

A stylized icon of a winged goddess, likely Isis, with a golden head, a red sun disk, and green wings. The icon is centered behind the text.

**Viola's
Inheritance
Isabella Jordan**

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...Viola's mouth watered as Khai held out his hand to help her up. But she wasn't ready to just let him lead the way this time. She was feeling a little frisky. All that talk about threesomes had her raring to go.

She grinned up at him as she pulled the summer sweater she wore over her head and flung off her lacy, little bra.

She'd never been as happy to have full breasts as she was at this moment. The small pink tips stood up so nicely for her, too, as she decided to put on a little show for him. She watched the muscles at his jaw tighten when she stood to push her jeans down over her hips and step out of them. Somehow she shimmied out of her panties and kicked them aside without stumbling and falling on her ass. She'd never been a graceful thing.

Madu cleared his throat from the doorway, his dark brown eyes filled with the same lust that glittered in Khai's as they fastened on her.

Shit, here we go. Apparently they'd talked about this. And she'd reprimand them later, she decided, for deciding all of this without her. And it was a really big deal. Not like deciding to change the brand of fabric softener you use.

At the moment, however, she was way too turned on to care about anything except for what was about to happen...

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Stay

Stiff Competition

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Woman In Chains

VIOLA'S INHERITANCE

BY

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VIOLA'S INHERITANCE
AN AMBER HEAT BOOK

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For Jim...

*Old as the sands of time, potent as life itself,
an ancient relic reaches out from the past
to tempt adventurous hearts with promises of
carnal delights...and an unexpected gift...*

CHAPTER 1

Viola Underwood knew getting a call from a lawyer couldn't be good news. It usually meant you were being sued or someone had died. So when a Mr. Blynne Radspinner of Portland, Maine called to inform her that she was a beneficiary of the estate of Professor Clyde Linworth, her heart squeezed in her chest. She was right about it being bad news. And she didn't enjoy being right when she knew the outcome was going to be terrible.

It was worse than terrible. She couldn't have cared less about inheriting anything from her mentor and close friend. Clyde was gone. She didn't even know he was gone until that very moment, which was the only matter really up for

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consideration, the way she saw it. The loss of such a wonderful person occupied her mind so much, she couldn't say she really listened all that carefully to the low, professional voice on the other end of the phone line. She got that he had left her some priceless artifact he'd acquired on one of his many trips to Egypt and that it would be delivered to her within the next week. There was something about how her acceptance of the artifact meant that she couldn't sell it or auction it off for profit under any circumstance. That didn't pose a problem. If Clyde wanted her to have it, she'd never part with it.

At least she'd had the wherewithal during the conversation to ask how he'd passed away. It seemed fitting that the kind man who'd taught her so much had died peacefully in his sleep. She was glad for that. It didn't lessen the blow of losing him, but it was better than knowing he'd died a horrible death.

It was later that afternoon, long after she'd ended the conversation with the lawyer, that she wondered what day she'd receive the delivery of her inheritance. Not that it really mattered. She only left the house she'd rented in Searsport for the summer once a week to go out shopping and check her post office box, and then she wasn't gone very long. There was little chance they'd miss her when they brought the artifact. Whatever it was.

Viola didn't spend a lot of time wondering what her friend had willed to her. She'd never been one to waste time because it was too precious a commodity by far to spend on anything but productive, tangible pursuits. When the delivery arrived,

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she'd see what it was. Until then, she'd spend her time doing just what she'd intended this summer, and that was finishing her book.

She'd started the nonfiction book about the history of Karnak at the beginning of the previous academic year. Originally, it was supposed to only be a hobby. Yet as she made progress, she grew proud of her growing body of work. At that time, she'd thought of it as her magnum opus. As the weeks passed, however, she found that she enjoyed working on it so much, she knew the moment the work was finished she'd begin writing another. And she had so many ideas. She'd been to Egypt on many research trips herself as a teacher and researcher at the university. She had a lot of experience to draw on and many topics to cover.

And it wasn't like she had a personal life to interfere with her newfound writing addiction. She could spend every day in her pajamas and bathrobe, hitting the keys if she wanted. No husband to demand her time or badger her about household chores. No children to distract her or ruin her concentration. She was lucky for that.

Her fingers stopped on the keys at that thought. *Was she lucky?*

She'd had a husband once upon a time. Like her, he'd been well-educated. Unlike her, he'd been larger than life—both literally and figuratively. John had been a large, happy man who came from other large, happy people. They lived in close, tribe-like proximity and they loved to eat and have children. Many children. Her ex-husband had been the youngest of six

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children, and he'd had twenty-four nieces and nephews from his five siblings before he'd ever met her.

Needless to say, they'd been married less than six months when the topic of children came up. Viola hadn't been resistant to the idea, but it wasn't something she'd wanted to immediately jump into either, considering her career kept her busy sixty hours a week and she had no intention of staying home to rear the children. John said he understood all that and had been patient that first year. She'd been thirty-four then. She still had time, he'd said.

The second year, he wasn't so patient, and Viola believed pressure from his family caused him to put the thumbscrews to her where kids were concerned. She went along with him. They fucked like rabbits at every opportunity, whether the mood was right or not, in an effort to get her pregnant.

It was a scary thing when she became pregnant the first week of classes that next academic year. She'd been sick as a dog, wondering if she'd finish the year since her due date was the week before graduation. But the funniest thing had happened, a pleasant surprise. Once she knew about that tiny life growing inside her, she'd wanted it more than she'd wanted anything else in her life. More than awards, recognition, anything—she'd wanted that baby.

Not too long after she came to that realization, she miscarried. That was common, she'd been told. One in four of all pregnancies ended that way, the doctors said. John was supportive. Yet the stunning loss had still thrown her into a deep depression that took her months to recover from.

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The second miscarriage was much worse, because then she'd felt John's support slipping away. It was the little things he'd dropped into arguments. Are you watching your diet? Did you take the folic acid? Do you think the crazy schedule you keep had anything to do with it?

The insinuation that losing both pregnancies was somehow her fault had left her bitter and angry. That she'd become pregnant the third time had been nothing short of a miracle, considering by then they rarely slept in the same bed together and had sex even less. But become pregnant again she had, and the fact that she made it into the second trimester that time had been very encouraging. It had been summer then, so she'd lessened her teaching schedule just to be on the safe side.

The day she came back from seeing the department head about the schedule change, she found blood in her panties. When the third pregnancy ended badly, her marriage quickly followed. John was convinced she was somehow causing the horrible losses, or that something was wrong her. He divorced her, but she'd been too numb from the last miscarriage to really be too upset about it. She couldn't have felt any emptier if he'd moved to the North Pole. It took her a long time to reconcile that period of despair in her life.

John's tribe quickly found him another bride, a fertile one, who'd given him three sons in the four years since his divorce from Viola. One of his endless relatives worked as a secretary in one of the other departments in her college and made sure she saw a photo of each new baby.

