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Ménage Amour

ANGELA WRAY

THE
Baker's Sweets



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Lily never dreamed she would ever meet one man who would interest her more than her work does, let alone two. Meeting twin cops is not on her agenda, nor is creating more than a few hot memories. The lightning-fast romance is a surprise---the proposal an even bigger one.

Meeting the perfect mate was so unlikely. Morgan and Ian never imagined they would get so lucky. Will they be able to keep such a woman, or will the secret they are keeping steal away their chances for happiness?

Discovering that they are shape-shifters is frightening, but anger over their deceit quickly takes its place. Asking for space, Lilly could not foresee the tragedy that would strike the trio and could take the decision out of her hands. Will their dreams of happily ever after fall flat?

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DEDICATION

Thanks a million, Lorilee, for all of your help. I love you, girl!

To James, you are a truly awesome friend, and Bama and I are very lucky to have you in our lives. Thanks!

To my better half, I've followed you all over the world and never regretted a moment of it. I hope you know how much I have always admired you and your dedication to service and community. You put your country before yourself, and I will always be so proud of you for it. Thank you for always encouraging me and for your endless patience while answering all of my computer questions. You never said anything, but I know at times you wanted to shake your head, so thanks. I love you, hot-stuff.

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ANGELA WRAY
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Chapter 1

A soft touch between Lily's thighs had her moaning and widening them. A tongue lapped her slit and curled over her clit, which made her want more. Lily kept her eyes shut and caressed the man's head, feeling his short, military cut glide through her fingers. Another mouth nibbled and nipped at her breasts, which made her arch into both mouths. The tongue fucking her pussy had her so close to orgasm—*Beep-Beep-Beep*—Lily sat straight up, awakening from the wonderful dream to terrible reality. Shit. Five thirty. It was time to make the donuts. She snickered to herself and flipped off the alarm by her bed.

Lily threw herself back on the bed slid her hand down into her panties, and slipped her fingers over her swollen clit into the wet folds. Damn, she needed to buy a vibrator. No time to play, she thought and rolled out of bed. She quickly made the side she slept in and grabbed the clothes she had laid out the night before. Lily clipped her braid on top of her head and showered. After slipping into the low-rise jeans and camisole tank quickly, Lily turned to the mirror, unclipped her braid, and lightly dusted her face with mineral makeup, mascara, and lip gloss. As good as it gets. She glumly thought, with no time to despair her small breasts and full hips. There were cakes to be made and decorated, and so many cookies and pies to be baked,

and let's not forget the donuts. Lily grabbed her sweater and keys off the table beside the door and headed to work.

Bessie would have been at work for at least two hours. Lily liked to be at the bakery by six so they could be ready to open the doors by six thirty. That gave her plenty of time to go over the orders for the day and to check supplies as well. It made for a long day, but she whistled while she worked. Really that was what her grandfather wanted most for her. She knew without a doubt he would have been so proud of her.

The first year had been brutal work, but this year was looking truly great. She was even considering hiring someone for the counter so she could spend more time in the back. She had so many designs floating around her head. Devoting a little more time to what she loved about the bakery would be great. They were averaging around ten custom cakes a work-day. Sixty cakes a week meant that even after she closed the morning bakery at ten, she was still baking well into the evening. Bessie always tried to help, but she firmly sent Bessie home at ten when she closed the morning. Lily worried Bessie, at almost sixty six was doing too much. It was enough she came in early and got the dough ready for the morning crowd. They were so crazy about the donuts and breakfast breads, and she helped rotate the variety breads they sold.

“Good morning, Bess. How's it coming along this morning? I have ten cakes to get out before four today. Oh, and don't let me forget about the cookie bouquet. You know you hit a homer with that one. They love them. This one is butterflies. I was thinking yellow, blue, pink, and purple!”

Bess sniffed. “If you thought about your clothes as much as you think about this bakery, you would be having babies by now! Look at those old jeans. They have holes in them, and the knees are completely gone. That top is pretty, but look at that braid, girl. I have never seen you with your hair not braided. What about some lipstick, and look at those flip-flops. Why not try some shorts or cute sandals!”

She ended on an *hmm*. Lily tried not to laugh. She knew Bess meant well. It bothered her that Lily didn't have any family. The last few months, Bessie had been trying to get her to join her family with all of her children and grandchildren for Sunday dinner. Lily just didn't think it would be right for her to interfere with a family day. But not this Sunday, Bessie was getting her way. They would all be celebrating Bessie's birthday. All week she had sketched and worked on the design for Bess's birthday cake.

"You promise you are coming, right? I would love for you to meet my family."

Lily smiled and put her arm around Bessie's shoulders. "Yes. I am coming, but I have already met some of your children, and I met your great-grandson, Mike. Remember, I am bringing the cake. I have something very special sketched up."

Bess huffed. "You shouldn't be working on your day off, and don't give me that whistle while you work mess. You are skin and bones working yourself to death."

"Bessie, these hips are hardly skin and bones."

Bessie chortled. "Men want something to hold onto not some bag of bones."

Lily snickered to herself. They had had this debate too many times to count. Lily smiled and started pulling out sugar cookie dough she made last night from the cooler, and Bess started the pie crusts.

"Lily, I have two cherry, two apples, two Dutch apples, one pear raisin, and one peach, right?"

Lily smiled. "Yes, but add a blueberry. Mrs. Pearson didn't like her cherry and wants a blueberry in exchange."

Bessie snorted and Lily interrupted her. "Bessie, please, I don't mind." Lily continued to cut out the shapes she needed from the dough. Lily glanced at the clock in the work station area, five minutes until she opened for the day. Lily smiled and thought to herself that maybe she would get out this weekend and try to do something.

Chapter 2

As Saturday afternoon came, she closed with a sigh. Time to work on Bessie's cake, Lily thought with glee. Lily prepped the cake batter and pans, Lily knew how much Bessie loved flowers and gardening, and with that in mind, Lily had come up with a wonderful sketch three tiers and covered in all of Bessie's favorite flowers. She took out all the royal, gum paste, and fondant flowers she had been making all week. Once she got the cakes in the oven, she started assembling the flowers that she would place on the different size stems she had cut from the floral wire. *Now the fun begins.*

After she finished the cake, she went shopping for Bessie's gift. At the mall, she purchased several gifts for Bess. She bought her a light blue silk robe that matched her eyes and a wonderful bath basket with lotions and gels. Lily thought it would be great to surprise Bessie and show up at her party in something other than her normal clothes. She found a pretty sundress in white with pink sprigs of flowers. On the way home, she stopped into the local spa and salon and had her hair trimmed, her eyebrows and legs waxed, and got a Brazilian wax. She got a pedicure and picked a pretty shade of pink for her toes that she hoped would match the pink in her new sundress. When she got home, she fell into bed and didn't wake up until eight Sunday morning. After a quick shower, she ran. Sundays were the only day she could run during the day. The rest of the week, she ran at dusk or in the evening the only time she could fit in with her schedule.

Lily got back to her apartment and showered in the huge shower and lingered, enjoying the hot water and lack of urgency. The rest of the apartment was small but the shower was decadent. She dried and

applied a shimmer—silk lotion all over her body and dried her hair. It felt so nice to indulge like this every now and then. Her day-to-day life was too hectic to pamper herself very often. Lily picked out a pink G-string and opted for no bra since the sundress had a built-in shelf bra. She slipped the dress over her head, and she turned in front of the mirror admiring the pounds she had lost since she had picked up running in the last six months.

Lily slipped on small-heeled sandals, debated her hair, and finally chose to leave it down. She used combs to secure it on each side away from her face. She lightly sprayed on some perfume and smoothed over her face with mineral makeup, lightly lined her eyes, and applied mascara, blush, and lip gloss, and she was done. On the way out the door, she grabbed the gifts and her keys and headed to her car.

On the drive to the bakery, Lily allowed herself to be a little anxious. She knew Bessie's family was huge, and it had always been just Lily and her grandfather. Putting away the thoughts, she opened the bakery, loaded Bessie's cake, and focused on getting it to her house in one piece.

Lily pulled as close as she could get to Bessie's three-story Victorian home. It all seemed so idyllic—the green lawns, flowers lining the walkways, and window boxes overflowing with color. She stepped out of her small sedan and popped the trunk. She hoped the cake was still okay. She took a deep breath and looked inside the trunk, and sure enough, the flipped over car mat did its job. Lily bent and hefted the cake. She could hear the roar of an engine approach, and she peeked over her shoulder when it pulled to a stop behind her. Good God Almighty, two good-looking men were behind her stepping out of the big, alpha male truck complete with chrome and big tires. Taking a deep breath, she stole a second glance at them. They were twins, each about six feet three inches tall with over two hundred pounds of yummy man flesh. The one driving spoke first.

“Can we help you?”

Chapter 3

Morgan and Ian bullshitted about their job on their way to Nona's sixty-sixth birthday party. The two were both detectives, Morgan in city and Ian in the sheriff's department in the county. They shared a house because they were closer than just brothers. The two of them always understood the other's needs without voicing them. That was part of being twin alpha weres. Feeling one another's emotions made it almost impossible to have a relationship without the other involved. Always knowing how the other feels good or bad, it made relationships too difficult to continue for long. When the sweet, voluptuous girl Ian was dating their first year of college expressed a fantasy about being with the two of them. They did their homework learning everything they needed to know to bring her unbelievable pleasure. They quickly found that they were like the other twin weres, the need to share ingrained. It was the start of more than a decade of sharing various women over the years. When they shifted they seemed to hunt as one. It was the same with the women they fucked. The ones who balked at the other twin's needs generally didn't stay around long and nothing serious had ever come of any of the girls.

Ian interrupted Morgan's thoughts. "Do you think Mom has us set up with someone, or will we be able to enjoy dinner without hearing about how we haven't mated blah, blah?"

Morgan laughed. "Not fucking likely. Hey, what do we have here?"

Morgan focused on a small brunette bent over the back of a small economy car hefting a huge cake out the trunk. He switched off the truck, and they both stepped out, glancing at the other, surprised at the

anxiousness of needing to meet her, and the scent the breeze carried to them was so intriguing they both felt need echoing through each other. Each could feel the wolf beneath his skin ripple with awareness. Morgan and Ian looked up and down her petite, dark features, small waist, and a little sundress that barely covered a full, heart-shaped ass. They loved a woman with an ass they could grab on to. She had long hair and was small, even in the heels she was wearing on her tiny feet. She wouldn't even reach their shoulders. She looked plush, not skinny—their version of perfection. Morgan could feel Ian's immediate arousal and his impatience at Morgan's hesitation to make their move. When she turned toward them, he felt Ian's need, the need to claim, echo his own. Morgan asked if they could help.

* * * *

Lily hoped that she wouldn't embarrass herself, and she smiled nervously. "Yes please, do you want to carry the cake or the presents?"

The passenger offered, "I will take the cake. So you must be the elusive Lily our Nona keeps talking about. How come you won't ever come to dinner? Nona complains you always say 'no.'"

The driver asked, "Where are the presents?"

He observed as Lily went around to the driver's side, opened the back door, and leaned in to get the gaily wrapped gifts. Ian enjoyed seeing the gentle breeze ruffle the hem of her dress, revealing the tiny pink panties and tantalizing the guys with the view of her full ass cheeks. Both men had to smother a growl as she straightened and shot them a look from beneath her lashes, teasing them with the submissive gesture. Watching Morgan take the gifts and grasp her elbow escorting her up the sidewalk.

She glanced up at them from the corner of her eyes. Both men radiated dominance and sexual knowledge. When he let go of her

elbow to open the front door of Bessie's home, she moved to the side to let the one carrying the cake through first, and then she followed, feeling the other's eyes burning a hole in her ass.

Immediately she spotted Bess in a group, and saw her turn and come forward quickly. She enveloped Lily in a hug.

"I am so glad you made it! I see you have met two of my grandsons. You look wonderful. See! If you dressed like this more often, you would have had a date today!"

Lily, so used to her bossiness, just smiled. "No, actually, I haven't been introduced to them yet. They were just kind enough to offer their help with the cake."

A man walked up and whisked the cake away, and Bess followed, nitpicking and exclaiming about the beauty and craftsmanship. The one who had carried the cake turned to her and took her hand.

"I'm Ian."

The other relinquished the gifts to yet more relatives and took her other hand.

"I'm Morgan."

Lily took a deep breath. "It's wonderful to meet you. Bessie is so proud of all of you. She talks about everyone all the time!"

A teenager popped his head in. "Dinner is ready. Nona said to bring Lily in to eat."

Lily saw the teenager draw a deep breath, and give her a once-over that if he were ten years older, would have made her day. Ian stepped forward, and the young man beat a quick retreat.

Morgan led them to a huge dining room and an overflowing dining room table. They went to the last three seats at the end, and Ian pulled out her chair, seating her between the two men. Dinner was a loud, boisterous affair, a completely alien experience for her. It was only uncomfortable when, after they seated her, the young men of the family lightly raised their noses as if they were smelling the air. Morgan and Ian each had grasped a wrist, Bessie had cleared her throat, and the moment was broken, almost as if it never occurred, as

though she had imagined the men sniffing the air. The episode made her wonder if she was losing her ever-living mind.

Shaking the thought away, she applied herself to enjoying the company Bessie's immense family provided. Lily was amazed at the amount of food the table held, the conversation, and the laughter. She found herself drawn into discussions and even debates on football, and the discomfort she had been sure she would feel never occurred. With Morgan and Ian keeping her in constant upheaval with little touches and brushes of their hard thighs, focusing was terribly hard. She was so wet and hot that she could barely concentrate when they brought the cake out. Bessie got teary-eyed when they all sang to her, and awed over the custom flowers. As the cake was eaten and the presents opened, the guests all started to disassemble.

Bessie scolded the twins. "You two managed to keep Lily all to yourselves. I wanted her to get to know Chase and Mitch or Zachary and Hale."

Both men frowned at their nona, clearly not liking the idea. "You two follow Lily home, and make sure she gets there safely."

They both answered with a "Yes, ma'am" and a "Happy birthday, Nona" and leaned down, each kissing a cheek. Each took an elbow and escorted Lily to her car. They stopped at her car, opened the door, and put her in the car while shushing her protests of following her home.

Chapter 4

When she stepped out of her car the men were pulling in behind her. Watching them exit their vehicle gave her the opportunity to really look at these men. Both of them were beyond good looking, most definitely fantasy inspiring. Did she really want to do this? Feeling so tired of watching other people live, she knew she did.

Morgan leaned in and whispered in her ear. "Lily, will you invite us in?" While Morgan was whispering, Ian was softly nibbling her ear and neck.

Lily moaned. "I should probably say no."

Ian whispered. "Don't, baby."

She looked at them, wanting this more than anything, wanting them both more than she had ever wanted anyone. "Come with me."

Morgan took her keys, and they put her between them. Lily whispered, "Two ten."

Morgan opened the door to Lily's apartment and took in the neat, orderly space. It smelled like her, reminding him of candy in summer. The wholesome image paired with their kinky needs was enough to press the limits of their control. He set her keys on the small table by the door and threw the dead bolt home.

They pressed her between them. Ian was nipping her neck and shoulders and palming her breasts. Morgan was kissing her, his fingers deeply tangled in her hair. Ian slid a hand beneath the hem of her skirt and cupped her mound as he ground his cock against her back. He grunted against her neck and withdrew. Morgan slid his finger down the cleft of her ass to the wet heat of her pussy, wet his finger, drew that moisture back to the tiny rosette, and slowly

penetrated the opening. He growled and looked at Ian, shaking his head. Morgan slowly stretched her a little. At the same time, Ian pushed two thick fingers into her wet pussy, he watched Morgan groan into her hair.

