

Nothing Done In Love

Tara Cox



Copyright © 2020 by Tara Cox

This PDF format is licensed under Creative Commons for non-commercial use only.
CC BY-NC-ND 4.0 (<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>)

You are free to:

Share — copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format

The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the license terms.
Under the following terms:

Attribution — You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.

NonCommercial — You may not use the material for commercial purposes.

NoDerivatives — If you remix, transform, or build upon the material, you may not distribute the modified material.

No additional restrictions — You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits.

All characters and settings are fictional. Any resemblance to people living or dead is unintentional.

Forward

Writers, like mothers, are not supposed to have favorites. And I don't. But if I did, this story might be it.

I aspire to be Joy Danvers, though my relationship with my own daughters is far from the one that she shares with Kaitlin.

But then again, having your mother demonstrate to all your friends how to put condoms on – at the kitchen table, after school, over fresh baked cookies – well, my children will tell, it ain't as wonderful as it sounds. My daughters wish they had a 'normal' mom.

My passion for this story is found in its title:

Nothing Done In Love – can ever be wrong.

Of course, it goes without saying - between CONSENTING ADULTS.

As Joy says:

Love is the divine within us all. How we choose to share that is no one's business but ours and our partners.

Whether that be gay, lesbian, transgender, polyamorous, BDSM, or vanilla, even asexual (though, personally, this one challenges me). But Joy is still better at saying it than I am.

Enjoy,
Tara

Table of Contents

Forward.....	3
Chapter 1.....	5
Chapter 2.....	12
Chapter 3.....	17
Chapter 4.....	23
Chapter 5.....	30
Chapter 6.....	39
Chapter 7.....	49
Chapter 8.....	55
Chapter 9.....	62
Chapter 10.....	70
Epilogue.....	77
About the Author.....	86

Chapter 1

Kaitlin Danvers stood on the tiny front porch of the bungalow that she had shared with her mother all her life. Main Street was just a couple of blocks away, a tourist mecca with shops, bars, and some fine restaurants. Seal Beach itself, with its excellent surfing, was less than a five-minute walk. Their house might be little more than a shoebox squeezed between apartment buildings and multi-million dollar houses, but it had been a loving home, which was probably more than those more expensive ones could claim.

None of that mattered right now, though. Katie fought back the tears once more. It was a constant battle these days. It had been for almost a year now, ever since the doctors diagnosed her mother's breast cancer. Surgery, chemo, radiation, new drugs...none of them worked.

Her mother was dying. Her mother, her best friend, the woman that she had looked up to and emulated for a lifetime would be gone soon—weeks, perhaps days. Of course, no one could say for certain how long she had left.

However long it was, though, she was not going to miss a single precious moment of it. Just as her single mother had worked so hard never to miss the significant moments of her only child's life. PTA, ballet, soccer, Little League, her mother had always found a way to afford those things on her measly income as a masseuse, herbalist, life coach, and sometimes psychic. Even more importantly, Joy Danvers had always worked her clients around Katie's schedule. They had struggled financially when she was a child, but by the time she had entered high school, her mother's 'following' had grown.

Hell, her mother was practically a guru of some damned sort these days. Katie sighed, which meant she had been forced to share these precious final days of her mother's life with a string of needy, rich people putting an additional strain upon her mother's waning energies. But that was Joy Danvers. Always there to help when someone needed her.

It was not just her wealthy clients, though. Katie smiled as she remembered how her mother always had an open-door policy for all her friends. Sometimes she wondered if it was more her mother's welcoming smile, open ears, and homemade chocolate chip cookies, which had accounted for her popularity in high school, than her blonde All-American girl-next-door looks and sunny smile.

This house had been full every afternoon with half a dozen or more of her friends just hanging out, talking, and even occasionally doing homework. Most of them preferred coming home to her house than letting themselves into empty apartments or even expensive mansions.

A tear slid down her cheek as she thought of two of the regulars, Chance and Chase Logan. Identical twin brothers, who also happened to be the only children of a single mother. Their mother had worked two, sometimes three jobs, leaving the boys to fend for themselves. They had moved to Seal Beach when Katie was a junior in high school. For the next two years, they were her best friends and almost constant fixtures around this house.

She sighed as she remembered the last time she had seen them. It was the night of their high school graduation. They had all joined a bunch of their friends afterward on the beach for illegal bonfires. It had been the first time that Katie had gotten drunk.

Oh, she had tasted alcohol before. Her mother had never believed in sheltering her child, so from around twelve or thirteen, her mother had regularly offered her a half glass of wine with dinner. But that was a very different thing to half a dozen wine coolers, a beer or two, and even a couple of shots of tequila. To say she was tipsy would be a gross misrepresentation. She was wasted.

If it had not been for Chase and Chance practically carrying her home between them, she might have gotten into real trouble. She shook her head, not that she had not, even with her best friends. Especially with them. That night was why she never drank more than a single glass of wine ever, and usually not even that. It had been a disaster that had cost her the best friends she had ever had. Other than her mother.

She should go back inside and check on her mother now. Of course, Melody, the young hospice nurse was here, so this was supposed to be 'her' time. But to do what?

Sleep was impossibly hard coming. Even when it did, it was fitful. Katie usually slept in the chair beside her mother's bed rather than her room, even though it was just next door. She never really made it to the deep dream-filled kind of slumber. She remained vigilant for even the tiniest moan from her mother to indicate that she needed a top-up of the morphine.

She supposed she could take a stroll along the beach. It was almost sunset, and that was usually spectacular. The cool breeze might even relax and soothe her a bit after the scorching Southern California summer heat. But the truth was that she did not want to be around that many people. There were sure to be loads on such a perfect summer evening like this one.

Katie had come to realize that she had inherited more than just her looks from her mother. Her psychic gifts as an empath, who could read the emotional turmoil of others as surely as some might read their thoughts, was more of a curse than a blessing. It had, over the years, turned her into a virtual recluse, who came straight home from her job as a kindergarten teacher, who rarely dated, and would do just about anything to avoid crowds. Unlike her semi-famous mother, Katie had never found a way to dampen those feelings - hers or others.

So instead, she stood alone on the front porch of the only place she had ever known as home and looked off towards the beach, just hoping to get a brief glimpse of the sunset. Much as she had always stood on the perimeters of life, watching others live, but too afraid to take those risks herself.

All except for that one night. That one time when she had been so drunk that she had jumped headlong into the deep end - and almost drowned. In them.

Katie cursed under her breath as she saw two Harleys turn off Ocean Avenue onto their tiny street. ‘Damn it,’ she could hear the low rumble of the machines already, and they were still a block or two away.

Why now? Just when her mother was finally getting the most restful sleep she had had in weeks, perhaps months. Why did these two jackasses have to take a short cut back to the Pacific Coast Highway to avoid Main Street that was probably incredibly busy, especially as it was Friday night? Or she thought it was anyway.

“Damn them! Damn them to hell,” she muttered aloud as she turned to go back inside the house and check on her mother.

Then the bikes came to a halt on the street right in front of the house. She frowned even more, probably more of her mother’s ‘groupies.’ Why, even now, did she have to share the woman with strangers?

But she knew that was not how Joy Danvers saw things. If her mother could give others comfort and solace in her final days, as she had always tried to in her all too brief life, then she assured her daughter that was what she wanted. So reluctantly, Katie plastered that same fake smile on her face as she watched the men get off the motorcycles.

Men did not cover it. Probably more of the Hollywood actor or model types, attired in tight jeans that clung to muscled thighs that left little to the imagination. They reminded her of the covers on some spicier erotic romances that peppered her tablet. They wore matching black leather jackets, but those only accentuated their broad shoulders that tapered to narrow waists.

She inhaled deeply; maybe she should sneak into her bedroom after she got these two settled with her mother. How long had it been since she had even masturbated? As for ‘real’ sex, that had never been high on her agenda. Then again, she had never been a raving beauty that could attract men like this.

Except...that once.

Both men reached up to remove the black visor helmets that they wore. Her breath caught and froze halfway to her oxygen-starved lungs. It was if she had conjured them up out of thin air. Them. Them? She rubbed her eyes as if seeing a mirage.

Chance and Chase? It could not be. Now? After all these years. A decade or more.

They were even more stunning than they had been back then. The handsome athletes with their boyish good looks had become men. Hot men; men way out of her league. But damn were they sweet eye candy.

At first, she was shocked by the hair that curled softly almost reaching their shoulders and the thick, dark beards that, rather than hiding their masculine beauty, only accentuated it.

It was not what she would have thought of as military-style. Then she remembered that those types of regulations had been softened over the past decade as the U. S. tried to respect norms of other cultures, as well as provide what camouflage it could to its people deployed in hostile territory. Whatever reason, she had to admit it made the men look even hotter than the boys she remembered.

They smiled at her, and the years floated away. They might have changed, matured, but those smiles still held the boyish charm that always made her feel safe, secure, and protected. Then they moved, not quite ran to her, but it was close.

Without warning, they scooped her up as they often had, swirling her about and shuffling her back and forth between them like the footballs that they passed from quarterback to wide receiver. For a moment, it was like the years had fallen away, and they were best friends who knew each other's every secret.

Well almost. A few secrets a girl kept to herself. She blushed as another memory flitted through her brain -except when you get too drunk and said and did things you should not. Not with your best friends. Not with both of them.

Even growing up with a mother that was a sexual guru of sorts, Katie had never been entirely comfortable with her sexuality. While she could accept the full range of sexual expression: gay, lesbian, transgender, open relationships, and polyamory, she had always felt a bit more constrained by societal norms.

Loving two men, brothers, might be great fodder for spicy e-books and even a wonderfully naughty fantasy to masturbate to. Still, she had never been able to reconcile it with the harsh realities of living in a monogamous world, even if that monogamy had degenerated into a serial form over the years. It was just a bit much for the repressed kindergarten teacher to handle.

Not that that was what she was focused upon as Chance drew her closer in one of his bear hugs, "Katy-did," he smiled.

She felt tears threatening to explode like torrential rains upon a desert, not just at his pet name for her but at how right it felt to be back in this man's arms again.

Before she could say a word, he passed the ball of blithering flesh to his brother to repeat the process, "Oh princess, do you know how much we have missed you?" Chase sighed as he buried his face in her neck.

His short beard abraded her skin and sent shivers down her spine. 'Down girl, this is Chase,' she reminded herself. It is not like that.

'But it could be,' whispered that little voice. 'They were not the ones that called a halt to things that night, sister,' it chided as her nipples hardened beneath the thin t-shirt as they

came into contact with the soft leather of his jacket. The smell of it and the man sent liquid heat bubbling like lava in her panties.

She forced herself to draw back from the embrace that was more comforting than anything had been in so long that she had forgotten such things. “What are you doing here? I thought you were in the Navy.”

“Were is right, Katy-did,” Chance stepped forward, placing a hand on her lower back until she was practically sandwiched between them.

Her throat tightened even more at the feeling, which was quickly morphing from comfort to something much closer to need. A sexual need that she had only felt once before in her life. A need that had become her favorite fantasy. The one that never failed to get her off, whether she used just her fingers or her toy collection.

A vivid menagerie of memories and might-have-been. Arms and legs entwined, pressed between them, overpowered and taken. Desired, wanted, needed, and even loved as she had never been, probably never would be. ‘Damn it, girl. Stop. Before you fucking come just from their hugs.’

But that was easier said than done after a decade of hot, erotic fantasies fed by books of a dozen authors all extolling the joys of loving and being loved by brothers. Katie had been shocked when she first got her tablet and began to download raunchy ebooks to discover that her darkest fantasy was not as uncommon as she thought.

It was just that perhaps she had gotten a tad closer to reality than most women. She had had her own personal cover models since she was a teenager.

“What are you doing here?” she stammered. Did her voice sound as breathless and sexy to them, she wondered. “Does Mom know you are coming?”

Chase shook his head as Chance answered from just behind her, standing so close now that she could smell him too. Was that his jeans brushing roughly against her bare legs?

“Not exactly. She messaged us a few weeks ago, but we couldn’t make any promises. I had some final business to deal with for Uncle Sam, and Chase was still recovering.”

“Recovering?” she frowned. “What? What happened?”

Chase smiled, and for the first time, she noticed that his tan skin was a bit paler than his brothers, his smile a bit tighter, the dark circles under those baby blues a bit darker. “We will have plenty of time to talk later, princess. The only thing that matters right now is that we made it in time. That we are here. For our girls, for both of you.”

“So, are you going to invite us inside?” rumbled a deep chuckle from the chest, which was now pressed against her back as Chance buried his face in her neck.

“Since when did either of you need an invite into this house?” came the incredibly weak voice of her mother from the doorway. Katie noticed that Joy was holding so tightly to her walker that her knuckles were almost white against the steel grey tubing.

Katie pushed against Chase’s chest as she broke free. She was surprised when he stumbled backward a bit. He might have even fallen flat on that tight ass in those painted on jeans had it not been for his brother’s hand grasping his arm and keeping him upright.

Chase righted himself quickly as they smiled and crossed the few feet to the doorway just behind her. “Hello, Joy,” they said in unison as her mother opened the screen door in welcome.

“Welcome home, boys,” her mother’s voice was still flat and weak. Joy’s smile was strained, but it was genuine. Katie wrapped her arm about her mother’s waist and would have helped her back to the bedroom.

Chance pushed her aside and lifted her mother’s frail body in his arms. “You did not have to get up to greet us. You should have known we would come as soon as we could.”

“I did. I just wasn’t sure if it would be in time,” her mother nodded as he placed her on the large sectional sofa that took up almost all of the open plan living space, which was a dining room, office, classroom, and living room all in one.

He sighed, “We weren’t either, to be honest. But I am glad we did,” he replied as he looked from where his brother had pushed the walker against the wall to Katie. “Really glad.”

Katie felt as if those blue eyes were stripping away not just her clothes but her darkest fantasies, looking into her very soul. She fidgeted uncomfortably next to Chase, whom she noticed was also looking at her oddly.

“Let me get you something to drink...eat?” she stammered as she sought an excuse, any excuse to escape those stares just then.

Her mother nodded, “Please, dear. That would be very nice. I am sure the boys are both tired and hungry after their journey. And I would like a few moments alone with them to catch up while I still have some energy left. You three can talk for the rest of the night, just like you always did, but this old woman can’t stay up that late chaperoning you. Then again, you are adults and don’t need one anymore.”

“Mother,” she scolded the woman, who had made a name and reputation as the New Age sexual guru, priestess, and alternative lifestyles advocate of the twenty-first century. “Be nice. You know it was never like that.” Katie stretched the truth - except in her teenage fantasies. Her mother’s chuckle was as weak as the woman herself, “Go make food, while I talk to the boys.”

“Do you need any help?” volunteered Chase.

But she shook her head. No, she needed time alone to think and regroup. Time to breathe and make a plan for how she was going to handle things. Then. “How long are you staying?” she whispered.

“As long as you need us.” They both replied with that smile that sent butterflies skittering into flight and her scurrying quickly into retreat in the kitchen. She was in trouble, big trouble, twin fantasy trouble. And Katie knew it.

Chapter 2

Kaitlin stood frozen in the doorway of her bedroom. She tried hard not to stare at Chase, but it was not just the well-muscled shoulders, back, and bottom that transfixed her. It was the legs, specifically his right one.

It was missing. Gone below the knee. Amputated, she supposed was the proper term. From the wound, stump, she forced her mind to use the word; dark silvery pink puckered burn scars rose like the flames that had created them upwards licking at and on a couple of points consuming his otherwise perfect ass.

She covered her mouth and sucked in a deep breath as she leaned against the wall. Even that must have been too much noise, though, as Chase half turned to face her.

“Fuck,” he spat as he reached for the large bath towel that lay across her bed. He leaned part of his weight against the wrought iron headboard as he grabbed it and wrapped it about his waist.

Only his calf, a couple of inches of his left leg, and the hint of that stump remained showing as he leaned his weight on the bed and half turned, half hopped. “What the fuck are you doing here?” he growled.

Katie wanted to turn and flee from the anger she saw flashing in those once happy baby blues. She wanted to cry and scream at yet another injustice in this fucked up world. She tried to simply melt into the cold, hardwood flooring beneath her feet. Disappear.

Only once before had she ever felt so embarrassed, so distant from them. She sighed, but this was much worse. Even then, they had not been mad. Not even when she had been a total cock tease and left them both hard and wanting. No, they had smiled and reassured her, told her that they understood, that it was all right.

But nothing had been. Not really, not since. If she had lost them that fateful evening, what would happen now with Chase’s anger boiling and rolling like a geyser just waiting to blow?

“I’m sorry,” she whispered as she began to back out the door.

He shook his dark head, “No, I’m the one that should be sorry. I shouldn’t have snapped at you like that,” he said as he plopped down on her bed.

The silence was painful as it stretched out between them like a chasm, worse even than it had the night she teased them. She was not sure what to say, what was appropriate. Questions raced through her mind, but after a decade of virtual silence broken only by the occasional exchange of Christmas cards over the years, did she have the right to ask any of them?

He sighed heavily, and she looked back up into those intense blue eyes. Oh, sweet goddess, she had not until that moment realized that she had been staring at his leg, what remained of

it. She blushed and opened her mouth, but no words came out. What did she say? What could she?

“Go ahead, princess. Say it. Ask it. We could always read what was in that pretty little mind of yours, sometimes better than you know yourself.” He leaned back and pinned her with a severe stare as he shook his head once more, “Never mind, I’ll save you the trouble.

“War...dirty, messy, shitty war. That is what happened. The details don’t matter all that much. And no, I don’t want your sympathy. I have had enough of that to last me a lifetime.”

He reached down and massaged the wound. “They say I was lucky. At least, I’m alive. Some of my friends...” his voice trailed off, his hand still on the pink flesh.

“It doesn’t matter. In the grand scheme of things in this fucked up world we live in, what is one man’s life? A leg here or there?”

Katie felt his pain; she always did - with everyone. But his was more intense. She wanted to cross the room, hold him in her arms as they had so often held and comforted her, but she could not.

Too much time, too much distance separated them. That man-child, who had been her friend, was gone. In his place was a man that was bitter, almost beaten. Even if justifiably so.

She inhaled as she realized just how tough this must be for Chase. Him especially. The star wide receiver, who, along with his brother’s throwing arm, had gotten their team to the final round of the state championship.

The young man, who had chosen a career in the Navy over a full athletic scholarship to UCLA. A man who everyone thought even had a decent chance of playing professional football. A track star too, for whom running had always been such a release.

Yet, here he sat on the side of the bed. While his brother, his twin, ran alone along the beach, they had once known so damned well.

She wanted to ask, knew that these days with new prosthetics running was possible. So, why? Why was he not out there too? But that also was not a question she had any right to ask.

Instead, she went with the one question that she felt he owed her an answer to, “Why didn’t you say anything earlier?”

He laughed, if it could be called that. “Say what? Oh, nice to see you, princess. If worrying about your mother dying isn’t bad enough, my damned leg got blown away on my last mission. Not exactly how I imagined things going when I finally saw you after all these years.”

She sighed, “Does Mom know?”

He nodded, “Yeah, when Joy first contacted us a couple of months back, I was still in the VA rehab center. So, it was Chance that replied to her email. He explained why we couldn’t come right away.”

She was not surprised by his next words, either. “Damn, your Mom. The woman is dying, and she fucking texts me every damned day to see how I am doing. Can you believe that shit?” His voice was so tight, and she would have sworn that his eyes shone a slightly brighter blue in the dim light of the lamp next to her bed.

She chuckled, “Does that really surprise you, Chase? You know Mom. She always has thought of others before herself, especially the people closest to her. The ones she truly loves.”