Viola smiled at each photo, said how wonderful it was.

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Inside, she cringed. It seemed the harshest form of cruelty to her that the woman would seek her out to show her photos of the thing she wanted most and apparently couldn't have. And they were John's. Her ex-husband could have children after all, so something *must* have been wrong with her.

Well, there'd be no pictures of John's babies *this* summer. No one to bug her at all. That was the point of renting a house in a town she was completely unfamiliar with and where no one knew her. That and the fact it was in such close proximity to Bar Harbor, which she really enjoyed visiting.

It was just her in this house, working on her book. Or trying to. It was hard to concentrate with the loss of her friend haunting the corners of her mind.

God, it was pathetic.

So was the fact that she was still in her pajamas and bathrobe at one o'clock in the afternoon and someone had just pulled into her driveway. Could it be the package from Clyde's estate already?

Nah, the lawyer had only called that morning.

Viola looked out the huge living room window to see a gorgeous, black luxury car parked just outside her garage. Okay, someone was lost and had stopped to get directions. The people she knew drove nice cars, sure. But this car belonged to a movie star, a rock star. A politician.

She definitely didn't know the two men who climbed out of the car. They appeared to be identical twins, tall and wearing immaculate black suits. Both men had long, dark hair tied at the backs of their necks and both wore dark sunglasses.

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The man who'd gotten out of the passenger side carried a large, white box, and the man who'd been driving the car followed him up the walk to her front door.

What was with the box? Was it the delivery after all? Whatever happened to FedEx? Not that she was complaining. No FedEx guy ever looked that good.

One of them pounded loudly on the door. Well, crap. There she was in her frumpy bathrobe and worn pajamas and she hadn't so much as touched her hair. At least she'd brushed her teeth.

"Can I help you?" She opened the door, using her professor voice and all the dignity she could muster in a bathrobe.

"Viola Underwood?" the man carrying the box asked.

"Yes."

"We're here to deliver a package to you from Dr. Clyde Linworth."

The man's accent was Egyptian. She'd know it anywhere.

So it *was* her inheritance. Well, that was fast.

"Please come in," she bid them.

Stepping back to allow both men into the living room littered with paper and other miscellaneous items, fear began to nag at her mind. What if it were some sort of scam? How did she know that anything had happened to Clyde at all? The guy who'd called her claiming to be a lawyer could have been anyone. What if it was all an elaborate scheme and they were here to rob her or worse...?

Well, it was a little late to think of that now, huh? She'd

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just allowed them into her house.

Still, if they were criminals they were truly incredible looking criminals. Tall men with broad shoulders. When they removed their sunglasses, she saw they had strikingly handsome features. They really were identical twins with rock solid jaws, piercing dark eyes and rather sexy mouths. At first glance, she didn't see any easy way to tell them apart.

"Dr. Underwood," the other man spoke, "I think we should begin by giving you this letter from Dr. Linworth."

Reaching into the breast pocket of his jacket, the man pulled out a business-sized envelope and handed it to her. Her heart sank when she saw her own name written on the front in Clyde's own hand. God, it really was true. Clyde was gone. She'd never see him again. All she had was the letter in her hand, whatever was in the box, and the two strange men standing there watching her eyes water in the messy landscape of her living room.

"I'm sorry." Wiping at her eyes with the back of her hands, she frantically turned to gather up manuscript pages, newspapers, and granola bar wrappers. "Please have a seat."

The man holding the box sat on the edge of her couch, making her wonder if whatever he carried was heavy. But then he certainly looked strong enough to handle it. The other man reached back into his jacket and pulled out a crisp white handkerchief and held it out for her with all the precision of an English butler. There were men who still used handkerchiefs nowadays?

"Thank you." She accepted it and then took a seat on the

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other end of the couch to read the letter in her other hand. Damn, she dreaded it. Couldn't she read it in private? Did she really have to make a fool out of herself in front of strangers? Her friend was dead after all. How was she supposed to act?

The handwritten letter in Clyde's immaculate penmanship was full of her friend's warmth and charm, leaving her no doubt of the letter's authenticity. He explained that he hated goodbyes, she knew that to be true, and that if she were reading the letter that meant he was gone. He got sentimental more than once, referencing their time together and how it was his great joy to have had the opportunity to share his knowledge with her and to learn from her himself. Viola couldn't help but smile at that.

When she reached the last page, his tone became serious. He told her it had always troubled him that she'd been so alone. While he knew she had success and achievement, she'd never attained happiness from it. Not as he had. That meant there was something missing from her life and he wanted her to have whatever that was.

In the last paragraph of the letter, Clyde told her that he hoped she would accept the gift he had sent to her, a precious artifact from one of his journeys to Karnak. He also hoped she would accept those who delivered the artifact and asked that she be open-minded.

When the letter ended there with "Love, Clyde," Viola sat bewildered. That he wanted her to have the artifact was one thing. That she agreed never to part with it until her death, she understood. But to also accept the two men who brought the

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box to her house? Accept them for what? Had he lost his mind in the year since she'd seen him last?

Open-minded.

She'd have to be open-minded indeed. What the hell did all this mean?

"I don't understand," she said aloud.

"Do you accept your inheritance from Dr. Linworth?" the man with the box asked her.

Viola's deep sigh filled the room.

"That's the part I don't understand, I'm afraid. I thought he was leaving me an artifact he brought back from Egypt. His letter suggests there is more."

Well, there was absolutely no surprise in either of their handsome faces at that statement. No exchanging of glances, no reaction at all. Both of them simply glanced at her, perfectly composed.

"In his letter he almost seems to be saying that I'm to accept what I'm guessing is in that box as well as those who brought it. He must have worded that incorrectly."

"No." The man still standing near her door took a couple of steps forward, his hands clasped lightly before him. "There is no mistake."

Okay, now it she really didn't understand.

"So you're saying that I inherited the artifact *and* the two of you?"

"That's right."

"How can that be? I can't inherit *people*." She was off the couch in a heartbeat. "If that were true, that would mean that

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you belonged to *him* prior to his death. Right?"

The man with the box nodded.

Had she lost *her* mind at some point and didn't realize it?

"We didn't belong to Dr. Linworth. We were his companions, however."

Companions? Here were two absolutely beautiful men she hoped weren't very much younger than she was, and they'd been his companions?

"Clyde wasn't gay...was he?" He'd never married, never had children.

The man holding the box smiled at that. A beautiful smile with perfect white teeth, and it stopped her cold for just a moment.

"No. We weren't his companions in that way. We merely assisted him."

"Research assistants?" She was trying hard to get this.

"We assisted him in achieving what he needed to be happy."

There was that happy reference again.

"Would you like to take a look at the artifact now?" he asked, rising from the couch and heading in her direction with the box.

"I can see it without agreeing to anything?"

"Yes, of course."

Why not? She accepted the box from him and it was, indeed, heavy, as she'd suspected. She carefully placed it on the floor before her and crouched to open it. It took several moments for her to work her way through the layers of

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packaging, but she managed it. All the while the two men conspicuously sat watching her, making no move to help.