Ian felt her tightness and pressed his palm against her clit, and he heard her moan as the trio of sensations threw her into a climax so strong that it weakened her knees. Ian felt her tighten and ripple against their fingers, and he knew they wouldn't be able to hold back for long. She was too tight, and Ian pressed his fingers in, trying to loosen and stretch the delicate tissue. They withdrew at once, and she stumbled grabbing them for balance.

"Strip," Morgan gruffly ordered.

She looked between them, and Ian smacked her ass and repeated the order.

"Strip now, baby. Don't make us tell you again, because I would love nothing more than to spank you and turn that hot little ass pink."

Lily hastened to comply even though that smack almost made her come. She gripped the little spaghetti straps, slid them down her arms, and then pushed the dress off her hips. Lily stood before them clad only in her pretty little pink panties and sandals. The crotch of her panties were so wet, and her breathing erratic. She wanted to beg one of them to suck on her nipples.

Morgan reached down, gripped the strings of her panties, and ripped the tiny strings, revealing to them her waxed pussy. Ian gruffly demanded, "Who do you wax your pussy for?"

Lily wanted to tell him that it was none of his damn business, but she thought better of it, hoping she could enjoy this once-in-a-lifetime fantasy. God, they were gorgeous, so handsome and strong that they far surpassed any fantasy she ever had.

Lily replied, "I like the smooth feel of it. I don't wax for anyone, just myself."

Morgan cupped her face and backed her into Ian's chest. "Good." He bent and slipped off her sandals. "Get on the bed."

She complied, lying on the bed with her legs together.

“Spread your thighs, baby,” Ian said. “I am going to eat this hot little pussy till you scream, and then Morgan is going to lick your little clit until you come down his throat. Then if you are a good little girl, we will fuck your sweet pussy so good.”

Ian circled her clit with his tongue, which made her bow her back and push against his tongue.

“She tastes so sweet, Morgan, like honey.”

He teased and sucked her clit, which made her beg him to let her come. Ian loved how prettily she begged.

“Ian, please fuck me. Please, I want to come.”

Ian took pity on her and tunneled her cunt with his tongue, flicked over her clit, which sent her spiraling toward an orgasm. Nursing her down from her orgasm, he kept licking and sucking her sweet juices. God, she was addictive. He licked his lips and moved so Morgan could take his place. It was all Ian could do not to thrust into her heat. He could feel his canines lengthen so he tried to distract himself by caressing her tits and licking her nipples and moved on to her mouth, kissing her.

Morgan watched as Lily moaned into Ian’s mouth, feeling the shudders rack her body as he intently consumed her pussy. When the trembling started, he sucked on her clit, and he pushed her to climax.

Morgan quickly gripped her hips and flipped over with her ass in the air. He tucked the head of his cock at the opening of her warmth. Lily’s dripping wetness coated the tip of his shaft, and he worked his way in, fucking the tight rippling as she fought to accommodate his size. He had flipped her for a reason. He could feel the change in his sight, and he was worried about frightening her.

Ian guided her mouth to his cock, and she eagerly licked the head, circled it, pulled the tip into her wet heat, and took him back as far as she could, after she gagged a couple times. Ian moderated his depth, and they worked out a rhythm that had the three of them gasping with pleasure.

Ian whispered, “Baby, back off. I’m going to come. Baby, I’m going to fill your mouth if you don’t let go.”

God, the scalding heat of her mouth and the burning feeling churning in his balls was almost unbearable. Ian clenched her hair with the greedy way she was swallowing his cock, and as he watched Morgan grip her hips, each of them lost the battle, bucking his release into her welcoming body. Lily swallowed his cum, and he saw her swivel her hips against Morgan’s gentle back and forth strokes and knew her pussy was milking his cock of his seed.

Morgan barely managed to keep his weight off Lily, and he reluctantly pulled out of her. Each of them leaned down and took turns kissing her deeply. The feelings she invoked were beyond any Morgan had ever felt. He knew the moment he caught his first whiff of her she would be exactly what they had been searching for the last thirty-two years.

Ian turned her to her back, slowly pushed his still-erect dick in her, and started a slow drag and push that had her moaning, scratching his back, biting his pec and shoulder, and mewling.

“Ian, faster, please fuck me faster.”

Ian did, and soon she began begging. He loved the sound of her candy-sweet voice when she said such naughty things. “Harder, please come with me, Ian.” He let himself go, pounding into her willing pussy and when her orgasm flashed over he went with her and filled her with hot jets of his seed.

Feeling Ian’s cock continue to pulse against her womb, she tightened on him. Ian kissed her deeply and gently pulled his semi erect cock out of her. Lily moaned in dismay when he withdrew, already missing the burning fullness.

Morgan returned from the bathroom, startling Lily. She was so dazed she hadn’t realized he had stepped out of the room.

“Come on, beautiful. Let’s shower and rest for a bit.”

Morgan picked her up as though she weighed nothing, and the three of them moved to the shower. He stood her under the warm

spray. Lily loved his display of strength, it made her feel so safe and well loved.

Ian was stunned at the endearments and softness coming from Morgan. He was the dominant one and never showed any softness to the women they took to bed.

They took turns washing and kissing her body reawakening. Lily had lost count of the times these men had made her climax, but she wanted more. Both men looked surprised when she slipped to her knees and took Morgan into her mouth and tried to swallow as much as she could of his huge cock. He sucked in a breath when she rolled his balls and caressed his taint with her fingernail, trying to make this as good for him as he had made it for her. All the while, she fisted Ian's cock with her other hand and pumped it slowly. Lily marveled at the fact that her fingers didn't meet on either one of the men's cocks. They were far larger than her first and only lover.

Morgan closed his eyes and clenched his jaw at the liquid heat that enveloped his cock. When she drew him to the back of her throat, it was all he could do not to spill then and there. He grabbed her by the upper arms, pulled her up to her feet, and kissed her deeply.

Ian could feel Morgan struggling for control, something completely alien for him. Morgan was always detached from the women they fucked, always able to control his need and the needs of their lover. Ian turned Lily toward him, cupped her bottom, and lifted her, and she eagerly wrapped her legs around his waist. Ian drove into her as her back met the tile wall. Ian swore heaven couldn't have felt better than the tight warmth surrounding him, fisting his throbbing cock. Momentarily resting the side of his face against her temple, he breathed deeply and ground his teeth for control. Ian gave up when she mewled in his ear for more and took her on a hard ride that had her back sliding up and down on the tile with each thrust.

Lily felt Ian tense and spew his cum deep inside her after only a couple dozen strokes. Needing more friction, she moaned against the side of his neck, and Morgan took Ian's place as soon as he eased

from her. When Morgan slammed into her, she cried out with each thrust. The feeling of his wide girth rasping her clit and the head of his cock bumping her G-spot quickly had her screaming out her orgasm. The friction against her clit had her gasping and tightening her thighs around his waist, not allowing her to come down from her previous orgasm, screaming out her completion yet again as he gave in to his own release in just a matter of minutes. His hot semen filled her once more tonight.

Loving how wonderful she felt, Morgan reluctantly withdrew from Lily's body. He and Ian hadn't been this quick on the draw since they had been young men. Something about Lily made them want to get as deep inside her as fast as they could.

Morgan kept his arms around her as she slowly put her shaking legs down she felt the trio of releases slip down the inside of her thigh. As she bowed her head in exhaustion, they gently washed and dried her between sweet caresses and kisses. After easing her into bed, they joined her, one on each side, and she whispered, "Don't go!"

Both men curled around her, and Ian whispered back, "Don't worry, baby. We aren't going anywhere. We'll keep you as long as you will let us."

Half asleep, Lily smiled, thinking how nice that sounded. "Don't forget the alarm," she mumbled, cuddling against their hard, warm bodies, and drifted easily into sleep.

Chapter 5

The alarm blaring had Ian and Morgan sitting straight up in full cop mode looking for the danger. A soft sigh drew their attention to the sweet warmth between them. Lily smiled sleepily and whispered their name, which made them go from semi to instantly hard.

Morgan eased her to her knees claiming the hot wet confines of her body and gripped a handful of hair. Leaning down, he pulled her head back so she was flush with him and could hear what he said.

“I’m going to fuck you fast and hard. This is how I want to start everyday a quick hot fuck to get me through, so I can come back tonight to bang your pretty little ass all night long. Would you like that?”

She wordlessly nodded her acquiescence.

Morgan fucked her in long, hard strokes. His cock tightened and pulsed, and his balls drew up with the need to come inside her hot depths. Her nipples, which he was manipulating, turned so pink and flushed. Her delicate shoulder held such appeal for him that he wanted to clamp down on it and break the skin to claim her so that every were that came into contact with her would know that she belonged to them. Resisting the urge was one of the hardest things he had ever done. Only the echo of Ian yelling that it wouldn’t be fair to her stopped him.

“That’s it, baby. Tighten on my cock. Milk it. I’m coming...Hmmm.” The end came out somewhere between a groan and a growl. Panting, he rested his face against the top of her head and breathed in the clean smell of her hair panting, attempting to catch his breath.

Ian felt like he was going to burst. He had never been as turned on as he had been watching the two of them. There wasn't a feeling of jealousy, just a burning need to be connected to them. He knew Morgan was struggling with claiming her, but they needed more time, and she needed more time. When Morgan eased from her, Ian gently guided her onto her back, and he pushed his cock into her juicy pussy and loved the way she rippled around him. The tiny tremors of pleasure almost sent him right over. His cock fought for every inch, despite the fact they had fucked her numerous times already and the copious amounts of seed coating her vaginal walls. Ian set up a slow steady rhythm that had her heels pressing into the mattress while she pushed up, begging him for more, for harder. Ian forgot all control when he felt her clench around him with her orgasm. He started a furious pace, slamming into her. The dam broke, and he filled her with his heat. Lily moaned against his chest and neck, cradling him and accepting it all.

Morgan leaned over kissing her ear and whispered, "Damn, that was hot, baby. I am going to be hard all day."

Ian was lying heavily on top of her, and she shivered from the pleasure of his weight. Lily looked into Morgan's dark brown eyes and loved the way his eyes caressed her face. Turning toward him, she accepted a sweet kiss, and Ian slowly disengaged himself from her.

"What time do you get off?" Ian asked.

Lily thought for a moment. The guys misunderstood her hesitation, and Ian demanded, "Do you have a date or plans?"

Lily smiled. "No, I've got two wedding cakes to complete this weekend, and I am trying to factor in flower prep time and normal orders. I customize every flower on our cakes, and it takes a lot of time to make each and every one. The fact that I have two cakes this weekend, means I have to factor more time. I should be home by six thirty or so."

Morgan grimaced. "Damn, baby, that makes for a long day."

“Yeah, and time is wasting, boys.” Lily snickered. “It’s time to make the donuts. I am surprised more of you cops haven’t been in my bakery. I know how cops like donuts and all.”

Morgan and Ian swatted at her bottom as she got out of bed. Lily made her way to the bathroom, grabbed the hairbrush, and quickly ran the bristles through her hair. She braided it, and put it up as she started the shower, always aware that the men were watching her. Stepping into the shower, she enjoyed how the men observed her from the doorway as she washed her body, and she relished the hot water caressing her body. The more delicate tissues burned from the unusual activity for her. When she turned off the shower and opened the door, Ian was waiting to wrap her in a towel and drying her from behind while Morgan was in front of her nipping her lips with gentle bites.

“How about we pick up dinner and come by about seven tonight. Before you start thinking too hard about this, give it a chance, baby.”

Lily looked at Morgan and could see that he was serious, that they weren’t just playing with her. “Okay, Chinese sounds great.” At the guys’ nods, Lily continued. “You both can come by for coffee if you want. Our coffee is great, and I’ll even throw in a donut.”

“Ha, you are very funny. I can’t, baby. I have court today,” Ian said.

Morgan replied, “I have to follow up on some leads, and I have court this afternoon.”

She had the feeling that Morgan was not as convinced that he wanted to see her as Ian was. He seemed more standoffish today, despite the needy way he had fucked her. Lily nodded, and the three separated to get ready. Lily picked out jeans, a tank, and a thong, and when she bent to slip on the thong, she spotted the men’s eyes following her as she dressed. She unpinned her hair and slipped on the tank and jeans. Her nipples were hard with arousal from the men’s presence while she was getting ready. Slipping her feet into flip-flops,

she lightly did her face in the bathroom mirror, throwing them a funny face in the mirror, and finished getting ready.

The men walked her to her car and kissed her good-bye, and she told them, “Be careful, have a great day!” She drove away while watching them in her rearview mirror, missing them already but almost convinced that this fantasy had been just that.

Chapter 6

At six that evening, she knocked off for the day with more aches than normal. Having two men for lovers who were as sexual as her men were was going to take some getting used to. Mentally she was exhausted, and dodging looks and questions from Bessie had been hard. Over the last six months, Bessie had become her best friend and confidant.

That sounded nice her men. She hoped they were serious about giving it a chance, but she was half convinced that they wouldn't really show tonight. Lily had never felt more alive or more desirable. She was going to go home and shower, and hopefully ease some of the discomfort. She was tender, but not in a bad way. It was a good reminder of a wonderful night, and maybe it would go on at least until they tired of her. As hot as they were, there was no way they were lonely like her. They probably had women lined up around the block. Turning her attention to getting ready, she stripped. The shower was great, but washing and drying her hair took the longest. She still had her robe on when she heard them knock at the door.

When she quickly opened the door, Morgan demanded, "Did you look before you opened the door? Baby, you can't just open the door. You would be a rapist's damn wet dream come true."

Ian just grabbed her, cupped her bottom, and sandwiched her against the wall, effectively cutting off Morgan's irate tirade. Lily wrapped her legs around his waist as he devoured her mouth. Ian ground his iron hard cock against her little pussy. He could feel her blistering heat despite the barrier of his blue jeans.

Morgan had never seen Ian this hungry for a woman. The feelings he could feel raging through Ian were completely unfamiliar to them both. Ian always treated the women they fucked in an almost playful way, never with seriousness or with any hint of need. That's why the two of them together was perfect. Each smoothed out the other's rough edges. Ian was the lighthearted, fun one, and he was the dark serious one. Not this time though. They each felt the burning need for her all day. This would continue every time they were separated until they claimed her. She was their mate, the other half of their souls.

Morgan understood Ian's desperation for her. He felt the same need clawing at him. Lily was different so soft, sweet, and innocent, despite the way she had let them take her over and over. They needed to slow down, or they were headed for a mountain of heartache and pain. Lily wasn't the kind of girl that could deal with what they were, except for maybe a fling. She wouldn't want them for keeps, would she? The thought of going through the next fifty years or so watching her from afar was a devastating one. Unfortunately the possibility was a very real one. Their cousins Chase and Mitch were a prime example of watching their hopes and dreams from afar. Their mate was married with a child with someone else. They witnessed their mate's smiles from afar, missing the chance to father children and build a life with the one person on this planet just for them. Werens only mated once, and Lily was the beginning and end of their whole world. Morgan knew that he had hurt her feelings this morning when he brushed her invitation aside. He thought of her all day today. He was just hoping to take this slow and easy, so they didn't spook her with wanting too much from her too fast.

Lily broke away from Ian's kiss and looked at Morgan with equal hunger and want for him, too. It was exactly what he had been waiting for. He leaned in and took her mouth, pouring everything he wished for into that kiss.

She moaned and begged for more. Her head was spinning with her need for them, which was spiraling out of control. In desperation, she

ground her slippery pussy onto Ian's hard cock while crying out into Morgan's mouth.

Morgan broke the kiss, knowing they needed to get her to the bedroom fast before they fucked her senseless on the floor. God, he loved how open and receptive she was to everything they had tried with her and the look in her eyes as though she truly had missed them to today.

Still cupping her ass, Ian carried her back to the bedroom and tossed her on the bed. In a flash, Ian was tearing open his jeans and pushing them down, exposing his huge erection. He jerked her legs apart and plunged into her. Ian closed his eyes at the sensation that hit him. This was home. She was everything he wanted in their life mate. So beautiful, with her dark eyes half closed with pleasure. He gripped her wrists and pulled them up around her head, lightly restraining her.

