. Where?”

Jack laughed at the eager tone in his cousin's voice.

"In my suitcase."

She moved to get it, but Mal said, "No, you stay there."

"It's in the side pocket in the main compartment."

As Mal left them, Jack slipped his fingers against her jaw and drew her attention back to him. "You are just a bundle of surprises, Ms. Cantwell."

She smiled, even as she kept blushing. "What, you thought I was a repressed virgin?"

"No, but I would have never thought you would offer up a toy that I can now use to drive you crazy."

He brushed his mouth over hers, intending on just giving her a soft, loving kiss. One for reassurance. But it didn't stop, he couldn't. The taste of her drew him like a moth to a flame. He slipped his tongue past her lips, dipping into her mouth. When he felt the glide of her tongue against his, he urged her backward onto the bed and slanted his mouth over hers. She hummed against his tongue, the tiny shockwaves bursting through his body, shooting straight to his dick. Damn. He palmed her breast, her nipple easily pebbling under his attention.

The sound of buzzing broke his concentration on the kiss. He lifted his head and looked down at her. The need he saw there in her eyes was like a punch to his gut. Damn, how did you fall for a woman in just a few hours? He had to be insane, but he couldn't help the way his heart tattooed in his chest, or the fact that she now held it in her hands. Thank God she didn't realize it yet.

He turned toward the sound. Mal held a slim pink vibe in one hand, a bottle of lube in the other. An evil grin lightened his face.

"Lookee what I found."

He understood the evil grin now. Oh, shit, he wanted to take her ass now, right now. He was sure she had never done it, so he had thought they might have to wait. But now he might be able to.

“Give it over,” he said, reaching for the vibe when Mal got close enough to the bed. He held it out of reach.

“Uh, uh, uh. I went looking for it so I can use it. But hey, I will let you use the lube.”

The look in Mal’s eyes told Jack he was giving him the privilege of being the first one.

He smiled and grabbed it up. Mal joined them on the bed.

“Now, we get to drive you crazy.”

Chapter Eight

Sophia's eyes nearly crossed at the image. They thought to drive her more crazy? Was that even possible? She didn't think so. Her whole body hummed with need. She had never been that sexual of a person. Sure, she had needs like any other healthy woman, but she had never had a really good sexual experience with another person in the room.

Mal shot her another of those smiles that made her toes curl. Who would have thought the stoic one would be so sexy in a smile? Maybe it was the idea that he offered it to her, and only her...at least at the moment. While she felt some kind of connection to these men, she knew this was just a holiday fling for all of them. So what if she yearned to throw her old life away and move to Hawaii and be their love slave? This wasn't for keeps, because people just did not do that.

Mal slipped the vibe down against her stomach. It was on, so the vibrations feathered out over her stomach and down to her pussy. The sensation sent a gush of liquid to her sex. Mal hadn't even gotten the vibe close to her clit and she was ready to come. Liquid heat coursed through her as she moved her legs further apart. But, just as she moved her hips, he tsked and lifted the vibe.

"Naughty. I didn't say you could do that."

She groaned in frustration, but it ended on a moan when Jack slipped his talented tongue over her nipple. Mal joined him, setting the vibe aside. The pleasure of having both of them touch her at the same time, their tongues each slipping over her nipples, was almost too much. She was ready to beg and they were barely touching her. In fact, the only body part they used was their mouth. They were

keeping their hands away from her...and she was sure it was on purpose.

Mal lifted his head. "Damn, aren't these the prettiest little breasts you have ever seen?"

The bawdy talk between the cousins turned her on. She had never had that happen before. Probably because the man would expect her to join in, and she just couldn't. She had always felt self-conscious about her body, and talking so explicitly was beyond what she could handle. But she liked the way they talked about her, it made her feel needy, wanted.

"Hmmm," Jack said, lifting his head as Mal leaned down to take the nipple back into his mouth. Jack smiled down at her as his fingers danced over her stomach on their way down to her dripping sex. He traced her slit, the light touch driving her simply mad. How could such a light touch make her want to come? She planted her feet on the bed and tried to get him to slip into her. He shook his head.

"You are such a bad girl."

Mal lifted his head, her nipple popping free of his mouth. "I think she needs to learn she isn't in charge."

Jack laughed and nodded. She had no idea what was going to happen until Jack sat up and then pulled her up and over his lap. She lifted her head to protest, but his hand came down with a hard slap against her ass. It vibrated down to her sex. God, that felt so bad...and glorious.

"Fuck, look at that. So pink," Mal said, his voice filled with dark need. Another slap, this one from Jack from a different angle.

She moaned as another sharp shaft of need hit her.

"You like that, dontcha, Sophia?" Jack asked.

She felt vulnerable, needy, and completely out of control. And, God help her, but she did like it. He slapped her again, but slipped his hand in between her thighs. A few strokes and she was wiggling. He pulled his hand away.

“Yeah, she likes it,” he said with a laugh. He picked her up and pulled her astride his lap. He urged her up, then cussed.

“Condom.” He bit the word out. Mal laughed and brought him one.

She grabbed it from Mal and tore it open. Jack tried to take it from her, but she evaded him. He groaned as she slipped it over the head of his penis and rolled it down.

“You are going to kill me.”

She smiled. “No...just drive you crazy.”

When she finally got it on him, she lifted up and slowly lowered onto his cock. Mal moved closer, his hand sliding over his shaft. She looked up at him as she felt Jack latch onto her nipple. She continued to move as she licked her lips.