“You’re right, of course. It’s just sometimes you forget there are people like that in this fucked up world. But from that first afternoon, you brought us back here; she has always been,” he shook his head for a long moment.

“You know, in some ways princess, your Mom was more a mother to those two screwed up kids than the woman that gave birth to them. I know this is heartbreaking for you, but we will miss her too.”

She smiled, “I know. She has missed you two. She would talk about you sometimes. Just out of the blue.”

She sighed as the years stretched out between them. Her part in the separation, the gulf that had torn their friendship apart, kept them from her mother even, weighed upon her then. “I’m sorry.”

“Sorry for what, princess? Sorry about my damned leg? Sorry about the stink, blood, and death that we have lived with for so god damned long that we don’t even fucking feel alive anymore? Sorry for the choices we made as kids that took us to this point? What do you have to be fucking sorry about, Katie?”

She sighed as she studied the bare wood floor for a long moment, “Sorry for that night. Sorry, I messed everything up. Sorry that my stupidity ruined the best friendship of my life. Sorry that it drove a wedge between even Mom and the two of you. Sorry, I have not been a better friend all these years.” She used the back of her hand to brush away the tears that trailed unchecked down her cheeks.

He looked up at her then, “That, princess, is the one fucking thing you should never be sorry for. The memory of that night was the only fucking thing I thought about when that god damned IED went off. The fact that I...that we never got the chance to tell you, to show you how fucking much you mean to us.”

Katie's heartbeat accelerated not just at Chase's words, but at the heat that shone so brightly in those eyes. Eyes that though they remained sad, held just a glimmer of something else now. She was not sure what she would have said or done then.

She jumped as the front door screen slammed, "Hey, where is everyone?" called out Chance's familiar voice.

Chase nodded. Was she wrong, or did he look almost as relieved for the interruption as she felt?

"In here, big brother," he replied as she turned to see a very sweaty and naked chest loom up behind her.

"What you and little brother been up to, Katy-did?" he asked with a smile as he winked across the room at Chase. "You wouldn't start without me this time, would you, bro?"

Katie swallowed the surprised lump in her throat as she pushed past the two all-too hot studs that had taken up residence in her bed for... 'as long as you need us.' Their earlier words echoed in her muddled brain.

What would they think if they knew exactly how she needed them? If they knew of all the times, she had lain in that very bed imagining how differently that night might have ended. If they knew the number of times, she had touched herself in that bed. The number of times she had gotten off to an intense orgasm at the thought of them. Both of them.

But instead of dwelling on that, she did as she had that night and bolted for safety. "I should check on Mom. If either of you needs anything, just call. I am right next door with her."

"Anything, princess?" Chance replied in a low and all too sexy voice.

She inhaled deeply, she was reading way too much into his words, she chided herself.

"Another blanket, extra pillows, whatever," she stammered.

Did the man look disappointed at her reply? "We'll be fine, Katy-did. But remember, we are here for you and Joy. If you need us, you just call. Any time of the night. I still wish you would let us take shifts watching over her."

"No, maybe another time, I promise. It's just that..." Her throat tightened with another kind of emotion then as tears spilled over.

"I don't mind. Whatever time is left, I want to spend as much of it with her as I can. There'll be plenty of time to sleep..." She could not finish then - when she is gone. When my mother is dead.

Chance reached for her, she knew he would have enveloped her in another of those hugs, but it was more than the sweat pouring down that bronze chest that held her back. Her body was

already on overload on so many levels: her mother, Chase's leg, their unexpected arrival, her uncertain future. It was all too much.

She was afraid of what might happen if she gave in to the intense need just to be held, cocooned between their bodies, comforted as only they had ever been able to. She would not, could not, make that same mistake as she had as a teen. She would not do anything else that might push them away, not when she just had them back. Not when she needed her best friends, so goddess damned much. She would not lose them again. She could not, not now.

She put up a hand, placed it over his heart that was still pounding so fucking fast from his run. "It's okay. You get a shower and some rest. We'll talk more tomorrow. Catch up then."

She turned back to Chase, "You too. Sleep well, and call me if you need me."

He shook his head, "Trust me; I do, princess. If you only knew. Good night."

She made her escape as quickly as she could. But not fast enough as she heard Chance close the door, "What the fuck happened?" he asked his brother.

She was wondering the same thing to herself. What the fuck had happened to those three kids, who had gone too far that fateful night - or maybe it was not far enough?

She supposed she would never know as she slipped into her mother's room and took up her vigil in the recliner next to the bed.

She knew that this night would bring no relief. No sleep or even the blissful release of her darkest fantasies. Fantasies that were flesh and blood just on the other side of that thin wall.

What was she going to do? However, was she going to get through this all? If those questions had been in her mind for weeks and months, never in the same way as they were this night.

Chase and Chance. She chuckled at their names. Had their mother done it on purpose? How often had she laughed over the irony of what might have been if that eighteen-year-old girl had had the courage to Chase after her Chance at happiness? She stifled another giggle at her silliness, lest she wakes her mother.

She did not want to face any of the questions that the woman might ask. How could she possibly answer questions that she had no answers for herself...even after a decade? She sighed and gave up trying as she closed her eyes, trying to nap a bit while she could.

Chapter 3

Katie sighed. A week. A whole fucking week of Chance and Chase. On the one hand, it had been wonderful having four extra hands to manage everything. They were especially good at ‘policing the perimeter’ as they called setting boundaries for her mother’s clients. If her mother was not doing well, they had no problem merely saying, “Another time, dude.”

Even when Joy did feel up to visitors, the two hulking brutes always stood just outside the doorway with massive arms crossed over those spectacular chests. One look would send even the most devoted groupie scurrying like a cockroach when the lights came on. They were also surprisingly well house trained. They cooked, cleaned, and generally looked after the two women.

The one thing that she refused to allow them to do was to take over the primary care for her mother. Katie had become increasingly territorial about maintaining her vigil at the woman’s bedside as she felt what precious time she had with her mother slipping away. Even when her nurse Melody came, she usually remained by her mother’s side.

But that was alright. What else did she have to do? The school was out for the summer anyway. Sleep? Was highly overrated. Especially as every time she closed her eyes, it was futile, naughty fantasies of them. So, other than a brief shower break each morning after coffee, Katie stayed glued to her mother’s side.

“Katy-did, how about we go for a walk after dinner?” Chance asked from the doorway.

How could the man, men, both of them, looking so fucking hot in nothing more than jeans and black t-shirts. It seemed to be all they ever wore. But it perfectly accentuated the almost shoulder-length hair that curled about their chiseled faces and the deep blue of those eyes.

Damn it; she might need an extra shower today. Either a cold one or a bit longer to...take care of business as her sexually enlightened mother had always called it. The sexual frustration of just being around these two was enough to drive any woman to a Hitachi.

She smiled and shook her head as she whispered, “Maybe another time. Thanks.”

“Go, dear, I promise I won’t die while you are gone,” her mother laughed weakly.

Katie frowned at Joy’s attempt at macabre humor, “That was not funny, Mom.”

Her mother shook her head that still had more blond hair than grey. How could this be happening? Her mother was only fifty-three. She should have had another twenty years with her, at least. Weddings and grandchildren, Christmases and anniversaries, too many milestones that she would miss. She fought back the tears once more. How would she survive without her?

She could see that her mother tapped into her waning energy reserves to lift her hand and brush away her tears. “I taught you better than that, Kaitlin. When life gives us lemons, we make lemonade, lemon meringue pie, and tarts. We are the only ones that determine our Fates. And yours has always been to be a light in this dark world. So, no more hiding under bushels, beautiful.”

Her mother’s lips were turning whiter with each word. She knew the pain that each breath took now that the cancer had reached her mother’s lungs. Ironic that she, who had never smoked, never polluted her body with such things would die of lung cancer. Although the tumor growing larger by the day in her head might beat it to the final knock-out punch.

“Chance, put my daughter to bed. She is so tired that she has lost not only all perspective but her sense of humor as well,” her mother tried her best to smile, but her light was dwindling too fast.

Katie swallowed the lump in her throat as she shook her head, “No, Mom, I’m fine. I get enough sleep here next to you.”

Joy chuckled, “Did you hear me say anything about sleep? I told him to put you to bed. The damned things have more than one purpose, you know.”

“Mother,” she scolded with a blush. Then again, what else did she expect from the woman upon whom a writer friend had modeled the outrageous sex-therapist, yoga diva mother-in-law for one of Hollywood’s most popular comedy movies?

Katie had even gotten to meet the famous singer and actress cast for the role. The woman was a method actor and spent hours sipping herb tea and laughing in this very house. The place held so many memories, she thought.

As if her mother had read her earlier thoughts, “Don’t mother me. When was the last time you took care of business, young lady?”

Katie blushed so deeply that she feared she might burst into flames, especially since she knew damned good and well that Chance knew precisely what her mother was talking about.

This woman had taken it upon herself to fill in all the gaps that busy or uptight parents and public school health classes missed with her daughter’s friends. It did not help though that she could hear the low and partially stifled laughter behind her.

“Have you forgotten how, sweetie? Or why? You know how important it is to keep the sacral chakra open. Without your second chakra, your life force and energy cannot flow upwards. You become blocked, your whole life constipated, dear. You know that is not the legacy I want for you.”

Katie had never fully embraced her mother's New Age philosophies, especially when it came to this one. "Can we please talk about this another time, Mom? I am sure that Chance does not want a full rundown on my masturbatory history."

"I don't know. Sounds like an interesting enough topic for dinner conversation to me. What do you think, little bro?"

She turned to stare at them both now as she saw Chase bringing in a tray heavily laden with delicious smelling bowls. She stood up and rushed towards him, "Here, let me," she offered as she reached out to take it.

He pinned her with a dark scowl, "I don't need your help, princess. I can more than manage a few bowls, and if you must know it is not bad therapy, works on my balance."

Her mother shook her head and chuckled, "And when was the last time that you opened your second chakra, Chase?"

Katie's eyes widened as she turned to chastise her mother's boldness once more. Until she heard the deep rumble of laughter and saw the genuine mirth in Chase's eyes, something that had been distinctly missing these past few days.

"Probably way too long, Joy. You have any prescriptions for that?" He sat the tray down next to the bed and took a seat next to her mother.

"Well, actually, I do. But you two have to help me get my uptight progeny out of the way so we can talk about the deeper meaning of life," she smiled as she took a small swallow of the soup that the man spooned into her mouth.

"I can take a hint, Mom. You want to talk to them alone. You should have just said so. No need to discuss such intimacies with everyone," she pouted as she took the bowl of soup and fresh bread that Chance held out for her.

"We aren't 'everyone,' Katy-did," he smiled a bit too broadly.

"I give up on all of you," she said with a shrug. "I'll take my dinner to the porch to eat in peace."

"Your room for dinner, then a long bath and massage would be better, dear," her mother suggested.

"What, Mother, did you call one of your tantric or Reiki friends to heal me?" As much as she loved her mother, it had never been comfortable discussing such usually private things so openly, but that was this woman's life's work. Her only child was no exception. Especially her child.

“No, Katie, you know that tantra is best practiced within the confines of a loving and committed relationship. Our sexual energy especially is a precious commodity, not to be abused or wasted.”

Katie had always considered it ironic that her hippie mother’s philosophies on sexual promiscuity were so closely matched to those of the Christian far-right. For very different reasons, of course.

Joy Danvers was always an odd mixture of sexual liberation with her message, ‘Nothing done in love can ever be a sin.’ But that was the key...done in love. Though her definition of love was far broader, encompassing all different lifestyles.

She smiled, then again, her mother had never fit anyone’s comfortable mold. She had never been the type to follow the rules. Hell, her mother had been born to break them. A hippie psychic, personal trainer, life coach, and a dozen other things, who had taught her beloved only child to question everything and everyone. Herself first and foremost. A thoughtful life, her mother called it.

“Yes, Mom, I know that - which is why I am afraid I shall have to pass on the massage. Will it make you happy if I promise to meditate a bit after you go to sleep?”

“As backed up as your energies are, my dear? Katie, you are a classic case study in an underactive second chakra. You fear pleasure and deny yourself the things that can make you feel good. You’ll make up any excuse not to have something you really want. Your creativity is blocked; you always feel sluggish and have a weak sex drive.”

“And let’s don’t even talk about your need to ‘fit in.’ I always taught you to be your true and authentic self. You can’t manifest any of what you desire because your thoughts and emotions tend to lean towards negativity, dear,” her mother shook her head against her pillow.

Katie fought back the tears. Her mother’s words were as strong a rebuke as the woman had ever given her. “And all of that would just magically change if what, Mother? If I got laid? Right now, sex is just about the last thing from my mind, Mom.” Well, most of the time, she amended in her mind, surrounded as she was with testosterone.

“You know that is not what I am saying either, so don’t give me that, young lady. But tonight, you are following my orders, for once,” her mother’s smile softened her words as she turned to Chance, who still leaned near the doorway.

“Be a dear, and run my stubborn daughter a warm bath. Burn the rose candles and look in the cupboards for the jasmine and ylang-ylang oils. Add a few drops of each to the water. And if she won’t be a good girl, I trust you know how to strip a woman and make her do what you want?”

She was relieved to see that even Chance was a bit embarrassed by her mother's question as his ears turned a bright shade of pink. "Once or twice, maybe, Ma'am," he stammered.

Her mother winked at his brother as she sipped a bit more of the soup he offered, "Yes, I imagine you two do not usually find the women all that recalcitrant."

Chase shook his head and chuckled until Joy speared him with her stare. "Don't think you get off so easily, young man. Your energies are almost as bad as my daughter's. You think I cannot see how brown, almost black your aura has become?"

Katie could see the effort it took for her mother to reach up and, with a trembling hand, caress his bearded cheek, "You used to have the brightest silver aura I have ever seen, you remember what that means, Chase?"

He nodded, "I haven't felt very lucky or gifted in a while, Joy."

"I know, sweetie, but you are. You just need to reconnect with who you really are. Just like my little girl. So, I have an assignment for you too. I want you to make a special fruit salad for dessert. Katie will show you the recipe."

"Then take my little girl for a walk on the beach. Feed it to each other...and then yes, see if you can massage at least some of that damned tension from her body, beginning at her lower back. Will you do that for me, sweetie?"

He nodded slowly, "We will do anything we can for both of you. Sometimes I think without the two of you, we would have been lost, you know?"

His deep voice cracked. "Did we ever tell you that Mama moved us down here to get us away from the wrong crowds we had been hanging out with in East LA? We were one step away from being gang members, and she knew that. It would have been too easy for us to continue on that same path here too."

He stopped and kissed her mother's hand that was almost emaciated and covered in bruises from the IVs that administered the drugs that were beginning to fail at keeping the pain at bay.

"Except for Katie. The best thing that happened to us, our true luck, was when they assigned her as our 'buddy' that first week. The two of you, this place, having somewhere to go after school when Mama was working, you saved us, Joy. And we owe you everything."

Katie did not even try to hide the huge tears that were cascading down her cheeks as she felt a set of muscular arms wrap about her shoulders. She smiled up into Chance's face, as best she could anyway as she buried her face in his neck and let them flow.

“I am glad to hear that, my boys, because once you get my beloved daughter settled in that bath, Chance, I would like to talk to you both for a bit. So, you two scoot, I am tired, so tired right now, but I need to do this. I need to, before...”

Katie saw what little color her mother had drained from her face as she pushed the next spoon of soup away. “No more, please. Just let me rest for a couple of minutes while you get her settled in the tub, Chance, and you make that salad, Chase sweetie.”

Her mother looked at her and smiled again, “Do this for me, please, Katie. No arguing this once. Mommy is too tired to appreciate the independent, thoughtful woman she raised. Just be a good girl, please?” she chuckled with a wink as Katie simply nodded.

Joy turned to her ‘boys’ then, spearing each of them with a look, “Then I want to talk to both of you. Together. Wake me up, even if I am sleeping. I mean it.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” the men said in unison, and Katie was reminded of those shy teens that she had first brought home after school all those years ago. They seemed as reluctant to face whatever her mother had to say now as they had with her that day.

Knowing her mother, she could not blame them. Even dying, the woman was an idealist, out of touch with reality. Well, this earthly one anyway. Maybe that was it; perhaps her mother had honestly never had been part of this astral plane.

Katie sighed as the weight of it fell on her once more. Joy would not be for much longer. She felt her mother’s death drawing closer by the moment.

Still, her mother was strong to the end, “Now off with you all. Let the old, dying woman have a few moments alone to rest in peace away from your blocked chakras and dark auras.”

They chuckled as all three left the bedroom. There was no question that any of them would obey her mother’s wishes. It was the least they could do.

“Go with Chase into the kitchen and try to eat a bit of your soup, Katy-did. I’ll come for you once your bath is ready,” Chance commanded. She simply nodded, too tired for anything else.

“So, show me this special recipe your Mom wants, princess,” Chase said as he took her hand and led her into the surprisingly large kitchen that was like stepping back into time with its original wooden cabinets and glass features.

How many afternoons had they spent laughing on stools around the island that was the centerpiece of this very functional room? She sighed and nodded before the memories could draw her deeper into that morose black pit.

Chapter 4

Katie cursed her mother again under her breath as she had been doing for the last half hour. She watched the smile spread across that ruggedly handsome face. For the first time, it reached the azure depths of his eyes.

“Be good, princess,” Chase ordered as he held another bite of the fruit salad between his sweet and sticky fingers.

Damn her mother, did the woman have any idea how intimate it was being fed by someone else? How helpless it made you feel? She exhaled slowly as she realized that, of course, Joy did. Most of her meals for the past two weeks had been spoon-fed to her by someone else.

She felt so incredibly selfish then. Was this too much for her mother to ask? For her to take a long walk on a quiet beach at sunset with a guy that belonged on the cover of a damned erotic romance? To feed him her mother’s special ambrosia and be fed by him, by his own fingers, nonetheless.

It was just so damned intimate as she opened her mouth and took the bite he offered. His fingers lingered on her lips until she could not resist sucking the juice slowly from them. She was utterly lost in the taste and sensation of sweet oranges, strawberries, and melon sprinkled with coconut, almonds, and cinnamon. Or maybe it was the feel of his fingertips against her tongue.

The low rumble that sounded almost like human thunder woke her from her reverie. “Stop it now, princess, or I am giving you something else to suck on.”

Katie blushed and looked down at the bowl. There was only one bite left as she picked it up and scooped the messy contents into her fingers as best she could. Damn, Mom, she thought one more time as she looked up into those baby blues that were filled with mirth and tinged with a touch of passion, perhaps.

“Open wide,” she whispered.

Chase chuckled, “That’s supposed to be our line, Katie.”

“Be good, damn it,” she chastised her old friend.

“Oh, baby, we are always good. Damn good, especially when we are bad,” his smile was that boyish one that she had loved so much in high school, with just a hint of feral male. It was sexy as hell, maybe the sexiest thing she had ever seen. But that was not what she needed to be focusing on as she stared at his lips, bringing her fingers slowly to them.

She got more than a taste of her own medicine as his tongue wrapped about them, suckling softly at her flesh, long past the time that the fruit and juices were gone. Katie bit her lower

lip and added another curse to her earlier litany as she felt her nipples harden painfully in her bathing suit top.

What would those soft but firm lips feel like wrapped around them right now? One of them anyway. She got the feeling that the other one would be intensely jealous of his attention. She hoped the man was the type of considerate lover that would not play favorites, alternating between her peaks, giving each equal attention.

‘Of course, there is another option,’ that sly voice whispered in her brain as it reminded her how intense it had felt that night being pressed between them. They had passed her from one brother to the other like their football. She was always on the edge of confusion as to whose lips, whose hands were doing what to her virgin body.