The pain and pleasure warring through her while Ian was riding her unmercifully pushed them both toward oblivion. In a matter of minutes, both moaned their pleasure into the other's mouth. Ian, breathing heavily, collapsed on top of her.

When Ian eased out of her, Morgan pushed balls-deep into her pussy in a second flat. God, he loved how she rippled around him, he fucked her into a quick climax and pulled out his cock glistening with her juices and Ian's seed.

Lily moaned in disappointment as he guided her to her knees, gathering some of her juices he lubricated her tiny anus and penetrated her with a single digit, stretching her slowly before adding a second finger.

Morgan spoke. "Ian and I are going to fuck you together soon, one of us in this wet little pussy and the other in this tight ass. We are going to fuck you so good that the pain and pleasure are going to mix, but you won't care because we are going to make you scream."

Morgan lasted six more strokes, and the hot streams of semen triggered yet another release for her.

Morgan eased them to their side, and Ian caressed her side and kissed her shoulder. They cradled her between them in an embrace so tender that it brought tears to her eyes. Morgan cupped her face and gently wiped away a tear.

“Baby, did we hurt you?” he asked with appalled concern.

She put her hand over his mouth stopping the line of interrogation that she felt was brewing. “No, I am fine. It was perfect really. I love how I feel when I am with both of you.”

Ian turned her face back toward him. “You are ours now.” He whispered softly against her lips and kissed her gently. “Come on, let’s shower and eat the takeout we picked up.”

Ian got up, stretched, and reached for her. When she got up, she put her hand in his, and he bent and put her right over his shoulder in a fireman’s hold, which made her squeal his name.

He popped her on the ass, carried her to the bathroom, started the shower, and stepped in with her. Morgan, feeling so damn sated, watched them from the door way. She was perfect. He loved how she fit them both. He startled himself with the thought of love but accepted and acknowledged that that was exactly what he felt. Morgan washed his hands and cleaned up.

Turning, Morgan slipped on his boxer briefs, grabbed the bag of takeout off the hall floor, and stepped into the eat-in kitchen. He quickly found plates in the cabinet. When he finished lighting the candles on the small table and setting the containers of Chinese food on the table, he took three waters out of the fridge. As he was turning away from the door, his breath caught in his throat. Lily stood in the doorway in a tiny white silk robe and her wet hair in a towel. Her tanned legs were a beautiful contrast against the white of the robe, and her skin, so fresh and dewy. Lily came to him and cuddled against his chest. She is so soft and sweet, he thought. Even after the shower, there was a change in her scent. This was why they never fucked without a condom. Any were she came into contact with would know that she was being claimed by one of the brotherhood. Her natural

scent was tinged with that of two weres, which would identify that she was being claimed by a pair of alphas.

“We brought some of everything. We weren’t sure what you liked.”

She smiled “That sounds great, thanks.”

Lily turned and grabbed napkins, and Morgan pulled out her chair. Ian walked in, still damp from his shower, and seated himself on her right, and Morgan took the chair to the left. Ian grabbed a set of chopsticks and handed them to her, and they passed the various containers.

They entertained her with stories from the force and their childhood, and she told them about her grandfather. Lily always found it hard to talk about losing her parents, and especially now that her grandfather had passed. But it was very easy to talk to them, and the pain of not having any family left was dulled for the first time. They laughed about her grandfather coming on dates with her, and they touched her in gentle ways when she told them about her parents dying in the car accident and how a sudden heart attack had taken her grandfather. Ian asked about the bakery, and Lily quickly explained.

“My grandfather was a butcher at the grocery store, and when I turned sixteen, I went to work in the bakery and quickly realized it was where I wanted to be. I went to college and got a degree in business management and minored in accounting, but all I have ever wanted was to do the custom cakes. When Grandpa died, he left me enough to buy the building and to get started. It was really rough last year, but since your grandmother has come to the bakery, I have breathing room. She has even convinced me to hire someone for the front.”

They washed the plates and bagged the garbage. Lily broke the companionable silence. “I have some extra toothbrushes, if y’all want to stay.”

Morgan leaned down, brushed his lips across hers, and nodded, smiling. “I’m going to jump in the shower.”

Lily watched him walk back to the bedroom and strip. She admired his body, so rugged and well-endowed with muscle. His erection bobbed against his abdomen.

Morgan quickly undressed and walked to the bath. He started the shower and stepped under the stinging spray. He soaped his body, washed his hair, and rinsed under the hot spray. He hurried, anxious to hold and kiss Lily again. When he stepped out of the shower to grab a towel, he saw Lily and Ian at the sink bumping hips and playing like kids while they brushed their teeth. Ian's gaze met his own over Lily's head, and Morgan nodded, communicating the rightness they both felt with her. The natural ease they both felt with her, along with the blow-your-mind sex, was just what they had been waiting for their whole life. Morgan wrapped the towel around his hips and slid behind Lily at the counter. Wrapping her up in an embrace, he loved the way she shivered when he nibbled her neck.

"Here is your toothbrush." She ducked out of his embrace mischievously. "Last one in the bed has to turn out the lights."

She took off in a fit of giggles and ran all the way to the bed. They watched her in gentle amusement. Morgan brushed his teeth and did a walkthrough of the apartment, making sure it was secure. When he returned, he was hit by a bolt of arousal. Ian was lapping at Lily's pussy in a steady rhythm that had her squirming and bucking against Ian's mouth. Morgan kneeled by her head and fed her his cock, gritting his teeth as the sensations assailed him, the hot, wet warmth of her greedy mouth devouring him and her tiny hand cupping his balls.

Ian sat up abruptly. "Lily do you trust me?"

Lily nodded and he continued. "Turn over. Baby, while we fuck you we are going to try and stretch this sweet little ass with our fingers. We want to fuck you together, and you need to be stretched and adjust to the sensation of your ass being full."

Just the visual imagery had her so close to coming that when he shoved back into her, the dual penetration pushed her off the cliff instantly.

Ian squeezed his eyes shut in an effort to stave off his orgasm as she convulsed on his cock so hard and tight. He started a hard ride, slamming her back on his cock and his fingers over and over, and when she peaked again, he gave into the burning need and climaxed. His seed overflowed and dripped down her leg.

Ian pulled out, and in an instant, Morgan was between her thighs, coating his fingers with the semen running down the inside of her legs. He pressed two fingers into her ass and rammed home so hard he was afraid for a moment he had maybe hurt her. The feeling of her tender tissues gushing all over his cock in a hard release that had her screaming out quickly deluded him of that thought. Morgan let himself go, giving up to the pleasures so intense that it had him biting the inside of his cheek while he came in her hot depths. He collapsed on top of her, withdrew his fingers from her ass, and, still joined, turned them to their sides while kissing her softly over her shoulder. Ian brought a washcloth in, and Morgan reluctantly pulled out. Ian bathed the sweat and release from her body, returned the cloth to the bath, and climbed in behind her, cuddling her on her right with Morgan on her left.

“Set the alarm...” she grumbled, and Morgan reached over with a grunt and set it. Lily closed her eyes and enjoyed the best sleep she could remember since childhood.

Chapter 7

The next week passed much the same. Lily was dreading Sunday dinner. What would their family say? She cared about them both too much to pretend that she was dating only one of them. She was shocked by Ian's reminder about this weekend.

"Don't forget about tomorrow."

The chicken shit had kissed her neck and mumbled something about liking carrot cake and practically ran out the door. Bess nearly scared her half to death when she walked in. She didn't work on Saturdays, so it was a surprise to see her walk back into where she was working.

"Lily, how was today? You really need to get someone in here to help you out front. You work too much for such a young woman. So what are you making for tomorrow's dinner?"

Lily flushed. "Bessie, I, ah, have other plans, but I thought I would send over a carrot cake, chocolate cake, cookies, and an apple pie."

Bessie gave her a look and quirked her lips. "What kind of plans?"

Bess watched as Lily turned toward the counter and tensed mumbling something about cleaning. Bessie walked to her, and touched her arm.

"Lily, we love both of those boys. We know that they have played their naughty games in the past, but they are serious about you. Please, don't stay away because you are afraid of causing problems."

Lily began wringing her hands. "Bessie, you aren't shocked? I was so afraid you would be angry with me or worse hurt."

Laughing, Bess hugged her. "Let's get some tea, and I will tell you all about the teasing I've been doing with those boys."

They sat at one of the tables in the sun, sipping tea, and Lily ate her forgotten lunch. Lily gasped, hearing how Bess had needled the boys with introducing her to other eligible men in the family and various family acquaintances. Morgan finally called with a curt, "Nona, Lily is ours now, and if you introduce her to someone, I hope you are prepared for them to get hurt. Stop trying to fix her up with someone else." Bessie chuckled at the memory and smiled because Lily looked equal parts appalled and thrilled.

"Morgan is most like my husband, and Ian like his twin. Did I ever tell you I lost them both in an accident?"

The implication of her words sank in.

"Lily I had twenty good years with those men, and I could have remarried. I was only forty when they died, but somehow you just know that their love was an once-in-a-lifetime kind of love. I was content with my memories and the six children we had. It was enough to raise them and to see the best and worse parts of the three of us in them. Girl, life is short. Sometimes you just got to open the door and let it in.

"Come on. I'll help you finish the dessert. Ha, you aren't fooling anyone. You are already in love with those boys. Carrot cake is Ian's favorite, you know chocolate is mine, the kids will demolish the cookies, and Morgan has always loved apple pie."

Shaking her head, they went to the back to finish up.

Chapter 8

They spent Saturday night at the guys' house and had wild, sweaty sex in half the rooms before they collapsed in Morgan's bed, a king just like hers. They watched television and talked about things they each wanted for the future, so many of their likes and dislikes. They did sweet things that made her feel so special and well cared for. Lily never expected a man to take care of her after sex or pamper her the way they did. Both men were exactly what she wanted for her future, she tried really hard not to be so obvious, but she sincerely hoped they felt the same.

She woke at seven thirty, feeling like she overslept. The men had mentioned jogging, so she eased from the bed and started the shower. When she was soaping her body, Ian stepped in behind her, which made her jump.

"You are up early, baby."

She giggled reaching down to cup his erect cock and said, "So are you, Ian?"

Ian grinned in that devilish manner she loved. They finished the shower, and he stepped out first haphazardly, wrapped a towel around his waist, and reached for her to help dry her off. In between stealing kisses from each newly dried-off area. Ian groaned low in his throat and gripped her ass, lifting her easily and walked her backwards, sitting her on the counter. Widening her thighs, he ran a finger along her small, smooth slit through. Her juices were already forming.

"God I love your pussy."

Lily leaned back against the mirror, and Ian knelt pulling her ass to the edge, and dove in, circling her vulva and clit with his tongue.

He pushed two fingers in, keeping steady pace on her clit while pumping those thick fingers in and out. He pushed her quickly over the edge. She cupped her breasts, lightly pinching her nipples. Ian kept licking her juices. When she opened her eyes, she saw Morgan stroking his cock and watching her play with her breasts. Ian gave her one last lick and got up. He yanked her off the counter, dragged her to the bed, and pushed her face forward on it, tucking the head of his dick in her opening. He crammed it all in with one thrust, and stole her breath in the process.

Morgan got on the bed, his legs spread in front of her, and pushed her head down on his cock while threading his fingers in her hair. He lightly pulled, giving her the edge of pain that made her peak so quickly. Reaching down, he thumbed her nipples. It felt so good when she swallowed his cock deep in her throat.

“Baby, I’m going to come.”

Despite his warning her so she could pull away if she wanted, she greedily kept sucking, loving his flavor and the way he tensed and whispered her name when he came in her mouth. She felt Ian reach around and pinch her clit, which made her explode, and he pulled out of her clenching pussy and gave her his release on her anus and back.

Hearing Lily moan in protest at his withdrawal, Ian looked down, and got a primitive jolt at seeing his mark on her body. Morgan pulled her into his arms, snuggling her against his chest.

Ian climbed on the bed beside them and ran his middle finger down her spine, which made her shiver. He loved seeing her delicate face pillowed on his brother’s chest completely at ease. “Let’s shower and go running before lunch.” Lily got up carefully, trying not to make a mess, and headed to the bath to shower.

When they heard her start the shower, they looked at one another. “She’s it,” Ian said quietly.

Morgan nodded. She was the one, the reason they had never gotten serious about anyone, the only one they had ever fucked

without a condom because when they started touching her, it was like pouring gasoline on a fire it just spun out of control.

Lily disrupted his thoughts by stepping into the room naked. She smiled, grabbed her overnight bag by the door, and set it on the dresser. They both got up and headed to the showers.

She dressed in running shorts and sports bra, and she sat on the bed slipping on ankle socks and her running shoes. Turning toward the mirror, she secured her hair in a french braid and moisturized her skin. Morgan stepped out, water still clinging to his defined chest. Lily's eye caught a drop of water as it traveled down his rigged abdomen the sight made her mouth go dry. Lily looked away, busying herself with zipping her bag back up and making sure she had picked up all her things. Sitting at the edge of the bed waiting for the guys to get ready, she watched them slip on shorts, socks, and sneakers.

They stretched in the driveway and teased Lily about how hot she looked in her workout gear. They started with an easy pace and ran in silence that was comfortable. When they ran by some teenage boys playing basketball in the road, she shot them a smile as they gawked. Ian smirked, and Morgan frowned.

After about two miles, they made it to the park, and they slowed their pace, observed the families in the park. Detouring through the park, from the corner of their eye, Ian could see her smiling wistfully at the children playing, and for the first time in his life, a family actually seemed appealing. Lily and a couple of kids to come home to, but would she want them both forever? The even bigger question was, could she accept the other side of them? They went back to the house and got ready for the family dinner.

* * * *

While Ian was putting his shoes on, Lily came to his room eating a banana and offered him a bite. Umm, he had thought about a banana in the shower. He took it and looked her over. Lily had a filmy little

flowered skirt and a matching lavender camisole, pearls at her ears and around her neck. She had left most of her hair down, just parting it down the center and securing each side away from her face with small clips. She looked elegant and sweet.

“Ian, I want to get my navel pierced. Do you think you and Morgan could go with me?”

He growled, curving an arm around her waist and pulling the hem of her tank up to lick the navel they were talking about. “Yeah, baby, I’ll ask Morgan about maybe next weekend. We could go to the beach and do it there.”

“Do what there?” Morgan asked from the door.

“Lily wants to get her navel pierced,” Ian answered

“We could go after work on Friday. Lee said we could use their beach house any time. Their place is two blocks from the beach,” Morgan replied.

Lily shook her head. “I can’t leave before twelve on Saturday.”

Both men frowned. Morgan asked, “Are you ready?”

“Yes” Lily answered and each grabbed the desserts from the fridge on their way out the door.

Dinner was a chaotic, orchestrated event. She was seated between Ian and Morgan. Everyone was nice, but she could tell they had already discussed their relationship and that everyone had various opinions. Their cousins, Chase and Mitch, flirted constantly with her making her men beyond pissed. It was enough to make her wonder if the need to share was a family thing they inherited, or possibly a twin thing. When she was helping to clear the table and carry dishes into the kitchen, Chase came in smiling. He set the dishes down and stepped in front of her, blocking her exit. Leaning down, he whispered in her ear. “Don’t panic, doll, I’m just playing along with Nona. I won’t hurt you.”

Ian stepped in the doorway scowling and immediately started for Chase. Lily squealed and wrapped both of her arms around his waist, allowing Chase to make an escape out the back. Lily knew she

couldn't stop Ian if he wanted to go after him, but she hoped she could make him see reason.

Ian grabbed her arm. "Let's go."

Ian caught Morgan's gaze and jerked his head toward the door, and they exited quickly. Lily wanted to fight but thought better of causing a scene.