Mal must have read her mind and shifted closer to her, holding his cock to her lips. She willingly opened her mouth and took him in. The salty taste of his pre-cum danced over her taste buds as he pulled back and thrust back in. She had never really liked giving oral sex, but both of these men made her want to do everything she had been afraid to attempt before. She moved in rhythm as he flexed his hips. When she pulled almost all the way out, she swirled her tongue over the tip, and he groaned.

“Fuck, woman, you are trying to embarrass me.” She glanced up at him but saw the laughter in his eyes. It gave her the courage to completely lose herself in the task. Jack took over, thrusting into her as she slipped her hands around to Mal’s hard, tight ass. With a talent she never knew she had, she sucked, nibbled, and pushed him over the edge. She felt him nearing it and slipped one hand between his legs to fondle his sac. His hands threaded through her hair and molded to the back of her head.

“Holy fuck! Sophia.” He came, his seed splashing against the back of her throat, and she swallowed as he held her head still. Moments later he pulled back and leaned down to give her a tender kiss.

“You are wicked with that mouth.”

“You must bring it out in me, because I have never been very wicked before.”

He laughed. “God help us if you get any more wicked.”

He walked away and Jack drew her attention. “Have you ever tried anal?”

She nodded, thinking of the embarrassing attempt with Rick. “I didn’t like it much.”

He frowned. “Willing to try? If you don’t like it with us, we will stop, promise.”

She wanted to, but she worried about his reaction to it. Rick had actually hurt her when he did it. Of course, Eddie had said it was wonderful when done right and she wanted that.

“Sophia?”

She nodded and he lifted her up off of him. They both groaned at the separation.

He laid her on her back as Mal climbed on there. He was holding the vibe. He turned it on and smiled down at her. “This is going to be fun.”

Just his smile calmed her. Who would have thought that? The man had been such a grump, but now she felt connected to him. He slid the vibe down her stomach, just as he had before. But this time he slipped it over her mound. The vibrations feathered out over the sensitive flesh. Her orgasm was just out of reach, almost there. Her body hummed, yearned, needing the relief her release would give her, but she could not grasp it. Mal tortured her. Hunger consumed her as she moved against the vibe. She growled when he lifted it away and he chuckled. Even the sound simmered over her flesh, causing her arousal to ratchet up a notch.

She shot him an evil look and opened her mouth to say exactly what she thought of him. Jack chose that moment to slip his coated finger into her anus. She gasped and closed her eyes as sensations

washed over her. There was a pinch of pain, but he eased his finger in, slowly, surely, and soon, the pain turned into pleasure.

She moaned as the pleasure shot through her, hunger lancing her veins. It wasn't the same type of pleasure, but another dimension that pushed her ever closer to her orgasm but didn't allow her the release she so craved.

"Ahh, you like it," Jack said. His voice, filled with excitement and arousal, deepened and skittered over her. She moved against his finger as he added another, preparing her for his entry. She lifted her hand, plucking at her nipple, and Mal groaned. He returned the vibe to her mound, then leaned down to capture her nipple in his mouth. The tiny bite he gave her shot straight to her pussy. She was so, so close, ready to explode, but Jack slipped his fingers out of her anus and then she felt something much wider at her entrance. He eased his way in and she opened her eyes. He was watching her, his worry etched over his face. Sweat poured off his face as he slowly inched forward, the tip of his cock moving past the ring of muscles and he slid home. The mix of pleasure and pain was but another level of arousal. The pain eased as he began slow, easy thrusts into her. He lifted her legs as he pumped. Mal lifted his head and watched as he slid the vibe into her pussy.

Holy mother of God. The vibrations rocked the walls of her pussy, made her full to bursting with Jack now thrusting faster in and out of her anus. Mal settled a hand on the other side of her, bringing his once again hardened cock closer to her mouth. She couldn't resist and lifted her head off the bed and drew him into her mouth.

"Oh, fuck," he said, his voice filled with need and desire.

They continued, Jack's hands now on her hips, her legs up over his shoulders. She added her hand to pleasuring Mal, pumping each time he flexed his hips. He shoved himself so far down she felt the head of his penis bump the back of her throat. She wanted him in as much pain as she was, needy, begging. She caressed his sac, her fingernails teasing over his sensitive skin. He retaliated by pressing

the vibrator against her clit. The tiny movement sent her flying into a morass of pleasure as Jack continued moving in and out of her anus. She felt her muscles clamp against his cock in her ass, against the vibrator in her pussy. Her hand spasmed on Mal's sac and he came, hot seed shooting into her mouth and coating her throat.

He groaned and shoved his cock into her mouth, holding still as his legs flexed. He pulled his cock out of her, and then leaned down to kiss her.

"Amazing." His voice was filled with such awe, it brought a rush of tears to burn the back of her eyes. Then he turned the vibrator up a notch, causing another orgasm to slam through her. She arched off the bed as the tiny vibrations shook her.

"Oh, fuck, yes," Jack said as his thrusts grew frenzied.

Mal turned the knob on the vibrator once more and she was thrown into another orgasm before she had completely recovered from the first one. Jack joined her this time as he pumped in and out of her ass, then stilled. She looked up at him, saw the sheer pleasure of his orgasm on his face. Mal's fingers slipped over her cheek.

"See what you did there, Sophia. You gave that to him."

"I..."

"No. You did."

She looked at him, her need probably easy for him to see. She tried to pull back, keep the craving she felt for these two men at bay. Men hated if you asked for more...she had found that out more than once.

"No. Don't hide behind that mask, baby." The tender tone in his voice had her blinking back the tears.