Katie felt the liquid heat drool into her swimsuit bottoms at the thought. She chuckled as she thought, ‘My second chakra is more than open now. Thank you, Mother.’ The question was, what was she going to do about it?

Even if she wanted to, the beach was not that deserted. There were still dozens of people milling about the pier, enjoying the spectacular sunset, she reminded herself as she tried to refocus.

Chase grinned as he released her fingers with a final lick just across the tip of the middle one. He took the bowl from her hands, his fingers brushing seductively against hers as he leaned in to whisper. “We aren’t finished yet, princess.”

For a moment, she was so dazed by the taste and feel of this man, the memories, and thousands of naughty fantasies that had consumed her for so long that she honestly did not know what he meant. Then he set the bowl down on the blanket next to them and wrapped those strong hands about her waist.

Her first instinct was to fight him as he drew her closer, turning her body so that she faced the pounding waves, cradled in his lap between firm thighs with his cock pressed against her ass. The pounding surf was drowned out by the sound of her heart accelerating.

‘Dangerous,’ the single word flitted through her brain as his superior strength won this battle. His hands pushed her forward, allowing just enough space for his hands to make slow, sensual circles in her lower back.

“Joy said a massage too, princess. Did you forget?” Chase whispered against the side of her face.

She could smell the sweetness of the cinnamon and coconut on his breath and fill the heat of his words, caressing her skin with each syllable. ‘You are in so much trouble,’ she wanted to scream at that damned voice that sounded just a bit too cocky in her addled brain. Instead, she merely shook her head and closed her eyes. Maybe if she thought about other things, she could make it through the next few minutes with her dignity intact?

But when those strong fingers found the small of her back, just above the dimples of her ass, and buried themselves deep in the tight, tender muscles, Katie almost lost it. A low moan escaped her throat before she could stop it as she arched her back.

That was a big mistake as it forced her hips back to make full contact with the bulge in the front of his jogging pants. ‘So much fucking trouble,’ that voice screamed in warning, but it was futile as her body began a slow dance of seduction, rubbing against it like a kitten in a pet shop begging you to take it home and make it yours.

Chase’s thumbs found the knots just over those dimples on either side and began to move in slow deep circles. She gave up even trying to contain her moans and groans as she felt the tightness begin to loosen just a bit with each stroke.

By the time those fingers began to move higher up her back, she was practically a mindless sack of nerve endings all screaming for release. ‘Could you come from nothing more than a massage?’ her mind wondered.

Then she felt the roughness of his beard rub against the bare skin of her neck and shoulders, his tongue traced along the pounding pulse in her throat. She whimpered, her hips increasing the tempo of that erotic dance against the throbbing length cushioned so tightly between the cheeks of her ass. Her nipples felt like they were on fire, and the cool, gentle breeze off the ocean that should have soothed them and extinguished the flames only fanned them higher.

“Damn, princess, if you sound like this with our clothes on, imagine how fucking sweet you will when we were naked,” his words were a deep sexy caress into her ear as his hips kept perfect time with hers, rubbing his erection harder and faster against her ass.

“Think of how good it would feel to have me buried in that tight little cunt of yours right now. We almost could you know. If I just,” the fingers of one hand finished his sentence for him as he leaned closer and wrapped an arm about her waist. His hand slipped just between her open thighs and brushed the clingy material of her swimsuit aside.

Chase was the one who was moaning into her ear then; his face buried deeper against the sensitive skin of her neck. His beard half tickled, but more enticed as it pushed her hair aside. Those fingers, though, captured her full attention as they traced slowly from the top of her swollen clitoris to the folds of her pussy, “Damn, girl, you are so fucking wet now. It would be so easy for me to get my cock inside you.”

Katie was the biggest devotee of her mother’s message that there was nothing free about love. She had been more than circumspect with her lovers.

Well, singular actual. Her college boyfriend had been such a horrid disappointment after all Joy’s proselytizing about the beauty and joy of sex. In fact, the relationship had ended shortly after she gave him her virginity. His parting shot at her, the accusation that ‘for a free love hippie chick, you sure are a frigid bitch,’ had eaten away at her confidence for a long time.

It had certainly not made her want to rush out and prove him wrong. No, maybe her Mom was wrong about that one, perhaps sex simply was not all it was cracked up to be. Or maybe he was right; perhaps something was wrong with her. Especially since the only time she had ever truly felt those kinds of stirrings was when she was drunk and sandwiched between her two best friends.

Now, sitting on a public beach, with Chase's hard cock pressed against her ass and his fingers softly outlining the wet lips of her pussy, was a hell of a time to re-discover her latent sexuality.

Just as she began to struggle in his arms, his other hand wrapped itself through her long blonde hair. He used it to turn her head to the side until she was staring up into those deep blue eyes that reflected her own need.

"Shhh, princess, let me do this for you. Let me give you what your body needs now," Chase whispered just a moment before his lips covered hers. Then his fingers were pushing inside her. She cried out, screamed into his mouth as she felt the dams burst.

Logically she knew what was happening; she was after all Joy Denver's daughter. Her mother's book on the seven types of female orgasm had stayed on the best sellers list for weeks.

At the ripe old age of twenty-eight, she had just discovered the power of her g-spot. And the fact that it was one of her best friends and they were on a very public beach with people around did not do a goddess damned thing to stop her orgasm that seemed to be determined to make up for all that lost time.

Her tongue wrapped about his as she pushed back against his hands, drawing his fingers just a bit deeper. Then she felt him trembling too as this time he moaned into her mouth, his fingers pushing harder and faster, sending her soaring like a seagull towards the sun. His cock rubbed against her, pressing tighter and tighter against her ass as she felt it throbbing and pulsating.

Her breath caught, and her eyes flew wide open as she realized that her best friend was coming too. Her lips curved into a satisfied smile as she continued to kiss Chase, to draw each moan and shudder from both their bodies. She was not sure how long they stayed locked like that. Just kissing as the tremors of their mutual orgasms subsided.

He was the first to break the erotic spell as his lips pressed a tender kiss to hers. He leaned his forehead against hers for a long moment. Then that laugh, the joyous, life-filled one that she had missed for so damned long, a lifetime it seemed, echoed off the waves and winds. She joined him in girlish giggles despite everything that had happened, was still happening, and the worst that she knew was to come. Katie felt happier than she had in a long time.

Chase bent and pressed a tender kiss to the tip of her nose. His eyes danced with the fading light of the sun, “Well, I think we can safely tell your mother that our sacral chakras are unblocked now, princess.”

She blushed as she giggled, “And nothing wrong with your aura now, either.”

He frowned, “Can you? Did you inherit your mother’s gifts?”

She shook her head, “Mom always wanted to think I had, but not really. Every now and then, I catch glimpses of things, but not like her.”

He nodded as he straightened her in his arms, “I know we should head back, but just a few more minutes, okay, princess? Just let me hold you in my arms while we watch the sun go down?”

Katie nodded; she could not imagine anything more perfect as she leaned her head back against his shoulder.

It was dark and chilly as she opened her eyes. For a long moment, she was not even aware of where she was. Just the strong, warm arms wrapped so tightly about her, the soft, steady beat of the heart beneath her ear and the comforting embrace of that muscled chest cocooning her head.

Then it all came flooding back to her, along with a major dose of embarrassment. Had she really allowed Chase to...her mind could not even fathom it. He had fingered her to the most powerful orgasm of her life. On a public beach. With people around. What the hell had she been thinking? She began to struggle in his arms, “Let me up, Chase.”

“It’s okay, princess. You just fell asleep for a while,” his deep voice soothed.

“Just fell asleep? After we...” she stammered and prised at his arms wrapped so tightly about her. “After you... Oh, sweet goddess! How could you let me? I should have been home long ago. What if Mom needs me?” she felt the panic rising inside her.

“Enough, Katie. If something were wrong, Chance would have come for us. Your mother sent us out here because she knew you needed a break.”

“Do you realize that you are making this harder on her? I love you, sweetheart. I always have and always will. But I’m going to be brutally honest with you, baby girl. The hardest part of dying for your mother is leaving you. She is so fucking worried about how you are going to survive without her. And the way you cling to her only makes that worse.”

Katie felt the scalding hot tears flowing like rivers down her cheeks, “So am I, Chase, so am I. She’s not just my mother. She’s my best friend. My only real one besides you and Chance. What am I going to do without her? How can I go on?”

Her body shook with the power of emotions she had been bottling for days, weeks, months, the past year since her mother’s diagnosis. “It isn’t supposed to be this way. There are weddings and grandbabies. All the things that mothers and daughters are supposed to share together. And she won’t be there. She won’t be there.”

The final words were nothing more than a great gulping sob as not only tears, but snot dribbled down her face.

Those arms tightened about her, and he drew her head back to his shoulder. “I know, baby girl. I know. It isn’t fair. Life isn’t fair. But sometimes, it just is what it is. Let it out. Let it all out, Katie,” he coaxed as the tears fell, and the snot ran. She was not sure how long, minutes or hours had no meaning in pain that visceral.

When her tears slowed to a trickle, and she began to hiccup gently, Chase loosened his hold on her. His fingers brushed the tears from her eyes. He chuckled as he pulled his t-shirt from the waist of his jogging pants to wipe her face.

She shook her head embarrassed as she raised her hand to swipe at her nose, but he pushed it away and insisted on using the soft material anyway. “Don’t worry, princess, yours ain’t the only bodily fluids staining my shirt, remember?”

Katie was glad that the sun had set, that darkness would cover the flaming red of her cheeks as she blushed at his bold reminder of their earlier sexual antics.

“But you are right. It is getting colder, and we should head back to the house as soon as you feel up to it.” He bent his dark head.

His beard chaffed the tender skin of her shoulder as he pressed a soft kiss to it, “You might need a shower even if you did take a bath earlier, sweetheart. Between the sticky sweetness on your fingers, the sweeter wetness between those legs, and all the tears and gunk, you will feel better after one.”

She shoved gently at his shoulder, “A gentleman does not remind a lady of such things.”

He laughed, and it rang across the calm, silent darkness, “Oh, sweet Katie ours, whoever said we were gentlemen?”

She could not deny the sweet tingles of excitement that his naughty words ignited. But they did not have time for a repeat of their earlier performance, and honestly, she was not ready to face what might happen this time, alone as they were on the beach and surrounded by the safe cover of darkness. No, much better to head back to the familiarity of the house.

She nodded as she stood. Her head spun just a bit as she found her balance. She waited for a moment, watching the tide come in. Until she heard the soft curse behind her, “Fuck,” he exclaimed. She turned to see Chase struggling to get to his feet. His foot, she remembered then.

It was still easy with the prosthetic hidden by his pants and sneaker to forget that Chase had lost his leg. She frowned; he always wore long pants. No matter how hot it was. She wondered if he might still be so uncomfortable with the prosthetic and scars that he needed to hide them. Not that she felt she had the right to ask such an intimate question, despite the very kinky intimacies they had shared this night.

She hesitated for a second. She knew this man. He was too proud and stubborn to want help, but that was too damned bad. If he could give her what she needed when she needed it and wipe the snot from her face with his shirt, then he could damned well learn to take hold of her hand when he needed it. She held out her arm, “Here,” she said in a firm voice.

He looked up at her. She saw it all written across that handsome face. Rage. Self-loathing. Despair. Self-pity. She frowned, it must be her imagination, but she could almost see his aura darkening. The silver that danced about him, turning first a light brown then almost black. She shook her head, “Take my damned hand, Chase.”

He sighed and shook his head. He looked away from her, but he did as she said, using her as an anchor to pull himself back to standing. “Thanks,” his voice was quiet and tight as they began to make their way back to the street.

The walk that should have been quick seemed to take forever in the silence that was anything but companionable. When they got to the house, Katie stopped on the front porch. She put her hand on his chest. She wanted to say something, but she was not sure what.

After a long moment, Chase chuckled softly, but it was not a real one. Not like the laughter and tears they had shared on the beach. “Go. Get that shower, princess. You don’t want to have to explain to your mother the smell of sex clinging to your skin. Hell, the woman will probably take one look at your aura and know anyway.”

She shook her head and giggled as she stood on tiptoes to brush a gentle kiss on his lips. The only words she had seemed so inadequate, “Thank you,” as she slipped inside the house to do as he suggested.

A quick shower to wash the sand from her body and the mess from her face, perhaps even take a bit of the red from her eyes. But she knew deep in her heart that there was not enough water in the oceans to wash his touch from her body or mind. Even if she wanted to - and she was not sure she did.

Chapter 5

The next three days were wonderful. Her mother rallied, and though she still slept more than usual, it was restful slumber, not pain-filled tossing and turning. When she was awake, the four of them talked and laughed, catching up on a lifetime of missed moments.

They had watched movies. Once Joy had even felt well enough for Chance to carry her down to the beach. She had always loved that so much. It had been a second home to them, where they had taken daily walks for Katie's whole life.

Katie snuck a brief look at Chase and blushed when they passed the abandoned lifeguard station near where they... Well, her sacral chakra seemed to be reasserting itself. Her libido demanded satisfaction each time she was alone in the shower. The fantasy was always the same - his thick fingers thrusting deep inside her.

If, as Chase had asserted, her mother could tell what had happened from her aura, she had the good graces not to say anything about it. That was about the only thing she did not say anything about these days. Mother and daughter talked and talked and talked. About the past, Joy reminding her of things she had long since forgotten, refreshing and reforming memories that would last her a lifetime.

They talked about the future, too, though that one was harder for Katie. To listen as her mother spilled forth all of her hopes and fantasies for her only child was difficult, especially knowing that this woman would not be there, even if she did manage somehow to fulfill even half of the big dreams that her mother had for her.

The hardest was when Joy pleaded with her to tap into hidden talents to continue her life's work. Katie wanted to do anything to reassure her mother, give the woman whatever promises it took to bring her peace. But this one she found challenging. Which only led to another uncomfortable topic of conversation...her personal life.

Her mother was adamant that Katie possessed gifts equal to or surpassing her own. It was just that she had repressed and hidden them because she needed an anchor and shield to hold her to this world. Someone to call her back to this world when she was tempted to stay on that other plane and someone to dampen the strong emotions all around her enough to make them tolerable.

The only way to form such a lasting bond her mother insisted was a committed, loving relationship. If that was not bad enough, her blunt mother went on to emphasize the importance of frequent sex to solidify those bonds. Considering where her mind went every time her second chakra had its way, Katie had called it quits then, insisting that they would talk about it later as she bent to kiss her mother's forehead and demand she rest.

Joy had grasped her hand then, far tighter than she would have thought possible in her mother's frail condition. The dark and drawn look on her once beautiful face and the glaze of

pain in her blue eyes reminded Katie just how fragile that condition was, despite the past couple of 'good' days.

When her mother did speak, her voice cracked. It was as if she poured all of her energy into her words, "Remember, Kaitlin, nothing done in love can ever be wrong. Promise me that you will never forget that."

She had frowned as she brushed the remaining wisps of her mother's blonde hair back from her forehead. Was it warmer than usual? Maybe she should phone Melody, ask her to stop by and check her mother...just in case?

But for now, Katie forced as reassuring a smile as she could manage and pressed a kiss to her forehead that was definitely warmer than it should be. "How could I ever forget the most important lesson you ever taught me, Mom."

When she pulled back, her mother's eyes were swimming in tears as Joy studied her face for a long moment before nodding her head slowly and closing her eyes. Katie was sat on the bed for several long minutes until she thought her mother was asleep.

But as she released the hand she had been holding and laid it upon her mother's stomach, Joy opened her eyes once more. Her voice was so weak and distant that Katie was never sure she actually heard the words, but there was no doubt what she mouthed, "I love you."

Then she smiled, her hand slipping from her daughter's onto the crisp white sheets, and her spirit left her body to hover upon another plane.

Katie shook her mother gently. "Mom," she called first softly, then louder, but the woman did not respond, not even a flinch. She felt the panic rising rapidly, her heart accelerating in her chest.

No, she wanted to scream, then she noticed the rise and fall of her mother's chest. She shook her head, torn as to what to do. She should call the nurse, but what if in those precious moments it took to find her cell and make the call, what if...

She did the only thing she could. "Chase, Chance," she screamed, and despite the loudness of her voice then, her mother did not rouse at all. Katie felt her heart sinking.

Chance was there first, his strong arms wrapping about her, "What is it, Katy-did?"

She shook her head, afraid to even look away from her mother. What if while she did, her chest stopped rising and falling? As ridiculous as it sounded, Katie felt as if she alone willed it to move, kept her mother alive now.

It was not until Chance turned her in his arms and shook her that she snapped out of it enough to answer, "I can't wake her."

Chase appeared then, and she was passed off to him as she buried her face in his shoulder. She heard Chance calling her mother's name, the rustling of sheets told her that he too tried to wake her, but she knew it would do no good.

"Melody's number is in my phone." Did her voice sound as flat and despondent to their ears as it did her own?

It must have because his next words were a harsh growl like a commander giving orders he expected to be followed. "Get her out of here."

She pushed back out of Chase's arms, shaking her head violently as she saw him stumble a bit before catching his balance once more.

"No," she practically screamed. "No, I'm staying. What if? What if..." She felt herself losing control, felt her composure slipping, hysteria rising inside her.

Then his hands were on her shoulders, turning her back to face him. His face was as cold as ice, as hard as steel. His voice deep and slow as he spoke, "Shut. Up. Now. Princess."

He allowed her no protest as he drew her out of the bedroom. She caught a glimpse of Chance, reaching for her cell phone on the dresser.

Chase shook her gently until she turned back to face him. "You will not lose it around her again. Do you understand me? You may not realize this, but you would be fucking shocked at how much she can still hear and knows."

He sighed heavily as if he realized suddenly how much of himself he had revealed in those few sentences. "Even in a coma, you come and go into various levels of consciousness. Hell, I remember thinking, 'so this is what Joy always talked about with her astral plane shit.'"

He chuckled self-deprecatingly, "Silly, uh? But it is surprising what you think when the only thing that works is your mind. You want to scream, 'I'm still in here,' but they can't hear you."

He caught and held her gaze, "But you can hear what they are saying, princess. And you remember - remember most of it."

He swallowed and looked away, "I know this is hard, but you have been so brave, holding up for her. We are both so fucking proud of you, Kaitlin." He paused before slowly turning back to face her with those big baby blues that she had always thought of as a deep crystal ocean she could drown in, too fucking easily.

"But it ain't over yet, baby girl. Hours, days, weeks, I don't know, but you have to keep up the act a bit longer. That's why Chance wanted you out of there. Just until you can get yourself back together, you have our word on that," he took a step closer to her.

His fingers caressed her cheeks, wiping away tears that she had not even realized had begun to fall. “Princess, just know we are here for you.”

He sighed and drew her into his arms, placing a tender kiss on the top of her head, “You’ll never know how much we regret not being here for you both these past few years. We’re sorry. All we can say is after...”

He exhaled long and hard as he drew back. His fingers under her chin lifted her face to his, “We made a mistake. We thought we were doing what was best for everyone, but what the fuck do two screwed up teenagers know of life? But know this now, Kaitlin, we aren’t making that mistake ever again.”

Katie swallowed, somehow his words seemed laced with deeper meaning. ‘Or maybe you just want to believe that?’

Chase pressed a tender kiss to her forehead, “You can’t scare us off so easily now, princess,” he chuckled.

The half-closed door to the bedroom opened, and Chance stepped out. Chase must have pulled it closed behind them, but she had been too hysterical to notice.

Katie felt that panic rising once more, wanted to argue that they should not leave her mother alone. Before she could say anything, Chance replied, “She’ll be here shortly, Katy-did. Until then, one of us will sit with Joy. You have our word we will call you if there is the least little change, but right now you need to eat something and calm yourself.”

