



Loose Id

**Life, Love and  
the Moon**  
*Jeigh Lynn*

MOON 4:  
**LIFE, LOVE, AND THE  
MOON**

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# Moon 4: Life, Love, and the Moon

Jeigh Lynn

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Published by  
Loose Id LLC  
870 Market St, Suite 1201  
San Francisco CA 94102-2907  
[www.loose-id.com](http://www.loose-id.com)

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ISBN 978-1-59632-847-1

Available in Adobe PDF, HTML, MobiPocket, and MS Reader

Printed in the United States of America

Editor: Olivia Wong  
Cover Artist: Christine M. Griffin

## Dedication

*To Mason and Tyson. Even though neither of you is allowed to read this story for another ten years or so, I want you to know that you are always in my heart and my thoughts. I love you both!*

*Special thanks to Andre, my critique partners, and the great crew at Loose Id.*

## Prologue

*Día de los muertos*, Day of the Dead, is a day to celebrate the deceased, to respect them and their memories. But death cannot be recognized without first paying homage to life. Can life be celebrated without honoring love?

## Chapter One

*November 2, 1973*

It looked like a black demon swooping down to get her, dark but for an outline of fiery orange and red. With the sunlight behind it, its face was cast in shadows and looked...sinister.

She shivered.

This couldn't be right. He was usually good at listening, but he had to have misinterpreted what his fiancée had said. No one met family in a cemetery.

Someone tapped on the passenger side window, taking her attention away from the angel statue. Sarah gasped, clutching her chest, and glanced at the empty driver's seat. Surprised by their destination, she hadn't realized he'd left the vehicle.

"Come on, Sarah, what are you waiting for? Get out of the car."

She gave the iron fence and its hovering beast a frown through the windshield before looking back at her cousin's smiling face. She shook her head. "Get back in the car, Kyle. We need to find a phone and call Rita."

Sighing, he blew a lock of strawberry blond hair off his forehead and reached for the door handle.

She hit the lock. No way was she getting out; the sun was on its way down and it would be dark soon.

“We don’t need to call Rita. She’s already here.” He put his hands on his waist, cocking his hips slightly to the left. She might have been intimidated by the stare he gave her if she hadn’t lived with him and his parents for most of her life.

What was it with men and directions anyway? She shook her head again. “She is not. You got the directions wrong. Rita isn’t meeting us in a cemetery. Let’s go call her, so we won’t be too late.” Rita could be a little kooky at times, but not even she would introduce Sarah to the rest of her family in a graveyard.

Her cousin closed his eyes briefly, pinched the bridge of his nose and chuckled. His dark blue eyes twinkled with mirth. “I knew you’d act this way. That’s why I didn’t tell you.”

What did that mean? So she didn’t like cemeteries. Who did? They were morbid and scary. She frowned harder. “Get back in the car, please.”

“Sarah, I know exactly where we are. We’re supposed to be here, it’s a celebration.”

Ha! Just how naïve did he think she was?

Kyle strode around the back of the big blue Cadillac his mama had loaned them and opened the driver’s side door. Leaning down, he rested his arm on the door causing his bangs to fall into his eyes again. “Come on, cuz. I thought you wanted to meet Rita’s family?”

“I do, but Kyle--”

He slid into the driver’s seat until his leg touched hers. “It’s a culture thing. They really are here. They do this every year.”

“A culture thing? Kyle, we may not be werewolves but we come from a family of them. Have you ever heard of any of our relatives partying in such a place? Our family wouldn’t be caught dead in a graveyard at night.”



Kyle's lip twitched.

Oh, that was bad. She grinned, despite the seriousness of the conversation. "Well, I guess if they were dead..."

Kyle laughed and hugged her. "You nut. It's a Mexican thing, not a werewolf thing. It's called *Día de los Muertos*."

It very well could be. His fiancée, Rita Hernandez, not only came from a family of werewolves, but she was also Mexican. The only thing Sarah knew about Mexicans was that the men were hunks. "Are you sure?"

"I'm positive. You know how narrow-minded my parents are. You're the only one in the family that doesn't have a problem with me marrying Rita; I want you to see this and share it with me. Besides, you've already met Diego, and Mexican culture is fascinating. Death is viewed very differently from the way we do." He kissed her forehead. "Please..."

She really didn't want to go, but how could she not? Kyle was right. His parents were generally wonderful people, but they weren't very open-minded. They hadn't even allowed Sarah to date until this year, for crying out loud.

Sarah sighed. "Okay." Wanting to make a good impression on Rita's family, she flipped the car visor down and checked her appearance in the dim dome light. In the approaching darkness, her green eyes appeared brown and her auburn hair less brassy than normal. Maybe if she was lucky the deepening dusk would continue to dull her bright hair.

She fluffed up her bangs and pulled her ponytail tighter, then let the ends fall back to her shoulders. Sliding out of the car, she straightened her white hip-hugger bell-bottoms and tugged on the hem of her green sweater.

"Lead the way, Señor Garrett. I'm all for learning new things. I *am* going to be a reporter, after all." Shutting the door she grabbed Kyle's hand. "But you better not be lying to me."

He chuckled and kissed her hand. "I'm not."

Clutching Kyle's fingers, she let him lead her out of the car and past the black cast iron gate. She tried not to think about where she was or how quickly the sun was setting. She wasn't a timid person, and it normally took a lot to give her the heebie-jeebies, but graveyards were too morose.

Kyle squeezed her hand. "You okay? You're not going to scream when someone speaks to you, are you?"

"Not unless it's a ghost. Then all bets are off."

Grinning, he tugged her along. "Come on." He led her deeper into the cemetery. It was a very large place, with well manicured grass and trees. If it hadn't been for the fact that dead people were buried here, it would have been lovely, especially in the daytime. As it was, the place was just plain spooky.

Sarah heard them before she saw them. It did indeed sound like a party was going on. She'd never heard of such a thing. Everyone she knew talked in a hushed voice in graveyards. Were Rita and her family like this in churches and libraries, too?

She and Kyle rounded the corner of a mausoleum, and Sarah had to blink to make sure she was seeing things right. Kyle hadn't lied, after all. There were tons of candles and party decorations and about a dozen people scattered around a plot eating and drinking. It had to be the strangest thing she'd ever witnessed, but it looked like fun, too.

Kyle pulled on her hand. "Close your mouth, Sarah."

She snapped her mouth shut, but didn't take her eyes off the sight in front of her.

Rita, who was standing with a group of women, looked up and saw them. She smiled and waved, heading their way with her waist-length black hair floating behind her.

It was easy to see why Kyle had fallen in love with her. She was beautiful inside and out. Tonight, she had on a long, red, Spanish-styled skirt and a white long-sleeved shirt that did nothing to hide her ample bosom. It wasn't fair that someone so petite and thin should be so well endowed.

Kyle dropped Sarah's hand in favor of hugging his fiancée. They kissed briefly, and Sarah resisted the urge to sigh. She had never shared her aunt's opinion that Kyle needed someone fair. From the very first time Sarah saw them together, the affection they shared had been obvious. They looked good together, with Kyle's blond handsomeness a complement to Rita's dark beauty.

How could Kyle's parents frown on the match? They'd come very close to disowning their son when he'd announced his engagement. The only reason they hadn't was because Rita came from good werewolf stock. Her brother, Diego, was alpha of the local pack, which apparently made up for the fact that Rita wasn't lily white. Sarah wished she had someone who loved her the way Kyle did his fiancée.

Rita pulled back from Kyle and smiled at her. "I'm so glad you're here, Sarah. You have to meet my mama."

"Is she dead?" *Oh, God!* Sarah slapped her hand over her mouth.

Rita burst into laughter. "No, Red, she's very much alive. But never fear, I'm sure she'll introduce you to my papa, who *is* dead. That's his grave." She pointed to the spot decorated with candles, flowers, and streamers, where all the people were gathered.

Sarah groaned. Rita wasn't the only one who had ever dared to call her "Red," but she was the only one Sarah hadn't been able to intimidate into dropping the nickname after the first time it was used. *Cursed red hair*. At least she didn't have the freckles to go with the mane, even if she did have the dreaded pale skin that burned if you so much as mentioned the sun. "Rita..."

Rita's big brown eyes twinkled with mischief. "What? It's a cute nickname. Or maybe I could call you Scarlett; it fits you better than it does me."

A small Mexican woman rushed up, going to Kyle immediately. "*Mijo*."

"Hello, Mama." Kyle dipped down and hugged the woman, kissing her cheek.

The woman returned Kyle's kiss and stepped back. She tsked at Rita. "*Mija*, you aren't named Scarlett for your appearance. And it's not a nickname; it's a middle name." She then turned to Sarah, openly looking her up and down.

Sarah resisted the urge to squirm under her close scrutiny. This was her only cousin's future mother-in-law, and she wanted the older woman to like her. It meant a lot to Kyle. In a way, Sarah was acting as ambassador for her and Kyle's family.

Then Rita's mom smiled and hugged her, giving her no choice but to hug back. "Welcome, Sarah; you're even prettier than Margarita has said. I'm Esperanza Hernandez. Please call me Mama, *mija*." She grabbed Sarah's hand and brought her toward the festive grave. "Kyle tells me you're a writer. What do you write? I love romance novels. Have you read *Gone with the Wind*?"

Sarah glanced over her shoulder at Kyle and Rita. *Help me.*

Rita waved and shrugged, grimacing. "It's okay. Have her tell you about our customs. She's harmless... I promise."

Sarah turned back to Esperanza. "Y-yes, ma'am. I love that novel."

"I named my children after its characters. Well, their middle names anyway."

Sarah smiled. And people accused her of living in a book. "What are their names? I know Rita's is Margarita Scarlett. What's Diego's?"

"He is Diego Ashley, and Emilio is Emilio Rhett."

"Emilio? I've heard Diego talk about him, but I've never met him. Is he here?"

"Oh, yes. He's around here somewhere. Emilio is the baby. He's eighteen months younger than Margarita." Esperanza patted her hand. "Come, let me introduce you to my Nestor."

They stopped in front of the plot. Against the headstone and between two potted arrangements of marigolds was a picture of a man. A very handsome man. Rita's older

brother and Kyle's best friend, Diego, bore a very strong resemblance to him. Something about the portrait's smiling face made her relax, and she smiled back.

"This is my husband Nestor. This--" She motioned around her. "-- must be quite strange to you. What questions do you have, mija?"

Sarah glanced at Esperanza. The concern in the older woman's lined face made her want to reassure her. And she was very curious. It was strange, but she sensed a kinship to the older woman.

"Esperanza, I'm not like my aunt and uncle. I'm very glad Kyle is marrying Rita. I adore her. I'm also very curious about not just your culture, but about werewolf culture, too. The wolf gene skipped my uncle, Kyle's dad, and he doesn't talk about that side of the family with Kyle and me so we don't know very much. My father was a wolf, but he died when I was young."

Esperanza smiled and tugged her down to sit beside the grave. "Then you may ask me anything at all, mija. I didn't come from a family of wolves like you, but my sons are wolves, as was my Nestor."

What does *mija* mean?"

"*Mija* means 'my daughter.' *Mijo* is 'my son.' They are terms of endearment."

Sarah grinned, realizing the woman had accepted her into her family already. "What is the Day of the Dead about? Why is there a party and decora--"

*"Mami, Emilio es malo conmigo, no me quera dar una galleta."*

Sarah froze. Right in front of her were two of the most gorgeous men she'd ever laid eyes on. One man, the one who'd spoken, had black hair, piercing gray eyes, and the face of an angel, with high cheekbones and a dimple in his right cheek. He was fair-skinned with a golden tan, but not as fair as Sarah, and...beautiful. The other man was obviously Mexican; he, too, had black hair, but his eyes were big and brown, and his skin was a very dark tan. He

wasn't as lovely as the first man, but he was quite handsome and very sexy. Of the two, he was the larger, although not by much.

Esperanza pointed a stern finger at the tanned man, but she was smiling. "Emilio, give Michael one of those cookies and quit being mean to him."

The one who had initially spoken, Michael, hung off the back of the other one, Emilio, trying to reach a skull-shaped cookie in Emilio's outstretched hand. Both men were laughing. Finally, Emilio relented and handed over the cookie as his friend dropped onto his feet.

Michael looked down at Sarah, his mouth making a small *O*. He smiled again. "Hi."

It was like being run over with a big rig. "Hel-lo."

Emilio smiled just as brightly as Michael. "Hey." He took the cookie back from his friend and held it out to her. "Would you like one?"

Sarah opened her mouth, but nothing happened. Her body responded, even though her brain had obviously taken a leave of absence. Her nipples perked right up, and she was suddenly grateful that she wore a bra under her thin sweater.

Esperanza saved her from further embarrassment by waving her hands at the men. "Get away, the both of you! Sarah and I are talking about Día de los Muertos and books. Shoo..."

Michael winked at her, grabbed the cookie back and stuck it in his mouth before turning away.

Emilio rolled his eyes and shook his head, then he followed his friend. A few yards away he swung around and waved. "Bye, Sarah."

*No, don't go!* Sarah waved back in a daze. The two men eventually blended in with the crowd and Sarah lost sight of them. She looked at Esperanza.

"The taller one was your younger son, right? Who was the other?"

“Oh, mija. You may just be the one. Yes, that was Emilio, of course, and his close friend, Michael McCoy.” The older woman grinned, her eyes twinkling. “Any woman who loves Emilio or Michael must accept the other as well, I’m afraid. They are a package deal.”

*Huh?* Then what Esperanza had said earlier hit her. “The one?”

The older woman nodded. “The one for both of them.”

## Chapter Two

*November 4, 1974*

She was bored out of her mind. They'd been here for an hour and the priest hadn't even called for the groomsmen and bridesmaids yet; he was still giving Kyle and Rita instructions. You'd think the couple had to perform some elaborate dance or magic act the way the priest made them repeat things over and over. Of course, that was probably why they called it a rehearsal.

"Hey. Sarah, right?"

She jumped, not having realized anyone had come up beside her. "Oh!" She put her hand to her chest and looked up. Emilio and Michael stood at the end of the aisle, smiling at her. She nearly swallowed her tongue, and her belly started doing flip-flops.

"Sorry, didn't mean to startle you. Can we sit down?" Emilio asked.

"Sure." Sarah scooted along the pew, making plenty of space for them, but instead of sitting on the end, Emilio walked past and sat on her other side, leaving the space by the aisle for Michael, who ended up leaning against the back of the pew in front of them. *Okay, be cool, Sarah.*



Emilio grinned and dipped his head toward the altar, where Kyle, Rita, and the priest were. "Boring, isn't it?"

Sarah grinned back, trying her best to relax and not make a complete fool of herself. "Very. I should have brought a book."

Michael nodded. "I was thinking the same thing." He was even more gorgeous up close. His skin was so smooth; surely he was old enough to shave. He had to be around her age, but there was no hint of facial hair. Unlike Emilio, he didn't appear to be naturally dark, but rather as though his golden tan was from exposure to the sun. Anyone with his skin tone and hair color normally had brown eyes, but the contrast between his jet-black hair and gray eyes was amazing, almost startling in its beauty. He wasn't a huge man by any means, but his snug shirt showed off well-defined muscles, like those of an athlete. He also had high cheekbones and a barely visible cleft in his chin.