She barely noticed Jack pulling out as Mal leaned in to kiss her. Gentle, loving, beautiful. His fingers danced over her jaw and she closed her eyes. The bed dipped on the other side of her as he pulled away. She opened her eyes to find Jack looking down at her, a look in his eyes she could not discern, was afraid to. She had always needed

too much from men, needed them to be there to back her up...and been left. She would not ruin this with her own feelings of neediness.

He repeated Mal's kiss, and this time she could not stop the tears. They filled her closed eyes and dripped out over her cheeks.

"Aw, baby, don't cry," Mal said, his voice sounding a bit hysterical.

Jack chuckled as she opened her eyes. "Mal freaks when a woman cries. He can't take it."

He kissed her cheeks, his tongue taking a tear into his mouth. "You want to tell me what is upsetting you?"

She sniffed, and she groaned. "Just what you two want. A sniffing, bawling woman."

He shook his head. "As long as it's you, that is fine with me."

She opened her mouth but no sound came out. The way he made it sound...well, it was if they were planning on more than a fling.

"Stop worrying. Rest."

Mal pulled the covers over the three of them as Jack pulled her close to him. The heat of his body warmed her, comforted her. Mal crowded behind her and she sighed.

She had never felt so satisfied and safe.

On that thought, she drifted to sleep.

Chapter Nine

The sound of the front door squeaking open brought Mal to full awareness within seconds. He looked over and saw Jack still lying on the other side of Sophia. He heard footsteps and then the door closing.

Carefully, he slipped from the bed, grabbing his pants and pulling them on with as little sound as possible. He noticed Sophia's phone sitting on the side table, the red light blinking. He went to pick it up, but his grandmother's voice stopped him.

"Ms. Cantwell?"

He groaned now. Damn, they hadn't called her to tell her they were here, but apparently she knew. There was no doubt about it. She would not have come into the condo if she had been just checking on Sophia. She would have left a note. He buttoned his pants and then went to the bedroom door. Thank God they had closed it or who knows what would have happened.

He opened the door and found his grandmother standing in the small living area with a man he didn't recognize. Perfectly cut hair, straight white—almost sparkling—teeth, and a wrinkled suit. He looked the part of snotty executive, except for the condition of his clothes.

His grandmother frowned at him. "I have been calling both you and Jack for hours."

Mal glanced at the clock and smiled.

"There is no way you would have been calling us for hours. It is only eight in the morning."

"Who are you?" the man asked.

"I could ask the same of you."

“I want to know where Sophia is. I have been trying to get a hold of her for several hours. When I got here, they said she never checked into the hotel, and after talking to her friends...although they were not that forthcoming, I find out she is staying here.”

“Rick?”

Mal looked back over his shoulder and almost swallowed his tongue. Damn, she was a sight to see. Her cat green eyes were still sleepy, her face flushed, and she was wearing his shirt. Right now he could wish his grandmother and the idiot with her to perdition.

Then it hit him what she said. Rick. He turned to face her.

“You know this ass?”

She nodded. “He’s my boss.”

“Who didn’t know where you were when I called. When I arrived, I got the idea you might have been abducted.”

Her face flushed with embarrassment. She looked around Mal and he did not like that at all. She was focusing on another man and, well, it pissed him off.

“And just what the hell are you doing here? Did you not think I could close the deal?”

“No. It isn’t that.” The man was practically whining.

“Wait a minute. What makes you think you are closing the deal?” Mal asked as icy fingers speared into his gut. Was that her plan? Seduce them, then get the condos? A flash of pain came and went in her gaze so fast he wasn’t sure if he had even seen it.

“I don’t have time for this right now,” she muttered. “I’m going to go get dressed.”

She turned on her heel and passed a confused Jack, who apparently had just joined them. The bedroom door slipped shut with an almost silent snick.

“Someone want to bring me up to speed?” Jack asked. “And is there any coffee?”

“I’ll tell you what happened. We have been had.” Jesus, he could not believe they had been so stupid. He should have known. She had

been corporate, just like Ginger...who had sold him down the line so she could marry the boss' son. Guilt and regret, with a fair amount of pain, sliced through him, cutting open wounds he thought he had healed.

"What do you mean?" Jack asked, his frown darkening.

"This idiot here still thinks there is a chance they can buy these condos."

Said idiot opened his mouth, but Mal tossed him a nasty look. "I would think twice before you say anything to make me hit you."

"Mal?" Jack asked.

"I'm out of here. I should have known this had disaster written all over it."

Without another word, he grabbed his keys off the table. He didn't look back when Jack called out his name. He gunned the engine backing out of the space, then floored it as he headed back to his own condo. He would take a shower, and clear his head.

Before the end of the day, he would have forgotten everything about Sophia.

* * * *

Sophia's hands shook so badly she couldn't pull up the zipper on the back of her dress. She closed her eyes and tried to calm her heart. Pain seeped into her, choking her. She would not cry. She had heard Mal leave, knew that no matter what she said he would never believe her. After last night, she thought they were a little closer. But apparently, they were not. The words he had given her, shown her, none of it mattered in the light of day. She could have begged, would have done anything, but when she saw that horrible cold look in his eyes, she had known he would never believe her. And why did she feel guilty? She did nothing. So, she hadn't talked to Rick. She had been a little bit busy the last day. He wouldn't expect a report until

after the New Year. Thinking of that brought one big question to mind. Why the hell was Rick here in the first place?

The door opened and shut behind her. Without looking she knew it was Jack.

“Are you okay?”

She looked at him in the small dresser mirror.