She wanted to argue, opened her mouth to do so until they both pressed in from either side. “You.” Chance smiled as he kissed her nose.

Chase turned her back to face him. “Will.” He kissed her forehead.

“Not.” Chance whispered as he kissed her neck from behind as he pressed tightly against her. Her eyes widened as she felt a solid ridge wedged between the twin globes of her ass.

“Argue.” Chase answered his brother’s move by pressing just as tightly against the apex of her thighs, leaving her no doubt that he was as fully aroused as he had been that night on the beach.

Katie swallowed hard, almost thankful that she was sandwiched between them since she doubted very much if her wobbly knees could hold her weight at the moment.

She felt Chase’s tongue down the side of her neck, along the vein that was pounding so hard there. When he came to the spot where her neck met her shoulder, he kissed it sweetly. His warm breath caressed her skin as he groaned, “With.”

Katie's eyes flew open wide, and her mouth dropped open as his mouth began to suckle at that same spot. She was absolutely positive then that she could not have stood on her own as she remembered the hickie that she had hidden from her mother for a week...the last time the twins had her sandwiched like this between them.

She opened her mouth, was about to protest that they should not be doing this, but before she could, Chase moaned, "Us."

Any sound that she might have made was captured as Chase's lips took hers in an erotic dance that she still remembered a decade later.

She had never felt as alive as she did at that moment. Well, just once before. Hands began to move over her body, on her hips pushing and pulling her in a sensual two-step that had her almost on the verge of another orgasm in moments. Others kneaded and lifted her breasts. Thumbs rubbed against her nipples through her t-shirt and bra until she moaned into Chase's mouth.

She was not sure how far it would have gone. How could her body possibly respond like this? Want them both? With everything happening about them? She tamped down the thought that plagued her most...with her mother dying in the next room and she was horny as hell, playing petting games with her best friends in the next room.

She would never know how that battle between her body and sensibilities might have ended. What might have happened then had it not been for the knock at the front door? Katie blushed as Chase broke the kiss, and she looked up to see Melody staring through the screen door at them.

"Oh my god," she breathed as she looked down. She wished she had not as her eyes were drawn to the bulge in Chase's jeans. It was enough to get her moving as she wedged her way from between them and forced those wobbly knees to hold her weight as she put one foot in front of the other until she threw open the door.

"Thank you for coming so quickly."

The young nurse, who was not much older than she was, mumbled a reply as she stared at the floor. Katie noticed her cheeks were as bright red as her own probably were.

"Come in," she smiled as she stood back.

Chance cleared his throat and shifted from foot to foot. "We were not expecting you so soon."

Melody blushed as she tried to raise her eyes but quickly looked back to the floor, when they came to rest just about waist high on him, "I was in the neighborhood actually," she stammered.

Chase was the next to move as he shifted nervously from his good leg to the prosthesis, “You know where the bedroom is. I’ll just go make us all something light to eat.”

The nurse nodded as if suddenly reminded of exactly why she was here. “Yes, let me see how she is doing.”

They all dispersed, each trying very hard not to make eye contact with anyone else at the moment as Chance, Katie, and Melody went to the bedroom to examine Joy, and Chase disappeared into the kitchen.

Chase stuck his head into the bedroom just as Melody was finishing her exam. “There’s salad and fresh bread when you’re finished.” He looked at Katie and forced as much of a smile as he could, “I’ll stay with Joy while you all get something to eat and talk.”

She knew that Chase was referring to their earlier conversation. She returned his smile with a nod, and “Thanks.” She bent and kissed her mother’s head that was cooler, almost clammy now. “I’m gonna go eat some dinner, Mom. I will be back in a bit.”

She followed Chance and the nurse out of the bedroom. She paused for a moment in the doorway and stood on tiptoes to brush a kiss across Chase’s bearded cheek, “Thank you...for earlier,” she stammered.

He drew her a bit closer as he bent and whispered in her ear, “It was most definitely our pleasure, princess.”

Her cheeks flushed, and she made a hasty retreat to join Chance and Melody around the island in the kitchen. He had already served her food and passed her a plate the moment she sat down.

Though the salad looked delicious and she knew Chase had baked the bread fresh that day, it all tasted like day-old frozen pizza, the cheap kind. Still, she forced a few bites down, whether, for her mother’s sake or to keep the ‘boys’ off her back, she was not sure.

She could wait no longer as she placed her fork down on her plate, “Is this the end, Melody?”

The nurse put her own fork down and reached across the table to take her hand, “Yes and no, Kaitlin. It is another sign that your mother is running out of time, but I still cannot tell you specifically how much time that is. Hours or days.”

Melody exhaled slowly and looked from one of them to the other before continuing, “Honestly, by all I know medically, your mother should be dead by now. But that is why your Mom choose me as her nurse because we share some of the same beliefs.”

Her smile broadened then, “It is not often that I get the chance to be so honest about my own values. Working with your mother has been one of the most humbling experiences of my life. She is such a strong and amazing woman and such a gentle spirit.”

She squeezed Katie’s hand tightly, “Your mother is most definitely not afraid of passing over. She is actually looking forward to embracing her next adventure, her new destiny.”

She sighed, “But she knows that you are not ready to let her go, and she is making a choice to give you that time, Kaitlin.”

The nurse paused for a long moment as if trying to come to some decision. She looked to Chance before adding, “At great expense to herself.”

Katie shook her head as she felt tears gathering in her eyes yet again. “What do you mean ‘at great expense to herself,’ Melody?”

She folded her hands in her lap to keep them from trembling, but Chance must have noticed because he got up and came around the table to wrap his arms about her waist in a comforting embrace.

Over these past few weeks and months, this woman had become more a friend and almost another ‘adopted’ member of her mother’s eclectic family. Now Melody looked Katie in the eye as she spoke, “Everything we know about how the brain functions when someone is in a coma says that she still feels the pain. It may be dampened a bit, but she still feels a great deal, Kaitlin. I can’t and won’t lie to you about that.”

Katie nodded as she swallowed, trying to force the lump in her throat down. “What do I do then, Melody?”

The woman smiled quickly, “You use this time that your mother is giving you, her final gift on this plane. You spend time with her as you have been. You talk to her, do whatever you need to, to come to terms with her death. That is what she wants.”

“But know the cost she is paying to give it to you and don’t abuse it. When you are ready, let her go. She is going to do all she can, not just humanly possible, but with her super-human gifts as well, to give you as much time as you need. Just don’t be selfish and take more.”

Katie felt the heat of her tears as they began to fall again. All she seemed to do was cry, but she knew that was not what her mother wanted. Joy always lived up to her name. Her mother would want her to celebrate her life, not cry. She resolved to try harder to do just that as she forced out the words, “Thank you for your honesty.”

The other woman nodded, “I could do no less, especially for you. I know I don’t need to say this, but she loves you very much.”

The young nurse put her fork down and pushed her plate away, “It is getting late, and my cats get mad if they don’t get their dinner on time. But call me - anytime day or night if you need me. Even if that is just to talk or cry.”

Melody looked at Chance and shrugged, “My shoulders might not be as broad, but they are surprisingly strong.”

She walked around the table and reached for Katie. The women hugged for a long moment, “I will be back first thing tomorrow morning. I mean it. Call me if you need anything, but my intuition tells me that she will have as quiet a night as she can.”

“You should use that time to try and get some rest yourself. Let the beefcakes, no offense,” Melody smiled shyly at Chance. “Let them take shifts tonight so that you can save your energy for whatever is to come. Promise me that you will try?”

Katie smiled and nodded though she was not confident she meant it. But Chance spoke then as he helped her back onto the stool and escorted Melody towards the door, “You have our word on that. She will rest tonight. If we have to tie her to the bed.”

The nurse stumbled and coughed, “Yes, well, I’m not sure how restful those sorts of games would be just now, but I am sure the two of you will figure out some way of handling the situation. One way or the other,” she chuckled as she turned back from the doorway to wink at Katie as she stood up to follow them.

Chance shook his head at her, “You stay. I’ll see Melody out.”

Katie had barely heard the door close when Chance turned back to her. “You heard her. Finish your dinner, then take a bath. You are sleeping in your bed tonight.”

“But where will you and Chase sleep. I mean when it isn’t your shift with Mom. The couch isn’t very comfortable,” she stammered.

He crossed the room quickly and towered over her as he chuckled, “Trust me, Katy-did, that couch would feel like a fucking cloud compared to some places we have slept.”

His finger brushed her cheek softly until she looked up, “But don’t worry, we won’t be sleeping there. We are sleeping with you.”

Katie swallowed hard at the look of determination in those blue eyes, “But...” she tried to come up with an argument.

He shook his head as he turned her back towards the island in the center of the kitchen where they ate. “Eat, shower, and sleep. And if you can’t fall asleep, well, a little birdie told me that orgasms work better than Valium with you. Trust me; I don’t mind the idea of burying my head between your legs and licking that sweet cunt until you pass out from pleasure.”

This time she almost swallowed her tongue at his bold words. At the fact, Chase must have told his brother what happened on the beach that night. At the erotic image, his bold words drew in her fertile mind. At his presence so close to her that she could almost feel...

She did not want to think about what she felt as she sat back down on the stool. She needed an excuse so she could gather her thoughts and come up with a plan. The food was as good as any.

Chapter 6

Katie wrapped the towel about her head as she reached for her toothbrush. “What the hell are you thinking? Doing?” She asked the fresh-faced young woman that greeted her from the mirror. Her usually tanned face was flushed, and only part of that had to do with the warm shower she had just finished.

“Your mother is fucking dying, and you’re thinking about hopping into bed with a fucking Adonis.” She chuckled, “Correct that...two of them!”

She wagged the toothbrush at her image for a moment before shaking her head and putting it into her mouth, brushing automatically. Up, down, back, forth, slow, steady circles.

‘Fuck, since when has even brushing your fucking teeth become about sex?’ For a woman that had forsaken sex as highly overrated after just one feeble attempt, she was...

She spat the toothpaste into the sink and turned on the tap, rinsing her toothbrush. “So what the fuck you gonna do about it, Katie?”

She laughed at the outline of white foam around her mouth as she began the same motion; up, down, side to side, tiny circles with fresh water. She spat again into the basin and turned the water back on as she reached for the cup to rinse her mouth.

‘You should rinse your mouth out with soap, well, your dirty mind anyway,’ scoffed that voice in her head. She began to clean up. She tried to focus on the routine of that, but the situation kept coming back to her mind.

For the first time in close to eight years, she was going to sleep with a man. Not just any man, but her best friend. Hell, if they were taking shifts - two men. Of course, that did not mean that anything sexual was going to happen. Not necessarily anyway, she thought.

Her nipples hardened and became so sensitive that the rough terry cloth towel wrapped about her hurt. “Yeah, that is why you shaved? There? You have not shaved there in years.”

Katie knew she was procrastinating, trying to delay the inevitable. It was not like her reflection in the mirror had any more answers than she did. After a decade of virtual silence, her best friends show up, and in the space of less than a week, her whole fucking life is turned on its head.

Not that it was not already. She was facing the hardest transition of her life. Her mother’s death would leave her alone and adrift. She had spent weeks trying to figure out what happened next. Did she stay in this house that had been her home for her whole life? It was full of memories, but would those be a comfort or just suck her into a vortex of depression and grief?

The damned thing was worth a small fortune, even as small as it was. Of course, if she sold it, she knew that whoever bought it would knock down the original wood and stucco structure that her grandparents had built after her grandfather left the Navy. That bothered her - as if her whole family and all it had stood for would simply be erased.

She had thought about renting it out, either subletting or seasonally. Find an agent to manage it and take some time off, a year maybe two, and just travel. Living at home, she had been able to save a great deal of her monthly salary as a teacher. She would be able to travel rather extensively if she chose to.

And that was not even considering the money she would inherit from her mother, though they had discussed it, and most of her mother's resources would be placed into a trust dedicated to carrying on the work that Joy had begun in her life.

Of course, her mother had pleaded with her to consider giving up her job teaching kindergarten and take over that work. She knew it better than anyone else since she had always helped out anyway, especially these last few months.

Katie battled the tears as her shoulders slumped under the weight of all the indecision. Her throat tightened as she fought back the panic that threatened to consume her every time she even thought about what was next. "One day at a time," she whispered. Sometimes it was one moment at a time, especially now.

She felt the hot tear trail down her cheek, first one and then another and another. She was about to lose it, and she knew it. What was more, there was nothing she could do to stop it. It was all just too much. Too fucking much.

She jumped at the banging on the door. "What are you doing in there, Katy-did? You have until the count of three to get that cute ass out here, or I am coming in...ready or not. One," the deep male voice caressed her mind.

She inhaled and stared at that reflection one final time. "Saved by the bell?" she giggled as she tried to wipe the tears away with the back of her hand.

"Two," Chance said through the door. She sighed and turned the water on one last time, splashing some on her face to take some of the redness and puffiness from her eyes.

"I'm coming," she replied as she reached for the towel.

"Three," the door opened, and his broad naked shoulders filled the doorway. "Damn, is that what has been taking you so long in here."

He filled the tiny space as he came to stand behind her. His hands gripped her shoulders as their eyes meet in the mirror, "And I told you that I would take care of that for you, Katy-did." He bent and kissed her shoulder.

She shook her head, “About that, Chance. Since I am smaller, I’ll take the couch. It won’t be that bad,” she stammered.

He turned her in his arms and used the pads of his thumbs to brush the tears away, “No, no, you won’t. All kidding about orgasms aside, sweetheart, we are sleeping with you, because of this,” he brought her last tear to his lips and licked it from his thumb. “The point of this night is for you to get some sleep. Real sleep. Rest.”

He drew her tenderly into his arms and just held her, pressing her head into his shoulder with one hand as the other wrapped about her waist, clamping her against him in the tight space. “We don’t know what is ahead, Katy-did. We don’t know if this is…” he stopped and sighed heavily.

She did not just hear his pain; she felt it. Knew that this man mourned for her mother as she did, maybe not quite the same, but he did. And that united them, drew them closer as they once had been, inseparable.

He drew back slowly and did his best to smile, reassuringly down at her. “We are here for you now. No matter what happens, we aren’t going anywhere, Katy-did. You are not on your own anymore.”

He pressed a kiss to her forehead, “You won’t have to face this alone. We promise you that. Never again.”

She nodded her head slowly at his words. Though she knew that they offered false hope, the truth was that eventually, she would have to face it by herself. Those same decisions that she had been trying to avoid for months, she would have to come to some final conclusion, and she alone would have to do that.

Whether they stayed for days or a couple of weeks after her mother, she sighed and forced the words through her brain…after her mother’s death. Death. Dying. Transitioning. Whatever the fuck you wanted to call it. It was coming. Too quickly.

And suddenly she felt incredibly tired. Exhausted. “I’m ready for bed now,” she whispered somehow.

He nodded and scooped her into his arms. She was shocked by the sudden move and clutched at the top of the towel, trying to hold it in place as he carried her across the small hall to her bedroom. He practically tossed her in the bed.

Her breath caught in her lungs as he began to unbutton his jeans. “What are you doing?” she stammered.

Chance winked with a devilish smile, “Don’t worry, Katy-did. I didn’t go commando today.” He unzipped them and pushed the denim down his muscled thighs, kicking them off his bare feet and tossing them into the corner.

The air froze in her lungs as he stood by her bed wearing nothing but a second skin of dark blue boxer briefs. She could not keep her eyes from the thick bulge at the front of them. Worse yet, she had to consciously will her hand not to reach out and caress it.

“Fuck,” he growled. “Stop. It. Now. Katy-did,” his hands fisted at his side.

She tried to clear the cobwebs from her mind as she shook her head, “Stop what, Chance?” she whispered as she bit her lower lip to keep from licking it.

“Stop looking at me like that,” he sat down on the bed next to her. His hands framed her face and forced her eyes from his crotch that was growing thicker with each beat of her heart, “You keep looking at me like that and I promise you, you will find yourself laying naked with my cock buried inside you in less than thirty seconds.”

She shivered. From his touch on her face? From the night air that was getting cooler by the moment? Or from his words...or the possibility of them becoming more than mere words?

She dragged her eyes away and forced her breathing to slow. “Let me up, Chance. I need to find something to wear tonight.”

He nodded as he moved aside a bit, just enough for her to squeeze past him. She held the towel tightly about her tits as she opened her top dresser drawer and pulled out a pair of panties. She promised herself that she would wear the plain white boy shorts but somehow ended up with the black lace thong that had never been worn.

They had been a bit of a gag gift for her twenty-eighth birthday from friends at work, who considered her a bit conservative and too uptight. She chuckled...what would they think if they saw her now? Alone with him in her bed? If they knew that just a few days ago, she experienced the most powerful orgasm of her life? On a public beach?

She closed the drawer and pulled out the one below it, trying to figure out what to wear. The truth was that she usually slept naked. Of course, these past few weeks, she had typically worn work out pants and a t-shirt to sleep in the chair in her mother’s room.

She rummaged until she located one of her extra-large t-shirts. She pulled it on over her head, leaving the towel in place until it covered her to mid-thigh, then she tugged it free.

She looked up and noticed that Chance was watching her every move. “Turn around so I can,” she mumbled.

“Leave them,” he groaned.

She shook her head. “You expect me to sleep in nothing but a t-shirt with a man I barely know wearing nothing but his briefs?”

He was on her in a heartbeat. His hands gripped her arms, right on the edge of pain. “Get in the bed now, Katie. Or I will show you just how well you know me.”

She wanted to shake her head. To refuse him. But the look in those blue eyes warned her that would not be a wise decision. Instead, she obeyed and took a couple of steps to her bed, crawling in and scooting to the far side, as close to the wall as she could get. She turned to face the wall and closed her eyes as she felt the bed shift.

Then those strong arms turned her and drew her back until her head rested on his chest. His heart was pounding as loudly as her own and just as fast. “Go. To. Sleep. Katy-did.”

He sighed, and she felt it through her whole body. “Or I will find some way of relaxing you, sweetheart.”

‘How the fuck am I supposed to sleep with you so close,’ she thought as her hand pressed directly over his heart. She was glad for the chilly night breeze coming in through her open window. The man was a furnace.

Would all of him be so hot? Her eyes drifted down to the tent in the front of those briefs. It would be so damned easy for her to slide her hand slowly down those rock hard abs. To wrap her fingers around it and discover the truth for herself.

She closed her eyes and fought back the temptation, willing her body to relax using the self-hypnosis methods her mother had taught her as a young girl on those nights when she was frightened by monsters. She was content to discover they worked as well on Greek gods and heroes as they did on faceless monsters, as she began to drift off to sleep.

The dream. It was back. Always the same. Since her mother’s diagnosis, but the truth was that she had had that same dream a couple of times even before her mother discovered the lump in her breast.

She was all alone on the beach, which was strange. The beach was never that deserted. There was always a stray die-hard surfer or middle-aged beachcomber, no matter the weather or the time of day or night.

But this time she was...all alone. Not a person in sight. The fog was thick. She could barely see five feet in front of her. She could hear the roar of the waves, but rather than comforting her as they always did, they were so loud that her head throbbed in time with them. She was cold, so cold she began to shiver. Cold, frightened, and alone, she began to run along the beach, “Mom,” she called out.

It was not her mother’s face that appeared out of the fog - it was his. Chance. He wrapped her in those strong arms and held her tightly against his chest. She stopped shivering as his body heat dissipated the worst of the chill.

His fingers were brushing along her cheek, “Katy-did, I’m here. We’re here for you.”