It was a statue of Isis and, unless she missed her guess, it came from one of the early dynasties. Considering how old it obviously was, the piece was in remarkable shape. It was beautiful, in fact, and she didn't immediately realize that she sat there next to it in the floor, simply enjoying looking at it.

"Do you accept your inheritance?" the man who'd been standing the entire time asked.

Viola met his gaze. Damn but he had nice eyes.

"I accept this," she answered honestly, tipping her head towards the statue. "But I'm still unclear about the part where the two of you are concerned."

"We go along with the statue," the other twin said. "It's really quite simple. If you accept this inheritance that Dr. Linworth wanted you to have, the statue is yours and we blend into your life."

Viola shook her head. "Or you could find your own lives..."

"Our place is with the statue," the one who'd given her the box explained.

There had to be one hell of a story there.

"If I refuse?" she had to ask.

"The inheritance will pass to another. A back up beneficiary, if you will."

Okay, so she could refuse the statue...and them. They had another place to go.

She should have refused. That was the most logical thing

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to do. The statue was wonderful, any archaeologist or fan of all things Egyptian would be proud to have it in their collection. But she could live without it.

Yet Clyde had been her mentor. She'd learned so much from him, trusted him. He wanted her to have the statue, and she really wanted to honor his last request of her.

But that he'd sent her two men along with it? She just didn't get it. Clyde was the most proper English gentleman she'd ever known. Surely he must have known how...odd this was even in this day and age. What was she supposed to do with these guys? How would they just blend into her life? If twin men who looked like them moved in with her, *someone* was going to notice. And she could just imagine the stories now.

"Do I have to make a decision now?" she wanted to know. "I just learned today that Clyde was gone. He was a very dear friend of mine, you know."

The one standing closest to the door tilted his head. "You may take all the time you like, but the choice is much simpler than you think. You can refuse and we go away. You can accept and honor your friend's wish for you."

"To have this statue and two strange men in my house?"

"No, that you find happiness."

How was that going to make her happy? The whole point of this summer was to be on her own to finish writing her book. She'd always trusted Clyde, but this was assuming a lot on his part.

Viola looked from one of them to the other. She had to be

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nuts to even consider this. Even for Clyde.

On the other hand, maybe she was crazy enough to want to see what would happen. And she knew herself well enough that, as practical as she liked to think she was, if she refused the inheritance, she'd always wonder what might have happened. Her life was enough of a sad sham without adding more what-ifs to it.

“Okay, I tentatively accept.”

CHAPTER 2

When the man she now knew as Khai Fotouh had told her that he and his brother would simply blend into her life, he hadn't been kidding. Overnight they had slid into her life with an efficiency that was unnerving.

Of course, the word "blend," in her mind anyway, meant they would be unobtrusive and would draw little of her attention.

Right. It had been two weeks now since they'd arrived on her doorstep with Clyde's statue of Isis to announce it was hers and they came along with it.

Two weeks since she'd been able to write a single word on her manuscript. Viola frowned at the screen of her laptop, as

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she did most every day, too preoccupied by the insane events around her to be able to focus on the project that was supposed to be the center of her summer.

Khai and his brother Madu had turned her life, her peace of mind, and her summer home upside down. She'd explained to them more than once that this was only a temporary residence, yet they'd insisted on turning one of the unused bedrooms into a shrine to the statue that Clyde had left her. It was incredible. They'd taken out all of the furniture and created a pedestal for the thing like it was a mini museum or something. The windows were draped in a strange way with strips of white linen, and there was an eerie stillness in the room that intimidated her. And she taught archaeology for crying out loud!

The weirdness didn't end there. She had two gorgeous Egyptian men under her roof. If they were typical men, she'd be serving them snacks while they took over her living room and television. Oh, no. That would have been too predictable. No, they walked around in their tight black slacks and crisp white shirts, cleaning and cooking like sex-toy butlers from any romance writer's naughtiest fantasy. It was unreal.

The moment the wrapper of one of her granola bars hit the surface of a table or a chair, it vanished. The moment she placed a single glass in the sink, it magically reappeared in its very specific location with the other glasses in the cabinet.

It was maddening! She'd always been much too cerebral to worry about household manners, though usually, with the exception of this summer, she was well organized and neat.

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Now, though, even her panties were organized...by shades of color! That had really upset her at first, just the thought of either of those two sorting her panties.

Viola rubbed her temples, checking the clock to see that it was just after midnight. Another day she could have accomplished great things with her manuscript totally wasted. Perhaps she could even have finished it by now. Who knew?

Why oh why had she agreed to all of this? Surely Clyde wouldn't have wanted her work to be completely halted by his so-called gift?

She took another drink of the sweet wine Madu had brought her earlier. Normally she wasn't a fan of red wines, but this one was particularly good. Since the man had left the bottle, she thought she might have another glass before she went to bed. Perhaps it would help her to sleep.

"Viola?"

At least they didn't address her as Madame or Dr. Underwood. Thank goodness for small favors. At forty, she didn't think she was that much older than them, but still.

"Yes?" She turned to see one of them, she had no idea how to tell them apart, walking around the sofa in her direction.

"You seem stressed. Is there anything I can do to help?"

I seem stressed? You think?

"I'm sorry. Who are you?"

"Khai."

"Khai. Yes, I'm fine, thanks. Just tired." She'd just play it down. He'd go away faster.

When he joined her on the sofa, casually taking a seat on

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the other end, some of the sleepy fog cleared out of her mind. Great. He wanted to talk now?

"I know all of this has been difficult for you," he began.

"I'll get through it all fine, I'm sure."

"Get through what fine, Viola? The summer? At this rate your book won't be finished, and isn't that what you had planned for this time?"

How the hell did he know that? Of course they had to realize she was working on something, but she'd never once mentioned the reason for being here in the summer home was so she could finish her book this summer. Either this man was incredibly perceptive or everything was weirder than she thought.

"If I finish or don't finish my book this summer, it's hardly your fault. Nothing for you to be concerned with."

"While it isn't my fault, you're right, I am very concerned about it."

Okay, this should be good.

"Why?" she had to know.

"Neither Madu nor I wish to watch you prevent yourself from such a great accomplishment."

"Come again?" Did he just say *she* was the cause of her own writer's block?

A sly little grin formed on his handsome face. He'd started a nice fire earlier for her in the fireplace only a few feet away and she really liked the shadows it cast across the bronze of his skin. Even if he was annoying the devil out of her at the moment, she couldn't help but think he looked gorgeous.

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"Is there anyone else preventing you from writing?"

"You've got to be kidding." She couldn't believe he'd just said that. "You two arrive with Clyde's statue, telling me that you're a package deal, move into my summer home when I don't know you from Adam, and then have the audacity to tell me that *I'm* the reason I can't write? I'd like to point out that I had absolutely no problem writing prior to your arrival."