Both men were seething, making the drive home tense. When Ian pulled into the garage and cut the lights, Lily was jumping with nervousness and arousal. How crazy was that? She was so wet and aroused that when Morgan opened her door, she nearly jumped out of her skin. Ian grabbed her arm, removed her from the SUV, and held onto her through the house, stopping at the large living room. Ian finally let go of her and turned on her.

"What was the meaning of you flirting with our cousins? I thought we made it clear you belong to us. Maybe you need reminding."

Lily went from wet to soaked just from the dominant tone he used.

Ian grabbed her forearms, guided her to the edge of the sofa, and pushed her face down over the arm of it. Lily's legs started to tremble when she felt the hem of her skirt glide up and her thong-covered ass being bared to them. Ian cupped it and the first smack had her gasping, moaning out his name. She heard Ian direct Morgan to "get the stuff." Several swats fell, making the heat bloom and her cunt juice. He leaned down and licked her slit, tasting her cream.

"Damn, baby, you are hot. Morgan, sit on the couch. Lily, I want you to go sit on his cock and face him."

When Lily straddled Morgan's thighs, she sank easily on his cock, her pussy sucking him in with all the wet juices. Letting out a shudder, she tried to grind against Morgan, and Ian smacked her ass hard.

"Stop moving on his cock."

She moaned in dismay but obeyed. Ian pushed her flush with Morgan's chest and inserted something in her bottom. She felt a cooling gel fill her ass, and she turned and caught a glimpse of Ian

coating his huge dick in lube. Lily immediately tensed, suddenly nervous, and Morgan smacked her ass hard and ordered her to relax. He reached down and pulled her ass cheeks apart for Ian.

Ian slid one finger in her ass while he bit and nibbled her neck and shoulders. He watched Morgan devour her mouth. When she started pushing back against his finger, he added a second and then a third, stretching her, making her press back for the dark pleasure. He knew that he and Morgan were too aroused to wait any longer. He pressed the head of his cock against the sphincter and applied hard pressure. When he felt her take a breath, he pushed through.

Lily started crying, her body trembling against him. "You are too big."

Ian kissed her neck, shushing her. "I'm already in, baby. Give yourself a minute to adjust. You feel so good, so hot. You fit me like a tight vise fisting around my cock."

Ian pulled Lily back against his chest. With one large hand, he cupped her breast and kissed her neck. He whispered, "Lily, you are our woman now. We will love and protect you, and no other will ever touch you again."

When he felt her relax against him at his words, he withdrew and plunged, and Morgan countered the movement by leaning up to cup her face, kissing her deeply.

Each pounding thrust had her world turning with the pleasure so strong that it was painful. Lily sobbed into his mouth crying out the pleasure so intense her world exploded. She felt hot and cold all at once. The orgasm racking through her body had her screaming out her love for them. Collapsing on Morgan's chest, she felt their grip roughen, and she heard them grunt and growl out their releases and felt their ejaculate stream into her as they moved back and forth filling her with the rest of their semen. Then pleasure/pain as each man clamped down on her shoulder, made everything in her line of sight go bright white, and then dark, and she surrendered to it.

Ian helped him turn her, both still buried deep in her body and not wanting to withdraw from her, eased them each onto their sides. Knowing there wouldn't ever be another like her, that they would never love another, Morgan looked down at the marks marring the juncture where her neck and shoulder met, the impressions exact replicas on each side. They bathed the wound with their tongues after they released the skin. The bite broke the skin, but the healing properties in their saliva caused rapid healing. Even now they appeared as nothing more than a mark from love play, like the indentions of teeth, not the claiming marks that they were. But he knew every shifter she came into contact with would know exactly what it represented.

Ian broke the silence. "We need to get her in the hot tub, or she will be very sore."

Ian pulled his cock free first, and she moaned softly. Ian felt guilty he knew she felt pleasure. But she was so small, it was amazing that they fit into her body. She wasn't even half their size, and yet she took them eagerly over and over. She felt like home to them, and they wanted her to admit that she felt the same way they did, that she wanted forever too. He felt some ease that she had cried out her love for them during sex, but they wanted a commitment from her to them both. Ian brushed his lips across her temple and got up to turn on the hot tub in the Florida room. Morgan was kissing her lips when Ian got back, and he lifted Lily off Morgan and cradled her against his chest.

"Let's soak for a while. Get her a clip to put her hair up with."

Morgan grabbed a clip, and Ian carried her through the house. Morgan got in first and held his arms out to take her. Ian held her sleeping body out to him, and Ian clipped her hair on her head while he sat on the edge. He eased her in the water, nestling her against his chest, and she whispered his name. Lily was the first woman who was able to tell them apart. He loved that about her, that even when cuddled up to them at night, she knew them.

When Ian caressed her arm, he watched her open her eyes and blink sleepily at them. The sweet innocence in the movement made him instantly hard. He knew instinctively that she would always affect them like that. Morgan sat her between them and they shared soothing conversation while they enjoyed the heat and bubbles. Morgan was the first to get out. He grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist. He held out another for her, and Ian hopped out and grabbed one for him as well. The trio got ready for bed and climbed in, placing Lily in the center. Ian's arm draped above her breasts and Morgan's over her abdomen each content with their mate and perfect world.

Chapter 9

The next month and a half passed quickly. The three spent all their free time together, and often two were together when the other was working. Morgan and Ian were both involved in several cases that required stakeouts, interviews, and being called to the station at odd hours. But not this weekend, this was for them. Lily had finally given into Bessie's nagging and had hired a girl for the counter and Bessie was coming in to help her this weekend. The bakery was only going to be open for pickup orders. They were going to the beach to lie in the sun and make love on the beach. She smiled and bent to get a shaped pan from the bottom rack. Bessie came in, and she stood, everything seemed to fade. Feeling herself fall she surrendered to the dark.

Bessie yelled for Morgan and Ian, her shock at watching Lily faint had her shaken. She came into the back to tell Lily the men were here. Seeing Lily on the floor they raced towards her cursing, the edge of fear very apparent.

Morgan demanded. "What happened, Nona?" Both men leaned over Lily's pale form.

"She just fainted. I don't think she has eaten all day. I came back to tell her you both were here, and she was bending down getting a pan and she stood, turned pale and dropped. I've never known Lily to faint. She threw up yesterday. You boys got anything you want to tell me?"

Both men's eyes met over Lily. Ian smiled. Morgan had to swallow past the lump in his throat to speak. "Nona, will you give us a minute?"

She patted them both on the shoulder and left humming. Ian and he each placed a hand over her abdomen, their hands more than spanning the width of her hips. Their baby was in there. That had to be it. She hadn't had a cycle since they'd met, and they knew that she hadn't dated in over a year. That was the difference in her scent that they both had noticed. But they had been so wrapped up in fucking her mindless everyday that they had not pinpointed the change exactly. Pregnancy always smelled like spring to their kind, but Lily always smelled fresh to them. True, she smelled more like new beginnings than the candy-sweet fragrance they had always attributed to her. Morgan knew their life and future hinged on how they handled this. Both withdrew, knowing that they had to deal with this very carefully. Neither man wanted her to feel like they were forced into offering for her. The truth was they had bought her an engagement ring and planned on proposing this weekend.

They both nodded communicating the need to go forward with their plan for this weekend. Morgan jerked his head, and Ian went to get their grandmother.

"Don't tell her we know. We have a plan. We just need a little more time," Ian requested.

Bessie saw both of her grandsons come to terms with the knowledge. She loved these men, so often her mind wondered back to the memories of the little boys they once were, of all of her grandchildren these two men were most like her husbands. She missed the simplicity and sweetness of their youth but she was so proud of the men they had become. Each man leaned down, kissed her on the cheek, and slipped out. Bessie sat holding a cool, wet cloth to Lily's forehead.

Lily came to on the floor. "What happened?"

Bessie started fussing. "When was the last time you ate, young lady? You passed right out here on the floor."

Lily groaned, feeling lightheaded, and the saliva pooling in her mouth making her nauseous.

“I ate last night, and I nibbled on some apples earlier, but you are right.”

Bessie propelled her toward a stool at the counter. “Stay here, and I will get you something to eat and drink. I am glad y’all are leaving tonight. You need a break!”

Lily smiled to herself, looking forward to it.

At three, she closed and went home. There she showered and changed into a filmy white skirt and a candy-pink tank. She was so tired that she lay on the couch, deciding to nap until closer to the time the guys got off work. When she woke, it was late afternoon and the machine light was blinking. Ian’s humorous voice spoke to her.

“Hey, baby, we are running late, but we will be there by six. Love you!”

Lily looked at the clock. Five forty-five. She had just enough time to brush her teeth. She felt fuzzy and definitely needed to eat. When she turned on the water, she heard the guys unlock the door. She heard them call out to her.

“Hey, babe, where are you at?”

“In here.”

She went back to brushing, and when she was nearly done, Lily felt overwhelmed with nausea. Afraid she would throw up in the sink she threw her toothbrush down, she turned quickly and fell to her knees and retched into the toilet. Seeing Ian and Morgan stick their heads in, she threw up again.

“Go away!” Lily grumbled.

“Baby, you okay?”

Lily retched as her answer. Ian wet a washcloth and applied it to the back of her neck. Morgan came in carrying a soda meant to soothe her stomach.

“Thank you.”

Ian helped her to her feet, and Morgan swept her up and sat on the bed, cradling her. Ian brought the soda in, and she sipped it slowly, breathing lightly. She prayed she wouldn’t humiliate herself further.

She couldn't believe that they had come in while she was vomiting her guts up. What was wrong with her? She wanted to curl up in their arms and bawl her eyes out.

"Are y'all ready?"

"Why don't you rest for a while? Do you want us to call Mathew?" Lily shook her head. Mathew, their cousin, was a doctor, but she was fine.

"I'm fine, honey, I haven't eaten much today, and I got up to brush my teeth, and I must have hit my gag reflex or something because the next thing I knew I was sick and you guys were here. Let's just get out of here. I am so ready to be with you and have you both all to myself all weekend."

Lily got up and brushed her teeth again, she just hoped this time didn't end with her throwing up again, and they grabbed her bags and locked up her apartment. They walked down to Ian's SUV and put her bag in the back. They drove a couple blocks away, and Ian stopped at a deli. Morgan got out and came back with a bag. He handed her a clear takeout container.

"I got you some fruit and yogurt, pasta salad, turkey sandwich, and I got you apple juice and water. We are going to stop at the park two blocks over to eat, and then I want you to sleep on the way to the beach. It's a two hour drive, and you certainly need the rest."

"You are being kind of bossy, aren't you?" Lily said flippantly.

"You better believe it, baby. When you won't take care of yourself, I will!" Morgan replied.

Lily rolled her eyes and shared an amused look with Ian. Secretly she was pleased that he cared enough to make such a fuss over her. They pulled up to a park, and Morgan helped her out the SUV. Ian led them through the park, past children swinging, old men playing chess, and couples walking their dogs. The park was beautiful during the summer. They sat at a picnic table and ate. About halfway through her food, she closed the container and the men tried to coax her into eating more.

“We must not be taking very good care of you. You have lost weight.” Ian wanted to say more, demand she not work so much, but he did not want to upset her. They wanted her to commit to them, and they did not want to argue or fight with her.

They threw their trash away, and each man holding one of her hands, they led her back to the SUV and put her in. She loved how easily they jointly showed her affection, oftentimes their motions flowed seamlessly. Ian grabbed the small pillow and blanket from the back and gave it to her, kissing her softly. Morgan buckled her seat belt, kissed her lightly on her lips, and shut her door. She was so tired lately. A nap would help.

The soft rumbling of the engine, the murmuring of the men’s voices and the cool air quickly lulled her to sleep.

Chapter 10

She woke to them opening the door of the vehicle and the salty air blowing in.

“We already opened up the house.” Ian murmured against her temple.

Lily looked up at the beautiful white two-story house. The guys each held out a hand and led her around to the back of the house to the privacy fencing. Talk about privacy! The fence was twelve feet high. When they opened the gate, it was like looking into an oasis. Lily took in the green foliage surrounding the pool, hot tub, and bar. The lounge chairs looked so inviting, and with the rumbling of the hot tub, she could quickly drift off to sleep. Morgan speaking broke her thoughts.

“How would you like a swim? There is a pool room with a bathroom if you need to go.”

Walking to the pool room, she took in the luxurious environment that complemented the home. She relieved herself and stripped out of her clothes, leaving them on the table inside. She quickly washed her hands, eager to join her men in the pool. When Lily walked out, the men had already stripped out of their clothes. Seeing Morgan’s clothes folded on a lounge chair and Ian’s balled up on the tile made her smile.

God, she was beautiful, Ian thought. Morgan wasn’t exaggerating, though, about her losing weight. She was too thin, but he knew that soon her body would be ripe with the curves he and Morgan loved. He was almost trembling with nervousness, and he could feel Morgan’s feelings echoing his own.

Lily loved how they looked at her, the way they made her feel like the only woman in the world. She never felt more beautiful than she did with them, and they were insatiable with her. She met them at the edge of the pool, and they walked down the tiled steps into the heated water. Morgan waded over to the edge of the pool where he had a champagne bottle chilling with three glasses. She watched him pop the cork, and he filled each with the bubbly, golden concoction.

“Lily, we love you, and we want forever with you,” Ian said, cupping her face on the right, and Morgan cupped her face on the left.

“Will you marry us?” Morgan asked.

Lily started to cry and couldn't stop. They held her sandwiched between them, softly soothing her with light touches while they shared an amused look over her head.

“So will you marry us?” Morgan asked again, his voice low and ragged with his on raw emotions.

“How? I can't marry you both it is illegal!” Lily cried.

Ian chuckled. “It is easy, baby. You are overthinking it. You will marry Morgan legally and us both in a private ceremony. Baby, we will live and love you together, forever.”

Lily sniffed and shuddered. “What about children? I want children, you won't know. I mean. How will...”

Lily started to cry again, and the guys laughed. Jerking away from them, she attempted to get out of the pool. Morgan wrapped his arms around her, halting her escape.

“Sweetheart, we want children, too, and any child we have will be a part of the three of us. It won't matter because it's our child.”

She smiled and wrapped an arm around each of their waists hugging them both to her. Lily asked excitedly. “When? When can we get married?”

“We could fly to Vegas or go to the courthouse when we get back, whatever you decide, baby, will be fine with us.” Ian smiled down at her.

“Won't your family be disappointed if we elope?”

They both shook their heads and reassured her.

“Honey, whatever you want to do our family will support us. If you want a ceremony, our family can arrange a private one for the three of us to commit to one another.”

Teary-eyed, Lily smiled and kissed them both, first Ian, then Morgan.

Morgan cupped her ass and pulled her against his groin. “Baby, do you feel up to taking me?”

She growled into his mouth. “Umm, shut up and give me what I need.”

He chuckled. “Wrap your legs around me, baby.” Positioning himself at the mouth of her hot little pussy, he drove in, overfilling her to the point of bumping her cervix. She moaned into his mouth, her soft tissues hypersensitive to each of his movements. The gentle, rhythmic grinding of her clit against his groin made her ripple and convulse on his cock.

The hot tremors pulsing through her had him clenching his teeth and spurting his seed into her pussy. Barely a moment had passed and Ian plucked her right off Morgan’s cock, he waded over to the steps, immersing them chest deep in the warm water. She felt his fingers clench on her hips as he settled her on his cock and slid easily into her. Moaning against her temple, he worked them to frenzy, both racing toward the pleasure. As it burst, they kissed each other deeply while their orgasms took them. Lily collapsed onto Ian’s chest, loving the feel of him caressing her back and running his fingertips across the tiny bones in her spine.