"You're Kyle's cousin?" Emilio asked, bringing her attention back to him. Michael awed her with his good looks, but Emilio exuded a rugged masculinity. He was the type of man that instantly made a woman think of sex. The size and the breadth of his shoulders made her want to strip him bare and touch him. He raised one black brow, looking at her expectantly.

Oh, Lord, she was gawking. He'd asked her a question. "Yes. He's more like a brother, though. I've lived with him and his parents since I was four. You're Emilio?"

He grinned, his big brown eyes crinkling just a little at the corners. "Yes. And this is Michael." Emilio reached up and ran a finger down her forehead. "Why the frown?" His touch was soft, gentle, almost seductive. And very forward, given that he'd just met her, but she didn't mind; for some odd reason it felt right.

She was relaxing in their presence, the more they talked. "I was just thinking that you have a slight accent when you say your name, but it was Michael who spoke Spanish at the cemetery." She looked at the other man. "Are you Mexican, too?"

He grinned, looking mischievous and showing off the dimple she'd glimpsed last night. *No, hermosa, soy americano, pero hablo español.*"

She didn't have a clue what he'd said, but it went straight to her core.

Michael's eyes flared wide for a second, then grew a shade darker, a stormy gray. "*Te gusta cuando mi hablo español?*"

Sarah shivered, unable to help herself, and hoped neither of them noticed. "What did you say?"

"He said, 'No, beautiful, I'm American, but I speak Spanish.'" Emilio's voice was raspy and close to her ear. His breath moved the hairs at her temple. "Then he asked if you liked it when he spoke Spanish to you."

Her inner muscles squeezed tight and moisture seeped out. Sarah closed her eyes and leaned toward him, then straightened quickly, blinking. What was it about these two that got to her? They were gorgeous, sure, but there was something more.

She faced Emilio, trying to regain her composure. "Oh, yes. It's a pretty language." *Wait.* Michael had called her beautiful? She swiveled her head so fast that Emilio had to shift to avoid being hit in the face with her ponytail. "I'm not beautiful."

Michael's cheeks turned pink, and his gaze shot to Emilio before he ducked his head. It was both an endearing and interesting reaction, and did funny things to her insides. How could such a handsome man be shy?

Emilio chuckled. "Yes, you are."

It was on the tip of her tongue to argue, but she smiled instead. If they thought her beautiful, she wasn't about to try and talk them out of thinking so. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Sarah glanced at Michael, glad to see the charming blush was starting to fade. "How is it that you speak Spanish so well?"

Michael grinned. "I learned it growing up. Emilio's d--"

“My dad was the foreman on the Bar Mc--”

“Before I was born.” Michael shoved Emilio’s shoulder. “Stop talking for me.”

Emilio shoved back, chuckling. “Then talk faster.”

Michael rolled his eyes, but the humor shined through. “See what I put up with, Sarah? Just because I’m the youngest--”

“Oh, brother.” Emilio sighed and threw his hands in the air. “Here he goes. He loves to tell everyone that he’s persecuted because he’s the youngest.”

“Ahem. As I was saying, the Bar Mc is my family’s ranch, and as a kid I spent most of my time with Esperanza and Nestor. My parents were busy overseeing the ranch and training my older brother, Morgan, to take over. Emilio, Diego, Rita, and I all grew up together.” Michael studiously avoided Emilio’s gaze, clearly trying to keep a smile at bay, but he failed miserably.

Sarah couldn’t help it; she giggled. They were too cute. Esperanza was right: anyone who dated one of them would have to get along with the other. “Do you both still live on the ranch?”

Michael nodded. “We live in the guesthouse. When--”

“When my dad died, my mom and siblings moved out of the foreman’s cottage and into the guesthouse. Diego’s married now, and Mama and Rita rented an apartment in town. The place was too big for just me, and we both work on the ranch, so Michael moved in.”

They were real cowboys? Sarah’s heart rate sped up a notch. She’d always had a thing for cowboys. She loved the gentlemanly attitude that most of them had, and the sight of a man on a horse with his hat pulled down low over his eyes...was there anything more manly? It sure appealed to the writer in her and to her sense of romance. She wished she could ride off into the sunset with these two. “What do y’all do on the ranch?”

Michael shrugged. “Anything and everything. My brother runs the place now that my parents are gone, and we have a new foreman, so we take our orders from him.”

“Oh, your parents died? I’m so sorry.”

His gaze darted to Emilio and back. Michael swallowed audibly, then waved her words away, like they weren’t a big deal. “It was several years ago, but thank you.”

An awkward silence fell between them. She got the impression that Michael was almost relieved his parents weren’t around anymore, but she didn’t question him. Instead, she tried to regain the easy camaraderie they’d all shared before his parents were mentioned.

“Do you ride horses?” Sarah groaned. Had she really asked that? They were born on a ranch and still worked there; of course they rode horses.

Emilio chuckled. “Yes, we do. Do you ride?”

“No. I’ve always wanted to learn, though.”

“Yeah?” Emilio arched a dark brow and glanced at Michael.

“We could teach you.” Michael smiled. “What are you doing Wednesday? Even though it will be the morning after the wedding, do you want to come riding with us? I’m not going to school that day. Maybe the three of us can pack a picnic lunch and make a day of it.”

*Oh, my God.* “Like on a date?”

“Yeah, like a date.”

“With both of you?” *Please say yes.*

Michael blushed. “Uh--”

Emilio chuckled and patted her on the thigh. “Yes, with both of us.”

“Good. It’s a date, then. I don’t have any classes this Wednesday.” Sarah had the urge to kick herself. What had she done? If her aunt and uncle found out, they’d strangle her. The fuss they’d made over Kyle dating a Mexican girl wouldn’t hold a candle to when they found out *she* had a date with two men at once. She knew this was wrong, but somehow she couldn’t bring herself to be upset. Worried, definitely, but upset? She glanced at Michael, then Emilio. Nope, there wasn’t an ounce of remorse in her. She wanted them both; sadly, if her feelings didn’t change, it might even test Kyle’s sense of propriety.

A door slammed somewhere in the distance. Loud whispers followed the rapid clip of high-heeled shoes echoing in the church paced by more measured steps. Someone cleared their throat.

Sarah got the feeling of impending doom before she even turned around.

Aunt Margaret and Uncle Kenneth sat down in a back pew. Her aunt had her blonde hair piled into a pristine beehive, looking her usual immaculate self in a blue polyester dress with a white suit jacket, appearing as though she'd just exited a board room. Unfortunately, the look on her plump face brought to mind someone sucking on a lemon. Her uncle didn't seem much better; he was dressed more casually like the rest of them, but his auburn eyebrows were drawn together in a frown as he glowered toward the altar. It was obvious that they didn't want to be there.

"Who are they?" Michael asked.

Emilio shrugged.

Sarah had the sudden urge to slide to the floor. "That's my aunt and uncle," she whispered.

Michael's eyebrows lowered. "I'm sorry." His eyes widened, and he slapped a hand over his mouth.

Sarah burst into laughter. She loved her aunt and uncle, but she hated how they behaved toward anyone they deemed beneath them, whether socially, politically, economically, or otherwise.

Everyone stared at her, Emilio, and Michael. The soon-to-be-wed couple smiled, then quickly turned back to the priest, but not before Sarah quickly covered her own mouth and slumped down on the pew. Emilio groaned, reaching to pinch Michael's arm, but he, too, was chuckling.

Uncle Kenneth caught Sarah's gaze, looked at the men with her, and glared even harder.

\* \* \* \* \*

The smell of spicy Mexican food hit her as soon as she opened the door. The place had a wonderful Spanish flair to it, decorated in rich reds, golds, and dark wood, with paintings of matadors. Soft mariachi music added to the pleasant ambiance. She suddenly felt underdressed in her bell-bottom jeans and pink paisley shirt. Hopefully, no one else from the rehearsal had changed out of their casual wear.

The hostess smiled at her from behind a dark wood podium. "Can I help you?"

Sarah looked around the dim restaurant, trying to locate her group, then spotted Kyle waving to her over the hostess's shoulder. She noted with relief that everyone was still in the clothes they'd worn earlier. She pointed. "That's my party there."

"Follow me, please." The woman picked up a menu and led her to the table. Kyle remained seated while Rita sort of flitted around, talking to everyone.

Sarah realized that with the exception of Michael and Emilio, who'd both gone back to work right after the rehearsal, and her aunt and uncle who'd claimed not to be hungry, the men had congregated at one end of the table and the women at the other.

Sarah sat beside Rita's sister-in-law, Claire, just as Rita caught sight of her. Rita grinned like a loon and sashayed over, her knee-length blue skirt showing off her pretty legs. She arched a brow at Sarah. "Well?"

"Well, what?" Sarah asked, looking around to see if anyone had been served yet. She was relieved to see no one had anything more than a glass of water in front of them. She'd been the last one to arrive because she had gotten lost on the way to the restaurant. Well, that and the fact she'd stood in the parking lot of the church talking to Emilio and Michael for ten minutes after everyone else had left. She had wanted to spend more time with them.

Rita scoffed and looked at Claire before snagging a chip from a bowl and dipping into some hot sauce. She fluttered her eyelashes. "Sarah's holding out on us."

Claire chuckled and raised a pale brown brow at Sarah, too. "Come on, spill it. We saw you talking to Emilio and Michael."

Rita giggled. "Nothing stays secret in this family for long, cousin."

Claire shook her head, her long brown hair falling over her shoulder to blend in with her brown button-down shirt. "Nope, it sure doesn't. Welcome to the Hernandez family, Sarah." She also dipped a chip in salsa and took a bite.

"I'm not a Hernandez."

"You're Kyle's cousin, close enough." Rita said at the same time Claire waggled her brows and tossed in a "Just about."

From the two intense stares she got, Sarah realized that she wasn't going to get away with trying to ignore them. She glanced around to make sure no one was listening and was thankful to find most of their group was ordering their food. "Okay, okay, I have a date the day after the wedding."

"With which one?" Claire took a drink of water.

"Ooh, I bet it's Emilio." Rita clapped her hands and stomped her feet. The men at the other end looked up and glanced at them. Great, now everyone was going to know. Sarah groaned and snatched a chip, quickly popping it into her mouth.

Claire waved at the men. "Hi, order your food; nothing to see here."

Her husband, Diego, raised a dark brow. Kyle mouthed, "What?", to which Rita responded by blowing him a kiss.

"Do something. Act normal," Claire hissed from the side of her mouth while still smiling at her husband.

Sarah and Rita both grabbed their glasses and took big gulps. Finally, after a last quizzical look, both men shrugged and went back to their conversation with the waiter.

Rita sighed. "Well, are you going out with Emilio or Michael?"

Sarah gnawed her bottom lip. How was it going to sound when she admitted the truth?  
“Er...both of them.”

Claire let out an excited squeal, then promptly bit her fist.

Rita did her little impromptu tap dance again. “Yes!”

Sarah was glad someone was okay with it because her aunt was going to have a fit. Well, that is, if Sarah told her, which she wasn’t going to do. Lord, how had this happened?

“It’s just a friendly get-together. It isn’t like it’s a *date* date. They don’t mean anything by it.” But, boy, did she want them to.

“Yet.” Rita smirked.

Sarah groaned. How could Rita act like it wouldn’t be a total shock for her to date two men at the same time? That was just strange.

“Honey, you’ve lasted longer than anyone else,” Claire said. Rita nodded enthusiastically in agreement and took another tortilla chip.

“Longer than anyone else? What do you mean?” Sarah frowned.

Claire chuckled. “You talked to them for several hours and agreed to a date...with both of them.”

Sarah had a feeling the women were trying to tell her something. “Are you saying that neither of them can get dates? Because I won’t believe you.”

Rita glanced down over at the men, then lowered her voice. “Oh, no, not at all, but usually when women see them together, they get a little put off.”

Sarah frowned. “I don’t see how that’s possible; they’re so... Any woman would jump at the chance to date either of them.”

“They’re mates. They won’t admit it but, and they don’t act on it, but we all know they are.”



Sarah gasped, oddly excited by Rita's words. "Are you saying they're lovers?" Her panties grew moist. What she wouldn't give to see the two of them kissing and...

Claire shook her head. "No, that's just it. They aren't. They refuse to face it or discuss it with anyone. They carry on like they're just best friends." She motioned Sarah forward, which Sarah did after sparing another glance at the other end of the table.

Claire lowered her voice to where Sarah had to strain to hear. "Diego says when they were younger they got caught..." She shrugged, waving her hand around in a small circle. "...exploring. Michael's dad apparently hit the roof. From what I've heard, Nestor wasn't too happy with the boys, either. Esperanza got in the middle of it all, and the whole situation became a huge mess. She didn't think the boys should be punished, but both Nestor and Michael's dad were adamant that the boys' relationship was wrong. According to Diego, Nestor nearly moved his family off the ranch to keep Michael and Emilio apart, but Esperanza put her foot down."

Wow. The guys she was interested in were mates. Sarah let that sink in. What had happened to them was terrible; after all, they couldn't help their feelings for each other. Even she knew that werewolves didn't choose their mates but were born to them. How could their fathers, who were both wolves themselves and had their own mates, be so harsh?

Maybe this was a good thing; maybe she could have the both of them and bring them together the way they should be. Emilio and Michael deserved to be happy. The idea certainly held tons of appeal, and the Hernandez women apparently didn't have a problem with Sarah enjoying both men.

"Now you just have to convince the guys that you're right for them," Claire continued.

Rita nodded. "And you already have a head start. I don't think they've ever asked out the same girl before."

How had she gotten herself into this? She couldn't walk away now even if she wanted to. She desired Emilio and Michael, regardless of any repercussions.

## Chapter Three

*November 6, 1974*

She pulled through the double iron gates and up the dirt drive of the Bar Mc at ten a.m. She would have liked to have come earlier, but she'd stayed up late the night before at the wedding reception, hours after the couple left for their honeymoon. The wedding had been beautiful and wonderfully romantic, and best of all she'd gotten to dance with both Emilio and Michael. She was almost giddy about seeing them again today.

It was bright out, and not too chilly for a fall day. Sarah put her little red VW Bug in park and noticed there was only one man coming out to meet her. She was certain by the swagger and the wide shoulders relative to the waist that it was Emilio heading her way, even though his face was partially covered by a cowboy hat. Where was Michael?

Emilio looked good enough to eat in his long-sleeved red flannel shirt, blue jeans, and black hat. He walked to her car door and opened it, then offered her a hand. "Hey, there. You made it. Did you have any trouble finding us?" He pulled Sarah up and into a hug, then brushed his lips across her cheek.

She was surprised at the warm greeting, but it didn't stop her from reveling in his attention. He was big and felt wonderful against her. She wasn't short by any stretch of the imagination -- she was actually on the tall side for a woman, standing five-foot-eight -- but he made her feel slight, feminine.