She tried to shake her head, but there was a pain every time she moved as if something was tangled in her hair, holding her still.

“Katie?” that deep voice caressed her as she felt his hard body on top of her, pressing her deeper into...

Her eyes flew open, and she stared up into Chance’s face. Her hands came up to his shoulders, tried to push him off her.

“It was a dream, Kaitlin. Only a dream. You are in your bed. In your house. Everything is fine.”

It was not ‘fine,’ though. Her mother was in a coma. Joy was dying. And in hours or days, she would be all alone in this world, all alone like in that dream. She shoved with all her might against his shoulder, “Get off me, you pervert. What the fuck do you know about ‘fine’? Nothing is ‘fine.’ Nothing ever will be again.”

She pummelled his chest and shoulders with her fists. Her efforts were as effective as all the drugs, surgeries, and chemicals that the ‘experts’ had given her mother. It was no use. Some battles you simply could not win.

She felt the tears coming back. How many were there? She felt like she had cried enough to fill the whole fucking Pacific Ocean this past year. Still, there were more?

He rolled them so that she lay on top of him, his arms wrapped about her once more as she cried. “Let it out, sweetheart. Just let it out.”

She wanted to chuckle, but it came out more a hysterical laugh. ‘Let it out’? As if she could keep it in. The tears came...again. Until she was snot-nosed, swollen red-eyed, and blotchy faced, then the hiccups started. “Let me up, Chance,” she demanded.

“No way, Kay-did.”

“I need to wash my face, get some water for these...” as if on perfect cue, “damned hiccups. So let me the fuck up, I said.”

He shook his head and used his fingers on her chin to lift her face to his, “No, sweetheart. Dreams like that,” his voice got incredibly low then. She watched as his Adam’s apple popped up and down as if swallowing a large, nasty-tasting pill. “Some dreams seem more real than reality,” his voice was incredibly low and thick then.

She felt it. Stronger than she ever had in her whole fucking life. A dark cloud moved in and over this man. It held him tighter than he held her. She shivered at its cold fingers that wrapped about her friend.

She recognized it then - despair, depression - death himself. She shook her head. No, she was not letting him, it, take Chance too. It might be too late to save her mother from his clutches, but not Chance. Death would not have him also.

Her fingertips traced tears that she noticed trailed down his cheek. She was confident he did not even know they were there. She could see by the blank stare in those blue eyes that he was somewhere else. Somewhere far away. A place she could not go.

But she was not giving him up so easily. She moved closer, pressed a tender kiss over his heart as her hands went from fists that beat his shoulders to soft tendrils that caressed and teased them. "Come back to me, Chance," she whispered like a mantra as she moved against him. "Please, Chance, I can't lose you too."

It took several moments of her soft caresses and gentle calls before she began to feel the dark clouds, which she at last recognized as the same ones from her dream, begin to lift slowly. She knew that she had won this battle when his fingers began to tighten on her shoulders. She looked up at his handsome face that remained lined and tight.

He forced a smile, "Hey, I was supposed to be the knight in shining armor, saving you, Katy-did."

She chuckled, "You keep forgetting the way that movie plays out in the end. When he goes back for her and climbs the fire escape, remember what he asked? 'So, what happens now?' Remember what she said?"

That deep chuckle caressed her mind, the smile was still tight, but it was a tad less forced now. "She saves him right back. Is that what this is, Katy-did? People so fucking wounded that they cannot manage to save themselves saving one another?"

She frowned at his words, mostly because of how accurate they were. Was it possible? That people, too weak to save themselves, might find the salvation they sought in saving others? The knot tightened in her throat as she realized that the one person she most wanted to discuss this epiphany with was beyond her reach now.

She felt the soft brush of his lips against her cheeks. She realized that he was kissing away her tears. She sighed and shook her head, giving into tears that seemed omnipresent these days.

This time she was not even sure why she cried. Her mother's impending death? Chase's leg? The dark cloud of death that threatened to snatch this man in her arms? Self-pity for a lifetime of waste? The fucked up world in which they lived that fed good men into the war machine but could not heal the human body?

She was never sure how it happened, but suddenly the comfort turned into something else. A need that was so deep and visceral it overpowered all those things and even common sense.

Her lips reached for his, drank softly at them for several long heartbeats before his fingers laced through her hair, holding her in place as he took it deeper, tongues warring with one another; need fuelling the battle and demanding surrender.

When he broke away, he did not go far, just enough that his face filled her field of vision, “I need to taste you, Katy-did.” He rolled her on to her back and pressed her deeper into the mattress.

It took her a long moment to realize what he was talking about. When she did, she felt the heat rising to her cheeks. She bit her lower lip and tried to shake her head, but Chance was already sliding down her body. His large hands cupped and kneaded her breasts until they ached and hardened. She was powerless to stop the moan that escaped her lips just a moment before he settled between her thighs.

She opened her mouth to protest. Then she felt the cool night air caress the wet folds between her legs. She had forgotten that she had not worn panties, not even the scrap of black lace thong to bed.

Chance had not though as his tongue speared through the folds at the top of her thighs, homing instantly upon the hard nub that sent electric shocks spiraling towards her brain. The sensation was totally new and oddly familiar. His wet tongue was doing things to her that only her fingers ever had. And he seemed to know precisely the right pressure and timing to send her body rocketing towards the stars.

She knew that she should slow things down. They should talk about this. It was way beyond her comfort zone. For goodness sake, just a few days ago, his brother had...

Her brain did not even manage to finish the thought as he captured her clitoris between his teeth and suckled, sending her over the edge. She cried out as her hips moved against his face, seeking even more of the intense pleasure he was giving her. As if he could read her mind, she felt thick fingers slipping inside her, pushing her orgasm to another level.

Then strong arms were wrapped about her, drawing her closer to his hard body as his mouth captured her screams of pleasure. She moaned as the fingers, teeth, and tongue continued to torment and pleasure her.

‘Wait,’ her mind screamed in rebellion. How could that be? A mouth between her legs...could not also be kissing her?

Then she felt more hands, how many she could not tell, pawing at her tits, squeezing them and tweaking her nipples until they were painfully hard. And her orgasm never stopped,

never abated, not even for a moment. It rolled on and on. One long one or several that built one upon the other like a pyramid reaching for the sky, she was not certain.

Nothing in her minimal experience had prepared her for this assault on her senses. She was not sure how long it lasted. Seconds. Minutes. It left like hours...and an instant. She could not find the will to stop it, was not sure she even wanted to as the most powerful orgasm of her life ran on, one intense level into another. The second one in days?

When they finally allowed her to float back into her body, she was almost too lethargic to protest. She opened her eyes and stared into Chase's smiling face as his brother gave her clit a couple of light licks that had her shivering and her body quaking in the aftermath.

"Next time, I get to taste your sweet cunt, princess," he whispered as he bent to kiss her lips.

She felt the bed shift and looked down to see Chance finally lift his dark head from between her spread thighs. "Why wait, little brother? I'm sure, Katy-did could manage another couple for you," he dared to wink at her.

Chase chuckled as he kissed her nose, "We can't overload, our fairy princess, all at once, big brother. Give her time to adjust to things."

His fingers outlined her swollen lips. "But trust me, darlin', soon...very soon."

He lowered his head until his beard abraded the side of her cheek, "If you think that was intense, sweetheart, just wait until you have both our cocks buried inside you."

They both laughed as her eyes grew huge at the whispered words that touched way too close to her darkest fantasy. But that was it - it was a fantasy, right? She couldn't. They wouldn't, would they? But they had just come impossibly close to it.

The deep laughter that echoed off the walls of her bedroom told her otherwise as Chase sat up and lifted his hip, pushing the loose sweat pants down. Her breath caught once more at the sight of the metal and plastic prosthesis.

"I can leave the pants on if it bothers you," she saw the dark shadow cross his face.

She shook her head, "No, it isn't that," she stammered. "It does not bother me. Your pain does," she admitted reluctantly.

Chance came to stand next to the bed as he reached for his jeans on the floor. He bent and kissed her lightly, "Good girl, Katy-did. Now get some more sleep. I'll watch over Joy."

He smiled at Chase, "I know you can handle her, find some way to keep her cute ass in this bed until nine, even if you have to tie her down."

Chase chuckled as he began loosening the bindings on the prosthesis. “I’ll think of something.”

Chance leaned back down and captured her lips in a deeper kiss this time. Katie was fascinated as she tasted herself for the first time. It was not unpleasant. Not unpleasant at all. In fact, she was a bit disappointed when he did draw back.

“Don’t give him any trouble, Katy-did. Or he might be forced to put you over his knee and spank that cute butt of yours.”

She gasped for air at Chance’s words. Or maybe it was the renewed flood of moisture between her legs. They both chuckled, “Oh yes, sweetheart, we can’t wait,” Chance said as he stood up, allowing Chase to scoot into bed next to her and draw her into his arms this time.

“Sweet dreams, you two,” Chance winked at her as he slipped from the room.

“Good night, princess,” Chase whispered as he brushed a kiss to the top of her head and drew her back against him.

She would have sworn that she would not be able to sleep. After that. With Chase’s hard cock cocooned between the round globes of her ass. With a thousand thoughts and a million questions battling for supremacy in her mind. But sleep came surprisingly easy. Overtaking her before she could even figure out what was happening, just as they had. Her best friends.

Chapter 7

For the next three days, things fell into a pattern, of sorts. True to their words, Chance and Chase did nothing to keep her from her mother, not even for a single moment. While one of them was always close by, hovering almost should she need anything. They gave her as much privacy with Joy as they could. She spent hours just sitting next to her mother's bed, reminiscing. She lost count of the times she said, "Remember the time, Mom..."

But her mother only lay there. Her chest rising and falling, sometimes gently and other times with visible, raspy effort. She thought she had cried all her tears out, but there always seemed to be more of them from somewhere.

It was not fair. Her mother had never done anything wrong. Never hurt anyone, just the opposite, in fact. Whether it was the homeless man that hung out near the pier that Joy usually bought breakfast for at least once or twice a week, or studio executives, who came to her regularly for her counsel, she was always there to help anyone in need. So, why her? Why did she have to die when she had barely begun to live?

"Mom, do you remember how upset you were a couple of years ago over your fiftieth birthday?" Katie felt the tears sliding down her cheeks once more as she leaned over and brushed what little bits of hair that remained out of her mother's face. "You were so worried because you just did not feel old, you said."

"You spent weeks and months thinking about it. About all the things you still wanted to do with your life." She leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on her mother's cold forehead. "Then your birthday came, and we had the barbeque. Remember?"

"After everyone left, I was cleaning up, but you said to leave it. That there would be time the next day to clean up the mess. We went for a walk on the beach. We always went for walks on the beach when there was something important to say. We kicked off our shoes cause there was no one around, and we just walked through the water up to our knees in silence for a long time."

"Then you turned to me, and I swear, Mom, you looked so damned young when you smiled. Remember what you told me? 'Age is just a number, Kaitlin. What is important is not how long you live, but how well you live.'"

Katie fought to push each word from her too-tight throat then, "You have lived well, Mommy. I'm going to miss you so much."

"All the things that mothers and daughters do together. Who is gonna help me pick out my wedding dress, Mom? And who is going to come to stay with me after that first baby is born, take care of me and show me how to be the best mother in the whole damned world?"

She reached out and lifted those bruised hands, "Mommy, what am I going to do without you?"

Katie knew that she sounded like that five-year-old little girl, who had pleaded almost the same words on the first morning of kindergarten. But her mother had only smiled and shoed her off to play with the other children. Only many, many years later, did her mother admit that she had never left the school that morning. That she had waited the whole time in the principal's reception area. Just in case.

"Do they have waiting areas in heaven, Mom? Will you hang out there all day, too, just in case I need you?"

"That's what she is doing now, princess," said the deep voice just behind her. Chase entered the room, carrying a tray of food. He set it down on the nightstand next to the bed, "You need to eat something."

He picked up a washcloth from the tray and a bottle of water. He walked around and sat on the other side of the bed next to her mother. He tried to dribble a few drops of the water into Joy's mouth, but most of it ran down onto the cloth that he held by her chin. They still did such things, though Melody assured them that in addition to the pain medications, Joy was receiving all the nutrients she needed from the IVs that were constant now.

Katie picked up the sandwich and forced herself to take a bite. She would say it tasted like cardboard, but actually, it tasted like...nothing. That was how she felt, too - like nothing. Numb. Tasteless. Merely existing.

"How am I supposed to do it, Chase? How am I supposed just to let her go? I know it may sound ridiculous. I am a grown woman. I have a career that I love. My own car." She sighed, "But she is so much more than just the woman that gave birth to me. She's my best friend. She's the person I go to when I have a problem."

"Last year, there was this little girl in my class. I wasn't sure what was wrong, but I watched her change from this happy, bright, outgoing little person on that first day of school to this frightened, withdrawn thing that would burst into tears if I even called on her."

"I was at the end of my rope. I had talked with my principal, who told me that her parents were getting divorced, so that was probably what was wrong. I had spoken to the mother, but she seemed not to even care."

"It was almost the end of the year, and I worried about how she would adjust to a full day of school in first grade when she was barely making a half-day now. I talked to Mom...like always. She suggested that I keep her inside during recess for a few days. Just the two of us play and talk alone."

She smiled as she remembered, "She even made cookies for us. Remember how good Mom's chocolate chip cookies tasted? You know, as many times as she has tried to teach me, I just can't seem to get it right. They never taste as good as hers do."

She pushed the next words out as more tears fell, “He was abusing her.”

“Who, Katie? Who was abusing her?”

“Her big brother. Their mom had to work like yours did. She could not afford a babysitter on a waitress’s salary, so she left her at night with her big brother while she worked. And he...” The tears would not seem to stop, “He hurt her. How could he hurt such a sweet child?”

She wiped her face with the back of her hand, “It was all because of you, Mom. Because of your advice to just play Barbies with her. It all came out. The family got the help they needed.”

“I’m not saying everything is perfect. But when I see her in the halls sometimes, Mom, she will give me that smile, the old one, and I know. I know that in the end, she will be okay. Because of you, Mom. How many people have you saved like that, Mom?”

“How many people owe their lives to you? Are happier today because of you? Why?” Katie screamed. “WHY?” But not even her screams roused her mother from the unnatural sleep into which she had escaped.

Strong arms wrapped about her, “So fucking much her daughter,” Chase brushed the tears from her face, but it was a never-ending job. No matter how fast or how many he wiped away, more took their place. “Always the unanswerable questions.”

He fell back onto the bed next to her and drew her deeper into his embrace. “I told you before we owe her our lives, Chance and I. We could have just as easily ended up in prison as the Navy back then.”

He smiled at her, “Except for this cute girl from our new school that we both had a crush on. She asked us back to her house after school.”

“When we got there, it was like stepping into some fucking Disney show. The perfect home. A funny, accepting mother, who made the best-damned cookies.”

Katie chuckled, “Yeah, but the Moms on the Disney channel don’t demonstrate how to put condoms on at the kitchen table.” They both laughed then.

“Maybe they should. Those lessons sure kept Chance and me out of a world of hurt over the years.”

He inhaled and stared deep into her eyes, “You know no matter where we went in this fucked up world. No matter even the men we killed. The one thing that kept us sane, that keeps us sane, is coming back here.”

“You don’t know the number of times we both have done it. Escaped whatever hell was around us into memories of the smell of those cookies, your Mom’s welcoming smile...” His

fingers reached up and caressed her lower lip slowly, “And the taste of your lips that night, princess.”

“This place is the only home that Chance and I ever really had. And I know Joy isn’t our Mom, but we love that woman. This hurts us too. You and she are the only family we have besides each other. Let us help you through this. Let us be there for you both now.”

He leaned his head against hers, forehead to forehead. “Please, princess. Don’t push us away again.”

Katie nodded her head and did her damndest to force a smile. Her fingers traced the deep lines that bracketed his mouth even through the beard. They added age and maturity to his otherwise still boyish face. “I promise I’ll try, Chase. I missed ya’ll too.”

She looked down at her comatose mother, “I think we both did.”

He sighed, “Yeah, we know. You aren’t the only one that had some long heart-to-hearts with Joy.” He sighed, and half smiled as he held her.

“Hey, am I interrupting anything?” came the deep voice from the doorway.

Katie could not understand it. Why was it that her nipples got hard at the sound of Chance’s voice? When it was Chase who held her? She recognized that since that night, she had increasingly been torn.

A part of her felt deeply connected to Chase, ached for his pain, wanted to share, and perhaps heal a bit of it. But the thing was that she was also attracted to his brother. Her deepest fantasies had never been Chase or Chance. But both.

But everything said that was wrong. You did not love two men. And if you did, then you choose one of them. And let the other go. So, why did the very idea of letting one of them go feel as frightening as losing her mother?

It was for sure that ‘repressed’ kindergarten teachers, as her friends thought of her, who had had only one brief love affair, did not climb into bed with two men...at once. Two brothers no less.

But that is what she had done. Exactly what had happened. And if she were honest with herself, that was what she wanted to happen again. Chase’s words that night, ‘just wait until you have both our cocks buried inside you,’ came back to her often.

She would say it was her new favorite fantasy, but the truth was it had been for so long that she had forgotten what fantasy she would masturbate to before that night: graduation day. She sighed; the truth was that she knew she could never make herself choose.

That was simply not an option, which left only two others. Either she would push them away again like she did that night, too afraid of what ‘people’ would say and think. Or she would find the strength to love them both and face whatever came with that choice.

She looked down at the shell of the woman who had raised her. The woman, who had always found the strength to walk her own path - in love. Always in love.

Her words came back to her. How many times had she heard them before? But never clearer than at that moment. Though her mother’s lips were silent, her spirit screamed in her head. “Nothing done in love can ever be wrong.”

Was she as strong as this amazing woman who had chosen to give birth to her, to raise her alone, to sacrifice so damned much for her? Could she ever be that strong? Especially now, all alone.

Then one hand squeezed gently on her shoulder while the arms about her tightened just a bit. “You are not alone, Katy-did,” Chance smiled down at her.

Chase smiled, and those lines around his mouth were not quite as pronounced, “You never will be.”

“You have our word on that,” they promised together.

Katie tried to smile, but the deep rattle of her mother’s breathing stopped that. She stiffened in Chase’s arms.

Chance’s hands tightened on her shoulders as he bent down, “Give her peace, Katy-did. You are the only one that can. Release her.”

“Remember what I said, princess. She has gone through so much for you. Now you find that courage for her. We’re here for you,” Chase dried more tears that she was not even aware she was crying.

She nodded as she lifted her mother’s hand. It was limp. And so cold, icy cold. She realized then exactly how right they were. Her mother was not in that body anymore. It was nothing more than a shell of the bright and brilliant spirit that had once inhabited it, given it life, and purpose.

She lifted the hand to her heart and held it there, “Go ahead, Mommy. It is time. I will always miss you, but it isn’t fair of me to keep you here, to hold onto something that is not even you anymore. I release you to whatever is on the other side.”

She bent and kissed her mother’s lips. She felt Joy’s final exhalation. She knew what it was. Recognized it immediately. Once more, her mother was giving her life, strength, and the gifts she needed to go on.

Katie's eyes clouded over. She was not sure if it was the tears or wishful thinking, but she saw her mother then. Hovering, hanging just above that empty shell.

She was beautiful again. The young, vibrant mother that had taken her for nightly walks along the beach. That had made her cookies. That had kissed her boo-boos better. And that smile. She knew that smile. She had seen it so many times. She knew what it meant... 'I am proud of you.'

"Nothing done in love can ever be wrong, my beloved child. That is my legacy. Live it. Love it. Find Joy in it always."