“Yes. I just can’t get my dress to zip up.”

He smiled. “That is something I can help with.” He watched her when he walked toward her. He made easy work of her zipper and kissed her shoulder.

“What is your boss doing here?”

She shrugged. “Truly, I have no earthly idea, so I better go find out.”

She squared her shoulders and then walked to the outer room. Rick sat at the breakfast bar area having a cup of coffee that apparently Ms. Akaka made him. She smiled at the older woman and saw her grandsons in her face. The blue eyes were Mal’s but the quick and ready smile was Jack’s.

“Rick, what the hell are you doing here?”

“Well, can we talk alone?”

“Rick—”

“No, you should have some privacy. Jack, don’t look at me that way. Let’s go outside. I have a few things to say to you.”

Sophia gave the woman a grateful look. Once they were alone, she waited for Rick to explain, but he did nothing but walk up to her, one of his apology smiles on his face.

“It is so good to see you here.”

She stepped around him. “What are you doing here?”

“I thought we could have some time alone.”

Time alone? She turned and faced him. “Just what are you talking about? Time alone?”

He nodded. "I know that eighteen months ago you called off our...relationship, but I thought a few days in Hawaii together would be a great idea."

Her eyes widened as she looked at him. It was easy to see what had attracted her to him. He was in good shape, he dressed impeccably, and he was handsome. Not ruggedly, get-your-panties-wet handsome like Mal and Jack. But had it been because she had known that she could never truly love him? Because, even knowing the Akaka cousins for one day, she had felt closer to them...knew what their expression meant, how they liked to be touched. Her relationship with Rick had been longer, and she barely knew him.

"What about your wife?"

He smiled. "We separated."

"And?"

"What?"

"What does that have to do with me?"

"I thought we could spend Christmas together."

Her mind could not figure out exactly what he was saying. His mouth was moving, but the words just did not compute in her brain.

"What are you talking about?"

He sauntered toward her. "I arranged this little get-together." He moved to pull her into his arms, but she stepped back from him.

"You planned this? What about the Akaka condos?"

He shrugged. "We were considering it, but the truth is that corporate was really leery of buying anything in this economy."

"You fucked up my holidays because you thought I would get back together with you?"

"Back together?" Jack asked from the doorway.

She glanced at him and felt her face flush with embarrassment. "Rick and I slept together for a while."

"It was more than that."

She snorted. "No, it wasn't. You were married, one thing you forgot to tell me."

Jack looked at her, then to Rick, then back to her. "So there was no deal."

"Apparently not."

"I don't understand why you would care," Rick said.

"Because he and his cousin wanted to make sure that their grandmother wasn't screwed over by you or Nouveau."

"I—"

"Let's get one thing straight, you uptight, cheating jackass." She settled her hands on her hips and walked toward him. "I do not want to have anything to do with you. The only reason I kept working at Nouveau was because I knew you would give me a bad reference if I quit."

"That's not true," he protested, but there was enough guilt in his eyes to tell her she had been right.

She kept advancing on him until he was backed up against the wall. "And here is another little bit of information. I quit."

She turned around and marched back to her bedroom.

"You cannot do that."

She glanced back over her shoulder. "I can do anything I want. Sad I just figured that out, but I did. So, I quit. And if you think of giving me a bad reference, I will tell the company you used their funds to try and arrange a sex week with me. Fuck off, Rick."

With that, she slipped into the bedroom and slammed the door. All the emotions that she had been holding back came crashing down on her. Pain and Mal's accusations, embarrassment that she had been with such a vile man, and the thought she would never see Mal or Jack again blasted through her. The last thought was just too much to take and she sat on the bed, letting the tears fall. She covered her face with her hands and started to cry.

The door creaked open and she looked up to find Jack looking at her. "I'm sorry, Sophia."

She nodded. "There isn't anything to do really. Although, if you beat the crap out of him, I would be happy."

He chuckled. “No, but I wanted to. My grandmother wouldn’t let me.”

Her face burned. “Oh, God, your grandmother. She knows what we did.”

“Uh, I would think so. She birthed six kids and has about fourteen grandchildren...along with a great-grandchild.”

“I don’t mean about sex...well, I mean me, you, and Mal.”

“She knows what we like. We have never hidden it.”

“Well, at least that is something.” She sighed, realizing she had no reason to stay. She would pack up, leave today, and go back to Baltimore. Although, she hated the idea. She wanted to stay, feel the sun on her skin...but it wasn’t for her. No fantasy vacation for her. She needed to get home.

She rose off the bed and went to the dresser.

“What are you doing?” Jack asked.

“Well, I need to pack.”

“Why?”

“Why do I need to pack? I need to take my clothes with me when I go.”

Panic moved over his face. “No.”

She looked at him. “No?”

“You need to stay. Stay with us.”

“Us? Who is us? Because if that includes Mal, I have a feeling he won’t care one way or another.”

“You’re wrong.”

She snorted to hide the pain. “Yeah. I could see that the way he ran out of here.”

“You have to understand, at one time Mal wanted to be in corporate, loved it. But then he got involved with Millicent. The woman was a grade-a bitch. She used him, and when she screwed up a big deal, she dumped him, blamed him so he got fired, and then married the boss’ son. After that he swore never to work in corporate again.”

She frowned as she went over the new information. “But...how did he really think I could use him? What in his little mind made him think I had any power over him?”

“Because you do. He would have never slept with you if he hadn’t had some kind of feeling for you.”

She snorted. “No. He just wanted a good time. That was the only feeling he had.”