"Hey, yourself, cowboy." She squeezed him back and kissed his cheek. The embrace lingered for several seconds longer than necessary before he stepped back, smiling down at her. "I didn't have any problems getting here. Michael's directions were very clear." She glanced around, hoping maybe she'd somehow missed Michael joining them and that he was actually right there. "Where is he?"

Emilio shut her car door, then grabbed her hand and started tugging her toward a big and long brown building. He sighed, sounding a little upset. "He had to run some errands for the foreman, but he should be back in a couple of hours."

Sarah squashed down her disappointment and threaded her fingers through his. Hopefully, Michael would make it back sooner rather than later. Until then, she would enjoy Emilio's company. "So, what are we going to do today? Are you going to teach me how to ride?"

"Sure. Let's go. Michael will catch up."

They went inside the oblong building, which turned out to be a barn, or was it a stable? There was a row of stalls along each side of the long walls; four on one side, with a room on the end, and six stalls on the other side. Some horses were in a few of the stalls, and everything was surprisingly clean. The air was redolent of leather and some other scent she couldn't name. Horses? Hay? Maybe both.

Emilio chuckled and squeezed her hand as she stopped. "You look cute with your nose scrunched up like that. What are you trying to smell?"

She grinned. "Just trying to decide what that odor is."

"Horses."

She laughed. "It's a good smell, like leather, and kind of fresh."

He nodded. "The hay and the conditioner and stuff from the tack room." He pointed to the end of the building and began walking. "I'm surprised you can detect it. You must have a good nose."

"I guess. Not like yours, I'm sure."

Emilio turned toward her. He was still holding her hand so she had no choice but to come to a halt with him. "You know?"

"That you're a werewolf? Yeah. Well, I sort of assumed. I know Diego is. My father was a wolf, too."

"I knew Kyle's family had the gene, but since his father isn't a wolf, I assumed the trait came from his mother's side. Your father and Kyle's were brothers, right?"

"Right. My uncle doesn't really discuss wolf or pack things with us. I guess since he and Kyle aren't wolves, he doesn't really see a need."

"Anything you want to know, feel free to ask. Michael and I are my brother's betas." He squeezed her hand and took a step forward, waiting for her to follow.

Sarah strode beside him, swinging their hands just a little. "Really? The two of you are like seconds in command?"

He nodded. "We are. In all honesty, Michael is probably the strongest wolf in our pack, but Diego is a better leader." She wondered if he realized his voice softened a bit when he said Michael's name.

"Now we have to get saddles. Come on, I'll teach you how to saddle your mount." He opened the door to the tack room.

The scent of leather nearly overwhelmed her. Sarah inhaled the deep rich air. "Mmm..."

Emilio grinned and took a deep breath himself. "I know what you mean. I love the smell, too." He turned to her, his grin fading. They stood there for several seconds, just staring at each other.

Sarah swallowed a lump in her throat. She was inexperienced, yet this man made every one of her nerve endings shout to be touched. Excluding Michael, she'd never wanted another man the way she wanted Emilio.

He reached for her face slowly, giving her plenty of time to pull away. Instead, she leaned into the caress.

"You just fit in, like you belong." His gaze left her as his fingers traced her cheek. "And you're so beautiful. Your creamy skin reminds me of milk." He trailed his fingers over her nose, looking her in the eye again. "You have the most beautiful green eyes." He smoothed his hand over her hair until he got to her ponytail, then he tangled his fingers in it. "I never thought I liked red hair until I met you."

"I like you too." With his keen sense of smell, he had to know how turned on she was, but she didn't care. She couldn't have stopped her reaction to him even if the sky fell in. And she didn't want to stop. She needed this man to know that she was feeling everything he was.

His gaze and thumb caressed her bottom lip. "Can I kiss you, Sarah?" He leaned forward.

She moved toward him, too, closing her eyes. "Please." Her voice was so husky it sounded strange to her own ears.

His hands covered hers and she realized she'd placed them on his chest. Emilio pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her. His mouth covered hers.

She'd been kissed before, but this was like nothing she'd ever experienced. It was light and gentle and made her head swim. He nibbled and sucked at her lips, taking his time. It

was like he was savoring her, learning her. His tongue licked at the seam of her lips, not forcing its way inside, but coaxing.

Sarah opened with a sigh, needing to taste him. Her hands clenched and unclenched on his chest until finally he gathered them up in his own. His tongue caressed the inside of her mouth, tangling with her own. He moaned and let go of her hands, grabbed her waist and drew her closer. Her stomach pressed firmly against his erection. It was heady to realize he was as aroused as she was.

The kiss grew heated until they were clutching at each other, almost trying to merge with each other. She was matching him moan for moan and, giving no thought to right or wrong, she moved against him, writhing to ease the achy feelings he had awakened in her body. Moisture tickled her as it ran down her inner labia. She wanted him to touch her there. The friction of his thigh wasn't nearly enough.

Abruptly, Emilio gasped and closed his eyes, holding her at arm's length. His face was tight and pinched, almost like he was in pain. "Sarah, I'm so sorry. I got carried away."

Sarah took a deep breath, trying to calm her pounding heart. She looked around, realized where they were, and blushed. She was embarrassed by her own boldness and a stab of guilt thinking about Michael, but she wouldn't apologize for it. She wanted them both and she didn't want to leave him in any doubt about that. "I liked it; you don't have anything to ask forgiveness for."

Emilio smiled and gripped her hand, caressing it with his thumb. "I'm glad, but we should slow down a bit, get to know each other a little better. I want this to be something that lasts, not just a fling."

She may have squeaked, she wasn't sure, but her spirits soared at his words. She nodded. "Me, too."

He kissed her forehead. "Good. I'm glad I'm not alone in this." He jerked his head to the side, indicating the tack room beyond the door they were standing in. "Come on, let's saddle up a couple of horses and go for a ride."

They were sitting by the stock pond talking and letting their horses rest when Michael found them. Sarah heard the hoof beats a few seconds before she looked over her shoulder.

He galloped up with a huge smile on his handsome face and his hair mussed and windblown. Wearing a pair of faded blue jeans, scuffed, dusty brown boots, and a green-and-white-striped long-sleeved shirt, he appeared every inch the cowboy Emilio did, and handled his horse like it was absolutely effortless, which only added to the cowboy appearance. The only thing missing was a gun at his hip and a hat.

"Hey, y'all." Michael stopped about a yard behind them. He waved at Sarah and made a face at Emilio, twisting his nose and snarling out one side of his mouth.

Emilio stuck his tongue out, then grinned at Sarah, pretending he hadn't.

Sarah chuckled, looking from one to the other. The two of them were so fun together, the way they played and teased each other. Was it because they were mates or because they were both wolves? She'd never really seen two wolves together. Her dad and grandfather had both died before she was old enough to remember them, and her uncle wasn't a wolf. "What was that for?"

Michael swung down from his horse and let go of the reins, allowing his horse to wander around with theirs. "He's wearing my hat." He bounded over to them, snatched the black felt hat off Emilio's head and put it on his own. He sat down on the other side of Sarah, stretched out his long legs and smiled so big at her that the dimple in his right cheek appeared. "Hi, Sarah."

Sarah grinned, still half chuckling. "Hi, Michael."

Emilio reached around her back and snatched the hat back. "I bought it."

Michael snorted. "Yeah, because you ruined my other one."

"Did not."

Michael raised a dark brow.

She was impressed; as pretty as he was, she'd have never thought Michael could look intimidating, but he pulled it off nicely. It made her giggle though. What was it Claire and Rita had said? That they made most women uncomfortable with their closeness? Their interaction certainly didn't have that effect on her. Instead, their antics and ease with each other made her feel good, like she belonged with them.

"I didn't ruin it. It was just a little--" Emilio shrugged.

"Flat. And it wasn't a *little*. It was flatter than a pancake." Michael rolled his eyes, a huge smile on his face. He was clearly enjoying taunting his friend. He looked at her, his lips all but twitching. "He sat on it."

"I didn't sit on it; I fell on it. There's a difference."

Sarah laughed and patted Emilio's arm. "I imagine you go through a lot of hats working on a ranch. Accidents are bound to happen."

Michael chuckled. "Well, he goes through more hats than most. And the demise of my last hat wasn't a ranching accident. It was him goofing off with his brother." Michael's voice took on a serious note. "That reminds me. You're supposed to call Diego. He got through before I headed out to find y'all. He said it was really important and to tell you to call right away."

Emilio's smile faded. "Did he say what he wanted?"

Michael shook his head. "No. I tried to get him to tell me, but he said you'd fill me in after you talked to him."

Sarah frowned. She liked Diego and Claire. Diego had been Kyle's friend for years, so she knew him fairly well. "I hope nothing's wrong."

"I don't think there is." Michael shrugged. "He didn't sound upset."



Emilio stood up and dusted his jeans off. "Well, I better go and make sure."

Sarah got up as well. "Okay, I understand." She dusted off her own pants and prepared to leave.

Emilio grinned and put a hand on her arm. "Nah, stay here. Michael will keep you company. I'll just talk to my brother and come back. I'm sure if it were something major he would've told Michael."

"Oh, all right." She tried to ignore the giddy feeling she got at the thought of spending time alone with Michael. It would give her a chance to get to know him, just as she'd had the time with Emilio.

Michael lay down, looking up at the sky. "Have y'all eaten?"

Sarah sat again, trying not to notice the long, lean body stretched out beside her. "No." The idea was to get to know him, not attack him like she had earlier with Emilio.

He cocked his head, looking past her. "Hurry back, and I'll let you take Sarah and me out to eat."

"How nice of you." Emilio swung up into the saddle, tipped his hat and winked at Sarah, then galloped off.

Michael turned on his side, facing Sarah. "Have you had fun learning to ride today? I'm sorry I wasn't here to meet you."

Sarah lay down, too, and propped herself up on her elbow, mimicking his position. "I have. It took me forever to get on the horse, though. Emilio finally just picked me up and plopped me in the saddle."

He leaned forward, sniffing her, his gray eyes dancing. "Well, that would explain why you smell like him." He got closer, his nose almost touching her neck.

She had the urge to cup the back of his head and pull him to her. Her body, which had finally gone back to normal after her kiss with Emilio, started acting up again. Her stomach got that weird feeling again, and her nipples perked up and her pussy tingled.

“Mmm...you smell good.” Michael froze. “Uh...” He stayed right where he was but looked up, his face inches from hers. “I’m sorry. I--”

“Am a wolf?”

He bit his bottom lip and nodded slightly. “Yes, but that’s not what I was going to say.” His voice was almost a whisper.

She stared at his lips, wondering how they’d feel against hers. Would he kiss like Emilio? Would he taste like his mate? “What were you going to say, Michael?”

“I--” His mouth touched her tentatively in a soft, almost shy kiss. It was nothing like Emilio’s kiss earlier. Michael’s was reserved, awkward.

Sarah was no practiced lover herself, but she recognized his innocence. It spiked her arousal. Her pussy grew more wet, beginning to ache, but not in a bad way. It was like it was begging to be touched, filled. For the first time ever she became the initiator of a kiss instead of the kissed. She closed her eyes, wrapped her arm around his neck, and pulled him over on top of her.

He caught himself on one hand, but his chest lay on her, mashing against her sensitive breasts. His erection pressed against her hip. She moaned and touched her tongue to his lips. Knowing that he was excited went right to her head. She wanted him every bit as much as she wanted his mate. She opened her eyes to find his eyes wide and unfocused. They had turned a smoky gray. She licked his closed lips.

Gradually, he opened his mouth, letting her in. At first, he didn’t do anything, just let her explore him, lick the insides of his mouth, his tongue. But then he began to kiss back, whimpering into her mouth, fairly swallowed her whole, and bucked his hips against hers. His actions revealed his inexperience; even so, it was a very sensual kiss. Maybe even more so because of his eagerness.

She sighed and sucked his bottom lip into her mouth, inched her pelvis beneath his, and aligned his erect cock with where she wanted to feel it most.

Michael gasped and pulled back, his eyes wide. "You taste like Emilio."

Sarah blinked, trying to regain her bearings. "You've kissed Emilio?"

"What?" Michael shook his head and sat up. "No. You have." He frowned and sighed heavily, his shoulders slumping.

Sarah sat up. She wasn't sure how to handle this. Now, more than ever, she wanted them both, but something told her she was walking a fine line. There was no doubt in her mind that he, too, was as attracted to her as she was him, but if she pushed too hard, Michael would withdraw. And no one had to tell her that if Michael didn't approve of her, Emilio would back away as well. She sensed it instinctively. Michael might be the stronger wolf, but Emilio seemed to be the more dominant.

She touched his cheek and tilted his face up so she could look in his eyes. He lifted his head, lids closed, before he took a deep breath and opened them. His insecurity of seconds ago melted away in an instant.

"Sarah, I'm sorry. It won't happen again. I should have realized that it was Emilio you wanted. I think the two of you could really have something; he really likes you. I hope you won't let my actions mess that up. You won't have to worry about fighting me off; I won't come on to you again, I promise. I want him to be happy." He nodded, barely stopping for breath. "Please say you won't hold it against me, and we can still be friends."

Sarah fell head over heels in love with him in that very instant. She wondered if Emilio knew what he had. She sure did, and she wasn't letting go of it until she had that same loyalty and admiration Michael showed to Emilio...she wanted it from both of them.

She desperately needed to ask him about Emilio and their relationship, but if what Rita and Claire said were true, the men weren't physically intimate. They'd never even admitted to being mates, so there was no way to tell what plans the two men had for her, if any. She feared opening her mouth too soon and driving them both away. Then again, she didn't want to lie to them. "Michael, I want both of you."

“Excuse me?” He blinked.

She swallowed hard and stared into his eyes. “I want you and your mate.”

“I-I-- What--?” Michael’s eyes were very wide.

The sound of a horse and rider thundered over the hill.

Michael jumped to his feet and pulled her up. “I can’t, Sarah. I--” He kissed her cheek.

“I can’t. You and Emilio make a good couple. I want you both to be happy.”

“But--”

“Woo hoo!” Emilio appeared, a huge grin on his face and Michael’s hat in his hand.

“I’m going to be an uncle!”

## Chapter Four

*December 1, 1974*

Sarah sighed and got out of her car. The cold wind hit her at once, making her teeth chatter. “Brrr...” She huddled deeper into her coat and made her way across the Bar Mc’s wide drive to the guest house where Emilio and Michael lived. She should be studying for her journalism final instead of coming here, but she couldn’t think. She had to talk to Emilio about their relationship, and about Michael.

For the last month she’d spent all of her free time at the ranch. She’d met Michael’s brother, Morgan, a few times, but she rarely saw anyone besides Emilio and Michael. She’d quickly learned that Esperanza had been right: it was a rare thing to see one of the men without the other, and as she’d found out more about both men, Sarah had grown increasingly attached to them. However, even though she and Michael obviously had a connection, Michael had distanced himself, making it clear he saw her as Emilio’s girl. Every time she tried to talk to him about his relationship with Emilio, he changed the subject.

It was exasperating, but she didn’t lose hope. Instead she’d finally decided to talk to Emilio. If Michael wouldn’t cooperate, she’d get Emilio’s help. It was obvious that the men

loved and were attracted to each other, but they ignored it. If things got too intense when they were playing and goofing off, they simply stopped. Sarah sighed. She was going to have both of them if it was the last thing she did. They were, as Esperanza had pointed out, a package deal. It wasn't going to be her that broke up the pair.