The circle of light behind her mother's image was growing larger. Katie fought down the need to call her back. She knew then that she could. That she possessed that power. But power was something that her mother had taught her to use wisely. And just because you could do something did not make it right.

"Good-bye, Mommy. I love you," she whispered as that light swallowed what indeed had been her mother. The most beautiful rainbow spirit that she had ever seen.

And the world went black around her...

Chapter 8

The next few days were a haze for Katie. She slept away most of them. All those sleepless and restless nights spent in the chair by her mother's bedside suddenly caught up with her. She felt like a newborn baby, who lived simply to eat, sleep, and poo.

Through it all, they handled everything. Of course, her mother had made most of the arrangements already, but still, someone had to be there to see that things went as Joy had wanted and make small decisions that arose at the last minute. She did not have the energy or the focus to be that someone, so they did. Chance and Chase.

Oddly enough, when she was awake, her whole being strummed with energy. Everything was brighter, louder, more fragrant, just...more. The hardest part was filtering out the overwhelming emotions of others. Her empathic gifts that had always seemed minuscule suddenly were amplified ten-fold. A hundred?

And she could see auras too. She had rarely seen them the way her mother sometimes could. But unlike her mother, who saw them on occasion, usually, when she focused and was working with someone, Katie now saw them all the time.

That first day, they told her she had passed out after her mother... After her mother's death. Chance had carried her into her room, and gotten her undressed, stayed with her, cared for her. While Chase had handled the details of calling Melody, answering what few questions were necessary. Dealing with the funeral directors and all the rest.

Chaos had begun that next morning. It seemed all her mother's clients felt the overwhelming need to connect with her, offer her their sympathy, and drain what little reserves she had. She did not know what she would have done without them then.

Two imposing former SEALs made an excellent security team. No one dared to countermand their orders when they nodded and said that Katie had had enough for one day. People just seemed to flee like ants when their hill had been stomped on.

Her mother had chosen to be cremated, so there was no rush for a funeral. In the end, they decided that the memorial service would not take place for a couple of weeks while they processed the necessary paperwork for scattering her mother's ashes, which turned out to be way more complicated than Katie had imagined.

She had thought a simple walk along the pier like they had thousands of times before. In fact, it necessitated hiring a boat and scattering them at least 500 yards from the beach itself. Hell, even the ship's captain had to have a special license to do so.

It was way more than she was up to dealing with after over a year of surgeries, therapies, hospitals, and finally, hospice care. But with the help of Melody, Chase had managed to locate the right captain for the job.

Even that came with issues of its own as the boat could accommodate no more than two dozen people. So, Katie had been left to decide who among her mother's flock would have the coveted places and who would stand vigil on the shoreline.

She had been about to break down under the weight of even that decision when Chance stood up and slammed his hand onto the table, "The solution is simple. No one goes with us."

She and Chase had looked at him like he had grown another head, but he simply explained, "We will video it and play it at the memorial service. After the fact."

Chase's deep, rich laughter that was all too rare, rang about the kitchen as he cleared the dishes from their simple dinner. "Damn, big brother, sometimes I think you are a fucking genius. Of course, it is perfect. The only question is who we get to video it."

Chance smiled, "Deke, of course. He is brilliant with all that shit. He, Seth, and Sebastian have started their own videography company. They can do it and compile a video for the memorial service that includes that as well as testimonials and clips from Joy's life."

He looked over Katie, "It also means that you do not need to say anything either."

She shook her head, "No, Chance, I want to. Maybe, I need to. Yeah, I know I have been such a pussy these past few days with everything that has been happening."

She stopped and inhaled deeply. She had not told them about what was going on. About the auras and the overpowering emotions of others that seemed to bombard her constantly.

Actually, the only respite she seemed to have from the sensation overload was when she crawled into bed each night between them. From that first night, they had both insisted on sleeping in the bed with her.

She had thought that after her mother's death, one or both of them would take Joy's room. Katie could not bring herself to sleep in the place that had been her mother's even with all the comforting memories of crawling into Joy's bed on lazy Sunday mornings, during storms, or simply to talk.

Instead, as she had stepped from the shower that first night, wrapped only in a towel, they had stood waiting outside the door. Chance had smiled, and Chase scowled a bit as she had clutched the towel tighter between her tits. "Sorry, I took so long. The bathroom is all yours now."

She had stared at her bare feet as she sought the proper good-night in such situations. Did she kiss them on the cheeks? Did she just brush past them and casually toss a nite-nite as she ran for the relative safety of her room?

Before she could come to a decision, they blanketed her from both sides, “You have two minutes to get dressed before we join you in bed, princess,” Chase whispered in her ear from behind.

Chance’s smile broadened at what must have been her shocked, wide-eyed expression, “Although we are not averse to holding you naked either. You decide, Katy-did.”

She started to shake her head, but they both took a single step closer until she was effectively trapped, sandwiched between two hard bodies. Two very hard bodies. Her senses went into a very different kind of overload then. Her body overrode her mind, and every feeling she had seemed centered between her legs. She chuckled nervously.

“What’s so funny, princess?” Chase ran his tongue along the edge of her ear.

She blushed and looked down, staring at the vast expanse of Chance’s bare chest. “I was just thinking that Mom would be so proud to know that my sacral chakra is working just fine,” she stammered embarrassedly.

She jumped as a hand worked its way between her bare thighs, a finger traced lightly at the cleft at the apex of them. “Want us to see just how open it is, Katy-did?”

“No, that’s okay,” her lips stammered as her mind screamed, ‘Yes, please.’ Her heart stuttered to a full stop, then re-started in triple time as that finger kept slowly running back and forth along her lower lips.

“Chicken shit,” Chase chuckled as his hands moved up from her waist to cup her breasts firmly. Her nipples instantly took notice until they throbbled and ached from the soft, roughness of the towel. She tried to stifle the moan at the back of her throat, but it escaped instead as a whimper.

She did not have a chance to protest any further as Chance’s lips covered hers, swallowing her words as well as her tongue. Chase was not to be overshadowed as his fingers began an erotic dance with her nipples. His tongue, teeth, and lips toyed at the sensitive juncture of her shoulders and neck. Still, Chance’s fingers played at the entrance of her pussy that was practically dripping wet from the dual assault on her senses.

“Open your legs for him, princess,” Chase managed to whisper somehow between soft nibbles at her shoulder. “Remember how good it felt with my fingers inside your cunt. Let Chance feel how tight you are, baby girl.”

Her mind splintered at the erotic naughtiness of his words. Driven by instinct alone, she obeyed his command as somehow she managed to shift enough between them to spread her legs just a bit.

Her body was already consumed in flames, so when Chance's fingers slipped inside her wet folds at the same time as Chase's found their way beneath the towel to twist and pull at her aching nipples, it was way more than she could take.

She arched against Chase's bare chest. The world tilted as he took a step backward to brace the additional weight on his good leg. For a moment, she thought they would collapse on the floor in a tangle of limbs and aching need, but Chance's other hand about her waist tightened and shifted her weight enough that they managed somehow to weather the full force of the impact of her orgasm.

And it was another powerful one as she felt her juices flowing down his fingers, stickiness coating the insides of her thighs. Not that she cared just then as the spasms and tremors spread concentrically outwards like waves after you threw a stone in a pond. Her pussy and nipples were already on fire, but those flames licked all the way to her toes below and the top of her head.

She realized then she could see the bright blue and silver bands of light emitting from her body, enveloping them all in its soft, gentle glow. She saw Chase's transforming from the murky grey/brown to that bright silver once more as it had that night.

The most surprising was the blackness, which dwelled so deeply inside Chance that it frightened her with its threat to overcome him, to steal his light from her. This time she saw, actually watched, as it was overwhelmed with the deepest purest blue, the rarest of auras.

Silver and blue hues danced and moved around them until they seemed to merge into an oneness that together melded and formed a circle of light that shook her understanding of the universe with its intensity.

She was trembling and crying and laughing all at the same time as the energy began to recede into a softer, gentler glow. She felt as much as she heard Chase's body rumble with his answering laughter.

Chance placed a final soft kiss on her lips as he drew back, "We need to teach you some better manners, young lady. Laughter is not the proper way to thank your lovers for an orgasm like that."

She felt something shift inside her, as if some of the foreboding that had hung over her for so very long, lifted a bit. She stood on tiptoes and brushed a kiss on his lips before turning her head and brushing another on a startled Chase.

"I don't know. I think it is a perfect response. You two don't laugh enough, you know?" She said as she managed to wriggle free of them, grasping the towel tightly about her body as she sashayed towards her room with a saucy look over her shoulder, "Two minutes, boys."

That had been nearly a week ago, and while the three of them slept naked in her double bed every night, things never went farther than the two of them...seeing to her needs. 'You would

think any normal woman would be more than happy having two hot stud puppies getting her off every morning and night, so what's your problem, girl?' asked that stupid voice in her head.

What was her problem? Why was it not enough? Why did she want more? And what more did she want? How far was she willing to take this thing between them?

It was another of the multitude of questions about her uncertain future that plagued her waking moments and haunted her dreams. Her job? Joy's charity and legacy? This house? Her life? What was to become of any of them?

Staring across the packed room at the two of them as they chatted with their three friends, who had been indispensable with the filming and video, she sensed that more than just her own future rested upon those decisions.

Especially as she saw the dark scowl cross Chance's handsome face, but it was the inky black of his aura that consumed his whole body that frightened her the most. Chase was only marginally better as he shifted uncomfortably next to him within the confines of a brownish murk.

But she had no time to consider them or even herself, with nearly one hundred 'close' friends and associates crammed into the tiny two-bedroom bungalow and flowing outside onto the lawns and sidewalks. All of their combined energies, the dark cloud of mourning, beat at her until her head was pounding, and her legs grew weak. Still, she had more to get through. The worst was yet to come.

"Thank you," Katie began slowly. She spoke so softly that at first, only those nearest her even heard her speak, but after a moment, the word seemed to spread, and the room fell silent.

"Thank you all for coming today. As you know, my mother would not have wanted us mourning her passing, but rather celebrating her life. So in that vein, I would like to open the floor for any of you to speak for a moment on what my mother meant to you."

She had thought that perhaps one or two people would have the courage to step forward, but it seemed that everyone wanted to have their say. She smiled and cried as she listened to their stories. The Hollywood executive credited her mother with saving his 'fourth' marriage. The older lady down the street that her mother always took cookies to. Even the homeless man, whom Joy bought breakfast for, had miraculously managed to take a shower and find passably decent clothes for the day. So much so that Katie had not even recognized him at first.

So, what she had thought would take five or ten minutes stretched to more than half an hour that left her exhausted and exhilarated at the same time. Then it had been the video compilation of photographs, speeches, and the sprinkling of her mother's ashes at sea.

She cried and leaned against the solid steel walls that had suddenly appeared on either side of her at some point. The final shot was her mother's last television appearance months before. She had been asked to speak after a landmark Supreme Court case on sexual freedoms.

Katie remembered that day well. They had gotten up extra early to make the horrendous commute into Studio City for the program. Her mother had alternated between puking into a bowl that they had brought for just such a purpose, and napping between bouts of nausea. Looking at her mother's image on the wall, she could see the pallor and fine lines that were more pronounced. But even then, her mother's inner beauty shone through like the proverbial beacon.

She made a stark contrast to the stern, suited preacher that was her antagonist. Though, his part of the interview had been edited out, Katie remembered his words about the sanctity of marriage and the family.

But it was her mother who had the final word. She smiled as she nodded her head at the famous tele-evangelist, "On this, we agree, sex is one of the most powerful forms of worship. Through it, we commune with one another, ourselves, and our gods...and goddesses," her smile had almost challenged the man to interfere.

"But on this, we differ. I believe," her mother paused for a moment and stared directly into the camera before continuing. "No, I know...Nothing done in love can ever be a sin. Can ever be wrong. Love is the divine power within us all. However, we choose to share that is no one's business but ours and our partners." Katie shivered as she heard those words once more.

It was if her mother had spoken directly to her at that moment. As if the gates of heaven or whatever was out there opened, and Joy stood beside her daughter once more. Katie could almost feel her mother's gentle arms about her. She turned and looked for her then, but it was them that she saw. And somehow she knew that was right too.

As the lights came back up, Katie felt a power she never before had known. It swelled inside her, and when she spoke, there was a new authority and power that spoke through her.

"That was my mother, but in some ways, she never belonged completely to me. She was love and light in this dark world. A light that touched each of you. A flame that burns in each of you, each of us, even now."

"My mother is not dead. Because love never dies. It perpetuates itself. It spreads faster and farther than any virus ever could. That was Joy Danvers," she chuckled. "Sometimes, I wonder if my grandparents did not have some premonition of her greatness when they choose that name for her. What name could have been more appropriate?"

She sighed as another tear began to trail down her cheek, "Know this - that Joy shall continue on in this world, lighting the way through the darkness that threatens to consume us all in greed, hubris, and fanaticism."

Before she even realized the commitment she was making, Katie spoke words that would determine the path of her life. “At my mother’s request, I shall take over the foundation that she established to continue her work. I welcome each of you to consider what role you would like to take in fulfilling her dream of a world where love truly does conquer all and where nothing done in love can ever be wrong.”

As those final words passed her lips, the room began to spin. If not for the steel grip of arms bracketing her from either side, she would have collapsed. Through the haze, she heard a voice, “Get her to bed. I will handle this.” That was the last she knew as darkness enveloped her once more.

But it was not dark for long as light and visions filled her head. Though she would only remember bits and pieces of those dreams, they would continue to come to her over a lifetime in the odd sensation of déjà vu and she would as she had that day...know that she had taken the right path and that all was right with the world...her world at least.

Chapter 9

Kaitlin was not sure if she wanted to laugh, cry, or scream. Instead, she merely fought her way up out of the haze of dreams. She tried to turn over, but it felt like she was stuck between a rock and a hard place. She opened her eyes a bit more and smiled up at Chase.

“Good morning,” she whispered as she tried to ignore his hard cock pressed tightly against her tummy. The same way she tried to ignore his brother’s, sandwiched just as snugly between the cheeks of her ass. The way that she had ignored it every morning for the last couple of weeks.

Everyone knew that guys had only one track minds. Sex. Her addled brain seemed to have the same one track that she accused them of. The truth was that she was confused and more than a bit hurt. Why would two hot twin brothers not want to fuck her when they had a willing partner between them?

Yet over the weeks, not once had either of them made any move to take things further. Well, further than the heavy petting like those teenagers. Fingers, first two, then three and eventually four until she felt stuffed to overflowing, yet somehow completely empty. Fingers, her toys, their tongues even were not what she wanted.

That was Chance and Chase, though. They had always been so much more than they seemed. Always the perfect gentlemen. It was what had made them Kaitlin's best friends since high school. And why her mother had adored the boys as she called them.

But that perfect gentlemen shit was wearing thin. When she wanted...

Chase shook his head as he brushed the hair back from her face, “Not morning, princess. Afternoon.”

“Evening almost,” whispered Chance behind her as his hands ran comfortingly up and down her arms for a moment. Then she felt the bed shift, “You need something to eat and drink, Katy-did. I’ll let Chase tell you the rest while I get us all something.”

She turned to nod at him, but the air rushed from her lungs as he stood up from the bed. Fully naked. He was completely naked. Her eyes went wider still as she realized that she was naked too. So was Chase as he chuckled and rolled onto his back, taking her with him so that her head rested just over his pounding heart, and his lips pressed soft kisses to the top of her head.

“Don’t worry, princess. Nothing happened,” he assured her.

“Not yet anyway,” winked Chance from the doorway. “We want you fully awake for that one, Katy-did.”

Katie tried to swallow at his boldness, but she realized then just how dry her throat was.

“What did happen then? How long have I been asleep?” She tried to remember even as she waited for Chase’s answer.

He lifted her face towards his with gentle fingers beneath her chin. “Do you remember Joy’s memorial service?” he whispered.

She nodded her head slowly as pieces of the puzzle began to come together. All of the people taking turns to speak of what her mother’s life had meant to them, how she had touched and changed their lives. She frowned then, “I spoke?”

Chase chuckled, “Did you?” He shook his head, “Something did that is for sure, but how much of that was you, princess?”

Katie nodded her head at the truth of his words as the rest came back to her. Her declaration to them all that she would be continuing her mother’s work through the foundation.

As if he could read her thoughts, Chase asked, “Did you mean it?”

She sighed heavily as she pondered her answer. It was a long moment, longer than the one before she made the public declaration. “Yes, yes, I think I do,” she shook her head and tried to smile. After all these weeks and months, she was stunned at how easy that decision had been to make.

Not that she was even sure she was the one actually making it. It felt as if something more significant, more powerful, was moving through her, taking the tough choice from her hands.

She nodded at how right it all felt, “Yes, yes, Chase, I do. I am going to quit teaching and run the foundation the way Mom wanted.”

He returned her smile as he placed a chaste kiss to the top of her forehead and squeezed her tighter, “She would be so fucking proud of you. You know that?”

Katie chuckled, “Yeah, tell me that in a few years if I have not screwed everything up.” Her hand flew to her lips, her fingertips covered them as she realized what she had implied. “I didn’t mean...”

“We do,” said the deep voice from the doorway as a very naked Chance joined them carrying a tray of food. He sat it on the table beside her bed and lifted a glass and pitcher. He poured juice and held out the glass as Chase scooted up in the bed a bit, keeping her tight in his embrace and drawing her into a reclining position.

Chance sat on the bed next to them and brought the glass to her lips, “Drink.”

She obeyed almost automatically. She drained half before Chance passed it to Chase. He finished it off and handed the empty one back to his brother. She shook her head against Chase’s chest as Chance refilled and drank his fill before silently pressing it once more to her

lips. Her mind said it was just a glass, only juice, but somehow it felt like more. A symbol of so much more.

“Because it is, princess,” she turned to look up at Chase. ‘Had she spoken her thoughts aloud?’ she wondered.

Chance chuckled, and she looked back towards him, “Not exactly. But your face had always been so fucking easy to read, Katy-did.” He bent forward and brushed a soft kiss on her lips. “I think I know what our favorite game is going to be...”

“Strip poker,” her boys laughed together.

She clutched the sheet tighter, pulled it up to cover more of her tits, though it seemed ridiculous considering they had undressed her, seen it all already. Still, she shook her head at what he was implying.

“Oh, yes, our sweet Katy-did. We are not going anywhere,” Chance replied to another unspoken question.

“Not ever again, princess. You are stuck with us this time,” said Chase as he held her so tightly that she could not have escaped if she wanted to. And with the safe and secure way they made her feel just then, she was not sure she wanted to at all.

“You don’t think we are going to abandon you now, do you, sweetheart? Running that damned thing would be hard enough for anyone. But with your gifts coming into their own at last...” Chance answered.

She shook her head violently then, “What? How did you know? I never said...” she stammered in shock.

Chance chuckled, “We know because we’ve been there ourselves.”

She looked up at him, confused. “I don’t understand.”

‘Don’t you, Katy-did?’ she looked at Chance as he spoke, but his lips were not moving.

‘Your mother always said that the goddess brought us to her for a reason, princess.’

Katie was more confused than ever as she looked back up at Chase’s unmoving lips. “I don’t...”

The bed shifted as Chance climbed in as well. Chase rolled over so that she was sandwiched once more between them. It was the only way all three could fit into her small double bed, and even then, just barely.

“Let us tell you a fairy tale, princess,” whispered Chase behind her as he ran his hands up her arms.

“You see that night...”

“The first night that we held you between us...”

“The first time we tasted those sweet fucking lips...” whispered Chance as he bent slowly to capture them as if to re-enact that other night. Then as if to fulfill that fantasy, he turned her, and it was Chase’s lips that stole her breath.