“No. You’re corporate and he knew there was no reason for you to sleep with us, other than using us. Now, I’m not as cynical as my cuz, but he has a lot of garbage to deal with.”

Could it be? But...

“What do you want from me?”

“I want you with us. Forever.”

Her heart yearned even as her mind started building walls. “You don’t know me.”

“I bet I do. You have a thing for white chocolate, the color purple, and you have so much love that it takes a lot of energy to keep anyone from seeing it. And you don’t mind working Christmas because your folks died this time of year. I will take a guess that Rick didn’t even know that about you.”

No, he didn’t. Only Marabelle and Eddie knew about it. The fact that she had revealed it to Jack and Mal at all was a big step. She usually said nothing to her dates, the few significant others she had been involved with over the last few years. But telling them had felt...right.

She waved that away, trying to ignore the uneasy feeling that enveloped her now. “No, but he’s my boss.”

“And he was your lover.”

“Not much of one.”

He barked out a laugh and shook his head. “Baby, you can’t go home. We need to talk to Mal.”

She shook her head. “He left.” Her voice wavered on the second word and she hated that. “I will not go running after a man who

doesn't want me. Besides, why would something like this work? It was just a fling, just for fun."

He opened his mouth, but she placed her hand over it. "No. Don't. Fantasy is fine. But the reality is that I have no job, no real reference. I have to go back to my life."

"One night, that is all we get?" His usually smooth voice sparked with anger.

She wanted to say no, shout it to the heavens. Even as she shook her head, her heart was breaking. Until the moment, she did not realize how much she wanted it, needed to believe that the three of them might have something more. But she didn't live in fantasy land where you could call the shots, parents didn't die in car wrecks on Christmas Eve, and you could have the love of two men.

"I have to go back."

He took her by the arms, yanked her against him, and slammed his mouth down on hers. The bruising kiss shot through her, sending a molten wave of lust through her blood. Soon, though, it changed, softened. She could feel the love, the need. He slowly eased away and then leaned his forehead against hers.

"You have to know that this would work."

She closed her eyes as tears streamed down her face. She hurt, her whole body, her head, her heart.

"You do."

She shook her head, pulling away. "I don't believe in maybes. When you start believing in them, your world comes crashing down." She kissed his forehead. "I'll never forget you."

"You'll regret this."

A fresh wave of tears filled her eyes. "Oh, Jack, I already do."

Chapter Ten

By the time Mal showed up at the condo he shared with Jack, he was surprised to see his cousin sitting on the front step. Jack was slowly sipping his beer, looking as if today were just another day.

“What are you doing here?”

“Enjoying my beer, watching the sun set. Where would I be?”

“With Sophia.”

“Kind of hard since she’s on her way back to Baltimore.”

He looked to see if his cousin was bullshitting him. Panic swelled in his chest. “What do you mean?”

“She told that asshole to go to hell, quit her job, and went home.”

“Why would she go home?”

Jack’s expression gave nothing away. “Why would she stay? Not for us. The first sign of a problem and you ran away.”

“Fuck you.”

Anger burned in Jack’s eyes. “It’s the truth. The woman has been alone in this world for a long time. She hates Christmas, hates it with a passion. But now she’s on her way back to Baltimore to spend it alone.”

“She has friends.” But it sounded lame. Friends were not the same.

“Yes, she does, who are both going to see their families. Granted, apparently one of them lives there from what she told, but still, she will be spending Christmas alone.”

“That makes no sense. She should have said.”

The anger boiled over as his cousin came up off the step and tackled him. They rolled around on the ground. Jack got in a quick

right, but Mal paid him back in kind. The fight was just getting nasty when a cold bucket of water hit them both.

“Get up, both of you. Do you think I want people to see you?” their grandmother admonished.

After one more punch Jack let him go. They both rose to their feet, panting as if they had been running. Mal could taste blood in his mouth.

“Both of you in your thirties, acting as if you are teens. What are the two of you fighting over?”

Neither of them said anything and she nodded.

“So, you are fighting over the woman, yeah?”

“Let it go, Tutu.”

“No. Rolling around on the ground like two boys. Your *malihini* is gone and all you can do is fight.”

“It’s complicated,” Mal mumbled.

She crossed her arms over her chest. “No, it isn’t. You love her, you go get her.”

They looked at each other, then looked at her.

“Who are you talking to?” Jack asked.

“Well, both of you.”

They shared a look again, then Mal said, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

She rolled her eyes and settled her hands on her generous hips. “You think I don’t know what you two do together? Now you find this *wahine* who you two go all crazy over, and you let her leave. Why? Are either of you planning to go get her?”

Mal said, “It isn’t that simple. She has a job—”

“I told you she quit.”

“So, see, she can get a job here. Go get her.”

“What?” Jack asked.

“Go get your woman, bring her back here.”

“The woman has known us for twenty-four hours,” Mal said, even though he heard the doubt in his voice.

“Sometimes that is all it takes. I saw your grandfather and I knew he was the one for me. That is why I got him into my bed that night.”

“Tutu, please,” Jack said.

“What? You think I didn’t have sex?”

Mal laughed. “We know you did, but we don’t want the image in our heads.”

“Go get your woman, or I will go into graphic detail. I would suggest you clean up first.”

She turned and left them alone.

“Well?” Jack asked.

Mal didn’t know what to say, what to do. He wanted it to be true, wanted it more than anything else he had ever wanted. It was crazy to think Sophia would come back to Hawaii with them.

“You want to fly to Baltimore and ask her to come back here to live? Don’t you know how crazy that sounds?”