She knocked on the door, hoping Emilio was inside instead of out working. It was way too cold to be outdoors as far as she was concerned, although Emilio would probably laugh to hear her say so. Winter in Texas was much too frigid for her; she'd never survive a winter further north. *Please be here.* If not, she was going to have to walk back to her car. Not a happy thought. She was likely to turn into a popsicle halfway there.

The door opened. Brown eyes widened above a white grin. "Hi, honey. What are you doing here?" He looked mussed and rumpled in a pair of jeans, a sweater and some slippers. If she hadn't been so cold and stiff, she might have jumped into his arms. She nodded and smiled as best she could with clacking teeth. "H-he-hello."

He moved back quickly. "Get in here before you freeze to death."

Sarah hurried in, glad for the cozy heat. She crossed to the fireplace, thankful that he'd lit it. He and Michael had an ongoing argument on how chilly it had to be before they started a fire. Fortunately for her, Emilio's definition of low temps was far less extreme than Michael's. Although it was freezing enough that she was pretty sure even Michael would have agreed.

Emilio came up behind her, pulling her against him and rubbing her arms. He kissed the side of her neck. "Honey, you're shivering."

"That's because i-it's re-really c-cold out-s-side."

"Tell me about it. I was out earlier feeding the livestock. What brings you here? Not that I'm complaining. I was just thinking about calling you." He wrapped his arms around her, hugging her tight.

She sank into his warmth and rubbed her cheek against his bicep, nuzzling the soft sweater. This was her spot, and she wasn't about to share with anyone. Well, she'd share with Michael, but that was it. She sighed, remembering what she'd come for. She needed to tell him her feelings, but she didn't know how to broach the subject. How did a girl, a virgin at that, tell her boyfriend she wanted not just him but his best friend, too? She and Emilio had made out a few times, always when Michael was in school, like now, but it had never progressed further than kissing and some light petting. That, too, was frustrating, because when Sarah made up her mind about what she wanted, that was it; she was on a set course that would not be derailed.

She turned toward him, looking up into his deep brown eyes. Her heart nearly melted. The man oozed sex appeal and, as always, her body responded.

He smiled at her tenderly, still rubbing her arms to warm her up, then nuzzled his nose with her own before pulling back and tracing her lips with his thumb. "Still cold, honey?"

The affection and gentleness in his eyes made her forget all about being chilled and bolstered her decision to come clean. "I love you." *And Michael*, she silently added.

His face went blank, and he blinked several times, looking confused.

Sarah bit her bottom lip; she hadn't meant to say it quite that baldly, but she wasn't going to take it back. She did love him. Finally, he smiled, then he threw his head back and laughed, yanking her to him in a hug that threatened to break her ribs.

"I love you, too, Sarah." Then he kissed her. His lips were rough, desperate. He pulled back suddenly, looked her in the eye, then dove right back into the kiss.

She could barely breathe, but she didn't care. She didn't want to stop. Her nipples, already hard from the weather, began to ache. Her pussy clenched, making milking motions that she knew was meant to ready her for him.

He peeled her coat off, dropping it on the floor, then broke their kiss to pull her sweater over her head. Her bra followed next. She should have been embarrassed, but she

wasn't. Instead, she grabbed his sweater and started tugging. He helped her yank his shirt over his head, tossing it next to hers.

Sarah gasped at the masculine beauty of his bare chest. He was truly a magnificent sight. His upper body was not only wide, but very well developed. She touched the hard muscular chest, feeling the smooth hairless skin and his heart throbbing under her hand.

He let her look at him and explore him for several seconds, then he took his own turn. He cupped her breasts in both hands, rubbing his thumbs over the nipples. His gaze on her breasts was intent, heated. He ducked his head and sucked one erect nipple into his mouth. The sensation shot straight to her pussy. His dark skin against her light breast was an arousing contrast. She grabbed his head in her hands, threading her fingers through the thick black hair. She moaned low and deep, dropping her head back.

Emilio got to his knees in front of her and started working on her jeans without removing his mouth from her breast. When her jeans came undone, he slid them and her panties to her knees, then licked around her areola one last time. Looking up her body, he groaned. "Damn, honey. You're so beautiful. I want you so bad, Sarah."

She nodded, whimpering. "Yes, please. I want you, too." She gave a brief thought to Michael and what he'd think. But he'd made his position clear. She was going to have to change his mind, and the best way to do it seemed to be through Emilio. She loved them both and she'd eventually have Michael like this, too.

Emilio held his hand up to her. When she took it, he tugged her down, helping her to the floor. Once she was there, he undid her tennis shoes and pulled them off, removing her pants and panties the rest of the way as well.

The heat of the fireplace felt good against her skin and the soft rug was warm against her back. She couldn't have asked for a more romantic setting. The house was earthy and raw, like a log cabin, with wooden walls and floors, a stone fireplace. Even with the light



coming through the window next to the door, the fire cast an orange glow on his muscled chest, giving the moment a dreamy quality.

Her fingers itched to touch him at the same time her body begged for him. She reached for him. "I want to see you, too."

"You will, but not right now. Just relax. Let me make love to you." He raised her knees and spread her legs. For the first time, a twinge of self-consciousness came over her, but the heat in his eyes quickly made it fade away. He slid down her body, the watched her from between her open thighs. Using his fingers he spread her open and inhaled deeply, his eyes closing. Then he did the most amazing thing -- he licked her.

Sarah nearly screamed. Her hips bucked up, pushing against his mouth. She'd never felt anything so good in her life.

He opened his eyes, put a hand on her hip and held her open with the other, using his thumb and a finger. He met her gaze as he dragged his tongue up her slit and back down. He hummed against her, like he was tasting something decadent, then pushed his tongue into her sopping opening. Thrusting his tongue in and out, he rubbed her clit in a circular motion with his thumb.

"Oh, Emilio..." She wanted to move her hips so badly, but he held her immobile. "Please."

"Please what, honey?" Please, this?" He pushed one long finger inside her. Her pussy tightened around the digit.

He bit his lip, meeting her eyes. "It's barely there, Sarah, but it still might hurt."

"Huh?"

He leaned forward, covering her clit with his mouth and sucking at the same time he let go of her hips. She thrust up into his mouth, then against his finger. There was a slight sting, then her whole body went tense. She felt like a tidal wave washed over her. She

moaned, her body clenching and sucking at his finger. Everything went white and she came, calling out his name.

When she could think again he was on his knees over her, his pants at his ankles. Her attention immediately went to his cock. She'd seen pictures of naked men, of course, but none of them looked like him. His dick was red and very thick. Instead of hanging down, it stood up, almost reaching his navel. The tip had drops of clear fluid on it. She wanted to touch him and explore, but she wanted to feel him inside her even more. She held her arms out to him. "Make love to me?"

He closed his eyes again, then raised his lids and nodded, positioning himself above her and bracing himself on his arms.

Sarah couldn't resist the wall of his firm chest. She caressed him, running her fingers down his belly over his rippling stomach and learning his body. When the blunt head butted up against her pussy, she gazed into his deep brown eyes. His chiseled features were tense.

"I love you, Sarah."

"I love you, too."

He rubbed the tip of his shaft around her opening, then pushed forward. Even as wet as she was, she could feel every inch sink into her. He stretched her wide. It wasn't painful, but she was aware that it could be if he wasn't careful. He seemed to know that, too, because he took his time, moving very slowly. He reached down and stroked her clit again just as his balls came to rest against her. He stayed there, fully inside her for several minutes, then pulled out gradually.

She gasped at the friction. Her muscles pulled at him, tightening and releasing. She thrust her hips, making him slide all the way back inside. Sarah grunted and did it again. It felt so good, but she needed more. "Faster."

He groaned above her, then dropped down to his elbows. His tanned face was only inches above her. His breath fanned across her hair, blowing the hairs at her temple that had escaped her ponytail. "Honey, you're killing me."

"Then move."

"Are you sure?" His eyes squeezed tight.

Sarah raised her head, nipping his lip. "Oh, yes."

Emilio moved and they both moaned. He caught a steady rhythm and began to fuck her in earnest. The momentum built with their pleasure. Her body was reaching for that exquisite explosion again, but right before she orgasmed, he stiffened above her. A ragged groan tore from him and sweat dripped off his chin onto her chest.

Sarah stared, caught by the raw splendor of him. Her body clutched at him, begging for her own climax, but she was mesmerized by his pleasure. After several seconds, he looked down at her and smiled. Then, still seated deep inside her, he reached between them and pushed his finger into her body alongside his cock. Pulling it back out, he used the moisture to rub her clit. That was all it took, Sarah arched her back, her body spasming.

"That's it, honey, come for me again." He sucked her nipple into his mouth, suckling hard as he pinched her sensitive bud below.

She came with a hoarse yell. After several more moments, she collapsed and wrapped her arms around his neck, holding him tight as she struggled to keep her tears at bay. She had no idea why she wanted to cry -- she was beyond happy, after all -- but tears were indeed welling in her eyes.

Emilio stroked her face and kissed her cheek. He lifted up and brushed the wetness from her cheek. "Are you all right?"

She nodded and started laughing. She had had the most amazing experience of her life, and she was crying. How ridiculous was that? "I'm just happy."

"Me, too." He kissed her nose. "Will you marry me, Sarah?"

“What about Michael?” Oh, God, had she blurted that out?

Emilio’s eyes widened. Then he smiled. “What about Michael, honey?”

“I -- He-- I know he’s your mate, Emilio.”

Sucking in a breath, he sat up and stared at her for several minutes before averting his eyes. It appeared as though he were going to rise without responding, but then he nodded slowly and turned back to her.

“Yes. Funny how fate works, isn’t it?” He smiled, but there was no happiness in it. “Michael and I can’t be together, Sarah.”

This time it was she who caressed his cheek. “Why? Why can’t you?”

“It’s not right, but how can we possibly have a full life as we are? Should we be doomed to spend our lives alone just because he and I are mates?”

It was now or never. Sarah took a deep breath and let it out. *You can do this, Sarah.* “Why would you be alone? You’d have each other...and me, if you want me. I love you both, Emilio.”

The smile he gave her was absolutely radiant. “You’d be willing to be with both of us? You’d let us share you?”

She was stunned; he didn’t sound like he was talking about the same thing she was, but at least it was a start. “Why can’t all three of us be together?”

“Apparently, we can.”

“I mean, why can’t the two of you be lovers, too?”

“What?” He jerked back like she’d hit him.

“Why can’t all three of us be lovers as well as friends?”

“Sarah...” He frowned. “That wouldn’t bother you?”

Oh, boy, would it not bother her “Why should it?”

“It will take some time to convince him. He cares about you a lot.” He looked down, his Adam’s apple bobbing, and glanced back into her eyes. “He loves you, too, you know, but he’s got it in his head that you belong with me. And he...” Emilio sighed. “We’ve never been lovers. When we were younger, we got into trouble.”

“Claire told me. Have you tried to reach him since then?”

“No.”

“But you aren’t opposed to it?”

“No. I love him, Sarah. I always have. I just don’t want people to hurt him. People don’t understand.”

She hesitated only a moment. *One down, one to go.* Then she nodded, the tears coming again. “All right. If you still want me, I’ll marry you.”

## Chapter Five

*December 12, 1974*

Sarah closed the front door quietly, trying not to wake either of the men. She glanced at the kitchen clock -- 9:00 a.m. Emilio didn't have to go out to work until noon, and Michael didn't have to go to school until eleven.

She crept into the bedroom to find Emilio still asleep. She considered waking him, but since she still had some unpacking to do, she decided to let him sleep a little longer. They'd only been married for five days, and she'd been too busy studying to put all her things away. Now she'd finally finished her last final exam and had aced all of her other classes, so she was one semester closer to her journalism degree.

At last, she could devote her time to getting Michael where he should be in the relationship among the three of them. Emilio had made it clear that she would have to take the first step. She was fine with that, but she still hadn't come up with the perfect plan. Who knew that seducing a man could be so hard?

She and Kyle had discussed it after she'd announced her intention to marry Emilio. Her cousin had warned her that his parents wouldn't like it, but he'd wished her luck with both

men. Then the fiend had seen fit to tease her, saying, “Well, this ought to put me back in favorite status. We both chose spouses who -- according to my parents -- are beneath us, but at least I’m not a pervert.” He’d pretended to be stuck up and looked down his nose at her. Both she and Rita had practically been in tears with laughter, but Sarah had known even then that while she was amused, Kyle was right.

She’d married Emilio six days later at the courthouse. Surprisingly, her aunt and uncle hadn’t made an issue about her choice of groom, no doubt remembering Kyle had married the man’s sister, though they had kicked up a fuss about her not having a long engagement and a big wedding. But both had come to the wedding.

Sarah and Emilio had forgone a honeymoon so that she could finish the fall semester of college. She was a little disappointed, but they’d talked about going in the summer and taking Michael with them. That would more than make up for the lack of one now. It would be even better if Michael were sharing their bed by then.

Sarah was pulled out of her musings when Michael’s dark head popped around the doorjamb of the master bedroom, his gray eyes twinkling. “So, did you pass?”

She was sitting on the floor, sorting her clothes. “Made an A.”

“Damn, I’m impressed. Wanna go take my tests for me?”

Sarah chuckled. “Yeah, like you need my help.” The man was extremely intelligent; he was on the honor roll and at the top of his graduating class. Unless things went very wrong, he’d complete his studies in May and be valedictorian.

He came in, dressed in a pair of blue flannel pajamas and tube socks, and plopped himself down on the bed next to Emilio, who was sound asleep. Michael’s hair was still mussed from sleep, but otherwise he looked wide awake and adorable and sexy, all at the same time.

The bed bounced under his weight, and Emilio grumbled something, then snuggled back down into the covers. Michael muttered something back and sat cross-legged facing the side of the bed. He peered down at her, grinning from ear to ear.

“Well, I wouldn’t say no. I hate calculus. I have that and English lit tests today.” Michael lay down, rolled onto his back and hung his head over the edge to look at Sarah upside down. He threw his legs over Emilio’s prone body.

Sarah laughed and leaned forward and kissed his cheek. The emotional distance he’d put between himself and her had started to fade. He still didn’t act like he had when they’d first met, but at least he now flirted and played with her like he did with Emilio. Watching him watch her and Emilio, she was convinced he wanted to be with them both, but he never said anything. She’d have to make sure he understood he belonged with them.

She pinched his cheek. “Brat.”

He nodded. “You bet.” He sniffed, his nose wrinkling. “Something smells sweet. You got candy in here?”

“Nope, no candy. Just socks and underthings.”

He sniffed again. “You sure? I’m telling you, I smell sugar.” He grabbed her shoulder and tugged her forward. “It’s you. *You* smell sweet.”

Sarah’s heart quickened at his nearness. His mouth was right below hers. All she had to do was dip her head and kiss him. She wanted to so badly.

He held her there much longer than necessary, staring at her lips. He licked his, then raised his head closer just a fraction before he abruptly jerked back.