Ian sat there holding her, knowing they needed to get up and take care of her. A good meal and a full night’s sleep were just what they all needed. They hadn’t been taking very good care of her, but that was going to change starting now. The three of them had been so caught up in the great sex. So often, they fucked her until she was exhausted, often rising only to shower she would go back to bed, and they usually had a sandwich or cereal. They were greedy bastards so

often that they turned to her again during the night and in the morning before work. Their only defense was that she wanted them as much as they desired her. She had the capability of making them hard even now just thinking about how sweet and giving her body was. They knew she enjoyed it, but they were going to focus on caring for her.

Morgan moved toward them. "I'll take her in if you grab the door."

Ian let his sweet burden go with a sigh of contentment. When they walked in, Lily shivered from the blast of cold air.

"Go shower and I will order dinner. Lily, baby, what do you want for dinner?"

She almost purred, nuzzling against Morgan's chest, looking at him in a sleepy sexy look that was making his dick twitch with interest. "A steak sounds great. I am starving. Remember I like it rare."

Morgan frowned and she snuggled against his neck, Ian shook his head understanding Morgan's frown. Pregnant women were not supposed to eat rare meat, but in this case, the shape-shifter she was sharing a blood stream with was making itself known. There would be other changes, but mostly diet, healing, and eyesight changes.

Ian watched them make their way up the stairs. He went to the phone and grabbed the folder of menu's Lee and his wife kept at the beach house. He called an Italian place ordered three rare steaks, pasta, and salad. Ian put his jeans back on, grabbed their duffle bags from the SUV, carried them up to the master suite, and set them down on the bed.

Walking into the bath, he found Morgan on his knees with Lily's legs draped over his shoulders, her back against the tile wall. He was eating her out like she was his last meal. Ian loved watching her head through the glass thrash from side to side on the tile while she moaned out her pleasure. Seeing his brother tongue the delicate folds had his cock at half-mast again. After Morgan eased her shaking legs down

and gave her a cursory rinse, she stepped out and Ian enveloped her in a plush towel. Cuddling her against his front he spoke.

“I brought the bags in and ordered dinner. It should be here in about fifteen to twenty minutes. I am going to jump in the shower, I’ll be down in a few.” After kissing her on the mouth, Ian gave her a lingering look, groaned to himself in discontent, and walked to the shower.

Lily walked over to the huge bed where her duffle sat on top and opened it. She pulled out low-rise lounge pants and a camisole. She slipped them on as Morgan walked in. God, she thought, he is delicious. His chest was bare, and after drying his hair with a towel, he pulled out gym shorts and slipped them on. Her pussy flooded with moisture at his scent. Boy, she was losing it when the men made her wet just by the way they smelled.

“Come on,” Morgan said. “Let’s go downstairs, and I will pour you some juice while we wait on dinner.”

They walked downstairs, and she got her first good look at the place. It was fantastic. The décor was very light and airy but very tasteful. Morgan led her into the kitchen, and she walked over to a section of granite countertops. Morgan backed her up to it, grabbed her under her arms, and easily put her on the counter.

“You want water or juice?”

“Juice.”

Morgan laughed. “What kind? There is pineapple, cranberry, orange, and apple?”

Lily giggled. “Okay, Mr. Bartender, pineapple.”

Morgan pulled out the container and rifled through a couple cabinets before coming up with the cabinet that held glasses. After pouring her a glass, he stepped between her legs and wrapped his arms around her.

“You make me happy. I, ah, can’t explain...”

She stopped the words with a kiss, and he cupped her face and took over the kiss, pouring so much need into it.

Ian came ambling in. “Hey, quit hogging our woman.”

He walked over and dropped a kiss on her shoulder and, looking through some cabinets, pulled down dinner plates, salad plates, and bowls for the pasta. As he set the table, he shot her wicked glances, which had her body humming.

The doorbell chimed, breaking the aroused tension she felt. God she had turned into a nymphomaniac. Who would have thought she would want more after the mind shattering pleasure her men treated her to not even an hour ago.

Morgan moved from the haven between her thighs and went after the doorbell. He came back in moments later with the bags, set them down on the counter, reached up, plucked her off it, and handed her the glass of juice. Ian held out her chair as Morgan dished out their food and placed it on the table. They ate in companionable silence.

When she had devoured her steak, Ian asked, “What’s wrong, babe? You want more steak?”

Lily wrinkled her nose but sheepishly nodded.

Both men grunted, but each gave her more from their plate. She ate the rest of it and pushed the plate aside, concentrating on her salad and pasta.

“So what do ya’ll want to do tomorrow?” Lily asked.

“Honey, it doesn’t matter. There is an aquarium, golf, mini-golf, medieval feast, and a ton of other things we can do.” She laughed at them. “How about a water park and we get my navel pierced?”

Ian choked out, “*No*,” and Morgan shouted the word at her, which made her instantly bristle. She frowned at them both, going from bristling to pissed off in a second flat. *Who the hell do they think they are?* Lily would have betted that they thought they could dictate their feelings and wants and that she would fall right into place. Ha! She got up and scraped her plates and bowl in the garbage and rinsed her dishes, then placed them in the dishwasher. Lily grabbed her juice, went out back to the patio area, and watched the water in the pool

swirl. Not even realizing there was no light, she maneuvered the pitch black without stumbling or tripping.

What if they were already bored with her? Maybe they just wanted a lapdog and thought she would be perfect. God only knows she doesn't argue with anyone and demand her way. What if they became tired of her and found someone else. She walked over to one of the lounge chairs and curled up on it, the aching in her chest at the thought of life without them.

* * * *

Ian burst at Morgan. "How the fuck are we supposed to explain this to her without telling her she is pregnant?"

Morgan replied, "I don't know, but let's go talk to her."

"I need a minute to think. Let me clean this up, and I will be out in a minute." Ian knew he was being a chickenshit, but he needed a minute so he didn't make a mistake.

Morgan walked out the French doors to see her curled up crying. Panicking he rushed over to her. "Lily what's wrong, baby? What hurts?"

She just cried harder, bawling out a garbled, "You are tired of me," followed with a hiccup and, "Find someone else."

Ian stepped out into madness, hearing her hiccup and cry, "I am boring."

Morgan did what any red-blooded man would do. He started kissing her deep and gently pulled her hair, knowing that it would make her hot quickly. Tugging her camisole down, he caressed her breasts. He was careful not to be too rough in the off chance they were tender.

"Let's go upstairs," Morgan said and backed up, allowing Ian to offer her a hand so they could help her up.

They walked up the stairs together. Morgan pushed her back on the bed, and Morgan ate her while she sucked Ian's cock, each

working the other to climax. Ian and Morgan swapped places and she swallowed Morgan's seed. They collapsed on the bed. Ian slipped her pants over her hips, and they tucked her between them under the covers, falling into a deep slumber.

Chapter 11

Ian and Morgan sat up at the sound of retching.

“Grab her some juice, and I’ll take care of her,” Ian said. Walking into the bathroom, he snagged a washcloth from the basket and wet it. “Here is a washcloth, babe. Morgan went to grab you something to drink.”

Lily drew a shallow breath, hoping the worst had passed. “You probably shouldn’t be so close to me, I think I have a virus or something.”

Morgan came in, and he helped her to bed. Lily propped on the headboard sipping her juice. She enjoyed watching the men shower and dress. After she finished her juice she got up and got ready at a slow and steady pace. It seemed to help. She dressed in their favorite sundress. Walking down the stairs, looking for the men, she found them by the pool talking quietly to one another.

“I am ready.”

“Feeling better, doll?” Morgan asked.

“Yeah.”

They went to a local restaurant, and when the waitress brought the coffee pot around, Lily bolted from the table, praying she would make it to the bathroom. She barely made it to the toilet, emptying the contents of her stomach until nothing was left.

“Oh, honey, are you okay?” a lady asked.

Lily nodded. “Yes, thank you. The coffee smell got me!”

“How far along are you?”

Lily paled even further if it was possible and sat hard on the floor.

“Oh, honey, you didn’t realize? I apologize. My husband is always telling me I put my mouth in gear before my brain does, that one day it was going to get me in trouble.”

Lily waved her tirade away. “It’s okay. I am only a few weeks late, and the nausea only started this week. I should have realized.” Lily stood slowly, went over to the sink, and washed her hands while thinking of her men. How could she tell them? Would they be mad? Would they blame her? They were probably used to women who took care of the birth control, but she had never even thought about it. She was so stupid. Maybe she should go away for a while when they got back, maybe just long enough to think about her options and choices.

Oh God!

They were going to feel trapped. Feeling afraid, she placed a hand over her stomach, feeling a sparkle of joy and terror. This baby was a part of the three of them, a reminder of how wonderful love could be.

A baby!

Lily wasn’t prepared for them to be standing outside the bathroom door. They lightly touched her flat stomach in awe, smiling at her. She was glad there was a partition. She did not want to share this private moment with anyone else. They each kissed her lips gently cupping her face.

The door opened when the lady exited, and Ian caught sight of the most beautiful thing in the world. Lily was leaning back on the sinks, both of her hands over her abdomen, her fingertips grazing with such a beautiful look on her face, one filled with wonder. She took his breath away.

“Honey, we will love this baby, but never doubt you are first and foremost with us. Your happiness is everything to us,” Ian said.

Morgan spoke. “Baby, I never have been good with words like Ian, but I am blown away. Six months ago, you weren’t in our life, but now we have no life without you. You are our slice of heaven, the peace that we fight to protect every day at work. I want you and the family that is inside the three of us to be there at the end of the day, to

know that your gentle love can wash away the ugliness we see so often. I want to be on the front porch rocking, watching our grandchildren and great-grandchildren play in the yard, and know they came from us and the love we have for you.”

Lily gave up the effort to stave off the tears and started to sob, and Morgan pulled her into his arms. “Ian, grab our food. I’m going to take her to the truck.”

“Sure.” Ian leaned in and brushed his lips at her temple, smiling to himself. They would probably be drying a lot of tears in the next several months. He paid for breakfast and carried it to his SUV. Morgan had already put Lily in the backseat and was kissing her. Ian’s shaft hardened watching Morgan kiss and nibble her mouth.

“Let’s eat at the house,” Morgan said against her mouth.

Morgan pulled away and buckled Lily in. They got back to the beach house, and the men made her eat. The continental breakfast of yogurt, muffins, and fruit held no appeal to her. When she had finished less than half, she couldn’t stand the arousal anymore. She stood and slipped off her dress, leaving her in white bikini panties. Ian grabbed a fistful of her hair and started kissing her with loss of control. His feelings were so raw and primitive as was the hunger he could feel echoing between himself and Morgan. They both felt the need to reaffirm that she belonged to them, that she needed them just as much as they needed her. With her back against his chest, he watched Morgan cup her breasts. He could hear her moaning for their possession of her.

“I want you both together, please.”

“No, baby, we want you too much to be gentle.”

Lily shook her head, and Morgan spanked her ass. The two swats making her ass cheeks bloom. “We said no. Maybe later after we have you a couple times and have enough control to be easy with you. Don’t worry. I will give you the edge of pain you need, baby.”

They walked into the media room, and she watched Ian and Morgan strip. Ian walked over to the couch and sat, his erection

bobbing up to his navel. It looked almost obscene in its size. The head, the size of a plum, was almost purple and weeping pre-cum.

“Sit on Ian’s cock.”

She did precisely that, afraid to do more Morgan was always precise in his directions, and if she didn’t obey, he could hold out her orgasm for what seemed like hours and hours, making her beg and moan for completion.

“I want you to lean forward onto Ian’s chest.”

Lily felt Morgan’s hot breath against her rosette, and she felt him lick, which made her gasp. Then she felt him fuck her ass with his tongue. The sensation made her squirm and grind against Ian’s cock. Morgan smacked her ass, first one cheek and then the other, making them fiery. Fisting his hand in her hair, he turned her face to him and devoured her mouth. He broke away only to order her to ride Ian. When Morgan released her hair, Ian grabbed a fistful and tugged, which made her moan with the erotic bite.

Morgan smacked her bottom, whispering, “Slow down honey, not so hard.”

Lily slowed, relinquishing the rhythm to Ian. She was so hungry for the earth-shattering climax she knew was awaiting her. When Lily started to moan raggedly, Morgan knew she needed more than the gentle pulling Ian was delving out to her to push her over the edge. Sometimes their sweet baby needed an edge of pain for her orgasm to crest. He was still kissing her neck and shoulders, putting his middle finger and forefinger into her mouth and told her to suck. She laved the digits with her tongue, wetting them well. He withdrew and shoved them deep into her ass. The burn was enough to throw her over the edge, and he smacked her ass a couple time to intensify her climax. The heat bloomed in her cheeks, which made her cry out and shudder in their arms. She felt Ian tense and empty himself into her depths.

When her breathing slowed, Morgan picked her up right off Ian, and he eased her down on the chaise lounge, wanting to do nothing

more than ram home and release between her parted thighs. But he didn't. He held onto his control. Morgan lined the head of his cock up between the puffy lips and easily slid into her wet confines. Her moist heat pulled him deeper, making him want to pound into her, but no way was he going to do that he was going to go easy with her. Lily's legs relaxed parting farther. Morgan slid even deeper, and he heard her moan at the depth. The tight vise of her pussy was almost painful. He leaned down and, resting on his elbows his hands, caressed and cupped her head. He glided in and out, never breaking stride. When Lily started to moan and thrash, wanting to come, Morgan whispered into her mouth, "Let it take you baby."

And it burst, flooding her senses and making her quake and scream into his mouth. Six, seven, eight more strokes and he came, filling her, coating her silky smooth walls with his need.

Morgan sighed and turned them so they were still joined. "Come upstairs with us so you can take a little nap while we get ready, and then you can shower when you get up."

Ian walked up with a small damp hand towel and Morgan eased from her and got up. Ian gently wiped at the proof of how much they had needed her between her thighs. Ian thought that it was no wonder she was pregnant. They had taken her repeatedly every day for the last several weeks. He grasped her hand, helping her up. He continued to keep her hand captive as he led her up the stairs. Ian watched her climb into the bed. Her eyes looked so heavy already that he knew she would quickly surrender to slumber. He eased out of the room, giving her the opportunity to rest and them to regroup.

Chapter 12

Morgan woke her around two hours later. “Baby, do you want a shower or me to run you a bath?”

“I’ll just jump in the shower.” She sat up quickly and grabbed her forehead, feeling fuzzy and her equilibrium unsteady.

“Easy, baby, don’t move so fast. Slow and steady. Ian is bringing you half a muffin and some juice. I read it helps to eat something often,” Morgan said, brushing her hair away from her face.

“Where did you read that?”

“Internet, while you were sleeping,” he answered sheepishly.

She smiled cupping his face. “I have to ask, are you okay with the pregnancy? I didn’t mean for it to happen, honestly. I have only had one other lover and—”

Morgan stopped her tirade, placing fingers over her mouth. “No, we are sorry. We had no right to play with your health and safety. If it’s any consolation, you are the only woman we have ever had sex with, without a condom. The only excuse I can offer you is that we lost our heads. All we can ever think about is being with you and inside you.”

“What about Ian?”

“What about me?” Ian came in carrying her muffin and a small glass of juice. He set it on the nightstand and gave her his full attention.

Lily answered him. “How do you feel about me being pregnant?”

Ian smiled. “I am thrilled. I just hope you don’t feel like you are stuck with us. We want you to want to be with us as much as we want to be with you.”

“I do”

Morgan interrupted her. “Let’s just take it one step at a time. What do you want to do today? I was thinking we hit a deli for lunch, the aquarium afterward, and then maybe medieval feast for dinner.”

She smiled. “That sounds great!” She ate the muffin and finished her juice, moving slowly. Morgan was right, slow and steady just might get her through this morning sickness stuff. After showering, she got ready and found the men downstairs. Morgan was on the computer, and Ian was watching a ball game on the huge television. The men stood when they saw her come in. She dressed in her sundress from this morning. She found it draped on the dresser, Morgan must have brought it up. He was always so meticulous about details.

“You ready, baby?”