"Why do you have a problem writing now?"

"Why do you think?" Her voice was getting louder and she didn't like that, but she was on an indignant roll now. "Would you be able to write if two beautiful women moved into *your* home and—"

"You consider my brother and me beautiful?"

"That's not the point." Why the hell had she thrown that word in there? Maybe it was true, but she sure shouldn't have admitted it. What did he think? They were identical twins and individually more handsome than any man had a right to be with their beautiful, muscular bodies and intense, dark eyes. Neither of them could enter a room without her being acutely aware of them. She couldn't help but notice the way her body reacted, the way her heart raced and heat began to build in her belly.

"No offense, but the point is that you're both a distraction."

"Only because that's how you view us."

"What?"

"No one can control what happens in the world, Viola. Only our reactions to the events are ours. To you, we're a

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distraction. From my point of view, we're maintaining your home with the intent of giving you more time to write and fulfill your desire. Some would recognize that and be happy for it."

Well, didn't that make her feel about an inch tall?

"I didn't mean to sound ungrateful." She felt she should explain. "However, I never asked you to take care of the house. I haven't asked you for anything."

"No, our efforts are a gift to you."

"You don't owe me anything."

"I know."

"Then why do you do it? You don't know me. Did Clyde ask this of you?"

"No, he didn't ask us to do anything. It's our choice. That's not so difficult to understand, is it?"

Viola shook her head. "It doesn't make sense."

"Why?"

"Why? Because people don't just do things for people they don't know unless there's something in it for them." That was what she knew to be true anyway.

Khai's smile widened. "Yes, they do."

"Since when?"

"Since always."

"For something so common, I've never noticed it."

"It would be hard to notice for someone as focused on the negative side of things as you."

"I am *not* focused on the negative."

"No? Then name one thing you find agreeable in the

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current state of your household. You look startled when one of us takes your plates, your cups, or anything else when you're finished. You try to hide your computer screen every time I walk by."

Damn him. He did have a point. She had been bitching to herself about everything since the two men had arrived. Was she supposed to be happy to have two strange men living with her? How would any woman react?

Still, she had to think up something to prove him wrong. It was just who she was.

"I like your meals," she threw out. "Those are rather delicious."

"My brother cooks the meals." Khai nodded. "You only approve of the food? Is there nothing *I* have done that you like?"

Oh, the way the smile slowly faded from his face and his dark eyes lit in heated curiosity messed with her insides. She just bet there were things he *could* do that she'd like.

"You said to name one thing. That's all I'm saying."

The smile returned. The emotion she read in his eyes didn't diminish.

"But you only approve of the meals. So perhaps you could offer some suggestions for improvement in other areas. We wish to please you."

The way he said "*we wish to please you*" had her heart pounding in her chest. No, he didn't mean *that*. He probably wondered if the pink should come before the blue in her underwear drawer, or if she approved of the number of linen

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strips in the shrine to Clyde's statue.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked when she didn't say anything.

"I can't think of anything," she finally answered after staring at his mouth for a long moment. It was late, that had to be it, and it had been such a long time since she'd had sex. Not to mention, she had two very desirable men right there. The full shape of his lower lip... She just wanted to trace it with her finger for a start.

Damn, but she needed to shake off whatever had a hold on her. She needed to get back into her head and forget about the fact that her naughty parts were storming to life in a very wicked way.

When he didn't say anything, she felt uncomfortable, and as she often did at an awkward lull, she started rambling.

"Look, I really appreciate all that you and your brother have done. I really do. It's just that this, you have to realize, is a very strange situation. Anyone else I know would think so."

Before he could speak, she held out a finger to stay him.

"No. Before you say anything, I know. It doesn't seem strange to you. You've got to realize that *you* are odd to me. Do you guys have another life at all? Jobs? Families?"

Girlfriends? Wives?

"Our job is here. Our place is here."

"And you have nothing else?"

"What else do we need?"

"Not very complicated, are you?"

"I glad you *realize* that."

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He smirked a little when he came to the word *realize*.

“What?”

“You use the word realize often, mostly when you’re justifying why you feel negatively about something. Do you know that?”

Her gaze fixed on the wineglass by her laptop and, for just a fleeting moment, she considered hurling it at his gorgeous head. She was *not* a negative person.

“You’re getting off topic. We were discussing the entire situation with you and me...us. The statue. The whole nine yards.” She waved her arms to encompass the entire house, his brother. “And then you went on some tangent about me being negative, which I’m *not*, and you don’t even know me.”

His gaze became serious then.

“It was not my intent to offend you.”

“I’m not offended,” she told him. “I’m trying to tell you that you’re wrong.”

“Do you really think I’m wrong?”

Not totally. But she wasn’t going to admit to anything.

“I’ll take that as a no. And if you can admit there’s a grain of truth to my words, you just might recognize that you’re a little upset with me for pointing it out.”

That he wasn’t letting go of this ridiculous notion was upsetting her.

“No, I’m just tired and irritable. I think I’d really like to try and sleep now.”

“How are you sleeping, Viola? You’re not accomplishing what you wanted and apparently you’re not happy with our

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arrangement. Do you get any rest at all?"

She could continue to argue with him, but what was the point? It was too tiresome this late in the night. And he was right. She didn't sleep well. Yes, it was because her book wasn't getting written. Yes, it was because he and his brother and Clyde's statue had taken over her home.

And if she really wanted to be truthful, she was having a hard time sleeping in a huge empty bed with him and his brother only a couple of doors away...

The entire situation had driven her to think like a desperate woman. And there was no need for that kind of craving. She had a vibrator and knew how to use it. For whatever reason, she hadn't touched it since they arrived.

"I'm sleeping. Don't worry about it."

"Would you like for me to give you a massage to relax you?"

"No."

Oh, she answered that all wrong. She sounded like an untried schoolgirl just then.

Viola would have expected him to nod and back off at that. But why? Hadn't he been bold their entire conversation? Why should she have been surprised by the fact that he deliberately moved closer to her on the sofa?

Tingles of excitement raced through her body like streaks of lightning when he moved closer still, and she edged back until the arm of the sofa prevented further retreat. He smelled wonderful, like spice and man. The heat of his body combined with the warmth of the fire took away the chill that constantly

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hounded her. A light sheen of perspiration had broken out on her forehead, but that was nothing compared to the heat flooding the rest of her body.

“What are you doing?” She meant to sound disapproving, but she couldn’t quite hit that note either.

“What would you like me to do?”

“Oh, don’t give me that again,” she started. “You—”

That mouth she’d admired so much claimed hers with a kiss unlike anything she’d ever experienced, halting anything else she’d been about to say. Viola should have been ashamed of herself at how easily she surrendered to that kiss. But she was curious and, yes, a little desperate. And it would have been so much easier to think without his intoxicating taste and smell assailing her senses, not to mention the hard bands of his arms scooping her up from the couch as if she weighed nothing at all.