“Still!” Emilio snuffled and slapped at Michael’s legs. Michael froze.

*Damn it!* Talk about horrible timing. Sarah squelched down her disappointment. She would have plenty of time to kiss him. Now wasn’t the right time to push.

Michael grinned mischievously and raised his head, looking at Emilio, then back at Sarah like they hadn’t almost kissed each other. He winked at her, pulled his feet up, placed



them against Emilio's side and shoved. Sarah slapped a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing.

Emilio hit the throw rug on his side of the bed with a thud and a "Son of a bitch! Michael! You little--"

Michael took off like a shot, chortling, before his sock feet slipped on the wooden floor. He had only made it to the hall before Emilio tackled him.

Sarah gasped, fearing Michael's face was going to be smashed, but at the last minute, Emilio's hand snaked under, coming between his face and the floor.

Michael grunted and struggled to turn over, but it was no easy feat with two hundred and twenty pounds sitting on the middle of his back. Sarah knew firsthand how heavy Emilio was.

"You are so going to pay for that, butthead." Emilio lifted up, just enough to let Michael roll over, then braced his arms next to Michael's ears, effectively trapping him. He might have been irritated at first, but now he was laughing as hard as Michael.

Michael pushed at the mountain of muscle on top of him and rose up, trying to dislodge Emilio, but he only managed to nearly smack the other man in the face with his head.

Emilio sucked in a breath, his laughter abruptly cut off. Michael stilled, his face inches from Emilio's, and his own mirth suddenly came to a halt. They stayed like that for several seconds, just staring at each other. The tension was palpable. Then Sarah noticed several things. Emilio was stark naked and very clearly aroused, and his eyes were amber, wolf eyes; fangs protruded from his mouth, too.

Michael's eyes had also clearly shifted to his wolf eyes, a pale icy gray, like an Alaskan Husky's. As Sarah watched, the tips of his canines slid out from beneath his top lip. Michael closed his eyes and laid his head back on the floor, breathing heavily.

Emilio stayed where he was and shut his own eyes.

*Kiss him!* Sarah stayed silent, staring at the two men as they struggled for control against their bodies' natural reaction to their mate. Her own body responded to the sight of them so close and so obviously aroused. Her pussy grew damp and her belly clenched.

Another several minutes went by before Michael opened his eyes, now human again. "Get off me, doofus. You're naked."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah sat in the rocking chair adjacent to the couch, trying to work up the nerve to set things in action. She'd been planning furiously since the men's encounter in the hallway this morning. There was no doubt in her mind that she could get Michael in her and Emilio's bed, but it was obviously going to be up to her to make the first move for all of them.

After dinner, the two men had gone right to the couch to watch TV and she'd slipped away to take a shower. She'd considered putting on something a little risqué, but that might be a bit too obvious. So instead she was in a long white cotton gown with no panties, observing the men staring at the TV.

Enough was enough; she wasn't going to get any braver. She'd either lose them both or gain herself two equally incredible men. Sarah got up and went to the couch. Emilio looked up from the show and scooted over, making room for her between him and Michael. She thought briefly about taking the seat, but decided she'd be better off on the other side of Michael for what she was about to do. She squeezed herself between Michael and the armrest, giving him no choice but to scoot closer to Emilio.

When she got settled, they were both looking at her. Not quite frowning, but definitely puzzled. She grinned and focused on the TV, trying to act like she was interested in *Hawaii Five-0*. In no time, both of them were once again engrossed in their show and oblivious to her presence.

Sarah took a deep breath, ignored the fluttering in her stomach, and laid her hand on Michael's denim-clad thigh. His eyebrows pulled together and his forehead wrinkled, but he didn't protest. He patted her hand and gave it a squeeze.

After a few minutes, she got braver and rested her head on his shoulder. Again, not much reaction. He bumped her head with his and reached up and caressed her cheek. Emilio frowned slightly, then shook his head and went back to watching a car chase.

Sarah stayed there for long moments, not moving. Getting to touch him and be close to him already had her pussy damp. She closed her eyes and pressed her nose into the side of his neck. His collar-length hair tickled her nose, and she pushed it out of the way to inhale slowly. He smelled like vanilla, cinnamon and hay. He also smelled like Emilio. But, then, he usually did. It was a totally unconscious thing, but she'd noticed they were always touching each other; a jab to the ribs here, a pinch to the ear there, anything to be near the other. She saw it every time, and it never failed to make her smile. She loved to watch them play.

Sarah opened her eyes. It was now or never. She slid her hand over, cupping his groin at the same time her mouth found his neck.

He gasped and jerked away from her. His bare feet had been propped up on the coffee table, so when he jumped, he ended up practically in Emilio's lap. His pretty gray eyes were wide as saucers, his mouth open in shock.

Immediately, Emilio grabbed his shoulder, pulling him nearer, out of Sarah's reach, and growled at her, baring his teeth. Fortunately there were no fangs, just his normal, even white teeth. She raised a brow at Emilio and he slowly relaxed as understanding dawned on his face.

Bless his heart, Michael looked like a scared rabbit ready to bolt. Again, Emilio hugged him closer, his hand still on Michael's shoulder. She hadn't thought this would be a problem, but she understood it. She'd have to use caution until Emilio got used to her touching his mate.

Emilio finally grinned. "Sorry. It's instinct."

Michael tried to slide off the couch. Emilio held on to him, making him stay.

"Emilio--"

"Not now, Michael." Emilio looped his arm over Michael's shoulder and around his chest as he continued to watch Sarah. She didn't think he even realized what he was doing. It was a very possessive position, and if it hadn't been Michael in his arms, she'd have been insanely jealous.

She swallowed down the lump in her throat. She knew very well how possessive wolves could get over their mates. She may not have had her parents long, but she'd heard stories. She'd even caught Michael in her peripheral vision snarling at her a time or two when she touched Emilio.

Yeah, she knew what she had to do, but she was a bit nervous. Carefully, she watched for any sign of aggression, then slowly got on her knees and placed her hands on Michael's chest.

Emilio nodded his encouragement.

She suppressed a sigh of relief and leaned forward, still watching her husband, and pressed her lips to Michael's, who whimpered and started tapping Emilio's thigh. From the corner of her eye, she saw Emilio's lips twitch. He stilled Michael's hand, clasping it in his own.

"Yes, Michael, I see," he said quietly, still watching her.

Sarah pulled back just a little. Her husband's gaze met hers and something flashed between them. She knew in that moment that he'd let her continue. That he realized the chance she was offering him. She sat back a bit, nudged Emilio's arm out of the way and started to unbutton Michael's red and black flannel shirt.

Michael tried to scoot away but ended up planting his butt firmly in Emilio's lap. He grabbed her hands, stalling her. When he managed to speak, it was barely a whisper. "Sarah, what are you doing?"

"Shh..." She put her finger to his full lips and brushed his hands from hers. Lord, the man was beautiful. It was no surprise that women always fell all over themselves in his presence. Unlike Emilio, who knew how handsome he was, Michael was oblivious. It was a very endearing quality.

She unfastened his shirt the rest of the way before she glanced at his worried face. He made a little squeaky noise that would have been a whine in wolf form.

Emilio rearranged himself until he was sitting with one leg on the couch and a foot on the floor. When his thighs bracketed Michael's hips, he pulled the other man backward to lean against him, putting Michael's ass on the very edge of the couch.

Michael looked over his shoulder at him. Emilio smiled and repositioned him against his chest, then winked at Sarah. His eyes had shifted into the amber canine eyes she'd caught a glimpse of this morning. He was turned on by her touching his mate, by being this close to his mate in a sexual situation.

That was all the permission she needed. Her pussy clenched in anticipation, and she slid to the floor between Michael's knees. She leaned forward again, pressing her hands to his smooth hard chest and kissed his lips. At first he didn't respond, but when she licked the seam of his mouth, he opened up and let her in. His muscles flexed under her palms, and his heart beat harder. His tongue tentatively touched hers.

It was all she could do not to cheer. Her pussy juices coat the outer lips of her labia and her nipples peaked, aching to be touched. Michael's hands flattened over hers, holding them to his torso, and he threw himself into the kiss. He explored her mouth, whimpering. He was breathing so heavily, it was audible.

Emilio groaned and leaned his face closer to hers and Michael's. His voice was husky, sensual, when he whispered in Michael's ear, "Take her nightgown off."

Michael stilled, then nodded. He looked at Sarah for several seconds, like he was trying to make up his mind, then reached down, grabbed her nightgown, and lifted it over her head.

The air on her nipples made them harden more. The sensation shot straight to her core. Emilio reached forward and cupped one breast, pinching the nipple.

"Come here, Sarah." She crawled up on the couch, straddling Michael's thighs, feeling his erection for the first time against her wet pussy. Even with his pants in the way, it was heaven. She groaned and pressed down hard, grinding a little.

Michael gasped and bucked up against her. The wonder and awe in his eyes reminded her he was inexperienced. Or at least she thought he was. Emilio rubbed his cheek against Michael's, then dragged her closer. He opened his mouth and flicked his tongue over her lips, asking to be let in.

She moaned into Emilio's mouth as her erect nipples came in contact with Michael's warm chest. Her nervousness was slipping away in the face of blind lust. She wanted this, these men, so badly.

Michael moaned, too, and his breath fanned across her cheek. Something tickled the side of her breast. She broke the kiss to find Michael's fingers timidly dragging up and down her sides.

Emilio groaned. His stare fastened on Michael's hand, then he grabbed it and placed it more fully on her breast. After that, Michael seemed to relax; the curiosity and arousal were overriding his fears and he squeezed and explored, learning her body. His touches were tentative at first but grew bolder quickly. He pinched and rolled her nipples, observing her closely to gauge her reaction.

Sarah smiled at him and kissed his lips, encouraging him the best way she knew how. “Do anything you want.” She trailed two fingers down his smooth cheek. That seemed to be all the permission he needed. He dipped his head and touched one hard nipple with the tip of his tongue.

Emilio moaned, his wolf eyes closing for a second; then he slid out from behind Michael. He nudged the younger man over until he was able to sit between Michael and the arm of the couch. When Michael scooted to his right, it pressed his erection up into Sarah, making her moan, too. Her pussy constricted and dampened even more.

Michael’s nose flared, and he looked down. His fingers raked through the hair above her sex, then his gaze shot to hers. She nodded, got off his lap and reclined on the couch. She spread her thighs wide, dropping one foot to the floor and looping one over the back of the couch. “Touch me.” *Oh, please, touch me.*

Michael turned his head, seeking Emilio.

Emilio smiled, too, and reached past him to run a finger along her slit before pushing in. She grunted. Her juices coated her labia, running out and down her crack as he fucked her with his finger. She couldn’t decide what turned her on more: the wet sounds of his finger pushing into her or Michael’s rapt attention to every move Emilio made. She was very close to an orgasm.

Apparently Emilio realized it because he pulled his sopping digit out and tapped Michael’s leg before standing. “Scoot down.” Emilio got to his knees beside the couch and looked up at his mate expectantly. He crooked his finger at Michael and finally Michael seemed to understand what he wanted. He lay down on the couch until he was eye level with Sarah’s pussy and Emilio.

Sarah’s whole body tensed in anticipation. She knew exactly what her husband had in mind.

Emilio leaned forward and licked right up her seam, then thrust his tongue inside. Michael's mouth gaped as he watched, then he rested the side of his face on her thigh and watched Emilio, who turned his head. His nose touched Michael's, and they stayed there for several seconds before Michael moved and took a tentative taste of her pussy with the tip of his tongue.

Sarah whimpered.

Emilio did, too. Then he grabbed Michael's face and kissed him. Hard. Michael gasped but opened right up, moaning into Emilio's mouth. Their eyes remained open for several seconds, then closed. The kiss was rough and almost violent in its desperation. Michael's teeth changed, and a drop of blood appeared on his lip, only to be smeared on Emilio's seconds later.

She knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that this was the first time they'd kissed each other, and somehow that made it all the more exciting. They were so beautiful together. She caught a glimpse of their tongues and moaned in appreciation. She reached down and rubbed her clit, watching them. It was only seconds before she was bucking against her own hand.

It was then that Emilio finally pulled away. He sighed and nipped Michael's jaw, his own teeth still normal. Michael opened his eyes. They, along with his teeth, had shifted. He tried to nuzzle Emilio's face, but Emilio moved away.

"Take a deep breath and concentrate on getting your teeth to go back."

Michael squeezed his eyes shut and nodded. Within moments his canines disappeared behind his lips.

Emilio kissed him again, briefly. "Very good, babe. Now use your fingers and mouth on Sarah and make her come. She's almost there."

Michael turned back to Sarah, intense predator eyes staring into hers. He leaned down and covered her pussy with his mouth. He might never have done this before, but he threw himself into the task. He thrust his tongue into her opening, then replaced it with his finger.



Raising his head, he watched his digit sink into her body, then he flicked his thumb against her engorged clit.

She cried out, her body all but vibrating. “Oh, again!”

Michael did it once more, then lowered his mouth back to her clit, bathing it with his tongue and sucking. He hummed against her. She’d been on edge since she’d initiated this whole situation, but now, the sensations and the sight of him with his nose buried in the red curls above her pussy was more than she could take.

Her thigh muscles started to jerk and she writhed against him. She wanted to grind herself into him, but she didn’t know how he’d react. She was distantly aware of Emilio standing and stripping, but her focus was on the wicked mouth worshiping her pussy.

Emilio leaned down next to him and rubbed his face along Michael’s cheek. “Use another finger, babe.”

Michael pushed another finger inside her and sucked harder on her clit. A tingle raced right up her spine, beginning right where his lips were. Then everything exploded. Sarah arched her back and came so hard, she saw stars.

For a minute, she just lay there panting, trying to catch her breath, and stared at her husband.

Emilio kissed her thigh, then he grabbed Michael’s arm and yanked him off the couch. He quickly unbuttoned Michael’s jeans and tugged them off. When Michael’s cock bobbed free, Sarah’s inner muscles spasmed some more. It was long, several inches longer than Emilio’s, but not quite as thick, and there was a thick patch of black hair above it but hardly any on his balls. His dick was so stiff that it was nearly standing straight up. A clear drop trickled down the shaft, dripping down to his testicles. Michael was panting, his hands fisted by his sides.

Sarah licked her dry lips, hoping Emilio would lick that drop off. But he didn’t. Instead, he stood and tossed Michael’s pants aside. The two men stood nose to nose, staring into the

other's canine eyes. Then Michael stepped forward and twined his arms around Emilio and kissed him. When their cocks touched, they both thrust toward each other and groaned.

She sat up and reached for both their shafts. She'd found out this past weekend that she rather enjoyed giving oral sex almost as much as receiving it. She liked the feel of a cock in her hand, her mouth, savored the warmth and hardness. And she wanted Michael's, to taste him, sample the fluid that had slid down his shaft. She wrapped her hands around both their cocks and squeezed.

Michael gasped into Emilio's mouth and clutched at his arms. "Ohh..." His legs visibly shook.