Jack looked at him, then a smile curved his lips. “Yeah. I do. But who gives a fuck, seriously? We’ve had women before, right? Have you ever felt like that? That instant connection with her?”

Mal shook his head and remembered being pissed off at the attraction. He had been so sure she would be like Millicent that being attracted to her drove him insane. But instead of the corporate ice bitch he had thought she would be, there was a tender, loving woman beneath, one who had enough love for the two of them.

His heart warmed as his breath caught in his throat. They could do it. She was a woman in need of a family and they had plenty of that. She was a woman who seemed to have everything...except someone to share her life with.

Jack must have read the answer because he said, “Well, let’s get our asses cleaned up and find out just how expensive a flight from here to Baltimore is going to be.”

“Maybe we should wait.”

“No. We show up on Christmas Eve—that is the way it should be.”

The rightness of it hit him square in the chest. “You’re right, let’s go.”

* * * *

“You should have come down here with me,” Eddie said over the phone. “We would have loved to have you here.”

“Especially me,” Cam, Eddie’s twin brother, shouted in the background.

Sophia laughed. “Texas, for Christmas? Just not my kind of thing.”

And she could never have gone down there and seen the happy family scene. It was something that both Eddie and Marabelle had always complained about. But seeing their families together always brought back those horrible memories of that eighteenth Christmas and finding herself alone in the world.

“Are you going to tell me what happened beyond you quit your job?”

“What do you mean?”

Eddie snorted. “Woman, I know you. Something happened over there.”

Tears clouded her vision again. Good lord, would this ever stop? So, it had been only a day, and less than three days ago, she had not known these men, let alone thought she could fall in love with two men. But she had. She had fallen head over heels in love, and well...it hadn’t worked out. Just like what had happened so much in her life before now.

She shook the feeling away and got up and walked toward her window, looking out her apartment complex at the cheerful Christmas lights.

“Okay, well, I did the thing you did in college.”

“You kissed a girl?”

That made Sophia laugh. “No. I took up with two guys.”

There was a beat of silence. “Oh, him of the sexy voice? And the other one—what was his name?”

“Jack and Mal. They’re cousins.”

Another beat of silence. “Cousins?”

She sighed. “Yeah.”

“Good lord, woman, what did they do, spike the water?”

She laughed. “No. But...they just sort of took over.”

“They took over? What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. I still can’t believe some of the things I did.” Even now she was blushing at the memory of just how crazy she had gotten.

“Ohhh, I want details.”

“Eddie.”

“Have some heart. I haven’t been to bed with a man in over a month.”

“Oh, gross, I didn’t need to know that,” her brother Cam yelled from the background.

She laughed. “Sounds like everything is insane there as usual.”

“Yeah. The ranch is really taking shape again. I have to admit my brothers really have done an amazing job. This place is hopping with dudes and dudettes.”

The doorbell rang. She frowned as she rose to answer it. Tenthirty on Christmas Eve?

“Was that your doorbell?”

“Really, Eddie, do I need to give a play-by-play?”

“Yes. I’m bored, and my brothers are trying to talk me into cleaning up the kitchen since Cam drove off their last cook. I refuse. Besides, I am living vicariously through you. At least now that you have a sex life.”

“Had,” she said as she looked out her peephole. Standing in the hallway were Mal and Jack, their faces haggard, the clothes wrinkled. “Holy mother of God.”

“I have been called a lot of things, but never that.”

“Oh, shut up. I have to think.”

“Why?”

“They’re here.”

“Who?”

“Them, Mal and Jack.”

“Oh, as in the cousins them.”

The doorbell rang again.

“You have to let them in.”

“No, I don’t.”

“Good lord, woman, they flew how many miles to see you? You have to let them in.”

She knew Eddie was right, but... She looked down at her faded, worn sweatpants and paint-stained t-shirt. Her hair was a mess, pulled up into a ponytail on top of her head. And she had no makeup on. Men had the worst freaking timing in the world.

“Okay, I’ll let them in.”

“Call me back, bye.”

The phone clicked off and she cradled it to her breast as if it could protect her from the intrusion about to happen. Her palms were sweaty when she finally turned the locks on the door and opened it.

“Hey, Sophia,” Jack said, a weary smile on his face.

“What are you two doing here?” Then she realized just how rude it was to have them standing in the hall. “Come in, then tell me what you’re doing here.”

She stepped aside to allow them by, but Jack stopped in front of her and gave her a quick, hard kiss. It was enough to get her heart beating double-time. He pulled back, gave her a knowing smile, and then moved on.

Mal stepped in his place, a wary look clouding his blue eyes. She sensed he wanted to kiss her, to lean in as Jack had, but he hesitated. Need stamped his features, but she knew it went beyond sexual. Or was that her own heart playing tricks on her? Did she dare take the first step, make that first move? Regret and sadness replaced the

craving she had seen. Before she could talk herself out of it, she stepped to him and brushed her mouth over his. He shuddered at the touch of their lips, a sigh filled with so much hunger it shook her escaped from him.

She stepped back but her lips still tingled. Drawing in a deep breath, she shut the door, locking it before she turned to face them. When she did, her body responded immediately. She needed them, wanted them in a way she had never needed another human before in her life.

“Now are you going to tell me why you’re here?” she asked.

“We came for you,” Jack said.

She blinked, waited. He said nothing else.

“I don’t understand.”

Jack opened his mouth but Mal stopped him with a look. “We want you, Sophia.”

His quiet voice brought about his denial just a day earlier, the way he had turned from her. The pain slashed at her heart and she had to fight back the tears.