CHAPTER 3

Viola was trembling by the time Khai carried her up the stairs to her bedroom and gently set her upon her feet by the bed. Her hands were shaking with an eagerness she wasn't certain she'd felt before as she rushed to remove her pink button-down shirt.

Khai struggled with his shirt only a moment before dropping it to the floor. Two buttons popped off in his haste to take it off. When his upper body was revealed, she just stood there gawking at him. The man's upper body was nothing short of magnificent. He was all smooth bronzed muscle, every inch of him beautiful. He unfastened his slacks and pushed them down his legs. No underwear. Oh, she liked that.

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Viola reached around to unhook her super-support bra, a little self conscious now that it was her turn to disrobe. Suddenly his hands were there to stop her. Her gaze met his and the pure desire in his sexy dark eyes made her pause.

“Allow me,” he said.

With incredible, unbearable slowness, Khai finished undressing her. With hands so butterfly gentle that she hardly felt them, he paid reverent homage to each patch of her skin as it was revealed. His soft caresses played over her skin like a gentle spring breeze and Viola surrendered to the pleasure in that moment, to him. Raw desire was there in his face for her to see. She sensed that he was using great restraint in an effort to be gentle with her.

Going down on his knees before her as her breasts were revealed, Khai slowly pressed a wet kiss against her nipple. Gathering her to him, Khai buried his face between the full pillows of her breasts, breathing in her scent. The slowness of his movements, his delicacy made Viola feel restless and urgent. She wanted him fast and untamed.

Okay, so she just wanted him.

Plumping her breasts in his large hands, he sucked a nipple between his warm lips. He nipped at her with his teeth, then soothed her with his lips and tongue. He opened his mouth to take as much of her in as he could, suckling against her with a deep and demanding hunger. Viola moaned at the incredible pleasure that had been missing in her life for so long. He released her with a wet sound and his mouth moved to the other breast to give it the same attention.

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Looking up from the breast he suckled, Khai's dark eyes found hers and the sheer intensity she read there took her breath away. Viola sank her hands into the shiny locks of his long hair, pulling away the strap that held it back, and pushed herself at his mouth. She needed more, craved more. He gave it to her, his lips and tongue sending devastating waves of ecstasy coursing through every inch of her body.

His hands were steady and sure as he unfastened her shorts, pulling them slowly down over her hips and thighs. The cool air mingled with the heat from his body, drifting around her newly revealed skin. It sent delicious shivers through her as she clutched his shoulders to steady herself and stepped out of her clothing. Now she stood before him completely revealed. She kept herself in pretty good shape at her age, but she still felt a little self conscious.

No man, not even John, had ever looked at her the way Khai was now. It made her feel light-headed, sexy even.

The way his dark eyes gleamed as they took in every inch of her made her catch her breath. She shivered when he pressed his lips to the tender swell of her tummy.

"Why is so beautiful a woman so alone, Viola?" His voice was low and rough.

"I'm not beautiful and I'm alone by choice." Now he had her feeling *very* self-conscious.

"A beautiful woman going to waste. This I can't allow."

Gently he lifted one of her legs and draped it over his broad shoulder, steadying her with his free hand.

Viola gasped when she felt his heated breath fanning the

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curls at the apex of her thighs. Just the thought of what he was about to do made the walls of her pussy clench in need.

“Do you want me, Viola?” he asked.

Her hands clutched in his hair and her heart pounded furiously in her chest.

She nodded.

“Say it,” he demanded, parting her with his fingers and licking her.

“Yes.” Viola groaned at the feeling of his tongue sliding from her opening up to her clit where it began to flick against her.

Over and over he licked her, stopping only to suckle her labia or clit. He lingered at her clit with wet, hot kisses to drive her wild while her fingernails scratched at his scalp. Viola writhed and squirmed, but Khai was stronger and had no trouble holding her against his greedy lips. The wet sounds of his mouth devastating her, along with her breathy little sighs were the only sounds in the room, pushing their desire higher and higher.

Her pussy walls clenched again hard and he seemed to notice. When he speared his long, stiff tongue deep into her aching passage and began to thrust it in and out of her like a cock, a moan ripped from her throat. Blood rushed to her cunt, making it swell as she grew closer to release. His fingers came into play at her throbbing clit as he tongue fucked her. Release was closing in on her, and the power of that approach was unlike anything she'd ever experienced.

“Khai!”

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The orgasm ripped through her with incredible power. Searing heat and pleasure swept through her from her face to her pussy, and her knees gave way as she rode wave after wave. She would have hit the floor if not for his strong arms supporting her. Viola's high cry pierced the quiet of the room as it began to spin around her. The tremors shook her until she thought she'd be torn asunder.

Khai lapped sensitive flesh one last time with his tongue before lowering her leg and rising before her. It was a good thing he held her up or she might have been tumbling to the floor at the moment. Not that it really mattered as long as he didn't stop.

His dark eyes burned into hers. "You taste like a woman who is filled with passion. Let it out, Viola."

At the moment she *was* a woman, filled with passion and desire, and that thought pleased her mightily. His mouth claimed hers in a demanding kiss and she tasted herself on his lips, warm and salty. His hands slowly slid down to cover her ass and his fingers slid into her cleft, making her pussy quiver anew in anticipation.

Easily he navigated them to her bed and she suddenly found herself beneath him as he deepened the kiss. His hands and mouth were everywhere, making her insane with lust. Her hands roamed over his body with the same fervor he used to explore her. He was all tight, hard muscle beneath her fingers.

She felt like slapping him when he paused and pulled himself up in the bed. In the next moment, he grabbed her ankles in his hands and pulled her legs wide apart. Viola saw

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his cock then, ready and waiting, just beyond the dark curls of her pussy. The length and width of him were impressive, making her even more eager to have him inside her. She couldn't imagine how tight a fit it would be considering the size of him.

She couldn't wait to find out.

He positioned the great, swollen head at her achy opening with a steady hand and she sucked in her breath when he began to push into her. Viola felt her flesh burn and stretch from the slick, hot invasion of his flesh and she wanted more, much more. It had been so long since she'd been with a man, and it had never felt this damned good. Lifting her hips, she pushed herself at him, wanting more of him, and now. Khai wouldn't be rushed. He continued to sink into her slowly until he was buried to the hilt, and she felt her insides shift to make room for him.

"I really must remember to teach you patience, Viola."

She gasped when he withdrew, the walls of her cunt gripping him but unable to stop him from pulling out.

"Now is...not the...time," she managed

Khai chuckled, brushing a kiss against her lips as he thrust back into her, filling her completely again.

"Khai." Viola sucked the lobe of his ear between her lips when his head lowered to the pillow beside hers. He began a steady, driving rhythm within her, making her gasp at the exquisite pleasure the joining of their bodies gave her.

Viola rocked back and forth with him, wrapping her legs around his waist and hanging on while he thrust in and out of

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her. He easily discovered from her moans and cries what she liked and how fast she liked it. On the heels of that he found all of the spots that drove her mad with desire and exploited them fully.