Sarah chuckled. She flicked the tip of Michael's cock with her tongue, sipping the clear precome that had seeped out, then laved a long line down and sucked on the sac below. Umm, he tasted good, a little more salty than her husband.

Emilio threaded his hand through her hair. "Oh, God, what a sight." He maneuvered them to where Michael sat on the couch, his legs wide, and Sarah was on her knees in front of him. When Emilio settled behind her, she resumed her explorations and licked Michael from balls to tip, then closed her lips over the head of his cock.

"Omigod." Michael moaned, his head thrashing back and forth.

Emilio's warmth pressed firmly against her, and then his cock nudged between her legs, raking along her slick labia. He didn't push in; instead, he leaned over her back and rested his head on her shoulder. He chuckled and grabbed Michael's hands, which were attempting to tear the couch cushion apart. "Easy, babe. You can thank me later for teaching her that."

Sarah half groaned, half laughed, and reached back to pinch him.

He nuzzled her cheek. "I love you, Sarah."

She let Michael's cock go with a pop and kissed Emilio, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. He returned her ardor, then reached down between them. She was so wet, his cock

was able to come against her and slide right in. Her pussy contracted despite the orgasm she'd just had. Grunting into his mouth, she pushed back onto his cock, impaling herself further. "I love you, too, Emilio."

Michael whimpered above them and lifted his hips.

Emilio smiled against her lips. "Someone's becoming impatient."

"Mmm... Maybe you should help me out." She raised a brow, daring him, then bent and licked the side of Michael's cock. She wanted Emilio to do the same, but she didn't think he would. So, when he leaned over her shoulder and licked up the opposite side of Michael's cock, it was a contest as to who was more surprised, her or Michael.

Emilio ignored their startled cries and covered the side of Michael's cock with his mouth, gliding up and down as he fucked her.

She watched him for several seconds, wanting him to take the head of Michael's dick into his mouth, pleading silently for him to do so. When he finally did, it went straight to her core, like lightning arcing through her body. She nearly came, her pussy squeezing Emilio tight, milking his cock.

He let go of Michael, gasping for air, his teeth lengthening. "I-I can't, Sarah, honey. My teeth." He gave his mate's shaft one last lick, then clasped her hips and pounded into her.

Sarah took Michael's cock down her throat as far as she could, pumping with her hand and moving with her husband's thrusts into her pussy. Emilio's skin slapped against her ass, the wet sounds of sex surrounded them, accompanied by their moans of pleasure. She never wanted it to end, but it was inevitable. She was already on her way to climaxing and could tell both men were close as well.

Michael came first. His back arched, he lifted his hips off the sofa and he came in a salty gush down the back of her throat. His orgasm spurred her own, making her pussy convulse violently. She let go of his cock and rested her face against his leg, riding the waves

of pleasure that crashed over her. Emilio next stiffened behind her, grunting long and low, before he collapsed over her back.

They stayed like that until semen slid down the inside of her thighs. She wiggled and pushed her butt backward, trying to dislodge her husband. "I'm dripping."

He smiled against her shoulder. "So am I. What's your point?"

"Move."

He chuckled and stood. "Oh, man. I think we broke him."

*What?* Sarah got to her feet and turned her head.

Michael was slumped to the side, sound asleep. He looked like a debauched angel, with his dark hair over his paler forehead and one eye. The corners of his lips were turned up slightly in a grin.

She brushed the hair off his face. "Can you carry him?"

Emilio snorted. "Of course I can carry him." But his arms wrapped around her from behind, flexing more than normal, and he kissed her cheek. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"You're sure you don't mind sharing?"

"Do you?"

"Oh, God, no, honey. I love you both." He turned her in his arms. "I'm not letting either of you go...ever." He kissed her forehead, then rubbed his cheek against it.

Sarah blinked back the tears his words brought and bit her lip. She hugged him tight. "I love you."

"I love you, too, honey. Let's get Michael and go to bed."

She stayed in his arms a few seconds longer, listening to his heartbeat, then another drip down her thigh had her moving. She nodded and stepped back.

"Okay, put him in our room. From now on he sleeps with us."

## Chapter Six

*December 13, 1974*

Emilio shook her shoulder. "Honey, wake up."

She shrugged his hand off. "Shh..."

"Sarah, wake up. Michael's gone."

"Huh?" That brought her wide awake. She sat up, blinking her eyes open until she could focus on Emilio. He was standing next to the bed, leaning over her. She turned her head and looked beside her. Empty. There was an indentation on the pillow in the middle where Emilio had slept but no sign that Michael had ever been there. She lay back down. "It's Friday, he has school today."

"It's only six o'clock."

"Are you sure he isn't in the house somewhere?"

Emilio's nose twitched. "Positive. I've looked and sniffed. He's not here. The school doesn't even open until seven thirty."

Sarah sat up again. For the first time, she realized that Emilio had pants on. He'd clearly gone looking for Michael. "No note?"

He shook his head. "I checked outside, and his car is gone."

*Crap.* Did this mean he was mad at them? Upset? Embarrassed? She looked up at Emilio. He ran a hand through his hair, looking worried and agitated all at once. She got up on her knees and kissed his chin.

"Sweetheart. He'll be back. He lives here."

Emilio snorted, but he leaned into her, allowing her to hug him.

"His stuff is still here, right?"

"Yeah."

She rubbed his back, trying to offer comfort she didn't feel. Her gut instinct was that Michael had run. The question was why; she knew it must have been because of last night, but what specifically had made him unable or unwilling to face them? "Come on. I'll fix us breakfast, and we can talk."

She got dressed and went to the kitchen, Emilio following behind. While she got the food going, he stood at the back window, looking out.

"Why would he leave without telling us goodbye?"

"You think maybe he was embarrassed?"

Emilio shook his head, then shrugged. "I wouldn't think he could be embarrassed in front of me, but maybe because of you..."

Sarah's jaw tightened. Anger overwhelmed her. She tried to bank it down, knowing it was irrational and uncalled for, but the tone in his voice when he'd said that... "Are you blaming this on me?"

"What?" He shook his head once more but his eyes wouldn't meet hers. "No, I should have talked to him first. I should have asked, but he seemed so willing last night... You're burning the eggs!"

Sarah threw the spatula at him. "Then fix your own damned eggs!" She stormed off toward the bathroom. She heard him slamming stuff around and cursing before she reached the bathroom. *Damn it!* Why had she done that?

No way had she read Michael wrong. She knew he had wanted her and Emilio as badly as they wanted him. But maybe Emilio was right; maybe they should've sat him down and discussed it with him...

She turned on the shower, stripped and got in, not even waiting for it to warm up. She shivered as the water poured over her head. Not only had she driven Michael away from them, but now she was alienating Emilio, too. Tears dripped down her face, mixing with the water. How was she going to fix things?

She stayed in the shower until she heard the front door slam shut, then she got out and dressed. She had a doctor's appointment for her yearly checkup today, but she wasn't going to stay here until then. She couldn't face Emilio. Not now, not until she figured out how she was going to make things right with Michael.

\* \* \* \* \*

She was walking around the strip mall, window shopping, killing time until her appointment, when her aunt Margaret came up behind her.

"Sarah." The older woman stood two feet away, her arms piled with shopping bags.

"Hello, Aunt Margaret. How are you?"

"I'm fine, dear. How are you? Married life treating you all right?"

Sarah smiled, trying to look happier than she felt at the moment. "It is. And yesterday, I finished my last exam for this semester. I got As in all my classes."

Aunt Margaret beamed at her. "Good girl." She looked around. "Are you here by yourself?"

Sarah nodded. "What brings you out today?"

Her aunt frowned, eyebrows pulling together; then she leaned closer to Sarah. “Is Emilio’s friend still living with the two of you?”

She sure hoped so... Sarah sighed, trying to decide how to answer her aunt and tell her to butt out politely. She knew where this was going.

“Aunt Margaret, Michael lived there before I did. It’s his home and I don’t mind him living there.”

Her aunt lifted her head, nose twitching like she smelled something foul. A sudden vision of Kyle’s playacting hit her, and she nearly laughed in her the older woman’s face.

“Sarah, it isn’t proper for a young lady to live with two men. I must insist that you tell him to move out.”

“And what if I don’t, Aunt Margaret?”

Her aunt stiffened, eyes widening in surprise. Sarah almost felt sorry for her, but she might be facing Michael moving out anyway, and it was all her fault.

“He’s not moving, Aunt Margaret. Get used to it.” She turned on her heel and walked away, though it pained her to do so. This woman had raised her, but Sarah wouldn’t let her or anything else come between her, Emilio and Michael....

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarah rested her head against the steering wheel of her car and closed her eyes. This couldn’t be happening. Her day was progressively getting worse and more complicated. She lifted her head, then started her car, dabbing at the tears tracking down her cheek before backing out of the parking space. Her mood wasn’t going to get any better in the parking lot of her doctor’s office. She needed to go somewhere and think.

First Michael, then her aunt, and now this.

She’d gone in for a checkup but had come out feeling worse than she had when she’d gone in. Well, in spirit, anyway. She pulled out onto the street and debated finding a pay



phone to call Rita or Claire. She needed to talk to someone about the jumbled confusion her life had become in the past day. But the impulse felt wrong. Her sisters-in-law weren't the ones she needed to talk to. She had to tell Emilio and Michael first. Assuming Michael ever came home, and Emilio would even talk to her.

"Hi, Morgan. Is Michael home yet?"

"I haven't seen him."

She barely contained her disappointment. She'd been pretty certain he wasn't here, but she'd needed to ask. At least he hadn't come home and moved out.

"Would you mind saddling Skipper for me?"

"Of course not." He went back into the tack room and came out with a saddle slung over his shoulder and a blanket under his arm. He walked toward the stall of a palomino, leaving Sarah to follow. "Are you going by yourself?"

"Yes, if that's okay." She grabbed Skipper's bridle from the tack room. Sarah had gotten quite good at riding and enjoyed it immensely, but she still couldn't get the saddle tight enough.

Morgan nodded and put the blanket and saddle on Skipper. "I don't see any reason you can't. You handle your mount very well."

"Thank you." Sarah stepped into the stall and put the bridle on the horse. She patted the palomino's nose and waited for Morgan to tighten the girth.

"You're welcome." He swatted the horse's rump, then glanced at Sarah. He didn't look much like Michael but for his eyes, but they were similar enough to make Sarah's heart ache. "You're good to go, cowgirl."

Sarah smiled, trying to look like she meant it. "Thanks, Morgan." She swung up onto the horse, and Morgan handed her the reins. She made it all of a yard out of the stables before she dug her heels in and gave Skipper her head. "Hya!"

The wind whipping through her hair was cold, and she was going to have hell combing out the tangles, but she couldn't bring herself to care. She just let her thoughts go and concentrated on the freeing sensation of riding. It was still cold, but her mind was on more important things than the chill in the air. She had her coat and gloves on, so it wasn't too terribly bad.

*Why now?* Why did she have to be pregnant now? Would it cause Michael to pull away from them entirely? Assuming he hadn't already.

Finally, when her cheeks were practically frozen, she reined in. She laughed when she realized where she was. The stock pond, the place she and Emilio and Michael had all met up on their first date.

She patted Skipper's neck and hopped off. Holding onto the reins, she walked around the half-frozen pool of water. She couldn't tell the men she was pregnant until she figured out where they all stood. No way was she putting that on their shoulders right now. She still had couple months before she'd have to say anything, but hopefully it wouldn't take that long.

"Hey, want some company?"

Sarah jumped and swung around, her hand going to her throat. She hadn't heard Emilio come up.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. I saw you take off from the stables, and I started walking. I figured you'd end up here eventually." He was sitting with his back against the big oak tree about ten feet away from the pond.

"It's okay. I was just thinking." She led Skipper toward her husband. "You walked?"

"I thought I'd catch a ride back with you."

"Okay. I s'pose you can, but Skipper and I, we charge a fare."

He chuckled and stood, then met her halfway. "You do, do you? I may have to bargain with you. I'm broke."

Sarah pursed her lips and tapped her finger against her chin. "Well, then I guess we'd take a kiss in payment."

Sarah laughed and dropped the reins, hugging him, feeling a lot better than she had when she'd left the stables. At least Emilio was no longer mad at her.

"Are you okay, honey?"

"I will be. I'm sorry about this morning. I shouldn't have thrown the spatula at you."

He grinned and shrugged. "I had it coming. I shouldn't have yelled at you."

She grabbed his hand and Skipper's reins and started walking around the pond again. "You don't regret last night?"

"No way. Do you?"

She shook her head. "The only thing I regret is that we should have woke Michael up and made him talk to us."

"Yeah, we should have. I should have known he'd freak out."

She should have seen it, too. She knew Michael wanted them both, but it had to be a little overwhelming, being forced to acknowledge something like that the way he'd had last night. "Is he back yet?"

Emilio squeezed her hand and nodded. "Came back right after you took off."

"Did you talk to him?"

"No. He went for a run."

Sarah frowned and looked around. "Where?"

"The other side of the property. He was in wolf form."

"Greaaat. So, basically, he knew that I went this way and wanted to avoid me."

"Nah, he always goes that way when he goes off to think. He'll end up in the hay loft in the barn, wait till dark, then come back home when no one can see him walking to the house naked."

“Fur isn’t naked.”

“No, but he shifts when he gets to the barn. He sits in the loft for a while to think. He doesn’t do his thinking when he runs; he just gets all his aggression out.”

She grinned. It was really neat how well he knew his mate. She wondered if he’d know her as well in a couple years. He seemed well on the way now. “I want to go find him and talk to him.”

“Want me to come with you?”

“No. I feel like I need to do this. I started it.”

“Honey, you weren’t in it alone. I was right there with you.” He sighed and shook his head, then stopped walking, making Sarah face him. “I won’t give either of you up, Sarah. He knows me well enough to understand that. It’s just a case of letting him make his place and getting comfortable with it. Helping him get his bearings and the realization that he belongs with us.”

She went up on tiptoe and kissed his chin, her tension and anxiety falling away. “Well, I’m going to get him to understand.” She released Emilio’s hand and threw Skipper’s reins back over the horse’s head.

Emilio chuckled and pulled himself up to sit behind the saddle, then reached down for her. “Just do me a favor.”

She grabbed his hand, stuck her foot on his boot and swung up in front of him. Taking up the reins, she slid her feet into the stirrups. “What’s that?”

“He’s a virgin. Keep him that way until you get him home and I can be involved.”

Sarah shivered and all her blood rushed to her pussy at her image of the three of them together. “You got it.” She dug her heels into Skipper’s sides and away they went. The sooner she talked to Michael, the sooner she got him back to their house.

## Chapter Seven

She found him exactly where Emilio had said she would: up in the hay loft of the big barn that sat catty-corner from the stables, lying on his stomach with his chin propped on his hands and peering out the hay lift door.

Sarah stood quietly at the top of the ladder and stared for several seconds. He was breathtaking. He looked like a fallen angel. Almost too beautiful to touch. She wished more than anything at that moment that she had some artistic ability. The scene before her would make the perfect painting.

The fading sun cast him in shadows where only his face, the upper swells of his shoulders and his sculpted ass were illuminated in a reddish hue. He was perfectly still, except for the soft breeze that came through the open lift door and blew his hair off his face.