She nodded her answer to Ian. He held out his hand, and she took it, feeling like this was the beginning of a great day.

They stopped by an upscale deli to pick up lunch. When they walked in, Lily started feeling nauseous, so Ian took her outside. They sat on a bench outside by his SUV talking and enjoying the sunshine. When Ian and Lily saw Morgan, they started laughing about the amount of bags he brought out.

Lily spoke between laughing. “What, did you buy the whole store?”

Morgan glared at them, depositing the bags at his feet. “The Internet said she needs frequent small snacks. I bought lunch along with whole wheat crackers, raisins, and fruit cups, small packs of baby carrots, water, and juice. Lily, I got you roast beef sandwich for lunch. They had pickles, but I had her wrap them all separately in case they made you nauseous.”

Lily launched herself at Morgan and, wrapping her legs around his waist, devoured his mouth while tunneling her fingers through his short hair.

His hands went to her ass, and he cupped the sweet curves, thankful he had set the bags down when he was defending his purchases so he could fully enjoy her affection. Morgan kissed her back wholeheartedly. They were interrupted by some young men landscaping, who started whooping and whistling their approval. He shot them a quelling look. "What was that for, baby?" he asked, returning the focus back to her.

She looked at him from beneath her long lashes and played with an imaginary spot on his T-shirt.

"Because I love you and I'm so lucky you love me enough to want to take care of me."

Morgan eased her back to her feet and gently cupped her face. "Baby, we will always love and take care of you. You and our baby are our slice of heaven, and the day we get married will be the happiest day of my life. I want it all with you kids, ballet practice, soccer games, and the whole big picture. I even want the damned dog if that's what you want."

Lily giggled at his tone and the serious look on their faces. She lightly kissed both of their mouths. "Where are we eating?"

"There is a botanical garden not far from here."

They stopped at the garden and found a quiet spot, enjoying a peaceful lunch on a bench. Lily watched a couple walk by pushing a stroller, and Lily slid a hand over her abdomen and suddenly felt anxious to meet their baby.

Ian leaned over and, placing a hand over hers, whispered to her, "I can't wait to see you round out with our baby, to feel it move inside you."

Lily tried to blink away the tears that were suddenly burning her eyes, but they spilled and Ian kissed them away.

"Let's go. There are fish to be seen, woman!"

Morgan couldn't deal with her tears so he got up gathering their trash. Lily giggled.

"What are you laughing at?" Morgan asked.

“You, you are always so uncomfortable with me being upset. What are you going to do when I am in labor?”

She watched as Morgan paled, and Ian swallowed at the thought she would hurt during labor. Lily smiled. “Relax you have plenty of time to prepare.”

The aquarium was wonderful. The men watched over her, their dominate natures gentled by their awe of nature’s miracle. They went back to the house to get ready for the medieval feast. The guys dressed in soft, worn polo shirts and jeans. The casual clothes did nothing to hide their powerful bodies. Their lean waists, rugged abs, and wide linebacker shoulders never failed to make her mouth go dry and get her hot in an instant.

When Ian walked in the bedroom to check on Lily, he found her sitting on their bed. A towel wrapped around her body, and wet hair, looking utterly delicious. Her forehead was creased in concentration. Lily was such a contrast to them, small but so womanly it made his thoughts immediately turn to their baby. Their child would be dark. The three of them were, and surely their baby would be too. Ian wondered if the baby would be tall like them or small like Lily. It was definitely a boy. More than likely, it would be huge like them. All the men in their family were large, and all the babies born in their family were males because only the males carried the gene needed to shift. It had been more than sixty years since a girl was born.

“What’s wrong? Why aren’t you dressed?”

Lily shook herself out of her deep thoughts. “I couldn’t decide what to wear.”

Ian riffled through her bags and pulled out dark low-rise jeans and a pink silk halter.

“What about this outfit, babe?”

Lily nodded, and Ian looked through her bag again and pulled out silver heels that matched the silver trim in the halter. He then fished out a lacy white thong and laid it on the outfit he put on the bed. Ian reached for the tie to her robe, eased it off her shoulders wanting to

cosset her as much as they could, and placed it on the bed. He picked up her thong and bent, holding it out for her to step into. He slid it up her thighs, and she stood on tiptoes, cupping his face. He leaned down, and she kissed his lips.

“Give me twenty minutes. Have a drink with Morgan, and I will be ready in a bit.”

He nodded and did as she asked. She dressed and dried her hair. Brushing it, she decided to leave it down. Lily took extra time on her makeup, playing up her eyes, and slipped on her heels. She looked into the mirror and turned, looking for jewelry. The beautiful silver looked good against her tanned skin and dark features. She chose silver hoops, a diamond teardrop necklace, and a wrap bracelet. Looking at herself in the mirror, she thought Not bad.

Morgan and Ian watched her come down the stairs with the same thought bouncing between them. *Damn, she was hot.* They met her at the bottom of the stairs. Even with heels, she only came to upper chest to them.

“We have something for you.”

Ian grabbed her left hand and slid a beautiful emerald-cut diamond in a platinum setting on her finger. It was perfection.

“If you don’t like it, you can pick something else out. Mitch and Chase said it was their best, and we all thought it suited you, but you can choose something else.”

“I love it. It’s perfect!” Lily said. “Everything feels perfect. I’m afraid.”

Morgan grabbed her and held her tight and close to his chest.

“Don’t be. We want to love and protect you forever. The thought of a life without you is indescribable. I want a lifetime of nights holding you, and the idea of our own little hot soccer mom holds more than a little appeal for us. I want as many children as you are willing to bare us. God, baby, I look at you and see so many hopes and dreams for our future.”

Ian added. “Baby, you have no idea how much we want this. The baby honestly is a bonus, but we were going to propose this weekend. We picked out your ring on Thursday when you were working late on a cake last week.”

Lily smiled at them both “I hope I can provide you both with what you need. I love you both so much. I couldn’t choose between y’all. It wouldn’t be the same without you both. What if one of you wants someone else one day? I know I can only marry one of you, but in my heart, I belong to you both.”

Ian shook his head. “Baby, that’s just not going to happen, we are both in love with you. We both want forever with you, only you. We know it is unconventional, but we have always known that there would be only one woman for us, and thank God it is you.”

Morgan cleared his throat. “Come on, we are going to miss the start of the dinner.”

Chapter 13

They got some odd looks at feast, but the food was wonderful, and the entertainment was great. She loved how the men made her feel like she was the most beautiful woman in the room. They were so completely devoted to her. But there was no way she was going to act ashamed that she was in love with both of them. The men feed her bites from their trenchers and in general made her the envy of every woman on their side of the feast. They were on the blue side of the tournament, and they cheered for their knight and had a wonderful time. On the drive back to the house, Lily fell asleep. She awoke when Morgan set her on the bed. He bent and removed her heels, and Lily unsnapped her jeans and worked them over her hips.

Morgan sucked in a breath at the sight of her in the dainty white little thong, and he reached an arm overhead and pulled his pullover off. After toeing his sneakers off, Morgan placed a knee on the bed, slid between Lily's thighs, and nuzzled her panty-covered pussy.

Breathing deeply, he said, "I love the way you smell."

Morgan pulled the thong to the side, licked her slit, and sucked her hard, little clit in his mouth. Lily bucked against his tongue and silently begging for more. She opened her eyes to see Ian approaching the bed stroking his hard length.

Morgan broke the silence with an order. "Lily, suck Ian's cock."

Morgan slipped the scrap of lace down her legs and spread them. He lined his cock up with the mouth of her cunt and pushed home, pausing only momentarily to let her body adjust to his invasion. Ian took advantage of her pleased gasp and filled her mouth with his erection.

“Relax and swallow me deeper,” he said.

And the powerful strokes began.

Lily was in a pleasure-induced haze, straining for completion. Her climax crested and the pleasure rained down on her so intense that she could barely breathe. Morgan and Ian both withdrew and spewed their come, Ian's hitting her mouth, chin, and breasts and Morgan's, her pussy and belly. Their marking her in this way stirred a primitive need within her.

“Baby, you look so hot with our cum on you.”

Morgan got up and loped off to the bathroom, and Ian lay down across the bed above her head and softly played with her hair. Morgan came back with a warm washcloth and cleaned her up.

“Let's shower and take a dip in the pool before bed.”

“That sounds good.”

Ian grunted in response but got up with them. Ian put her in the shower while Morgan brushed his teeth. He grabbed towels when he finished brushing and watched Ian soap her body then rinse her with efficient movements.

Lily couldn't help but admire her ring for the thousandth time tonight. It threw prisms of light everywhere from the recessed lighting in the shower.

“Do you really like it?”

Lily blinded him with her smile. “I love it. I can't stop admiring it.”

Morgan opened the door, held out a towel, and leaned down. “Don't bother with a suit.”

Morgan stepped in when Ian stepped out. They brushed their teeth, waiting on Morgan. Lily looked in the mirror, and she could see her lovers, so gorgeous, strong, tall, dominant, and absolutely perfect.

Chapter 14

They had been back from the beach for a day, and the men were feeling the stress of not having confessed to her their secret. Ian couldn't help but wonder would she run screaming away from them, or would she just turn away from them? They could feel the fear bouncing between them. Would there be horror or loathing from her for what they were? They dropped by Chase and Mitch's current house to help them unload the shingles and roofing materials they bought to start on the house they bought to flip. Being weres, they needed a large amount of physical activity to burn off the natural excesses they felt. Chase and Mitch used renovating houses as their outlet for their needs.

Chase, finally fed up with the quiet moroseness of both his cousins, demanded to know what was going on. "What the hell is wrong with you two? Are both of you getting cold feet or what?"

Morgan bristled at the tone, which made his wolf's hackles rise. Through clenched teeth he bit out the rough reply "Nothing."

Ian just shook his head.

After the last of the supplies were unloaded, Mitch grabbed them all beers out the ice chest on the porch. "Just spit it out. We are family, man."

"We haven't told her yet."

The four of them sat there, surprised at the withheld information—Ian and Morgan in self-loathing and for Mitch and Chase complete shock.

Chase couldn't stand it anymore and bellowed. "What the fuck were you two thinking? You propose and don't tell her that you both are weres?"

Morgan dove for Chase and caught him in the midsection. The fight was on. Morgan and Chase were both shape shifters in their prime, so the fight could be endless, going on far longer than a normal confrontation. Their stamina four times that of a human male. It made them a danger to those who were not were. Then add frustration and fear about their mate, and it was like a brick wall coming at Chase. The impact was like two tanks colliding, to say the least.

Ian and Mitch eyed one another, both eager for the chance at a little bloodletting, but did not engage, instead watching and waiting for the other to make an aggressive move. Mitch stepped forward when Morgan head-butted Chase and broke his nose, and it was on. Ian and Mitch converged. Mitch knew his error when he stepped forward. The fight was long and brutal only stopping when the cops showed up, called in by the neighbors. Ian and Morgan took the ribbing from fellow cops about being the source of a report, but they agreed that it was over, and the four were thankful when the patrol car pulled away. The men, nursing bruised ribs and cuts and abrasions on their faces, looked at one another and started chuckling. They walked back toward the backyard. Morgan and Ian suggested phasing to hurry the healing along, and Chase and Mitch laughed.

"You just don't want to answer your little mate's questions about why you are such a mess. I never thought I would see the day that you two would be so afraid of a tiny little woman."

"Shut the hell up," Ian snarled at Chase.

He and Morgan stripped and phased. None of them flinched at the sounds of bones popping and reforming to make their new shape. Their other form was a dark brown and tan wolf. They were almost identical, the only difference being a spot of off-white fur under Morgan's muzzle. The two wolves took off into the woods behind the rehabbed house and just ran. Later, they hunted a buck. The breeze in

the woods ruffled their fur, which calmed the chaotic thoughts that had been plaguing them for the last week or so. Both men hungered for their mate to be the one ruffling their fur, caressing their muzzle. The two crept into the backyard, and Chase and Mitch were waiting on the back porch with the cooler of beer. Ian and Morgan grunted as they phased, slipped on their clothes, and joined them on the steps, each taking a beer.

They talked about the family, the men talked about the baby and the idea of building a tree house and play set on the huge tree in the backyard. Among the four of them, they had a super fort built with rope ladders and pulley systems.

Chase just shook his head. “You two are whipped! Man, I never thought I would see the day.”

Mitch just snickered.

Both men stood ignoring the jibe and Ian offered, “Let us know if y’all need help on the roof. We got to build the new arbor for the wedding so you can bring both your sorry asses over to Nona’s house Saturday.”

They drove over to Lily’s, their minds equally occupied with the need to tell her. When they got to Lily’s apartment, they let themselves in using the key she gave them the first week and saw her on a stepladder wrestling with some boxes of crystal. Both were careful not to frighten her. Ian plucked her off the ladder, and Morgan took the boxes from her hands at the same time.

“Oh, you two startled me. I didn’t hear you come in.”

Morgan started yelling as soon as Ian placed her on her feet. Morgan’s voice took on a timbre of a full growl, easily more animal than human. It burst through his throat with frightening intensity. “What in the hell were you thinking, Lily? You could have fallen and broken your foolish neck.”

“Morgan,” Ian started, but it was too late.

“What in the hell are you?” Lily asked, backing away.

Morgan looked down and saw that his nails had lengthened. He had not even realized that he was seeing the colors around him all wrong. His gums were aching, and he knew.

Ian spoke first. "Lily honey, please don't be afraid."

But she was all ready covering her mouth with her hand and backing away. Lily backing away hurt, but the tears gathering and overflowing her eyes hurt a lot more. But the fear leaching off her in waves was devastating. Ian felt the overwhelming pain and fear radiating from both Morgan and Lily.

"Stay over there. Don't come any closer to me. I need a moment to think."

They watched her go over to the opposite side of the room. Looking at them, she had fear written all over her face. Ian and Morgan simply waited and tried to gauge her reaction neither man made a move. Each stood as still as possible and waited for her to settle down or start screaming, whichever she was going to do. They let her speak first.

"Are both of you human or something else? I have to assume that it's not just Morgan, right? Oh God, what about the baby? Will the baby be like y'all?"

It broke their heart to see her arms wrapped around her middle like she was trying to protect the baby from them.

Ian tried gentle coercion. "Lily, honey, why don't you sit down, and we will talk about this."

"No, I don't think so. I believe you two are going to leave right now."

They had never seen their mate with such a look of stubborn determination and anger. Even still, her scent was still reeking of fear, and that made Morgan feel even worse.

"Baby, we are not going to hurt you, but we aren't going to leave you here alone while you are this upset, either. We need to talk about this and explain our differences and what this means for us and the baby," Ian calmly said.

“Are you fucking crazy? Get the hell out of my apartment! I don’t have to listen to a damn thing you have to say. And *us*, there is no *us*. The word ‘us’ implies honesty and understanding. Right now, the only honesty has been on my part. When were y’all going to tell me? You proposed to me. You got me pregnant without even telling me something so vital. Did you get me pregnant on purpose? What, y’all found the perfect doormat and decided ‘Well, we need a good cover, and Lily is just stupid enough not to question anything we do. We get her pregnant, and she will be too dumbfounded to ask questions.’ I should have known. Why would two hot men like you want with someone like me. Please leave. Please, if you felt anything at all for me, please just go.”

They watched her back meet the wall, and she slowly slid down it and brought her knees to her chest all the while her tear-filled eyes stayed trained on them. They could see she fully expected them to go. They each took a side of the doorway to the hall and sat, keeping a vigil as she sobbed. It took almost an hour before she fell asleep, and every so often, they could hear a gentle hiccup. The thoughts they shared bounced from anger at themselves to resignation at the hopelessness of the situation. Their hearts ached, and both of them felt their eyes burn with the need to shed tears that they would not let fall.

“Let me take her.”

This was the first Morgan had spoken aloud since it had all begun. The whole time, he could feel and hear the self-loathing Morgan had felt for himself through the whole thing. He knew he blamed his anger for frightening Lily. Ian felt nothing but fear that they would not be able to pull her back from this.