The perspiration from their bodies mingled and the smell of sex floated on the air all around them. Khai lifted his head to take her cries in his mouth when she released his ear and moaned, writhing beneath him. She hung onto him desperately as the push and pull of his cock became faster, more forceful within her.

She came just a second before he did, bucking underneath him and screaming his name. She sank her teeth lightly into the flesh near his shoulder and he growled low and deep in his throat.

Khai's cock went rock hard inside of her, and he threw his head back and yelled in his release. Her body squeezed around him while he jerked and twitched within her.

Then he collapsed, his weight burying her in the soft bed. Viola just held onto him, hoping he wouldn't get up immediately and go alphabetize her CD collection or something. She wanted to snuggle. They didn't have to talk, but she did like the whole sappy snuggling thing after sex. Her heart pounded in her chest as she fought for breath, panting in a cadence similar to his.

"Khai?"

"Hmmm?" He voice already sounded rough from sleep.

"Where is Madu?"

She sensed he was smiling, but she didn't have the strength

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to lift her head from the warm, damp wall of his chest to look.

“In the kitchen, I suppose. Or in his room. Why?”

Or could he have been outside with his ear pressed to the door? Shit. They’d hardly been discreet about all of this. What would Madu be thinking? How would they explain all of this?

“I’m just wondering what we’ll tell your brother in the morning.”

“About what?”

“The fact that we just had very loud sex. How about that?”

His chuckle was a deep sound in her ear, warm and comforting.

“This is between us. Madu understands that. He won’t expect an explanation.”

“Then you two really are unlike anyone I’ve ever met,” she told him after a yawn. “I would guess that this might make Madu uncomfortable or...”

“Jealous?”

“No.” Why would he say that? “I was trying to think of a way to say that he might feel placed in a lesser role by this.”

“This changes nothing about our arrangement, Viola, except that it brings you great pleasure and you need that. It brought me great pleasure as well. Madu would never feel jealousy about that.”

“If you say so.” But Viola could just see trouble brewing from this.

“If it would make you feel better, we could always invite him to join us.”

Viola’s heart leapt at that comment. She didn’t say

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anything to that. Hell, she didn't know what to say. She didn't even think it was right to think that way. Much less drop it into the conversation as casually as he just had.

Within moments he'd drifted off to sleep. Viola waited for regret to hold her eyes open or the same old doubts and worries to rob her of the enjoyment of what she'd just experienced.

For once they didn't come, and unfamiliar sleep did.

CHAPTER 4

Viola woke from the best night of sleep she'd had in a long time and she had no idea what time it was. It appeared to be late morning and she never slept late. Well, hell.

Her body was sore in places she couldn't name, and she found she felt very different this morning. She couldn't remember the last time she'd been so excited about the upcoming day instead of merely grateful for it. What it would be like to see Khai this morning, considering what they'd done last night?

Oh, shit. How would she know which one was he? Surely now that he was her lover, she'd be able to tell.

The down side of this morning was Madu. He was Khai's

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twin brother. Surely they talked. If they did, Madu would know she had sex with his brother. Would that create a problem? Would he be angry? No, that was vanity on her part. He probably wouldn't care.

Well, she didn't know what she'd be walking in to really. She showered and dressed. Instead of her usual button down shirt and khaki shorts, she opted for a summer dress that she'd packed when she'd come to Searsport but hadn't worn once. Until now. Turning to look at herself in the mirror, she wondered why she hadn't worn it more often. For a forty-year-old gal, she still had nice legs. She was still slender.

Viola even decided to leave her hair down instead of putting it up in her customary braid or ponytail. Why not?

Would Khai like her hair that way?

Damn, she felt like a college kid again.

Hoping to see him right away, she made her way down the stairs to see one of them standing in the entrance to the dining room. Looking past him, she saw a breakfast fit for royalty waiting for her there. The twin standing there pulled out a chair for her, but the expression he wore told her nothing.

Considering it was a meal, it was probably Madu.

"Good morning," she tried.

His dark gaze locked with hers and slowly that impish grin spread across his gorgeous face.

"Did you sleep at all, Viola?"

Viola probably grinned at him like a sixteen-year-old who'd just had her cherry popped at the prom, but she couldn't have cared less.

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"I feel wonderful this morning," she admitted. "I wouldn't have minded having more of what I had last night."

His dark gaze roamed over her face and down over her body.

"If I'd known that, I would have wakened you personally."

Viola took a seat in the chair he'd pulled out for her, grinning at the plate loaded with steaming food. Eggs, toast, ham. There was a bowl of fresh fruit on the side and a tall glass of orange juice.

"Madu got all of my favorites this morning."

"How do you know which one of us prepared breakfast?" He walked around the table to stand over her. Normally that drove her crazy but today she didn't mind at all. "Perhaps I sent him to the market or just out for a walk? Perhaps *I* am Madu."

Viola shook her head, cutting up her ham. "I think I know who you are."

"You're not certain that we're playing a trick on you?"

She chewed up the one bit of meat she'd managed to get into her mouth, recognizing his challenge.

"Because I'm such a negative person I should smell a plot, right?"

He nodded, still grinning seductively.

Placing her knife back down on her plate, she dabbed at her mouth with her napkin with great show.

"You know, you've got a point. How do I know for certain who you are? I think some proof is in order."

"Proof?" Now he leaned on the table, bracing his strong

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hands on the smooth surface.

What a waste. Those hands could be doing so much more right now.

“If you are truly Khai, I’d know it, wouldn’t I? From our time together last night?”

Okay, now his expression had taken on a very predatory quality.

“Perhaps.”

Rising from her chair, she approached him and when he turned to face her, she lightly, brazenly for her, put her hand over his crotch. His straining flesh was hot and throbbing against her palm beneath her slacks.

Oh, it was Khai. It had to be.

Before her gaze could even meet his, he slowly pulled the straps of her dress down over her shoulders, revealing her full breasts. When Viola looked up into his face, she watched the seductiveness of his expression yield to pure desire, hunger. Juices gathered in her pussy and her nipples beaded hard at the incredible passion she saw shining in his eyes.

His arms closed around her, making her feel completely surrounded by him and she wanted it. Especially when his strong hand slid down her belly, yanked up her skirt, and skimmed over her bare thighs. Her legs squeezed together at the sharp surge of lust he sent rushing through her body. He made her feel beautiful, cherished and sexy as hell when those dark eyes swept over her.

She wanted to see him, too, to touch him, and her fingers worked at the buttons of the crisp, white shirt he wore. A

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shudder passed through his body; she felt the tremor beneath her fingers. His powerful jaw was locked and his hands fisted against her hips as he allowed her to remove his shirt. He stood long enough for her to unfasten and push down his slacks, socks, and shoes. Once she pulled the garments free, Viola started to peel off her dress, wanting to make a little show of it.

“Shall we take this elsewhere?” he asked.