“I don’t want you to get hurt, Sarah.” Michael didn’t turn or give any other clue that he knew she was there.

She stepped up the last rung of the ladder and climbed into the loft. “What makes you think that I will be?” She reached him and lay down beside him, on her stomach just like him, and stared out the door.

“People will see this as even worse than me and Emilio being together.” He turned his head slowly, his gray eyes blinking away tears.

She leaned forward and kissed the bridge of his nose. “Do you really care so much what others think?”

He closed his eyes. After several minutes he opened them again, staring into her eyes. “My whole life, I tried to deny it, thinking it was wrong. My dad pretty much disowned me when he realized Emilio was my mate. He-- he caught us kissing when we were kids and after that--” He shook his head. “After that, he didn’t have much to do with me. He devoted all his time to Morgan. He never said anything, but I saw how he looked at me, how he treated me. I disgusted him.”

“*Do* you think it’s wrong?” She brushed his wet cheek.

“No, not really. I can’t help how I feel.” He shrugged and looked away, gazing out the small square door again. “I don’t care anymore. If someone doesn’t like it, it’s their problem, not mine. I just don’t want you and Emilio hurt by this.” He glanced at her, his tears coming faster now, and his eyes pleading with her to understand. “I love him, Sarah. He’s my mate; he was made for me. Werewolf mates are born to each other.”

Her heart constricted, and her own tears started to flow. “I know that, and I also know you love him, sweetheart. I do, too. And I love you. I want you both to be happy. I want us all to be happy together.”

Michael frowned, his eyebrows pulling together. “Your aunt and uncle won’t understand. You’ll be an outcast.”

“I already am. My aunt approached me today. She told me I shouldn’t allow you to live with us. I told her to mind her own damned business.”

“You did?”

She nodded vigorously. “Yes, I did.”

He frowned and sat up, grabbing her hands. “They’re like your parents.”

“If they disown me because you and Emilio are both an integral part of my life, then they never loved me anyway. I won’t give the two of you up unless you both decide you don’t want me.”

He shook his head. “No, you belong with us. I could tell that from the beginning. I love you, too, Sarah.”

It felt like a huge crushing weight had suddenly been lifted off her lungs, and she could breathe again. She laughed and grabbed him, kissed him. “Good, because I’m selfish. I want both of you.”

He growled and pulled her over on top of him as he rolled to his back. He nipped her bottom lip, then licked the sting away. Tracing her lips with his tongue, he delved inside, kissing her with the same fervor he had kissed Emilio last night. His cock hardened against her lower abdomen, and he began to thrust up against her. Grabbing both her ass cheeks in his hands, he squeezed, smiling against her lips when she squeaked.

Goodness, tell the man he could keep both of them and he became a sex-starved maniac. Sarah chuckled and pulled back, trying to catch her breath. “I guess this means you’re okay with this arrangement?”

“Yep.” He kissed her forehead. “Unless you try to get rid of me.” He kissed her nose. “I can share with the two of you.” He kissed her eyelids. “But I refuse to be cast aside, if you get tired of me.” He kissed her lips again and shifted, putting himself on top. “Forever, Sarah. All three of us as equal partners.”

“Oh, sweetheart, that’s exactly how we both wanted it all along.”

Michael’s mouth crashed down on hers. He straddled her hips with his legs and started dragging her shirt up.

“Whoa! Slow down.”

“Why?”

He asked it so seriously that Sarah burst into laughter. "Because Emilio is at home waiting for us."

He waggled his eyebrows. "That's a good reason." He hopped to his feet, the sleek hard body moving in one smooth motion. He held out a hand for her.

Her gaze raked down his body, from his shoulders to his muscled chest, and from his stomach to his lean waist...and the very impressive erection right below it. Sarah groaned and got to her knees, grabbed a handful of cock and led it to her mouth.

"Oh, God! That is not the way to get me to hurry."

He was right, it wasn't. And she knew Emilio was probably pacing a rut into the living room floor. She gave the head a quick lick and got up.

Michael groaned.

She swatted him on the butt as she went to the ladder. "Come on. Our third is waiting for us."

It was dark outside, but not quite dark enough for modesty's sake, so Michael shifted to wolf form and ran to the house. By the time she made it there and inside, Emilio had Michael pinned beside the door, kissing him.

She was immediately snagged and crushed between the two, her back against Michael's chest. His cock nestled against her ass, and his hands came around her to pull Emilio even closer. The shy innocence he'd displayed the night before was completely gone today. Apparently he'd only needed the reassurance that they wanted him and loved him, not just saw him as a plaything, to let his passion out.

Emilio kissed her and tugged her shirt off over her head. He unhooked her bra from behind and tossed it aside. As soon as she was bare, Michael's hands cupped her breasts, and he pushed his cock harder against her behind.

Her husband chuckled and swept his own shirt off. He started to unbutton his pants, then stopped. "Everyone to the bedroom." He motioned them toward the hall, allowing no



room for argument. "We might as well christen the bed. We're all sleeping in there from now on."

Michael was the first one in the bedroom. He practically flew to the bed, bouncing on it when he hit. Then he sat there watching them both undress with a grin on his face. "I think I should get to decide what we do tonight. No one consulted me last night."

Emilio arched a brow and sat down on the edge of the bed to pull his shoes off, his back to Michael. "Are you complaining?"

"No." Michael scooted closer to the end of bed. "But I think I should get to make love to Sarah tonight."

That sounded like a good plan to her. Sarah watched him slink across the sheets and wondered how long it would take him to pounce. She pulled the rest of her clothes off and stood there watching him. This new, needy and horny Michael was every bit as endearing as the bashful one.

He glanced over, saw that she was naked and changed direction. Before she knew, it she was on her back in the middle of the bed with Michael on top of her and his tongue in her mouth.

Emilio chuckled and lay down beside them, resting his head on his hand. He kissed Michael's shoulder and rubbed the younger man's lower back. "Hold up, babe. We have all night." He tugged on Michael's shoulder until he got him on his knees and facing Emilio.

Emilio smiled at her and got to his own knees in front of Michael. They were still, studying each other for several seconds, then Michael sprang to action. He grabbed Emilio and kissed him, mashing their bodies together. Emilio gasped, his eyes widening. Apparently Sarah wasn't the only one not used to this sex fiend that Michael had turned into.

She sat up and scooted back against the headboard. She wanted to see them. Watching them together was an incredible turn on, and being with them, knowing that they were mates and had never done this before only added to her excitement.

Michael gripped his mate's ass and ground them together, making Emilio moan into his mouth. The whole time, their hands were busy learning each other, caressing, stroking.

She'd done this, gotten them together; she *was* a part of them.

Emilio kissed down the younger man's neck, lingering on his collarbone and shoulder while Michael's hands traced his back. Emilio took his time kissing and licking his mate until he got to Michael's cock. He sucked the head into his mouth briefly, then pulled away. With a whined protest from Michael, he came back up to his knees and nudged Michael onto his back.

Michael lay down, his eyes wide with wonder.

Sarah couldn't take any more; her clit throbbed, she wanted them both so badly. Her pussy ached to be filled. She crawled down the bed and met Emilio at Michael's chest. As Sarah stared into her husband's warm brown eyes, she lowered her head to Michael's nipple and flicked it with her tongue. Emilio lowered his head and did the same on the other side. After that they set up a pattern, exploring Michael's body, discovering what felt good to him.

They learned that Michael was ticklish on the hipbones, but he loved being touched on the inner thighs. His nipples weren't as sensitive as hers or Emilio's but by sucking on them, they could get him to moan and writhe a bit. He really liked it when they laved his balls and the creases of his legs.

Emilio held up Michael's cock so that he and Sarah could both enjoy it. They alternately licked and sucked, stopping to kiss each other every so often. Sharing with Michael with Emilio felt so right. It was strange in a way, but even from the beginning, there seemed to be a bond that pulled not just the two men closer together, but her as well. This intimacy among the three of them only enhanced that bond. It should have bothered her that they were the ones who were mates; it should have made her feel excluded, but it didn't. The men might belong to each other, but they both were *hers*.

In no time they had Michael moaning and shoving toward their mouths. When he started to beg, Emilio pulled Sarah up and positioned her on her hands and knees over Michael, whose eyes were dazed with pleasure. She kissed his nose, then his chin and each cheek. As she bent to take his mouth, Emilio licked a long line up her slit. She whimpered and pushed back, trying to get more. He obliged for long seconds, licking and probing with his tongue until he had her also on the verge of orgasm.

“Trade places. Lie down, Sarah.”

She got off Michael and moved onto her back, then Michael got to his knees between her spread thighs. He stroked her stomach, her legs, everywhere but where she needed him to touch her most. All the while Emilio was behind his mate, caressing his shoulders, his back, even his buttocks.

She was going to die of need if they didn’t hurry. She wanted Michael’s cock inside her. She bucked up, pumping her hips in impatience.

Emilio grabbed Michael’s cock and held it down, aiming it at her moist entrance. Michael didn’t need any further urging. He pressed forward, sinking slowly into her throbbing core. Her muscles automatically clamped down around him, making him moan. He closed his eyes and dropped onto his hands above her. Sarah gave him a few seconds to absorb the sensations of their joined bodies, not wanting him to come yet. Then she pulled her knees up and thrust.

Michael moaned again and reciprocated. He experimented with his motions a little, then found a rhythm they both liked. Emilio came up beside their heads on his knees. He clasped Michael behind the neck and pulled him forward for a deep kiss. It was frantic, wet and passionate, involving tongues and teeth. When Michael opened his eyes, she noticed they had shifted to their lupine counterparts.

Emilio dragged Michael’s head down, urgently pulling his mate’s head toward his cock while he held himself with the other hand. “Suck me, babe.”

*Oh, God, yes!* Sarah ran her hand up the inside of her husband's thigh and over his balls. He was so open and exposed. When Michael's lips wrapped around Emilio's thick shaft, Sarah's whole body clenched around Michael's still thrusting cock. He didn't go as far down on Emilio's dick as she did, but his cheeks hollowed out, sucking more than she had. He closed his eyes again and hummed.

Sarah wasn't sure if the humming was because of Emilio or her, or both, but it was clearly an I'm-enjoying-myself sound. Through it all, his hips never faltered; he continued to fuck her, his long cock gliding in and out of her smoothly.

A tingle began in her pussy and radiated outward. She came with her eyes wide open, still watching as Michael sucked strongly on her husband's cock. With a final lift of her hips and clench of her pussy, she dragged Michael right over the edge with her. His body stiffened above her, and he groaned around Emilio's cock. Emilio thrust two or three more times into his mate's mouth and came, too.

Michael collapsed on her; Emilio, to their side. For several minutes, the only sounds in the room were of their panting. After they had all regained enough strength to move, Emilio got up and retrieved a towel, wiping them down, then they all moved under the covers, ending up spooned together with Sarah in the middle.

Nice and cozy, Sarah was completely sated. There wasn't a place on earth she'd rather be than where she was now. Surely the smile on her face was destined to become a permanent fixture.

She was almost asleep when she remembered she needed to tell them about the baby. Well, it could wait until tomorrow.

"Sarah? Emilio? Are y'all still awake?"

"Barely."

"Yeah, babe, what's up?" Emilio caressed Michael's hip.

Sarah chuckled and elbowed him in the ribs. "That's a loaded question. You probably shouldn't ask him that; we may never get to sleep." Emilio smiled against her cheek.

Michael grabbed her hand and put it on his hip, over Emilio's hand, then put his own on top. He squeezed lightly. "Love y'all."

"Love you, too." She and Emilio answered in unison.

Yep, the smile was permanent -- if not always on her face, then in her heart.

## Chapter Eight

*December 19, 1974*

The ring was burning a hole in her pocket.

She and Emilio had discussed it weeks ago, but she hadn't had time to pick it out, so today, she'd gotten up before either of her men and hightailed it to the jewelry store. She'd been lucky enough to find a gold band that matched hers and Emilio's perfectly. Then she'd gone shopping and to lunch with her sisters-in-law, even though all she'd wanted to do was go home and give Michael the wedding band she'd bought him. They'd considered giving it to him for Christmas, but she couldn't wait that long.

Michael was out of school on winter break and she'd wanted to stay at home, but the Christmas shopping wouldn't do itself. She might not be celebrating Christmas with her aunt and uncle because they'd disowned her after she'd told them Emilio and Michael were mates and she was sharing both their beds, but she still had plenty to buy.

Finally, four hours after she'd left home, she did just that. She got out of her car and practically ran to the front door, shopping bags in tow. She opened the door of the house;

there, through the living room, in the kitchen was Michael on his knees in front of Emilio. Now that was a welcome sight to come home to!

Emilio was leaning against the counter, naked from the waist down, and Michael, totally nude, was sucking on him.

*Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to me!* Sarah groaned and shut the front door. “My goodness. Can I play, too?” She set her bags down on the couch and went to them.

“Oh, yeah. Come here, honey.” Emilio reached out an arm to her and pulled her close, kissing her. Michael immediately started to work on her shoes from behind her. Her pants and panties soon followed. He pushed her leg up, making her loop it around Emilio’s hip and practically ate her up.

Sarah groaned and rocked back toward that talented mouth. His finger trailed over her hip and ass until one of his fingers rubbed against her anus. She squeaked and pressed closer to her husband.

Emilio grinned. “He did the same thing to me, and I reacted almost the exact same way.” She chuckled and relaxed, letting Michael run his finger up and down her crease. It did feel pretty good.

Abruptly, he stopped and stood up, kissing her mouth, then Emilio’s. “Do we have anything slippery? Lubricant?”

Good God, what had she started? Talk about jumping in with both feet. “What in the world do you need that for?”

He opened the cabinets over the stove. “We have Crisco. That should work.” He pulled down the tub of shortening and handed it to Emilio. “Bring that and come on.” He turned and headed toward their bedroom.

Emilio frowned and lowered her leg.

She shrugged. “I have no idea what he thinks he’s going to do with that.”

“Oh, I have a pretty good idea. What scares me is that I don’t know which one of us he thinks he’s using it on.”

Sarah pulled her shirt off and started walking. “Well, since he’s your mate, I’ll be nice and let you go first.”

Emilio groaned. “Gee, thanks.”

She chuckled. “No problem.”

“Did you get the ring?”

She nodded and pulled it off her thumb. “Here, you give it to him.”

Emilio stuck it on above his own ring and pushed her up against the wall, gobbling up her lips. “That was a brilliant idea, honey. He’s going to like it.”

“Mmm...well, after you give it to him, I have a surprise for both of you.”

Emilio grinned and opened his mouth to say something--

“Would you two hurry up?!”

When they got to their room, Michael was on his back in bed, stroking his cock. It was a pretty sight, but she wanted to participate instead of watch. She tried to hold in a moan but failed miserably.

“We’ve created a monster.” Emilio sighed but his gaze never left Michael’s busy hand.

She sat down and crooked her finger at her husband. “Didn’t look like you minded too badly a couple of minutes ago.”

“I didn’t say I didn’t like it. I’m just saying it’s going to take both of us to keep up with him. He’s going to be the death of us. Do you know what I woke to this morning?”