“Something shifted inside us, princess. We could feel it,” explained Chase.

“But it scared the ever-loving shit out of us,” chuckled Chance.

“It was weird. Chance and I had always been close. At times we would know...”

“Just be able to feel what was happening to him.”

Chase nodded as he continued his brother’s story, “But this was different. It was like he was in my head.”

“Actually in my fucking head. Like we could hear one another think.”

Chase shook his head, “Not think so much. Talk. We could talk to one another in our minds.”

Katie looked from one to another of them. “I still don’t understand.”

“Your mom was the only person we could turn to, Katy-did.”

“The only one that we were pretty sure would not lock us up for being crazy anyway,” smiled Chase.

“She helped us as best she could.”

“Even when she did not always agree with how we used our gifts.”

“Still, she helped us.”

Katie nodded, yes, that was so like her mother. “Okay, so you two abandoned me, but you never lost contact with Mom, the way I thought you had.”

“We didn’t want to, Katy-did.”

“But we had to, princess. Well, we thought we had to anyway,” Chase blushed.

“Now you really have lost me, guys.”

“You, Katie, you brought it all out,” explained Chance.

She shook her head at what he was saying. It was way beyond even her understanding of how these things worked.

“And yes, we brought it out in you as well,” Chase added solemnly.

“That is not possible,” she denied the truth even as she felt it grow and burst within her spirit. “No, it’s not possible. Gifts don’t work that way. You are born with them like Mom. Or you are not.” She almost added ‘like me,’ but the memories of the memorial service were too fresh. There was no denying that something happened then.

“Isn’t it, Katy-did?”

“Try it yourself if you don’t believe us. Say something...in your head. Anything,” Chase’s voice added to his brother’s in her mind.

She thought for a moment about what they had said earlier, about being able to read her thoughts from her expressions. Maybe that was all that was happening here. That was the logical explanation for all of this.

Well, except for how she could hear them in her head when their faces were utterly stoic. But if they really could read her thoughts from her face, then she needed to make this more difficult — something they would never expect her to say.

‘Fuck me,’ she said with her eyes closed and her face as blank as possible given the fact that she was lying completely naked, sandwiched between two of the hottest bodies she had ever seen...even on the covers of her raunchy e-books.

The quick dual intake of breaths was the first sign that they had heard her. The almost instantaneous thickening of cocks against her stomach and in the crack of her ass was the other.

“Look at us, Katy-did,” Chance growled low and harsh.

She wanted to ignore the command in his voice, but she was no good at it. Slowly she peeked up beneath her lashes first at Chase over her shoulder. Somehow he had always seemed softer, more comfortable to talk to. But his face was dark, his eyes clouded as his hand cupped her breast, and his fingers began to twirl her hard nipple between them slowly.

He shook his head, “Be damned sure this is what you want, princess.”

She inhaled deeply, whether from the depth of need that she saw in his blue eyes or the intense desire that his hand and fingers were re-igniting in her suddenly wanton body. She nodded and turned to face Chance. His face was even darker if that was possible.

“He is right. You have to be absolutely sure this is what you want.”

“We are who you want,” added Chase without pausing the sweet torture of her body for even a moment.

“We cannot know for sure. Not even your mother did, but the odds are that the further we take things...” Chance explained.

“The more intense this connection will become. After my accident...after...”

“After Chase lost his leg, we had practically lost the gift ourselves. Whether it was the drugs...or just how screwed up our heads were. You have no idea what it is fucking like to feel your brother’s pain and be on the other side of the world and not even able to do a fucking thing to help. The one fucking time that we were not deployed together...the one fucking time...”

“Let it go, Chance. It was not your fault. It was no one’s fault, but the fucking insurgents who planted the damned IED. Even if you were there, there was nothing you could have done. You would just have been injured too, or worse.”

It felt strange, disconcerting, and oddly reassuring to be part of such an intimate conversation between them. She realized then that she too could feel their pain. Emotional pain, yes, but so intense that it was almost physical. It left her feeling intensely hopeless. Her head throbbed, and the juice she had drunk earlier threatened to come back up.

“Shit, she is feeling it too, Chase.”

“Breathe, princess. Just close your eyes, breathe. Feel the tension leave your body,” Chase coaxed as his hand left her breast and began to caress her arm once more soothingly.

She whimpered. She knew Chase meant the action to calm and reassure her, but it had the opposite effect. It made her feel alone and lost in the grief and sadness - of her mother’s death, of Chase’s leg, and of Chance’s guilt. Of half a lifetime wasted.

She trembled as she fought back the tears, “No, not like that, Chase. Touch me. Touch me like you were before,” she pleaded, only half believing he would understand her.

But suddenly, his hand was once more cupping her breast, his fingers plucking her hard nipple, making it harder still. “Like this, princess? Do you want me to play with your perfect tits?”

‘What do you want me to do, Katy-did? Do you want me to eat your sweet little cunt again?’

Their dirty words in her mind only fanned an inferno that she knew on some gut level would consume her. Consume them all, perhaps. “No, no, I’m tired of it always being the two of you servicing me.”

She bit her lip as she sought the courage to give him the answer that she knew in her heart she wanted. In the end, she took the coward’s route, “No, Chance, I want to taste you this time.”

He inhaled sharply as he shuddered, “Look at me, Kaitlin.” He waited as she found the courage to obey him this time. His face showed through the bright blue light that encompassed him in its warmth, which radiated out to embrace them all.

“I meant it. There is no going back if we do this. Do you understand that?”

She looked from him to Chase then back again, “Is there now? Could you walk away like you did that night?”

“No, princess, not this time. It practically killed us to do it then, and we were just fucked up little boys playing at being men. We could no more leave you now, especially after what you said yesterday, than we could stop being brothers. Like I said earlier, you are stuck with us,” smiled Chase weakly.

“But that does not mean we have to take it to the next level either,” Chance answered.

Katie shook her head and swallowed as she watched a dark black hole right over his heart. Her fingers moved of their own volition to caress that spot. She smiled as the darkness began to recede.

“For how long, Chance? Isn’t that just fighting the inevitable? Wouldn’t we be trying to live half in and half out of this world?”

Chance nodded slowly as he searched her face for a long moment, but she noticed that his body had already decided for him as his cock jutted out thick and fully. Her hand slipped down his chest, across his six-pack to encircle his hard flesh. Her finger traced the slit, collecting the clear fluid that was already leaking from it.

“As smart as you are beautiful, princess,” whispered Chase from behind her as he rolled so that she lay almost atop him.

“Ever heard the term ‘reverse cowgirl,’ sweetheart,” he whispered as he shifted her hips and fisted his cock, bringing it to rest just at the entrance to her pussy. “When you are ready, just slide down my hard cock, baby girl.”

She smiled directly up at Chance as she answered his brother’s challenge. She moaned as she felt the tip of Chase’s hard cock pierce her hole, even the head stretched her and burned as she brought her finger to her lips. She stuck out her tongue and licked the clear fluid from it as she forced her body slowly down on the invader between her legs.

“Sweet,” she murmured half in shock as she felt another couple of inches slip deeper inside her. “More,” she pleaded, but she was not sure which she was begging for - Chase in her increasingly wet pussy or to fully taste Chance. “Please, more, damn it.”

Chance chuckled as he shifted on the bed, kneeling close enough to her face now that she could simply reach out and take what she wanted, and she did. Chance’s cock forced its way deeper into her mouth even as his brother’s forged new depths in her practically virgin cunt.

Another woman might have felt frightened, overcome even. Hell, she should be. Except that it was them. Chance and Chase. One thing she knew to the bottom of her heart, they would never do anything to hurt her. Never. So she smiled around Chance’s thick cock as they began to move slowly inside her. See-sawing back and forth as their hands began to toy and torture her.

Chapter 10

Two hands on her tits might not have been all that unique a sensation, except that each brother had one. Chance toyed slowly with just her hard nipple. His fingertips lightly tracing and caressing it before softly pinching it. Chase, on the other hand, boldly squeezed the whole breast in his large hand as he roughly tugged the other nipple between his thumb and forefinger. She whimpered and fought to breathe as they pushed deeper into her mouth and pussy.

“Fuck, your pussy is even tighter than I imagined it would be,” groaned Chase as he lifted his hips off the bed and forced the last inch of his cock deeper inside her than anything ever had been. She could barely breathe.

“Good girl, Katy-did. Do you have any idea how fucking hot you look right now with my cock between those sweet lips and my brother’s buried between your other lips?” Chance growled as his other finger lightly caressed her cheek.

“How does it feel, princess? As good as I promised it would be to have both our cocks buried inside you.” Chase whispered in her ear as his arm about her hips tightened, even more, forcing his cock just an infinitesimally smaller bit deeper. How could such a tiny movement shake the whole earth beneath her like an earthquake?

Chance smiled at her as his fingers slipped alongside his cock into her mouth, “Get it nice and wet, Katy-did.”

She nodded as she suckled deeper and harder at Chance’s finger and cock at the same time. “Good girl.”

She watched as Chance’s hand disappeared lower, past his brother’s that wrapped about her waist. She jumped a bit and moaned as an inch or so of Chase’s cock slipped out of her wet folds just as Chance’s fingers slipped between them at the apex of her thighs. He began to rub slow circles over the hard nub as his brother pushed that inch and then some back inside her.

“Time for you to come for us, sweet Katie,” Chance whispered as he and Chase began to move slowly in unison within her.

So, it was that she found herself spit fired between their cocks. She chuckled softly around Chance's cock in her mouth as she shook her head. "More," she mumbled around its thickness as she forced her head further down it until she gagged once again.

Chance shook his dark head as he studied her face for a long moment. She was not sure if it was what he found in her eyes or the way that she brought one hand up to tickle and tug softly at his balls that convinced him that she meant what she said. She pushed back against Chase's thick cock as well. "Just fuck me, alright," she commanded.

"Our pleasure," she heard Chase growl from behind her as she felt his hand that had been around her breast wrap through her hair and pull gently. "You know how many times we dreamt of this? How many nights we fell asleep talking about this fantasy? Your tight cunt and pretty mouth taking both our cocks. Open and wet for us. Damn, girl, you run us a merry chase."

Chance caressed her cheek as he rocked his hips forward, forcing more and more of his cock down her throat. "But we have you now, sweet Katy-did. And we aren't letting you go either."

A tiny fissure of fear sparked briefly inside her at the solemn finality of his words. It was all a bit overwhelming after almost a decade of barely a word; she found herself naked, sandwiched between them, and talking about 'forever.'

But she could not deny how right it felt as Chase's fingers angled her head back a bit on his shoulder, and Chance's cock slid further down her throat. "Suck Chance's cock, princess."

Her whole body tingled at his words. She obeyed thoughtlessly, something that she rarely did with anyone other than them.

She almost choked on Chance's cock as she felt Chase's slide deep inside her on a single stroke. She looked up at Chance and whimpered once more when his cock slipped from her mouth.

His hands pressed her back gently until she lay cocooned, her back against Chase's chest. The increased pressure on her clitoris was mind-numbing until she closed her eyes and lost herself in the twin sensation of Chase's cock pounding her depths as Chance's fingers danced on her clit.

She thrashed her head against Chase's shoulder, as the feeling of hot breath and wet tongue on that same throbbing flesh where she was joined to Chase rolled over her in waves. Her eyes flew open, and she stared into the depths of Chase's.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Princess? My brother's tongue on your clit. My cock in your hole. Watch him! Watch him eat your pussy while I fuck it," he commanded as he began to thrust upwards, matching actions to words slowly.

Kaitlin was powerless to disobey. She looked down as she felt Chase begin to nibble on the side of her neck. She noticed that each of them had a breast in one hand. Yet it seemed that their strokes matched perfectly — one coordinated unit of pleasure.

Chase's other hand wrapped about her waist, holding her in place as his cock thrust slowly up into her open pussy. Her legs were spread wide now, indecently wide. They had to be to accommodate Chance's shoulders as he knelt on the bed between them. His tongue flicked back and forth on her clit as he used his other hand to keep her open for his exploration.

It was more erotic than any porn she had ever watched, not that she had watched that much, but you did not get to almost thirty without seeing one or two on the Internet these days. It was also more arousing than any of the ménage books she had ever read.

She was wise enough to know that this was rare: for the reality to be better than the fantasy. But it was. Not even her wildest dream had come close to the sexual tension that strung between her and the brothers.

Kaitlin felt her whole body tightening. Felt tiny electrical tingles radiating out from her hard nipples that Chance and Chase were strumming in perfect harmony. Felt them bursting from the nub between Chance's teeth too. "That's it, princess. Fucking come on my brother's face."

She cried out as her body answered Chase's bold command. She felt his thick cock plunge deeper as her body arched up against Chance's handsome face. "That's right, come on my hard cock. Come hard."

Then Chance's face loomed over her. He was smiling wide as he captured her lips in a scorching kiss. She tasted herself on him. The unusual flavor was quickly becoming an addiction for her. He drew back slowly, "That's our good girl."

"Do it, Chance. Quit playing with her mind. We've waited a whole lifetime for this moment. Just fucking stick your cock in her. You got her wet enough," Chase growled from somewhere near her ear, but he never stopped kissing, licking, and nibbling her neck nor his cock pounding her wet pussy.

Chase's lips captured hers then. Yes, that was what she wanted, what she needed. She had felt Chase's cock inside her and tasted Chance's. Now she wanted to switch. To know if they tasted the same or different. If Chance fucked half as good as his brother. She wanted him as much as she wanted Chase.

Then she felt Chance's hand between them. She felt pressure and burning between her legs. And it dawned on her then what they intended. She broke the hot kiss with Chase and looked into his eyes, "No," she shook her head. "You can't. It won't fit. Stop," she pleaded.

Chase nipped at the vein pounding so loudly in her neck that it echoed in her brain. As Chance bent closer on top of them both, he softly kissed the mouth that had only moments before swallowed his hard cock.

He broke the kiss and breathed against her lips, "It will, Katy-did. I promise we won't hurt you. Just relax. Feel how good it is — sandwiched between us. You are so wet. So ready."

He growled as he pushed just a fraction harder against her hole that was already filled to overflowing with his brother's hard cock. Her eyes flew open, and her breath froze in her lungs as she heard the almost audible pop of his cock joining his brothers.

Even though she now realized they had been preparing her for this. All those times with their fingers and her toys, over the past two weeks, it was nothing compared to this moment. She was stretched beyond imagination.

It burned. There was an intense pressure of being full, overflowing. They both held perfectly still, neither moved a single muscle. And after a moment, Katie realized that the burning had stopped, and while she still felt stretched, it was no longer an unpleasant sensation.

"Oh my goddess," she breathed as both of them slowly moved together, filling her even more, slipping a couple of inches further inside her. Her eyes grew even wider as they began to move, rocking slowly back and forward. She felt like a see-saw, up on one pole and down on the other. It took a gentle rhythm. A slow dance as three bodies moved as one.

"We knew you were made for us," Chase whispered into her ear as he bit into the lobe and tugged it softly.

"Both of us," Chance growled as he buried his face on the other side of her neck, his body lunging forward until his cock too filled her as deeply as his brother's had.

They held perfectly still again. She was now full, completely full, both of their thick cocks buried to the hilt. She sucked in deep lungfuls of air, and the brothers continued to kiss, lick, and nibble at her neck and shoulders. Four hands caressed and coaxed her body to life.

Katie wished she could see them. This was taboo. So taboo that only a couple of her hundreds of erotica books had dared to go there. And none of them did it justice. "Two poles..." she sighed.

"In one hole," the three of them finished in unison.

Chance lifted his head with a smile. "Is it as good as you imagined, our sweet Katy-did?"

She laughed, but then her breath caught in her throat once more, as the motion caused them to slip just a millimeter deeper, although how that was possible, she did not know.

Chase stirred beneath her, "We'll go slow. This time," he whispered, and she fought for air again.

"This time?" she dared to question.

The brothers began to rock gently once more. In and out. Out and in. Back and forth. Like the waves of the ocean just outside the window. Their tides ebbed and flowed over her. As tension built inside her body once more.

Then like a hurricane, the winds and waves picked up. The brothers quickened the pace. They thrust deeper and harder. More than she had ever imagined. Ever read about. Ever thought she could take. Her body felt like it would be torn asunder by the storm.

She did not give a damn. Not a flying fuck. That was exactly what this felt like - fucking her way through the clouds, flying on invisible wings.

When the waves broke over her, she cried out. Screamed. Howled like the winds of that storm. Her whole body exploded. Then it imploded. The muscles of her cunt tried desperately to clinch and squeeze in time to the orgasm that wracked her very soul.

But it could not. There was no room. There was most definitely an edge of pain to it. The pleasure overpowered even that. As she rode the waves of the biggest orgasm of her life. Like that elusive 'big one' that all surfers sought, she hung in the air, suspended in time as it rolled on and on. And on.

She felt her lovers beneath and on top of her tremble and growl. Then she felt them explode as one in her. Most of their come was forced out, leaking between their bodies. There was simply no room inside her body for anything more. She was full.

Then she burst into tears. That wave crashed onto the shore. Because even the 'big one' breaks upon the beaches of life.

And everything of the past year washed like the detritus of a tsunami onto the shores. Her mother was gone. For the first time in her life, Kaitlin was all alone. And she allowed herself to actually feel the sorrow and fear that came with that realization.

But she was not alone. Two bodies bracketed her, cocooned her, and rocked her gently. Soft lips kissed every single tear away. Hands that had ignited the fires of hell inside her just moments before now soothed and comforted her with equal measure.

"Shhh," Chance whispered into her one ear.

"It will be all right," Chase answered into the other.

Through the sobs, Kaitlin choked out, "No, it won't be. She's gone, and I am all alone. I miss her. Oh, goddess, I miss her."

They rolled as one so that each lay upon their sides. Kaitlin still sandwiched between two hard muscular bodies. And she realized that two semi-hard cocks were still buried deep inside her. Not even when Chance reached for his jeans on the floor did either of the cocks slip out. When he came back, he held his small black phone in his hand.

Kaitlin looked up at him in shocked surprise. Now was not the time to be making a phone call or texting someone.

Oh, my goddess, he would not dare? Yes, some kinky part of her had thought for a split second about having a video, watching the perfection of their bodies moving together. But she had not been serious. He couldn't! He wouldn't.

Then he handed it to her. And a familiar face and voice echoed from the tiny screen. Tears filled her eyes afresh as she whispered, "Mom."

"Hey, honey," said the fragile and obviously dying head. But though the smile was weakened by pain, Katie could see the genuine love that shone in it. Her mother laughed then, "I don't want to even think about what you are wearing. Or not," her mother winked at the screen.

"Or, especially what you and our boys have been doing, sweetheart."

Katie felt the tears spilling faster now as her mother paused with one of those knowing smiles. Then she felt a finger brush it away. It was not her fingers. She was not even sure if it was Chance or Chase or both. She dared not look away to find out as she cupped the phone like the most precious gift in the world. "Oh, Mommy," she cried out in pain.

"Now, none of that, sweetie," her mother knew. Just as she had always known when anything bothered her only child. Why should even death break the bond between their souls? It would not dare.

"I have always been there for you. And you for me. The two of us against the world since your father left when he found out I was pregnant with you. But I didn't mind. I never minded. I had the best part of him anyway. I had you."

Her mother's smile faded, and her face darkened in pain for a moment, "But I can't be there for you anymore, my baby girl. I know that you are all grown up. And most people would think that it was past time you were on your own. But we were never most people, were we?"

"I know that you must be feeling all alone. Afraid. Sad. Hurt. A lot of things right now. And if I could, I would wrap you in my arms and hold you while you cried it all out. But I can't."