Considering all the big windows in this house and the fact that she didn't know where his brother was, she decided he had something there. She wasn't *that* abandoned just yet.

Hell, she was well on her way though.

They raced up the stairs to her room like two randy teenagers and the door slammed behind them in her haste to close it and get back to business.

Viola joined him on the edge of the bed, touching his chest, his lean hip. She ran her fingers along the hot, throbbing length of his cock, drawing a sharp moan from his lips. He rose to his feet, pulling her with him.

They stood, facing each other and Viola pulled off her dress in a rush and yanked down her panties with lightening speed. Her body tingled with awareness, the power of it sending a thrill of excitement racing all through her. Her breath caught with a hitch when his large hand easily palmed her breast.

“That feels amazing,” she whispered.

His fingers lightly circled her nipple until it drew up into an almost painful point before leaning down to nip gently at it

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with his teeth, surrounding it with his mouth. Viola's legs struggled in an effort to hold her up under the sensual assault. He must have felt it because he picked her up as if she were light as a feather and turned to gently place her on the bed.

Laying her down on the foot of her bed, he kneeled before her, pushing apart her legs which dangled loosely over the edge. The scent of her own musk floated on the air around him when he gently blew his heated breath against her dark thatch of curls. Cupping her ass, he lifted her up to his mouth and began to treat her to the most exquisite sensation she'd ever experienced.

His tongue laved and tormented her aching flesh, lapping at the wetness of her pussy over and over again. He found the throbbing bud of her clit and gave it the same wicked treatment, swiping at it with wet lashes of his tongue and suckling at it with his lips in turns. Viola writhed on the bed, clutching her hands in his thick hair, holding his mouth against her, wanting more and more.

Though she was helpless to any pleasure he offered, he held her firmly in place, his fingers kneading and massaging her full cheeks as her moans filled the room around them. With one large finger, he traced her sensitive opening before sliding his finger inside her. He began to slide it in and out in rhythm with his tongue in her cunt, and Viola thought her sanity would shatter.

“Yes! Oh, please...don't stop! Don't stop!”

Viola came hard, arching her back as one powerful contraction after another rocked her body. His tongue never

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stopped lapping at her through the climax, soothing her with short, slow strokes that had her panting and mindlessly writhing in his grip.

He rose to his feet even as she lay on her side, fighting for breath. The warmth of his big, solid body rose above her and the rigid length of his cock slid easily into the sensitive folds that were more than ready for him.

“Is this what you wanted, Viola?” His voice was low and deep in her ear.

His sensual voice, along with the delight of being completely stuffed and overfilled by him, nearly had her coming again before he even began to move within her. Somehow she fought it off, closing her legs around his waist and pressing her heels into the small of his back to encourage him on.

He began by sliding in and out of her hard and deep, and she moved with him, gasping in pure bliss. He withdrew completely, then thrust in again to the hilt. He came at her with quick deep thrusts, each one hitting undiscovered places inside her to push her even higher. Her hands clasped about his neck, her pussy walls grabbing his cock to hold it tight inside her. Viola lost herself in his lovemaking, raising her hips to meet each of his thrusts.

The next orgasm that claimed her was much stronger than the first. The room spun around her as he continued to pump into her, teasing her clit with his fingers to heighten the incredible sensations that shook every fiber of her being.

He captured her lips in a slow, careful kiss as she began to

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come down from the release.

“You’re intoxicating, Viola.”

She grinned, liking the sexual high she’d been on since last night.

His arms clamped around her when he gave up control. He began thrusting with abandon inside her. The walls of her cunt quivered and pulsed around the hot length of his cock. At the last moment, he withdrew, and she pushed up onto her elbows to watch the white ribbons of his seed streaming out over the swell of her tummy, dotting her skin with his warmth.

“I find you...just as intoxicating. I even took a bite out of you last night, remember? How is your shoulder?”

Her eyes darted first to one shoulder and then the other.

There was no sign of a bite mark at all. Impossible that the ring of tooth prints she’d left there had vanished, since she saw them with such clarity in the early hours of the morning.

Unless...

“Oh my God. You *are* Madu, aren’t you?”

He nodded and her heart pounded in the not so pleasant way at that simple gesture.

Shit.

“Viola, what’s wrong?”

Her dry laughter had no humor in it. She scrambled off the bed, grabbing her panties. The stupid summer dress.

“What’s wrong? I slept with your brother last night.”

“Yes, I know.”

“I thought *you* were *him* just now.”

He tried to place a hand on her shoulder as she pulled on

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her panties. She shrugged away from his touch.

"It was not my intention to deceive you. I thought this was what you wanted."

Well, yeah, it was *but*...

"How could I have done this?" She pulled the dress down over her head now. "I've completely lost my senses now. I have."

"Viola, why are you upset? Did you not enjoy this?"

That made her pause. She'd enjoyed it very much, in fact. But she'd thought he was Khai.

What difference does it make? Did she know Khai any better than she knew Madu? No. So if it was him or his brother, it really made little difference.

The fact that she'd fucked them both in a twelve-hour period like a pro bothered her a lot.

She scooped up his clothing and shoved it at him, guiding his beautiful form toward the door of her bedroom.

"Please, you have to go now," she told him. "I need some time to myself just now."

"Khai will not be upset with you or me," Madu's tone was reassuring.

"You may be right." She'd give him that. "But *I'm* upset with all of us. Especially myself. Please, leave me alone right now."

He stood there as though being completely nude in such an awkward situation was perfectly normal for him. Knowing him, it probably didn't even gain his attention. His dark eyes locked with hers in concern.

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"You're too quick to blame yourself, Viola. What's happened with us physically was inevitable."

"Aren't you sure of yourselves?" Viola snorted.

"It's not confidence that leads me to say that so much as it's an understanding of human nature. To desire another is not a crime. It's a natural thing. There is no blame in that. There's nothing wrong with that."

"If there were one of you, sure. But there are two of you and I did you both."

"So?"

"So? So that's bad, Madu. You don't do that where I come from."

"You do if you want to. The only limitations you have, Viola, are those you place on yourself. Other people can have opinions on how you live your life, but what does that matter? You can't live your life trying to meet the expectations of others without first pleasing yourself."

"I do please myself." Wasn't she selfishly taking the summer to write her book?

"But there's no enjoyment for you. Only guilt, blame. How is that enjoying your life?"

That struck home. Just like her divorce. How many days had she lost of her life, wallowing in depression? First she'd been angry at John's comments that it had been her fault for the miscarriages. In time, she came to agree with him about that, about the reason the marriage fell apart. She had, over time, accepted all the blame...

Wasn't it her fault?

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“Why shoulder the blame for what you can’t change, Viola? You’ve done nothing wrong. Throw off the chains and enjoy life. That’s all you need do.”

With that, he opened the door of her bedroom, treating her to a magnificent view of his bare ass on the way out.

Throw off the chains and enjoy life.

If only...