They took her to the bedroom. Ian slipped off her canvas shoes, and Morgan unsnapped her cutoff jeans and slipped them down her legs. He slid her under the covers and got in on her left, and Ian slipped in on the right. Neither did more than toe off his sneakers. They touched her with caresses and feathered tender kisses to her cheeks and shoulders. The men held her through the night with the

hope that they would have forever with her, and that she would allow them to explain. The ache they felt made them pray for a resolution to keep them together

Chapter 15

Lily awoke to a feeling of warmth and comfort. Lying half on top of Morgan, she was snuggled on his chest. Ian's nose was pressed to her back, and his arm was draped over her shoulder. God, she loved these mornings. Breathing in their unique scents and feeling them wrapped around her always made her feel so safe and loved.

Oh, she remembered now, Morgan's eyes. They had turned an amber and gold, and she sucked in a breath. His fingernails had turned dark and lengthened. Tears welled in her eyes, and she swallowed past the lump in her throat Morgan caressed her spine, letting her know in a quiet manner that he was awake and knew that she was, as well.

"We are weres, or werewolves. We were born this way, and all the men in our family all carry the gene that allows us to shift. When we are teenagers around sixteen, our bodies phase for the first time. Our family has always managed to keep it a secret, but all of the men are weres. We are not controlled by the moon like in the crazy movies, nor are we mindless killers. We are in complete control of when we phase or shift, as well as when we are in our wolf form. Our other form looks the same as an average wolf but twice the size of even the largest known one.

"We reproduce, as you know, like everyone else. The baby won't come out a pup or anything, but it is a boy, and when he is a teenager, he will phase, but until then everything will be normal. He will be a little larger than his peers, faster and even stronger with more stamina that will continue to develop as he ages. We are like our counterparts in the wild. We mate for life. We knew you were our mate the

moment we stepped out the truck that day, and your scent and everything about you called to our wolf.”

Morgan took a deep breath. “It was selfish of us not to tell you right away, but we were fighting on a couple fronts. We were afraid you wouldn’t allow yourself a relationship with two men, and our other fear was you would turn away from us in fear or revulsion for what we are. Then with the baby, we were afraid you would think you were trapped by us. I guess we were right about that part, huh? Anyways, the boys born as twins are alpha pairs. We are predestined to lead the pack. Our family doesn’t necessarily follow pack law exactly. We have too many sets of twins in our family. Normally an alpha pair would lead the pack, but we are fortunate that our family has all the pairs and we are all close. Otherwise, we would have to force them out to establish their own pack.”

Lily continued to lie on his chest, absorbing the information. Knowing she wasn’t ready to go further with this conversation, she spoke. “I need to get ready for work. Maybe we can talk after work tonight. Right now I need time and space.”

When Lily sat up, Ian moved aside to allow her to get up, and they watched her pick clothes out of the dresser along with undergarments. Lily paused at the door and looked at them lying in bed as though she was memorizing them then turned away and quickly closed the bathroom door. Both men exhaled a painful breath wishing that it could be different. They each got up and slipped their shoes on. Morgan went into the kitchen and poured Lily some juice and made her some toast. Taking it into the bath, he set it on the counter because the shower was still running. Turning away, he almost left when he heard her sob. Looking around the corner, he could see her huddled on the floor of the shower, her arms wrapped around her drawn-up knees. His resolve to give her space disintegrated and he stepped into the shower fully dressed. He picked her up and cradled her in his arms. Mentally, he called for Ian and held her under the warmth, letting her sob out her disappointment and fear.

They both stood there, Ian watching from the glass doorway while Morgan held her as the hot spray rained down on their bodies. Morgan had to show her nothing had changed, that he still wanted her with an obsession. Setting her on her feet, he devoured her mouth and pulled her to him. For a second he thought she would resist. She didn't. Instead she returned his kiss whole-heartedly. Grabbing his shirt, he pulled it off and threw it down, then yanked his jeans open and pushed them down past his hips. Morgan's erection sprang free, and he cupped her ass, hoisted her up without any effort, and pressed her against the tile.

He continued to bite her lips and grind his cock against the juncture of her thighs. When she moaned into his mouth, he reached down, directed his cock into the tight little crevice, and prayed that she would be ready enough to take him. He drove in high and hard, and he felt her instantly convulse with an orgasm. God, she was so hot and tight that his balls burned with the need to empty himself into her. He let her shudders calm before he started riding her. Gripping her ass with a tight hold, he pounded into her repeatedly, and when he felt her clench around him for a second time, he let the pleasure go and felt it rush up his cock and burst forward like a molten river. The pleasure was so intense that it made his knees weak, and he became lightheaded. He curled around her, taking her lips in a kiss full of feeling. Easing her to her feet, he continued kissing her while running his hands all over her soft body, as if memorizing all the minute details.

Morgan washed her body, and Ian was waiting with a huge towel to envelope her in. Ian wrapped it around her and toweled her off. He backed her against the wall opposite to her. With one hand bracketed to the wall, he leaned down, touched his forehead to hers, and breathed deeply. Lily was thinking how good it always felt to be held by them and how they always made her feel secure and safe, never lonely like she used to be. She never even realized how truly lonely she was until she met the men. Now she would never be alone with

the baby. Damn it, they always did this! Double-teaming her, always coaxing her into what they wanted. Hell no, not this time.

“You both can stop now. I know what you are doing. You both have done this since the beginning, always tag-teaming me, keeping me so hot and turned on that all I want is for you to fuck me, but not this time. I want you out right now. I am done. You are not going to fuck me into submission this time, dog boys. I am so onto you!”

Lily’s eyes flashed with anger, and she had gestured wildly causing both men to hesitantly take a few steps back.

Both men bristled at the insult and her complete lack of regard for their ranks and titles as alphas. The need to make her submit to them was so strong, that they had to force back their wolves when they howled, wanted to bend their mate to their will. Ian growled, and Morgan grabbed his arm.

Lily blasted them. “Don’t growl at me Spot! You can growl somewhere else, but I want your fuzzy asses out now!”

Each man took a deep breath, loving the scent of his mate. But knowing a cooling off period was probably in order. Neither man was thrilled with the prospect of trying to muscle his way back into her apartment. They all had to work today. Maybe they could get her to see reason tonight.

Inhaling, Ian muzzled his wolf and spoke through clenched teeth. “Lily, we will pick up something for dinner and meet you here at six thirty tonight. Don’t make me come looking for you. We will work this out.”

Lily sniffed in disdain at his order but couldn’t resist a parting shot. “Just don’t forget the kibble, huh.”

His answering growl had her biting back an inner snicker. She raised an eyebrow at Morgan. Taking the hint he grabbed his brother’s arm and cajoled Ian out the door. She heard the dead bolt lock, and she sat on the bed with a sigh. Everything was such a mess. She got up and dressed in loose, linen Capri set. She grabbed her favorite sweater, and headed off to work.

Chapter 16

The morning's work was fast-paced. She barely managed to dodge the questioning looks Bess threw her, but dodge them she did. Just before Bess was supposed to knock off for the day, Morgan showed up at the bakery. Every instinct in her body prickled with the awareness that she didn't want to hear what he had to say. His body language screamed sorrow even if she hadn't seen his red-rimmed eyes. When Lily covered her ears and sat on the floor sobbing, he came and cradled her in his lap, allowing her to cry out her denial. He slowly began to whisper and reassurances to her that Ian was indeed alive, just badly wounded, a bust went bad, and that he had taken several shots.

"I promise, baby, he is alive. They were making a drug bust, and he took two rounds to the chest, but the Kevlar saved him. But then he took additional fire, and it hit his leg. It caught an artery, but they got him back. It was so close I felt him go for a second. I was so scared. He took a round from a small caliber handgun in the arm, but it wasn't bad. It went clean through the muscle."

Lily slowly realized that they weren't alone, that Chase and Mitch were comforting Bess. Lily got up and went straight to Bess, each clasping the other like a lifeline. Still clutching Bess, Lily turned to Morgan. "I want to see him. Take us to the hospital."

Morgan nodded and asked Mitch to pull the car around. They sped quickly to the hospital, and the corridor of the waiting room was bursting with police officers and emergency workers, as well as with family. They walked together, Lily between Bess and Morgan.

A tall man came forward, and Morgan quickly introduced him. "Nona, Lily, this is Captain Hill."

"Ladies, if there is anything at all we can do, please let us know. Ian is invaluable to our house and a damn good cop. I beg your pardon about my language, ladies. Please just don't hesitate to let us know what you need. I am going to leave you to your family, but we will be right out in the main waiting area if y'all need anything."

"Thank you. We appreciate you all being here. Ian loves his job, and you all are like family. So please make yourself comfortable, and we will wait and see what the doctor has to say," Bess said, reassuring Ian's captain.

Ian and Morgan's mother was there, and she held a death grip on Lily's and Morgan's hands. Their mother's show of affection came as a surprise to Lily, given her standoffish attitude since they had met. They all quietly talked among themselves, everyone offering water and snacks often to Lily. Morgan even found a chair for Lily and a pillow for her to prop her feet on. Lily allowed Morgan to fuss over her, knowing that it gave him an outlet for his worry. After two hours of waiting, the doctor called for the family.

"I have to say it was dicey several times, but not as bad as the condition he came in. He is in recovery and making a horrible raucous asking for a Lily and a Morgan. I expect Ian will make a full recovery. We should move him out of recovery, and then we will move him to Acute Care Unit, then maybe a private room by tomorrow night. We repaired his torn bicep and set his leg, along with repairing the artery with a graft. Does anyone have any questions? Recovery allows two family members back for five minutes every hour."

Lily, having heard that he was going to be okay, felt overwhelming relief and then complete darkness.

Morgan managed to catch her before she fell far. He anticipated that she would crash soon, the emotional toll being difficult along with the refusal of food other than her saltines.

“Does she have any medical conditions?” the doctor asked, putting on his stethoscope preparing to listen to her chest while Morgan was holding her.

Lily batted the doctor’s hands away and protested. “I am fine. I just got lightheaded. Just give me a moment.”

The doctor motioned Morgan over to the group of chairs, asked questions, and prodded Lily to allow them to examine her. Her flat refusal annoyed the men. Lily grabbed Morgan and Ian’s mother’s hand to speak to her.

“Please take Bess in and see Ian first. I want to wait until Morgan and I can go in his room together, and Bess needs to rest. She has been up all day.”

Bess started to protest and Lily halted her. “Bess, I need a moment to compose myself, and I don’t want to go in without Morgan, so please do this for me.”

Bess and Abigail, Ian and Morgan’s mother, each kissed her hairline, showing her the love and support they would always give her as a beloved family member.

The doctor bent to check on her. “If you go with your fellow here and get something to eat and drink, when you come back, I will tell the nurses that you can visit the patient when you come back if he continues to improve after the first visit.”

Lily smiled an agreement. Morgan eased her to her feet and guided her to the elevator, answering questions thrown at them from the people there to show their support from the precinct and from fire and rescue.

They went down to the hospital cafeteria where Morgan sat her at a small table where he could see her. He quickly reappeared with a clear plastic container and a foam cup. Lily opened her meal and was pleasantly surprised at the light meal. The chilled vegetables with dip, croissant with deli meat rolled up, and smoothie was a perfect choice. He stood sentry, bullying her into eating at least half and sending away well-meaning friends and family members.

When they made it back up to the surgical recovery floor, forty minutes had passed, and they found a much-improved floor. Family members, more relaxed, were teasing one another. Abigail rushed up to them and hugged them. Almost out of breath from relief, she asked if Lily had eaten.

“Ian is waiting for you both. He is very anxious to see you, my dears.”

She walked with them to the nurse’s station, and a young nurse was waiting to escort them to his cubicle. The young woman shot Morgan and Lily a curious look but smiled and reminded them only five minutes would be allowed. Grateful, Lily smiled, walked past the curtain, and came to a stop. Ian’s dark eyes were almost black with pain and need, the need to see them. Ian reached out to Lily, and she quickly came forward, wanting to reassure him that she was there. He slid his hand down the front of her and lightly grazed her flat stomach.

“How is our baby? You didn’t get too upset. I was so afraid for you and the baby.”

Lily tearfully reassured him. “No, we are fine, Morgan just fed us. How are you? Oh God, Ian. I thought my heart was going to stop when I saw Morgan in the bakery. I can’t live without the two of you. You can’t ever do this to me again. I need you both.”

Morgan had moved in behind her and had draped an arm over the head of the bed and around the tubes and wires. She laid her head in the curve of Ian’s neck, and with Morgan’s front touching her back, the three embraced so sweet and full of love. Ian pulled away, offering his lips for a kiss, and Lily took them, loving the sweet taste of him. She thanked God she would have the opportunity to continue to taste his kiss.

“Morgan, you both go home, and make Lily rest. The two of you can come back in the morning. I am not going to hold out much longer. I just wanted to see you both before I crash. The damn blood they gave me is slowing my healing. The sooner I rest, the sooner I

can get out so I can phase and completely heal. I wish Mathew would have been in town so he could have intercepted the blood and gotten some from you.

“Morgan, bring me something to wear. I am not wearing this damn dress anymore. They are going to move me tomorrow, and you know all the guys from the station will be here. I sure as shit don’t want to be seen in a damn nightgown. You, woman, get some sleep and don’t worry about me. I am fine, or I will be as soon as I can get out of here. Until then, take care of our baby.”

Lily nodded to his order. Morgan wrapped an arm around her waist, and Lily leaned wearily against his chest, resting her temple against his breastbone. She reluctantly released his hand, kissed his lips, and whispered, “I’ll see you in the morning. I love you.”

Pulling back to look into his eyes, she saw his fill with emotions she never thought she would even want to see again, but faced with the thought of being forever without their love, she just couldn’t fathom a future worth living without them. No, everything wasn’t resolved, and the men had a huge amount of explaining to do, but this more than made her realize she wanted their explanations. Yes, she would be making them grovel for awhile, well after she got over her shock and the pure terror she felt when Ian was hurt. Her men would learn that she would put their balls in a vice if they ever withheld such vital information from her again.

The walk to the vehicle was made in peace. Morgan’s abrupt dismissal made them all keep their distance, so he and Lily could exit quickly. His death hold on her arm and shoulder never wavered. He opened the truck door, lifted her into the truck, and fastened her seat belt without much ceremony. Grateful, she smiled at him because she was exhausted and running out of steam, fast.

When they pulled up at the men’s home, she was visibly dragging with fatigue. Morgan undressed her efficiently and put their clothes on the dresser. Taking her by the hand, he led her to the bathroom. They showered together, Morgan washing her hair and gently

cleansing the smell of the hospital from both of their bodies. Drying her quickly, he seemed surprised when she reached for a towel and dried him with lingering touches while brushing kisses over him.

Morgan's breath hitched, and it was all he could do to hold the emotions sweeping through him back and not bawl. Falling to his knees on the bath rug covering the tile, he wrapped his arms around her waist like a vine and rested his head against her stomach. Breathing deeply, he tried to tamp down the feelings ripping through him.

She reached down and brought his face up, and the tears in his eyes made her slip to her knees. He ran his hands up her back, fisted them in her hair, and devoured her mouth, consuming her like she was a meal and he just ended a weeklong fast. Emotions came to a head, and he loved her desperately on the soft bath rug. Her wet hair was spread on the cold tile, and she felt his heat of his body covering hers and the driving thrust of his hard cock pounding her out of sheer desperation. Her lovingly offering her body for his use completely caught him off guard. When her orgasm flashed hot and bright, she bowed her back under his pummeling. When she cried out, he captured it with his mouth, growling out his release into her mouth.

With hearts pounding, they lay on the rug for a long time until Morgan's arms clearly couldn't hold him off her any longer. So he got to his knees, gathered her against his chest, and set her on the counter, the cold top startling a gasp from her. Lily watched him wet a washcloth and cleanse her inner thighs of their release, and when he delved the cloth into her inner flesh, she pulled his hand away.