Katie nodded unconsciously as her mother continued to speak from the grave. "But our boys can be. And will be. I have their word on that, baby girl."

"I trust them to keep that word. I trust them with my most precious gift in this world and to this world. I trust them with you, sweetheart. I trust them with your tender heart that has always been so easily broken for stray cats and dogs. For the needy people that took your Mommy away at times. And for two lost souls that we both took into our hearts and lives."

"I am trusting their hearts to you too, little girl. Be careful because unlike those big, brawny, bodies" did her mother have the gall to fan herself, "those hearts are as fragile and tender as yours."

"Love them. Love them both. Love them both the same and different, just as I taught you all people deserve. Love them openly and proudly, even when the world condemns you all as sinners. Because in its foolish piety, it will."

She could see her mother was tiring. She knew that she must have taped this message just before slipping into the peaceful Neverland of the coma. The constant pain that had dimmed even her mother's bright light at the end hung over her thin face. She was only a shadow of the beautiful woman she had once been.

"It is just the three of you now — the three of you against the world. But I know that together you can do it. You can change this world. You can teach it how to love. Love as the goddess meant for us to love - freely, abundantly, and without fear. Do it for me. Do it for your mother, my beautiful children of the heart. I love you all."

Kaitlin looked at her lovers, her best friends, for what seemed forever. Their eyes were filled with tears, as well.

Chance spoke first, "Even the damned video makes me cry."

Chase kissed her shoulder and turned her head back to the screen, "She isn't finished, sweetheart."

"Remember, love is all you need. No matter what anyone says or what happens. You all had mine. And the goddess's. So, now take it into the world. And live my children. Live."

Her mother laughed, and for a heartbeat, the ravages of cancer slipped away, she was that beautiful, loving mother they all knew. "Nothing done in love can ever be wrong."

The screen went blank then. One of them took the phone from her numb fingers. Both of them held her close as together they cried away the pain until the laughter, joy, and yes, the loving overcame all else. As it always should.

Epilogue

“Push, princess,” Chance whispered in Katie’s ear as he held and supported her in the waist-high water of the Jacuzzi in their backyard.

She squeezed his hand extra hard as she looked over her shoulder and growled at him, “You fucking push, asshole.”

Chase brushed the blond hair back from her face with a cool washcloth, “Come on, Katy-did. You can do this. I know you can.”

Katie scrunched up her face as another contraction hit her. She had no choice but to do what they commanded. Her body demanded it, more than even they could, as she screamed and bore down with all her might.

“That’s right, Kaitlin. Perfect. I can see the head crowning now. Just a bit more.” They had roped Melody, her mother’s hospice nurse, into being their midwife for this unorthodox home delivery. The young woman smiled her encouragement as she moved into position, “Just a couple more pushes, and he’ll be here.”

Katie nodded as she took a deep breath and pushed once more. She bit her lower lip until it began bleeding, and almost felt an audible pop as the baby slipped from her body to swim in the pink-tinged water just between her thighs.

But it was not Melody who slowly lifted the tiny kicking and squirming bundle and brought it out of the water gently. Chance’s deep laughter rang around the fenced-in yard, “I think we need to discuss those names, folks. It’s a little girl,” he smiled.

Katie could barely focus on his words as another powerful contraction wracked through her body. Her eyes sought out Melody’s as she began to push once more, “I thought the hard part was over?”

She knew something was seriously wrong when she saw how pale Melody’s face got as she looked down into the water.

The young nurse turned to Chance, “I need you to clear her airway, then tie off her cord, and cut it. Keep her partially submerged in the warm water. Can you do that?”

Chance nodded, “I might be rusty, but yeah, we all took medic courses.”

Then Melody turned back to face Katie and Chase, “Listen to me carefully. I need you to push like your life depended on it.” She closed her eyes, and Katie trembled in Chase’s arms as she saw a single tear slip from the corner of the woman’s eye.

She shook her head, “No, Kaitlin, like your baby’s life depends on it.”

Katie nodded her head as tears began to flow down her cheeks, but she pushed, and the water turned a deeper pink with tinges of red streaks of blood.

Melody nodded her head as she lifted the afterbirth from the water and placed it in a bowl on the table next to the Jacuzzi. “Good, now we get to the serious work. Push...I mean, push like everything.”

Kaitlin bore down and watched as two feet, and then legs appeared in the water. She smiled as she saw the body of her son follow suit. She pushed harder, believing that the end was in sight, but nothing happened.

“Fuck,” came the uncharacteristic response from their friend and midwife. Melody reached into the water and tugged at the baby’s body. Still nothing.

When she looked up at them, panic welled up inside Katie. She shook her head, “No,” she pleaded.

“Listen to me. He is a bigger boy than his sister, and his little head has gotten stuck behind your pubic bone. I am going to need to put my fingers inside you, try to get them into his little mouth, and tilt his head down so that it can fit better.”

“I’m not going to lie. This is going to hurt. But it is our best chance here. If we were in the hospital, there might be a chance of getting you into surgery quickly enough, but we aren’t,” she shook her head.

“I need you to relax and just blow your breath out slowly. Chase, count with her. One. Two,” she began.

“Three,” Chase took up the count as he squeezed her hand tightly, forcing as reassuring a smile as he could onto his face.

“Four,” Chance joined the symphony as he held their baby girl to his chest and firmly massaged her back in an upwards motion as she whimpered and cried.

It was as reassuring a sound as Kaitlin could imagine then. “Bring her here, please,” she pleaded through the tears.

Chance looked towards Melody, who looked up just long enough to nod her head. Katie blew out another long breath as she felt the intense pressure of Melody’s fingers as well as their son’s body.

Chase chuckled into her ear, “Not as much fun, princess, as the DP that got us into this mess?”

Katie smiled up at him as she chuckled. Over the past year, Chase was once more returning to the jokester he had been in high school. Especially in those moments when the choice was to laugh ...or cry.

So, between Chase's joke and the soft mewling crying of their newborn baby girl, she managed to make it through the long uncomfortable moments until Melody looked up at them with a smile, "Now push - really push, Kaitlin."

Katie bore down then with all the energy that she had been putting into denying her body's need to do just that. It only took one contraction, and the bluish-grey limp body of their son slipped into warm water.

Melody worked quickly, unwrapping the cord that tightly encircled his neck. But still, she kept his body submerged, rubbing his back and thumping his feet until he stretched and began to wiggle in the water. Only then did she smile weakly.

"I'm going to give him a couple of minutes to get used to this new world. As long as the umbilical cord is still pulsating, he will be fine. Once he begins to move a bit more, gets some color back in him, then we will cut the cord and let him join his baby sister in the real world. Okay, folks?" she explained.

It was the longest few moments, but all of them smiled and sighed in relief when Melody finally put her fingers into the little guy's mouth and began to clear his airway as she lifted him from the water.

Unlike his big baby sister, their son had a set of lungs on him, and he wanted to announce his presence to the world. Or perhaps protest at the rough ride getting him there. They were all laughing and crying as he wiggled and kicked at the air when Melody placed him on Kaitlin's bare chest.

Melody cursed again, "Damn it, we don't have a second set of clips for the cord or scissors either."

Their friend Deke, who had been silently filming the whole thing on and off for hours, spoke up, "Clean rope? Twist ties? Any of that work?"

Melody fidgeted a bit as she nodded without making eye contact with the man. "Rope if it is not too thick," she replied.

"How did this happen?" Chance asked as he gently laid their little girl next to her brother on Katie's chest.

Melody shook her head, "I don't know. Of course, you only wanted the one ultrasound, so all I can think is that she was hiding behind her big brother, and the sonographer did not notice."

Deke appeared again with a length of soft, thin rope, which she used to tie off the cord at both ends. She picked the scissors from the table, but this time handed them to Chase. “Think it is your turn this time.”

He nodded and leaned forward as he smiled and cut the cord that had finally stopped pulsating. “So, what do we name them?”

Katie laughed, “There is only one real option...Artemis and Apollo.”

Chance bent and kissed her, “Damn, you are determined to make their little lives hell on the playground, aren’t you, Katy-did?”

“Artemis Joy and Skylar Apollo should work,” she smiled as she began to adjust the babies so that they could breastfeed.

“Skylar?” asked Chase. “Why not stick with Daniel?”

“Protector...and shelter. That’s what Skylar means. I figure he has earned that name for taking care of his little sister,” she replied as she grimaced when the squalling baby boy latched on for the first time.

“Oh,” Katie frowned as a smaller but still pronounced contraction hit her.

Melody nodded, “Last bad one, Kaitlin,” she promised as she turned her attention to delivering the second afterbirth and inspecting both the placentas as the family bonded.

Chance smiled as he and Chase began the age-old ritual of new fathers around the world in all cultures: counting toes and fingers.

Melody finished up as quickly as she could and helped the guys to get Kaitlin and the babies settled into bed. She had been surprised to discover that despite the traumatic birth, Kaitlin had not torn.

Then again, that was the least of the miracles that she had witnessed this night. As always, she had sensed something was terribly wrong as the small baby girl slipped from her friend’s body.

But when she had looked down and seen that tiny grey foot protruding past the placenta that had nourished his sister for nine months, Melody had known she was in way over her head.

It had been almost seven years since her rotation in the maternity ward. No, she was much more accustomed at this point to ushering souls into what lay beyond this world than welcoming them into it. At that moment, she feared that was what she would be doing once more.

Then she had felt the calm descend over her, almost heard the soothing voice. She recognized it immediately and knew that this little boy had a very special guardian angel. It shocked even her how quickly those forgotten lessons on footling breech births had come back to her. From that point, it indeed had been all textbook.

For once, Melody had not been the ‘Angel of Death’ as her colleagues at the hospital called her. Twenty-seven years old and her nickname was prophetically accurate.

Perhaps that was why she had gravitated to hospice care, for the little girl that could always see the dark cloud of death hanging over people, even strangers on the street, hospice nurse had seemed the natural career choice.

She sighed and smiled through the exhaustion as she made final checks on mother and babies. She was very relieved to see no sign of that familiar darkness around any of them. Even Sky, as they were calling him, seemed to have fully recovered from his frightening entrance into the world. She left a few final instructions with Chance as Chase watched over their partner and the babies.

It had been almost twenty hours since she had even napped during a brief lull in Kaitlin’s labor. But as tired as she was, Melody knew that sleep would elude her as it so often did. She would like to blame the long labor, the complicated birth, anything but the real cause of her unease...him.

Their friend Deke. She had not seen the man in months - not since the barbeque to announce the foundation’s new project. The Danvers Foundation would begin training cancer nurses in augmentative therapies such as acupuncture, aromatherapy, and cranial osteopathy. Alternative medicine, which might, as they had with Joy, relieve some of the worst symptoms of chemo and radiation therapies.

But as from that first encounter, on the boat, when they had taken Joy’s ashes to be scattered off the coast of Seal Beach, the man always made Melody uncomfortable. Or perhaps it was the dark cloud that she saw over him. It was not as pronounced this time, which seemed odd to her. Usually, these things only grew. But still, it was there, like a demon sitting on his broad shoulders.

She was not going to let thoughts of the man haunt her tonight. She decided as she stepped onto the tiny porch and looked down the street towards the ocean. A nice long walk on the beach was what she needed to relax her — followed by a couple of glasses of wine and a nice hot shower to relax her tired muscles. Or maybe a cold one considering the effect that man had on her.

“You were pretty amazing back there,” the baritone voice caressed her ear from behind.

Melody shivered, and it had nothing to do with the cool breeze off the ocean. Or even that cloud of death on this man’s shoulder.

It had everything to do with him...and what he did to her virgin body.

It had been a long couple of days. Who was she kidding? For Melody Rodriguez, it had been a long life.

Even brief moments of joy like this could not compensate for all the sadness and death she had known. Until she'd met Joy Danvers, Melody had herself often toyed with the idea of suicide. What was the point of life when all you saw around you was death?

But the woman had taught her - nothing done in love is ever wrong. So, she had brought that love to her job and found renewed strength to help others transition. If that were her sole purpose on this earth, then she would do. Do it with joy and in love as that amazing woman had shown her.

And this night, at least, she had been blessed to bring more of that special love into this world, in the forms of her mentor's grandchildren.

She did not know what the future held for those two tiny souls, but she knew that they were among the few blessed ones born to parents who loved and wanted them, who would protect and guide them. Yes, nothing done in love can ever be wrong.

"I was just going for a walk on the beach. Would you care to join me?" Melody found herself asking the man who both frightened and entranced her.

He nodded and smiled as that cloud shrunk just a bit more. "I'd like that. I don't think those three want me sticking around to video whatever happens next," he chuckled. "Although knowing Chance and Chase, it might be damned interesting."

Kaitlin was exhausted, but her body thrummed with energy as she watched her son drift off to sleep at her breast. His sister had been asleep for several minutes already. Chase had looked almost frightened as he lifted the tiny scrap that was their daughter into the Moses basket next to their bed. They had agreed that the babies would share their room as she had her mother's...at least until they were a bit older.

She looked up just as Chance walked into the bedroom, still wet from the shower and in all his naked glory. You would think after living for over a year practically as men and wife, she would be used to seeing her stud puppies prancing around in their full glory, but she was not sure she ever would be. Most days, it all seemed like a dream.

Though she still missed her mother and probably always would, her work with the foundation allowed her to keep a special connection with the woman that had given birth and raised her — the woman who had been her best friend. Well, one of them as she watched the other two coo and awe over the tiny beings that were now their sacred trust to love and nurture.

Chance sat on the side of the bed next to her. “Hand him to me, and I’ll put him to bed with his sister,” he smiled as she carefully inserted her pinkie finger into the corner of their son’s mouth to break his death grip latch on her breast.

“Hey, little man, we get you. Your dad and I agree - them some pretty nice tits, but would you mind being a tad more careful with them. We are just loaning them to you. They are ours when you are done with them.”

Chase chuckled from the other side of the bed. He rolled onto his side and softly squeezed the nipple that their son had been nursing upon. A clear yellowish liquid appeared at the end; he brought it to his lips and licked. “Screw what your other dad says, little man, this is share and share alike in this family.”

Katie slapped at his hand as Chance settled the sleeping baby into the basket next to his sister. “You two better be good. You’re dads now. That comes with lots of responsibility,” she sighed, as the melancholy that sometimes still plagued her took hold.

Her mother should be here. Should be there to give her all the wisdom of her experience and the ages. But she was not. It was just another of the many things that she would never get to share with her Mom.

Chance opened the drawer on the nightstand next to their bed and pulled out the cell phone. He had upgraded months ago. So Katie knew instantly what was to come as she smiled and took it from his hand.

Her mother’s face greeted her once more through the tears that they kissed away as fast as they appeared. She lay back nestled between them as Joy began to speak.

“Hello, baby girl. I don’t have to tell you how much I wish I were there with you right now. Then again, I want to believe that somehow or the other, I will be. Be there for you. For those two.”

Her mother laughed though it was weak, “Oh, I truly hope I am right and that I can be there to see those two changing their first diapers. It seems only fair mind you. You fill them up, and their dads clean it up on the other end.”

“Thanks, Joy, we love you too,” said Chase with a smile.

“I don’t know I’m up for getting one of those man boob things like in that movie. I’ll take my turn, feeding them,” smiled Chance.

Katie could not stifle the laughter at the image of brawny Chance with a silicone boob strapped to his stunning pecs.

Joy's voice came from the phone once more, "Just remember, Kaitlin, being a parent is the hardest easy job in this world."

"All you have to do is love them. Love them unconditionally as the goddess loves us. As she teaches us to love another. How is that coming with those two hunks, by the way? Can't be going too badly if you are watching this video," her mother chuckled.

"And my sweet girl, nothing done in love can ever be wrong. Teach that to this baby and any others you have. Oh, and if you have not already seen it, there is one more video I left you. Just ask the boys, and they will tell you how to earn that one too. I am so proud of you...of all of you."

"Give that baby a big kiss from grandma. Tell him...or her...that I am watching over them. I always will be, my love," Katie saw the tears sliding down her mother's face as she raised her hand and covered the screen.

"You know these videos were a real labor of love for your Mom. She was so damned weak then. But still, she insisted on making them so you would have something special from her on big occasions like this. She really loved you, Katy-did," Chance said as he took the phone from her fingers and placed it back on the nightstand.

"She isn't the only one though, princess. I know we may not say it often enough, but we love you so fucking much," Chase said as he drew her tighter and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

"Watch your language around the children, Chase," Katie chastised him half-heartedly.

Her boys laughed as Chance turned off the lamp, and they settled into the comfortably uncomfortable cocoon that they had adopted as the only viable option for three people to share her tiny double bed. Though the guys often complained about the tight squeeze, neither made any move to purchase a larger one.

"So, what did Mom mean when she said to ask you about how I earned the other video?"

Chance kissed her slowly and deeply before turning her for his brother to capture her lips. His hands settled on her hips and drew her closer to his hard erection. Even though they knew it would be weeks before they could resume their unusual love life, there was something intensely intimate and comforting just about being pressed closely against them.

"You sure you ready for that one, Katy-did?" he teased.

"I just gave birth to not one, but two babies. Without a single fucking drug, I might add. How hard can it be after that?"

Chase bit her ear and whispered, "Watch your language around the children, princess," as he playfully swatted her bottom.

“I guess you are right, Katy-did. After what you went through today,” Chance whispered against her lips.

“Marrying us should be a piece of cake, princess,” Chase purred into her ear. “Wedding cake that is.”

Katie was not sure how serious they were, her two somber jokesters. But she was not to be deterred. “I’m game if you are. But wherever are we going to find your wedding cake with a bride...and two grooms on top,” she kidded.

Chance chuckled, “We’ll figure something out, Katy-did. After all...nothing done in love is ever wrong.”

About the Author...

Real-life, hot sex, deep meaning...

Tara Cox lives in 'beautiful sunny Swansea, Wales' with her favorite romance hero, Prince Charming, Cooking Monster, and husband – techie guru Alan Cox – and her wonderfully autistic youngest daughter, @PanKwake. Besides, being a homemaker, writer, and blogger, she fills her day with photography, sewing, quilting, urban farming, and homesteading.

Tara is the no-holds-barred author of a broad range of fiction, from novels to short stories. Her characters are REAL, not size zero 20-somethings or billionaire playboys. Even her millionaires, Marines, shapeshifters, and SEALs bear scars: seen and unseen. And those are just the beginning of their complex, REAL life problems like grief, mental health, and body issues. Her stories are as dark and twisted as life itself, but always with a happy ending, whether for now or ever after.

Her writing style is best described as Jane Austen's free indirect discourse meets Fifty Shades, getting deep inside the minds and motivations of her characters. Even with her hotter than HOT sex scenes, this is not your typical erotica. But for those readers wanting 'more,' few writers deliver on that like Tara's literary erotica.

Tara writes in a wide array of genres and is a perfect sexy chameleon, able to bring you hot content no matter where she lays down her pen. From sweet romance to deep and dark BDSM, she does it all, and with swagger and style. Be it military/war, sci-fi, suspense, historical, romance, or erotica, her recipe is simple.

Mix REAL life challenges with equal parts love, laughter, and tears then top liberally with lots of hot sex.

It's a pretty good recipe for fiction - and life.

In her previous 'lives' Tara has been a stay-at-home mom, a fundraiser for charities, a bank teller, a waitress, a personal trainer, a preacher's wife, and even a stripper. It is from this plethora of experiences that she draws her strong characters and complex storylines.

Follow Tara:

Twitter: @tara_cox_writer

Email: tara.cox.writer@gmail.com

Blogs: <https://taracoxwriter.wordpress.com/>

<https://homecrazyhome.wordpress.com/>