“Oh, God, don’t do that.” His voice was almost panicked as he rushed toward her. She took a step back and he stopped, his hands falling to his sides. “I guess I deserve your fear.”

“I don’t fear you’ll hurt me physically, Mal. But...I am not built for this. I don’t do relationships well, as both of you probably figured out. I just don’t know what you want from me.”

“We want you with us, always,” Jack said.

She looked at him. “It doesn’t make sense. You don’t know me, barely know me.”

“I know,” Jack said, with a laugh. “But there is something there, some kind of connection we all felt. Don’t lie, because I know you felt it too.”

She wanted to deny it, wanted to say that she felt nothing but healthy sexual urges, but she knew it would be wrong. She couldn’t lie.

“Baby, don’t hold back because of my stupidity. I had bad relationships...I’m sure that Jack told you.”

She nodded.

“I just...well, I was afraid.”

Her eyes widened and he nodded. Apparently sensing she was weakening, he moved to her, and slipped his hands into hers. With a tug, he pulled her along to the couch.

“Jack and I thought about a permanent threesome, someone...maybe. But it was just a dream, something I didn’t think would happen. When it did, when I felt it with you...I turned into a coward. I used that jackass showing up as a reason to blame you because I couldn’t deal with my own fears.”

Hope tried to crack through her heart, and she felt herself weakening.

Jack sat down behind her and he slipped his arm around her midsection. “After we tried to beat the shit out of each other, we realized that we didn’t want just a night. We wanted a lifetime.”

She glanced over her shoulder at him, and he nodded. “I know. It freaked us out a bit, until our grandmother told us to come get you. As soon as she said it, we knew we had to come.”

“See, we didn’t know what we were missing until we returned to Hawaii. We need to be there. It is better for both of us. And if your dumbass boss—”

“Ex-boss.”

Mal smiled and she felt herself responding. “Ex-boss. If he hadn’t set that up, we wouldn’t have returned.”

“And we would have never met you. Don’t you see, you’re ours. We need you. And we can give you everything you need.”

She wanted this, needed this, but again, she worried that her heart was playing those nasty tricks on her.

Mal slipped his hands up her arms, past her shoulders, to cup her face. “We need you, as much as you need us.”

She snorted.

He shook his head. "No. We do. We had lost that connection we had when we shared women, but I'll tell you the truth, being with you took it to another level. I do not think there is another woman on this earth made for us. And we can give you that family you always wanted."

The hope she had been fighting started to fill her chest and feather out over her body. "Yeah?"

"We have a ton of family," Jack said.

Mal leaned forward and brushed his lips against hers, keeping his gaze on hers the whole time. "And we both would like to have children."

Her heart fluttered. "Children?"

"Yeah. We want to have them with you."

She closed her eyes and tried to will away the image of having a horde of children. It had always been one of her secret wishes, but she never thought it would come true. She never believed it would happen with just one man. Now she had two who wanted it with her.

She opened her eyes and found Mal frowning at her.

"You want children, right?"

Sophia nodded. He rested his forehead against hers, closing his eyes as if in prayer. When he opened them, the burning passion there stole her breath.

"I told myself the whole way here that you did, but we have been traveling for close to twenty hours to get to you."

"Speaking of which, how did you find me?"

"Jack twisted some arms at the Oahu Nouveau to get your information. After that it was easy to find where you lived."

She looked over her shoulder at Jack, who was smiling.

"I just called in a few favors."

"And you traveled twenty hours, spent God knows how much money, just to tell me you want a relationship."

Jack shrugged. "The money was nothing compared to claiming our woman."

“Still...”

Mal slipped his finger to her chin and turned her to face him. “We couldn’t let you spend another Christmas alone.”

“I love you, both.”

He smiled as he leaned forward to kiss her. As he did, Jack slid his hands beneath her t-shirt, skimming his hands to her unfettered breasts. The moment he touched them, her nipples hardened. Mal’s tongue delved into her mouth and she sighed at the familiar taste of him. She lifted her hands to cradle his face. The hunger she had felt for them the moment she saw them through the peephole grew, exploded through her senses. Her heart beat out a rhythm so fast she was amazed she didn’t die there on the spot. Every nerve ending in her body shimmered, danced.

Jack tugged on her earlobe with his teeth, the love bite sending a shaft of liquid heat to her sex. Her blood roared, need burst through the three of them. Two days of not seeing them, holding them, of thinking she would never see them again left a sharp edge to her arousal. She pulled away from the kiss and Jack’s hand slipped away as she stood.

“Bedroom. I’m not doing this out in front of my neighbors.”

She barely made it into the room before their hands were on her again. Mal yanked her pants down and threw them behind him on the floor. Jack did the same with her shirt. Mal took her in his arms, his mouth devouring hers as he eased her on the bed. Once there, he moved down her body, his mouth teasing her flesh as she moaned his name. As Mal kept moving down her body, Jack joined them on the bed. He was completely naked, his cock hard, curved up to his belly. She licked her lips and he laughed. When she moved to take him in her mouth, he shook his head. “No. I won’t last two seconds if you put that wicked mouth on me right now.”

She pouted, but only for a second. He leaned down to take a nipple in his mouth. As he laved one, she pinched the other. The dual sensations sent another wave of heat barreling through her veins.

Liquid coated the lips of her sex as pressure built between her legs. She felt the graze of his teeth on the tip of her breast and she almost came right there.

Mal had worked his way down to between her legs. He eased her thighs apart, then parted the lips of her sex.