She was almost afraid to ask. She’d gotten up an hour before they normally did.

“I woke up with a dick in my face, tapping me on the cheek.” Sarah bit her bottom lip to keep from laughing and covered her mouth. Emilio put the Crisco down on the nightstand and came to stand between her legs. “Then he attacked me in the barn.”



“It was the tack room, not the barn.” Michael moved but she couldn’t see what he was doing.

Emilio shrugged.

“Define attack.” She really wanted to hear this.

“Dry humped.”

“It wasn’t all that dry. We both ended up having to go change pants.” Michael slid up behind her, putting his legs on each side of hers. His hard cock pressed against the cleft of her butt. One hand cupped her breast, the other her pussy.

She closed her eyes and leaned back just a tad. She didn’t know what was hotter, Michael’s erection against her and his hand working its way between her legs, or the thought of him and Emilio rubbing off each other in the tack room.

Emilio took her hand and placed it around his shaft before continuing with his grievances. “Then he dragged me back here for lunch and made me jerk him off.” The husky tone of voice didn’t sound at all like he was complaining.

Sarah squeezed his cock; he was so hard. She pumped her hand, felling the skin move against his dick. “*Made* you?”

Michael extended his legs and licked her neck. “Spread your legs wider, Sarah.” She did, and he pushed two fingers into her pussy. “Don’t let him kid you. It was a mutual thing, and he enjoyed it just as much as I did.”

Emilio placed a foot on the bed and moved closer, removed his cock from her hand, and positioned it right in front of her mouth. She licked the tip and sucked the head between her lips. Her pussy had gotten so wet it made sopping sounds with each movement of Michael’s fingers. She could actually smell the musky scent of her own juices.

Michael added another digit even as he moved behind her just a little, his cock pulsing. The hot, hard length throbbed and pushed against her back. He nuzzled the side of her face. “How far down can you go?”

She took a deep breath, relaxed, leaned forward and swallowed Emilio's cock all the way to her throat. Both men moaned. Emilio grasped the back of her head and slowly fucked her mouth.

Michael kissed, licked and nibbled on her cheek, ear, and neck, making goose bumps rise all over her. He pulled his fingers out of her pussy and brought them to his mouth. "Mmm..."

Sarah released her husband's cock and twisted to lick at Michael's lips, needing to taste him, taste the two of them together; his mouth contained her flavor and Emilio's, then she tasted his own.

The bed dipped. Emilio moved beside her and tapped her hip. "Come here, honey." She nodded but didn't stop kissing Michael.

It was Michael who finally maneuvered them to the center of the bed. Then Emilio coaxed her onto her hands and knees above himself, then pulled her bottom down so he could reach her pussy with his mouth. His wet, warm tongue laved and sucked at her clit, then he fucked her with it. It was difficult to keep her hips still when her body was screaming for her to move.

She couldn't see Michael, but she was pretty sure what he was doing by the slurping sounds behind her and the occasional moan vibrating her pussy. She bent her head down, looking back under her arm.

Michael's mouth was sealed around Emilio's cock. His eyes met hers and he went down further.

It was too much; her pussy clenched around her husband's tongue and she came instantly, rocking back and forth against his mouth. Emilio didn't stop, but kept licking and sucking until she climaxed again. There was some rustling beside her and the bed moved again, but she didn't have any idea what Michael was doing until a greasy finger rub across her anus.

She gasped, protested and tried to sit up, but Emilio chose that moment to suck her clit into his mouth and plunge two fingers into her pussy, making her come again.

Michael's slick digit pressed steadily into her ass before she finished climaxing. It stung a little but felt good, too; so good that it made her orgasm seem endless. She couldn't decide whether to rock back on his finger or forward onto Emilio's. The two men kept her so on edge that in no time Michael had worked another finger inside her ass and was steadily pumping them in and out.

Emilio moaned into her pussy again, and she dipped her head down to see Michael's hand working Emilio's cock.

"Oh, God." She was so turned on that she was convinced they could do anything they wanted with her and she'd love it. In fact, her entire body was so sensitized that she could probably come from pinching her nipples alone.

Emilio grunted, then ceased licking her. "Michael, stop."

Michael came up behind her without removing his fingers from her rear. He kissed her neck and bit down, sending a shiver down her spine. "Let me fuck you in the ass, Sarah." His language should have appalled her, but it was so unexpected coming from his mouth, and she was already so aroused that it had the opposite effect.

"Shut up! You're going to make me come with just your words." It was the closest Sarah had ever heard Emilio get to a whine; she couldn't help the chuckle that escaped.

Michael dropped his forehead on her shoulder, his own shoulders shaking.

Emilio groaned. "Somebody better do something, or I'm going to make the decision for both of you."

Sarah nodded. "Okay, but if I say stop--"

"I'll stop immediately." Michael slowly withdrew his digits.

"Oh!" That had felt good.

While Michael dug his fingers back into the shortening, she slid down Emilio's body and sat on his cock, rocking back and forth. Her pussy was so wet, the length of his shaft slid easily along her slit. She leaned forward so that the head of his cock rubbed against her clit.

He grabbed her hips, helping her move. "Oh, God, honey, that feels good."

Michael came back to her, coating her and his cock with the slippery substance. She reminded herself to get some Vaseline or something. Using shortening was...well, if she hadn't been so horny, it would have bothered her a great deal. As it was, his fingers rubbing her asshole felt really nice. She rubbed herself against Emilio again.

Michael pushed a finger in. "Does that still feel okay?"

She nodded. It was more than okay. It was nearly impossible to not grind herself down on her husband. Michael's digit disappeared, then the blunt head of his cock replaced it. He pushed into her slowly and steadily. It sort of stung a little, but it didn't really hurt.

Michael's forehead touched her between her shoulders. By the time his hips rested against her ass, he sounded like he'd been running. She was stretched beyond belief but moved first.

Michael gasped. "Oh, God, Sarah."

She needed something more. Reaching down, she clasped Emilio's cock and squeezed, then stroked the tip against her slit and her clit. Her husband in turn stuck his fingers in his mouth, then spread her labia open, rubbing her sensitive bud as Michael slowly fucked her ass. The sensations were so powerful, she peaked again. When she could think once more, she brought Emilio's cock to her pussy, lowered herself on him and bent forward over him. She was so full; it was the most intense thing she'd ever felt, and she decided that she really liked it.

Emilio wrapped his arms around her. "Oh, fuck! I can feel him."

Michael nodded against her shoulder and groaned.

Sarah wiggled experimentally. "Michael, move!"

“Can’t.” He sounded hoarse and sexy. His chest vibrated against her back.

“Michael, please,” Emilio gasped.

“I’ll come.”

Sarah rocked back in little pulses. “So will we.”

Michael gripped her hips and moved her, thrusting into her twice. She came again only seconds before both men. Emilio’s arms tightened around her, and he moaned in her ear as Michael practically roared a cross between a yell and a gasp. He fell forward onto her.

She’d died and gone to heaven. Who would have ever thought...?

Emilio was the first to recover. “Michael, get off. You’re squishing me.” Sarah tried to laugh, but Michael was squishing her, too.

He rolled off her and flopped over onto his back. “You’re both so unromantic.”

Sarah snorted. “You mean what you just did was romantic?” They all laughed together. “And don’t you dare put that Crisco back in the cabinet. Throw it away.” Sarah peeled her sticky, sweaty self off Emilio and laid down between him and Michael. She couldn’t believe what she’d just done; more to the point, she’d actually liked it. She couldn’t wait to watch the guys together...

She shivered, feeling a pleasant twinge in her pussy at the image that conjured up.

Emilio reached over her and grasped Michael’s left hand. “Here, let me continue to be unromantic.” He put the band she’d bought onto Michael’s ring finger, then let go.

Michael looked at the ring, then sat up and hurled himself between them. His eyes were misty.

Sarah screamed.

Emilio flinched.

Michael began to cover them both with kisses. Incredibly, he still had an abundance of energy. Emilio was right: Michael was going to wear both of them out.

Sarah grinned. Maybe a baby would slow him down a little. She could just imagine him chasing after a toddler. Emilio, on the other hand, she could picture napping with a baby on his chest. “How do you guys feel about babies?”

“Hey, yeah. I like babies.” Michael nudged Emilio. “We should start working on that.”

Emilio considered it for a few minutes and nodded. “Yeah, two or three would be nice.”

“Three. We need three; maybe a girl and two boys.” Michael looked like he had it all planned out.

Sarah opened her mouth to tell them that they didn’t have to work on it, but Emilio cut her off.

“I get to name the first one.”

Michael shrugged. “Okay. I’ll name the second one. You can name the third one, Sarah.” Michael turned over onto his back and stared up at the ceiling, just like Sarah and Emilio.

She closed her eyes and shook her head disbelievingly. At least they liked the idea. “Um, guys, I’m--”

“How long do you think it will take?”

“Nine months, Emilio.”

There was a smack.

“I didn’t mean that. I meant how long do you think it will take Sarah to get pregnant if we start now?”

There was another smack. “That’s not what you said.”

On and on they went. Sarah grinned and rolled over. God, how she loved them. She listened to them go back and forth between planning for a baby and bickering over the details. Right before she drifted off to sleep, she realized she never did get to tell them she

was pregnant. Oh well, the announcement would make a nice little present for both of them on Christmas morning.

## Epilogue

*November 2, 2006*

Sarah set her copy of *Gone with the Wind* down in front of the altar and stood. She'd looked around the fireplace earlier, fighting back tears as she'd spotted the smiling picture of her mother-in-law, Esperanza. She still missed the dainty Mexican woman terribly. She'd been like a mother to Sarah, nurturing and caring, and she'd always known how to guide Sarah into making the right decisions. Unlike her aunt and uncle, Espie had never batted an eyelash when Sarah had gotten involved with her son and his mate, had predicted it, in fact.

Sarah wiped at her eyes. Día de los Muertos was a happy occasion, not a sad one. Espie had taught her that when they had first met. It was the same day she'd greeted her destiny and seen her soul mates. Now here she was, some thirty years and four children later. Even though her aunt and uncle hadn't spoken to her after the year she'd married, maybe she'd put some flowers on their graves as well. If there was one thing she'd learned over the years, it was that the Day of the Dead was a day to remember happier times.

Sarah went to the kitchen and stacked the last of the Tupperware containers in a box and grabbed the candles she'd placed on the counter, throwing them in as well. That should



be it, except for the skull cookies, and Michael was supposed to be picking those up from Diego and Claire's restaurant. Sarah closed her eyes, trying to think. Had she forgotten anything?

Two strong arms wrapped around her from behind. "Mmm...are you meditating?"

Sarah jumped, eyes flashing open, and swatted behind her, hitting Emilio's leg. "You scared me."

He pushed her ponytail out of the way and bit down on her shoulder. "Sorry. Let me make it up to you." He kissed up her neck, nibbling.

She shut her eyes again and laid her head back against his chest to give him better access. This was nice. Since they couldn't leave until Michael got back with the cookies--

The front door opened and shut. "Hey, knock it off. We don't have time for that. There's an hour drive ahead of us, and it's only about an hour and a half before sundown."

Emilio cupped her breast. "Bet we can distract him and shut him up."

She'd bet he was right, and it was very tempting, but they really did need to go. She opened her eyes just as Michael came into the kitchen. He put down a white baker's box and a pale blue bag with little yellow duckies on it on the bar. Why did he have that bag?

She pulled it to the edge of the bar just as Emilio grabbed Michael by the arm and pulled him up against his chest and kissed him. It figured. Michael was completely without protest when it was him being groped and embraced.

Inside the ducky bag were diapers, baby clothes, and bottles. "Why do you have a diaper bag?" The men went right on kissing and totally ignored her. She leaned against the counter and crossed her arms over her chest. "Ahem."

Something tugged on her pants leg.

"Ma, ma, ma, ma, ma." Her youngest grandson sat on the floor staring up at her with big green eyes. He held his little arms up.

“Where did you come from, baby?” She lifted him and got a great, big, sloppy, open-mouthed, slobbery baby kiss right on her mouth.

Michael pulled away from Emilio and came to her and Wyatt. He kissed her cheek, then circled her waist with an arm. “Rhett’s in town. She was having dinner at the restaurant with Jess and Kat. Wyatt saw me come in and tried to crawl out of the high chair. After I took him, he wouldn’t go back to his mama.” Michael’s smile was absolutely devilish. He obviously liked the fact that his grandson wanted him over his own mother. “So I told her we’d bring him back out to the ranch tomorrow evening.”

Emilio came up on her other side and leaned in to kiss his grandson. “We’re going out to the ranch tomorrow?”

Michael brushed a dark lock of hair out of Wyatt’s eyes. “Yep. I thought we’d spend the weekend...in the guest house.”

Hmm, that sounded like fun. They had some great memories of that place, of course. She bussed Michael’s cheek. “That sounds wonderful.”

Wyatt touched Michael’s face, jostling his glasses and planted a big gushy baby kiss on his nose. “Pa!”

Michael grinned broadly, straightened his glasses and wiped his nose off. “Thank you.” He returned Wyatt’s kiss back, then kissed Sarah. “I thought so, too. Just like old times.”

“Why don’t we all take time off and stay the whole week? Maybe two?” Emilio clapped his hands once and held them out to Wyatt.

Wyatt reached for Emilio. “Tee.”

“Oh, God.” Michael rolled his eyes.

Sarah just groaned and handed the baby over. Her husband was incorrigible. It was bad enough that he had their older grandsons calling him “Uncle Grandpa.” Now he had the baby doing it, too. In Spanish.

Emilio stuck his tongue out at them and glanced down at Wyatt. “Tell Grandma and Grandpa to hush and get the stuff.”

Wyatt looked at them and stuck his finger straight up in the air instead of to his lips. “Shhhh...”

Emilio grinned even wider. “Tell them they better hurry or Wyatt and *Tio Abuelo* are going to leave without them.”

Wyatt stared at Emilio, then at her and Michael. “Go!” And with that, Emilio and Wyatt made a grand exit. Well, it would have been grand if Wyatt hadn’t been waving to them over Emilio’s shoulder.

Michael bumped her hip. “Come on, you heard the baby. Let’s go. We have Día de los Muertos to celebrate. Let’s introduce our grandson to his great-grandparents.”

She grabbed the diaper bag and followed Michael out. “Can we leave Tio Abuelo here?”

Michael chuckled. “Nah, but we can make him ride in the trunk.”

“Hey, I heard that!”

 THE END 

## Jeigh Lynn

Jeigh Lynn lives with her real life hero and their two rowdy sons. She is an ex-dance instructor and dancer of over twenty-five years. She lays claim to several National and Regional Dance Competition trophies, including Showstoppers, Stars of Tomorrow and Star Power. She was also featured twice on a variety show for the BBC.

Currently, Jeigh is a full time writer, not to mention an avid reader of Romance and Mystery. When she's not fetching Kool-Aid and swapping out video games, she can usually be found enjoying the decadence of chocolate, in between her workouts and writing. Her hobbies include gardening, practicing her marksmanship, art, typing emails to her critique partners and, of course, reading.