"Leave it. I like having you be a part of my body, the feel of you, the smell of you, all of it."

A shudder worked through his body at her words, making his cock twitch. Giving her a quick kiss on her lips, he stepped back so he didn't fuck her on the counter.

"Are you hungry?"

Lily shook her head. He found a T-shirt for her, and they crawled into his huge bed, Lily's thoughts going back to the last time they had been in this bed together.

Chapter 17

A week earlier

The men had taken her out to dinner, but they had only managed to get through the appetizer before they ordered their entrées to go. When they got to the truck, Ian put her up on the bench seat and stepped between her thighs, sliding her skirt up above her panties, and there in the dark parking lot, he nuzzled her panty-covered mound. His hot breath made her shiver and moan, and when he hooked his finger inside the leg of the lacy bit of nothing and curled up into her pussy, she couldn't stop her ragged cry or the jerk of her hips. Ian pulled the wet digit out and smeared her juice on her lips. Morgan swooped in to lick and suck every drop off her and dipped his finger once more. She watched him suck it dry. The predatory gleam in their eyes made her shiver with anticipation at whatever the men had in store for her. The drive home was filled with teasing touches that kept her arousal at a full simmer.

The men pulled into the garage, quickly shut the garage doors and disengaged the alarm, and when they were safely in the house, they reset it. Both men kept her between them all the way to the bedroom, only pausing to toss the dinner containers into the refrigerator. When they reached the bedroom, Morgan pushed her to her knees, and each man unbuttoned his jeans and eased his aroused cock from its tight confines. Looking up at both of them from the submissive position had her creaming her panties alone. But when Morgan gruffly ordered her to suck their cocks, she trembled with need. Each man smelled so good, the same underlying musk, but so different. She circled each

cock with a hand that didn't surround the circumference of either one and guided her hand from base of each shaft to its weeping head.

They both bucked into her hand, and she ran her tongue over the head of first one, then the other and lapped at the bead of come that welled on each. When Lily sucked on the tip of Morgan's cock, he grasped her by the head and fucked his thick shaft into her mouth. The head bumped against her throat, and he gruffly ordered her to swallow him. She willed her throat muscles to relax and forced herself to breathe through her nose.

The rough way Morgan was taking her mouth should have turned her off, but it didn't. If anything, it heightened her arousal knowing that she, frumpy Lily, had turned them on to this point.

As Morgan began to fuck her throat in earnest, Ian came behind her and licked her small rosette, kissing and tonguing the small opening. He eased one finger then another into her while watching her hips back up onto his fingers. It amazed him how well she had taken to anal pleasure. Before they had left for the restaurant, he had taken this little sweet ass. Knowing she was open enough, he looked up at Morgan, letting him know it was time. He witnessed Morgan do what most men could never do, pull away from paradise. Ian moved and let Morgan take his place. Ian guided Lily's mouth to his own cock and loved how she automatically swallowed his length.

As Morgan approached Lily's sweet upturned ass, he couldn't wait to shoot his load in her open ass so he could use it as lube for when he and Ian took her together. He licked his index and middle finger and eased them into her. He was thankful for the fact that Ian had fucked her ass just hours ago. The muscles were still slightly relaxed, and he was able to ease them quickly. As his strokes brought him to the point of no return, he pressed the head of his cock into her open hole and shot his load into her ass. Watching Ian buck his cum into Lily's mouth did the trick of keeping Morgan hard. He eased the rest of his length into her ass and brought her body flush with his chest. He wrapped an arm around her chest, cupped one of her

breasts, and used the other hand to pick her up. He walked over to the bed, sat on the edge, and eased them both onto their backs while his cock was still embedded deeply in her ass.

Lily watched Ian approach the bed and he grabbed her thighs and placed them over Morgan's opening her to him. She gazed at him as he kissed her navel, burrow his lips into her cunt, and lick and suck her clit. If it weren't for the grip each man had on her, she would have thrashed all over the bed. Ian finally took mercy on her and let go of her clit after one last hard suck. She saw Ian grip the large shaft and guide it to her pussy.

At first, the tight little muscles resisted him, but his steady pressure and determination won out. He finally mastered the small space with one hard shove, at which Lily issued a grunt at the depth of penetration. Ian closed his eyes and looked like he was in awful pain. Then no thought was possible because he withdrew and plunged back in, and then she felt Morgan counter every thrust. Ian thrust a dozen times, and it was over. Lily was sobbing her need, crying for the pleasure. She knew that only they could make her achieve the earth-shattering climax Ian withdrew, and Morgan flipped her over and pulled her by the hips up onto his cock, which forced her shoulders and knees down and her ass up for his driving thrusts. Morgan mashed his palm against her pubic bone and her clit and rubbed with his thrusts, smearing Ian's seed all over her mound and inner thighs.

The slick friction was her undoing. Lily quickly peaked, screaming her pleasure loud enough that anyone in the house would have heard. The quaking muscles of her pussy and ass milked Morgan of his last load of the night. They both collapsed onto the bed, his weight pressing her deep in the mattress, their shuddering breaths uneven.

Morgan eased them on their sides a few moments later, and Ian eased down opposite from her, kissing her mouth while he wiped her release-smear clean. Her lack of response worried him. She usually stirred, but not this time. She didn't even move a muscle

while they cleansed her. When Morgan withdrew, Ian handed the cloth to him, allowing him to wipe the tiny rosette seeping his come.

“Is she asleep?” Morgan asked.

“Yeah, out like a light,” Ian answered.

“Good, she seems exhausted lately. I’m glad we are getting away.” Morgan loped off to the bathroom to clean up. Ian covered her up and eased an arm around her and played with her hair allowing the tension to ease in his body and sleep to call him in.

Chapter 18

Lily awoke alone, but she could hear the shower running, so she continued to lie still in hope that she wouldn't blow chunks if she moved. Breathing shallowly, she heard Morgan shut the shower off, and she saw Morgan peek his head out the bath door and smile at her.

“Good morning, sunshine. You ready for some breakfast?”

Lily bolted from the bed, and Morgan quickly threw the bath door completely open so she could run through. Collapsing in front of the toilet, Lily emptied her stomach. To her eternal embarrassment, Morgan held her hair and soothed her through the humiliating experience. Helping her up, he led her to the sink so she could rinse her mouth. Lily shivered, the sweat that beaded on her body during her own little version of spewing like someone possessed had cooled, making it difficult to decide if she was hot or cold.

Seeing how drained she was, he quickly scooped her up into his arms and carried her back to bed. “Hang tight, sugar, and I'll get you something to drink and nibble on.”

After kissing her on the forehead, he exited quickly. Coming back in a matter of moments, he was carrying a soda and some saltines.

“Try to eat something while I pack a bag for Ian, and we will get something in a bit when your stomach settles. Okay?”

Lily nodded and took small bites and sips of what Morgan had brought her. Feeling a little steadier, she eased out the bed. She made her way gingerly towards the bathroom, showered, and slipped on an outfit from her drawer the men had insisted she have for some clothes. She was thankful that she had listened to the men now. Lily couldn't

bear the thought of putting on the clothes from the night before with the smell of the hospital clinging to them.

Lily was slipping her feet into flip-flops when Morgan came back to the door.

“You are up. I thought you would still be resting.” He approached her, cupped her face, and kissed her lips. “Do you need to drop by your place for anything?”

Lily shook her head negatively. Lily clutched at Morgan like a lifeline, and he murmured reassurances. “Lily, baby, he is going to be fine. Come on. Let’s get out of here so you can see for yourself.”

Morgan led her out to his truck, lifted her into the passenger side and buckled her belt. The bag sitting at her feet was a clear reminder that everything could have gone away yesterday.

Morgan pulled into a grocer and kissed her lips. “Be right back, babe.”

She saw him less than ten minutes later carrying a couple bags. He opened the back door on his side to place the bags in and hopped in.

“You ready, baby?”

Lily nodded, and Morgan backed out, all the while talking about what he had picked up and about his general thoughts for the day.

“I was thinking they will either have moved him already or will move him this morning. We will spend today visiting with him, and this afternoon, we will go to your apartment, pick up some things for you, and come back to the hospital after we eat lunch. Then we will go for dinner and get you back to the house tonight for a good night’s sleep. What do you think?”

Lily nodded, knowing it gave Morgan a sense of control to plan and organize, and honestly, she was still too exhausted to put much thought into a plan for today. Before she left the men’s house this morning, she had called Missy, the girl she hired for the counter, and had told her to take the day off as soon as she got the prepared orders out. Looking over at Morgan, she spoke for the first time since they

left the house. “Morgan, I am getting a little hungry. Can we stop and pick something up?”

“What were you thinking you would like to eat, sweet pea?”

“I don’t know, but I want fruit and bacon and maybe some pancakes. Hmm, and maybe a donut, what do you think?”

Morgan shook his head at the donut. “Honey, the donut is a no-go until you see a doctor. I want to talk to him about nutrition and limitations.”

Lily could barely contain the need to roll her eyes at him, but she managed it.

“How about we stop at the pancake house down from the hospital and eat?”

Lily nodded, and they traveled the few miles to the pancake house. After he parked the truck, he opened her door and led her into the nearly empty diner. When they were seated, he told the waitress no coffee and to bring them juice and her fruit to get started. When she brought both back, he placed an order for bacon and pancakes for them both and added eggs to his. Morgan liked that they could eat in companionable silence, both anxious to see Ian, and when they were done he paid and asked the cashier to package an order of fruit salad and a muffin.

They made the quick drive to the hospital and she was surprised to see family and guys from the station already there. Chase came up, brushed a quick kiss to her forehead, and hugged Morgan. He gave Morgan a quick rundown of who had been by and who was coming back. Lily realized that he must have stayed all night, and she wondered if it was because of their secret or because of family concern.

When they went in the cubicle, a couple of nurses were preparing his bed and him to be moved.

“Hey, baby, how did you sleep?”

She came forward and kissed his forehead when the nurse securing his IV was done and moved. She nodded and caressed his face, smoothing his brow.

“I’m fine, baby. I missed you. What did the doctor say this morning?”

“Just that they are moving me to a regular floor, and he would be by later this afternoon.”

“Are you in a lot of pain?”

He shook his head, and the nurse spoke up. “He has refused pain medication since his initial dose after surgery.”

Ian grunted at her butting in and shot a quick retort back.

“I don’t need it. Don’t you have something to prepare to move me?”

Lily and the nurse shared a look of agreement about stubborn men. Lily laughed and realized she would never have it any other way. She wanted nothing more than a life time of shaking her head in frustration at both men’s stubborn bullheadedness.

Epilogue

One month later

They were waiting for Mathew's colleague to come in and do the ultrasound they had been looking forward to for weeks. The last month had been as close to perfection as she could ever imagine. Their commitment ceremony was so beautiful. They held it in Nona's garden with just close family. The men each gave her an eternity band to wear on each side of her engagement ring. Her new family had taken care of all the details. She only had to find a dress and show up. After having two men to soothe for a week, that idea sounded just about perfect to her. They made their vows to each other a week after Ian was released from the hospital. It was everything she had ever dreamed a wedding day being. Just this morning she had been admiring their wedding photo that sat on their nightstand. The men were so handsome in their tuxes flanking her. Her corset-style gown with its tulle skirt made her look like the princess her men made her feel like. The three of them made a striking trio, smiling into the camera, knowing they had found home in each other.

They were all nervous. This was their first ultrasound. She smiled when Dr. Taylor came in, and he returned her smile, which made the men bristle momentarily. Dr. Taylor shook hands with the men and patted Lily's knee. They were fortunate to have found a doctor who would understand and not judge their relationship. Mathew had referred Dr. Taylor because they went to medical school together and were always close.

They spoke about her general health, and when Morgan pulled out his list of questions and notes, she and Ian snickered. Morgan shot them a quelling look, and Dr. Taylor proceeded to answer, defend, and advise the three of them.

“Lily, I am glad you are taking it a lot easier. You look great, and you have wonderful color. Morgan’s report of your nausea increasing has me a little concerned, so I am going to prescribe an anti-nausea medication. I want you to start with half a tablet, and if that doesn’t work, follow with the other half. Well, let us get a look at your baby.”

Dr. Taylor lowered the paper sheet and said quietly, “It’s cold,” before squirting the gel on her abdomen, which at almost four months along, her stomach had a small curve. He worked the handle over her abdomen.

“Your lab results are good, and we will talk more about that after I make notes on the ultrasound, so bare with me.”

He froze pictures, then redid them, and went over everything repeatedly. After almost ten minutes, Lily broke and started to cry. “What’s wrong with our baby?”

Dr. Taylor smiled reassuringly and pleaded. “Oh, Lily, don’t cry or your husbands are going to pound me. I suspected something, and I just wanted to be sure do you know what HCG is?”

Lily shook her head negatively.

“It’s a pregnancy hormone. The higher or lower the number can indicate many different things in pregnancy, such as how far along you are or even multiple births.” Dr Taylor explained.

Morgan spoke up. “Is it low?”

“No, actually it is very high. I am sorry, sweetie. I wanted to be sure before I said anything. Look here, Lily.” He pointed to the screen. “Do you see the little thing flickering right there? It’s the heartbeat. Now look right over here another heartbeat. The three of you have been doubly blessed, twins.”

Morgan and Ian sat down very hard in the chairs by the examining table. They were truly stunned. Dr. Taylor broke the silence.

“Lily, are you okay?”

Her tears were immediately forgotten, and her excitement was obvious. “I am perfect, Dr. Taylor. Twins, I am so excited. When can we find out if they are boys or girls?”

Dr. Taylor shot the men a concerned look at their continued silence, but answered her quickly. “You can have another ultrasound in about six more weeks, and it will be a lot easier to tell the sex of the babies. This means you need to take things a lot easier now. With two babies, they will take a lot from you. Remember, small, frequent meals. Your body will require a bit more now. I am going to add folic acid and calcium to your daily prenatal. Morgan, please increase her daily allowance of calories in her meals to include an additional five hundred calories. Ideally you should have gained more than the four pounds by now. Maybe the anti-nausea meds will help you with that. Do any of you have any questions?”

When they shook their heads numbly, Dr. Taylor smiled and continued with his dialogue.

“You have my phone numbers. Please feel free to give me a call if you think of anything.”

Dr. Taylor shook hands with the men and exited so Lily could dress. Morgan was immediately at her side, helping her ease off the table and begin dressing. Smiling, she couldn't help but be thrilled with the news. But she sneaked a peek at her men, and their perfect faces were creased with a worry frown. She took pity on them, and wrapped her arms around both their waists. Ian took her in his arms, and Morgan embraced her from behind.

“It's okay, guys. Why are you both so shocked? I mean there are four sets, you guys. Even I wondered if our kids would have a set. Guess we know what they are, huh? Just think. Now you don't have to worry about beating up all the men in the world now.”

“No, baby, I'm worried, but I think I speak for Ian as well when I say we are in awe. You have given us so much already, but this. This is surreal.”

Morgan turned her and cupped her face, and Ian moved up behind her holding her to him. “More than we could have ever hoped of wishing for.”

Morgan leaned down and kissed her lips. Lily knew she could face anything content with the love of the two men who held her in their arms and who would forever hold her heart.

THE END

WWW.ANGELAWRAY.COM

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Angela Wray is a stay-at-home mom who, up until recently, spent her days following her very own Hero around the world, while he fulfilled his commitment to his country. After twenty years, he called it a day, and they are embarking on this new era together. Angela and her family are now enjoying their home in the low country of central South Carolina. When she's not writing, she can normally be found chauffeuring her three children to school and ball games, playing maid to them and, on a really good day, a cook as well. Angela looks forward to hearing from readers, so please feel free to contact her at her website or by email at angelawray@live.com.



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