“Ahh, all pink and wet. Just for us.” Hunger, deep and mutual, threaded his voice, pushing her further to the edge. Jack hummed against her nipple, the vibrations moving over her body.

She felt his breath the moment before his tongue moved over her clit. Shock waves of pleasure coursed over her skin as he sucked the tiny bundle of nerves into his mouth. It sent her tumbling over into her orgasm, her body convulsing violently as she came.

“Damn,” Jack said, his voice filled with lust and awe.

Mal pulled back from her and she opened her eyes to see what he was doing. He was tearing at his clothes, his movements jerky. His cock thrust out from the nest of black hair and it made her mouth water anew, but she did not think he would give her the chance. She knew she was right the moment he pulled off a package from the foiled condom wrappers, then tossed the other one to Jack.

“Where’s that lube?” he asked, his voice gravelly, his need easy to hear.

She moved to get it, but Jack pushed her down. His face was flush, his eyes dark. “Just tell him.”

Sophia’s body responded to the desire that laced his words. Her sex clenched, wet with need again, and her whole body shook. She pointed to the side table on the right of her bed and Mal went to retrieve it.

Jack slipped back on the bed, then pulled her over to straddle him. He skimmed his hands up her arms and cupped her face. She leaned down and kissed him, sweet, tender, but it soon turned carnal, their tongues dancing together.

He pulled back slightly, his lips just inches from hers. “Take me in.”

She knew it was more than just a request to join, it was a request for love. She lifted herself, then positioned his cock at her entrance. Slowly, she descended, enjoying the way his cock filled her, stretched her. She flexed her hips once, twice, then started to ride him. His fingers dug into her hips as she impaled herself over and over onto his shaft.

Mal joined them, moving between Jack's spread legs, coming up behind her. He moved her hair aside and kissed her shoulder.

"I need you to bend over a bit."

She froze, knowing what was coming. She wanted this, had enjoyed when Jack had taken her anally, but this was different. Still, she knew she needed this joining as much as they did.

Sophia did as he requested and Mal slipped one coated finger into her anus. Jack urged her up and down, but soon he was holding her in place as he thrust up into her. Each time he did, his cock grazed her clit, just enough to drive her crazy, not enough to let her have another orgasm.

Soon, Mal was pulling his finger free and positioning his cock at her back entrance. Jack thrust into her, then held her still.

"Come here, Sophia," he urged. She leaned down. "This is going to be different, but it will be more of the same pleasure."

"I'm ready."

"Thank God," Mal said behind her. One hand went to her hip and she looked back over her shoulder to watch him. He held his cock in his other hand as he gently eased into her anus. Burning pain was the first thing she felt, then he slipped past the ring of muscles, his cock firmly planted in her ass. She closed her eyes and he continued to work his way in.

"Sophia?" Jack asked. She opened her eyes and saw the concern on his face. Warmth of a different kind, of love, filled her as she smiled down at him.

"I'm ready."

As soon as she said it, Mal pulled out, then thrust back in. The combination of pain and pleasure whipped through her body. Both of them began to move in rhythm. As Mal pulled out, Jack thrust in, and she soon forgot everything but gaining pleasure. She did not know where one man stopped and the other started. The three of them became one entity, striving for completion. The moment she started to come, Jack shouted, thrusting hard into her pussy as Mal did the same. Her muscles clamped down on both of them as the waves of their orgasms swept over the three of them.

Moments later, they collapsed, a tangle of naked limbs, with her between them.

“I love you, both,” she said, not knowing if either of them was awake.

“We love you, too,” Mal said, his lips gliding over her shoulder.

“Yeah, and we aren’t ever letting you go,” Jack said, his voice as sleepy as Mal’s. As she drifted off to sleep, her lovers’ warmth surrounding her, she realized that never again would she be alone.

She drifted off to sleep, her mind at ease and her heart full.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born to an Air Force family at an Army hospital Melissa has always been a little bit screwy. She was further warped by her years of watching Monty Python and her strange family. Her love of romance novels developed after accidentally picking up a Linda Howard book. After becoming hooked, she read close to 300 novels in one year, deciding that romance was her true calling instead of the literary short stories and suspenses she had been writing. After many attempts, she realized that romantic comedy, or at least romance with a comedic edge, was where she was destined to be. Influences in her writing come from Nora Roberts, Jenny Cruise, Susan Andersen, Amanda Quick, Jayne Anne Krentz, Julia Quinn, Christina Dodd, and Lori Foster. Since her first release in 2004, Melissa has had close to 30 short stories, novellas and novels released with seven different publishers in a variety of genres and time periods. Those releases included an Eppie nomination and two CAPA nominations, along with a multitude of best sellers and recommended reads. Her book, *Conquering India*, was nominated for a Bookie Award from Authors After Dark.

Since she was a military brat, she vowed never to marry military. Alas, Fate always has her way with mortals. Her husband is an Air Force major, and together they have their own military brats, two girls, an adopted dog daughter, and they live wherever the military sticks them. Which until recently always involved heat and bugs only seen on the Animal Discovery Channel. In her spare time, she reads, complains about bugs, travels, cooks, reads some more, watches her DVD collections of Arrested Development and Seinfeld, and tries to convince her family that she truly is a delicate genius. She has yet to achieve her last goal.

She has always believed that romance and humor go hand in hand. Love can conquer all and as Mark Twain said, "Against the assault of

laughter, nothing can stand.” Combining the two, she hopes she gives her readers a thrilling love story, filled with chuckles along the way, and a happily ever after finish.

If you want to know more about Melissa, stop by the following websites:

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