Viola returned to the bed, sinking down on it. Her entire body trembled. From passion, from epiphany? She didn’t know.

She just stared at the door Madu walked out of for a very long time.

CHAPTER 5

Viola sat in the floor in the room that was the shrine to the statue, staring at it in the incredible quiet of the room. The piece was in remarkable shape considering its age, most of the gold covering still intact and only blackened and cracked in a few small places. Most of the fine details had worn away over time, but it was still beautiful tribute to the ancient Egyptian goddess Isis. It was a common representation of the goddess with the cow horns and sun disk over her head.

Isis had been a goddess of fertility in ancient Egypt. If Viola had been the superstitious sort, she might have had something like this in her home when she'd been married to John. She'd never believed, however, in such legends. A

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statue couldn't make her fertile or bring her luck.

She was beginning to wonder if it could make her perpetually horny though.

She'd spent the rest of the day, after making love to the twins individually, in her room. It would have been impressive to say she'd been contemplating the meaning of her life, but the truth was, she'd been shocked as hell at what she'd done and too embarrassed to come out.

But she had to eat, so she emerged the next day and the two men did just what she predicted they would. They acted as if nothing had changed, nothing had happened. Yeah, right. Something sure as shit *had* happened and twice.

Well, she'd vowed that next day that it wouldn't happen again, and just as she normally did, she went into the living room and sat down at the computer. Then a curious thing happened.

She wrote. She wrote a lot. Ideas formed sentences and sentences formed paragraphs. Pages filled with text and by the end of that day she had written nearly seven thousand words, which never happened to her. She was ecstatic for the first time in weeks, happy.

All she needed was someone to share it with. But talk to the twins? Too embarrassing. Too hard.

Then just like that first night when the sex started, Madu had brought her wine and Khai had arrived later to start a conversation. She'd taken Khai back to her room for the rest of the night, becoming again a wanton woman in bed with him.

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The next day around lunch time she'd eaten with Madu, inviting him to join her when he asked how her manuscript was going. They were going at it on the kitchen table since Khai had gone to run errands. They barely had time to clean up everything and dress before Khai's return.

It was nuts. She took turns, Khai one day and Madu the next. For crying out loud, she was sleeping with two men, brothers. While neither of them seemed to care about her involvement with the other, it wasn't lost on her that things didn't feel right somehow.

Why was that? Because she was supposed to choose one? That didn't make the other one go away. And deep in her heart, she really didn't think she *could* choose now. They were both special to her and so very different.

Khai had made her see that there was a different way of looking at things that didn't involve looking actively for the worst in other people or in situations. She had to admit now that she did have that tendency and it was so much better to give people and things the benefit of the doubt. More than once in the last few weeks she'd found when she tried to be more positive things turned out just fine. Her outlook was brighter.

Maybe it was why she didn't have a serious problem with the fact that she was living with—and fucking—him and his brother.

Madu was just as sensual as his twin, just as witty in a conversation. He'd made her realize that she took so much upon herself. She took the blame when perhaps she wasn't at

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fault. She had been too hard on herself and no wonder she'd thought negatively of others, right?

It had been a staggering realization. Especially when that's how you'd lived for forty years.

"Viola?"

Glancing over her shoulder, she saw Khai standing in the doorway. Now she could tell them apart quite easily.

"I wondered where you were," he went on. "Are you all right?"

Viola smiled at him, nodded.

"Fine. Just thinking."

"You had to come in here to do that?"

"Who can think with you two around?" she joked.

His smile had her blood heating. That was all it took.

"May I ask what you're thinking about?"

How to answer that one...

"I was just thinking how...unique our situation is, Khai."

He nodded, a knowing glint in his eye.

"You're feeling uncomfortable. I can sense that. Why?"

Viola had to chuckle at that. "Why?"

"Why are you uncomfortable? Are we making you feel this way?"

He always knew the right questions to ask. Damn him.

"No, I'm doing it to myself, of course." Viola shook her head. "The way I grew up... well, it wouldn't be looked upon favorably that I had two lovers at the same time."

"What do you want for yourself, Viola?" Khai pressed her. "Do you wish to choose one of us?"

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"No." She never had. She cared about them both. "I don't know what to do. I don't want to give this up. I rather like our arrangement and the freedom the two of you give me. It just feels..."

"What?"

"Well, weird. You know? Can you understand that?"

"I think so."

"Have any idea how to make it feel not weird?"

"Viola, your choices are simple."

"You *always* say that," she pointed out.

"It's always the truth." His smile faded. "You can choose between us. You can end your sexual involvement with both of us altogether."

She just knew there was an *or* coming. He always gave options in threes.

"Or?" It had been a long pause and she was really curious what option three was.

"You could take us both."

"I do take you both."

His dark eyes locked with hers. "You miss my meaning."

Okay, the first time she did, but she got it now.

"You mean..."

Khai nodded and Viola felt heat flood her face.

A *ménage à trois*?

"How would *that* make things better?"

"It might take away the awkwardness you now feel. One night with me. One night with Madu. Always wondering what the other's thoughts are. If everyone is present, those worries

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are eliminated.”

Well, there was that. But it certainly wasn't the first thing that came to mind.

Pure carnal sensation had juices gathering between her thighs. A gut punch of lust had her heart racing in excitement at the thought. If she tried to tell him she *hadn't* thought about it, she'd be lying her ass off. She had, many times. And just maybe it would take care of the concerns she had about alternating them like aerobic routines day after day.

If only it were that simple.

“How would that help me explain all of this to the folks back home? I don't live here. I live in a small university town. Everyone knows everyone else. What will I tell them?”

“It matters so much what they think?”

“If I want to keep my career, yeah.”

“We'll think of something,” he said, his tone assuring.

Viola's mouth watered as Khai held out his hand to help her up. But she wasn't ready to just let him lead the way this time. She was feeling a little frisky. All that talk about threesomes had her raring to go.

She grinned up at him as she pulled the summer sweater she wore over her head and flung off her lacy, little bra.

She'd never been as happy to have full breasts as she was at this moment. The small pink tips stood up so nicely for her, too, as she decided to put on a little show for him. She watched the muscles at his jaw tighten when she stood to push her jeans down over her hips and step out of them. Somehow she shimmied out of her panties and kicked them aside

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without stumbling and falling on her ass. She'd never been a graceful thing.

Madu cleared his throat from the doorway, his dark brown eyes filled with the same lust that glittered in Khai's as they fastened on her.

Shit, here we go. Apparently they'd talked about this. And she'd reprimand them later, she decided, for deciding all of this without her. And it was a really big deal. Not like deciding to change the brand of fabric softener you use.

At the moment, however, she was way too turned on to care about anything except for what was about to happen.

Madu was already unbuttoning his shirt, pulling it off and tossing it to the floor as she watched, caught up in the most incredible lust she'd ever experience. His fingers worked frantically at the fastenings of his slacks.

Khai stood motionless, his eyes a dark brew of desire and satisfaction.

They would make her scream in pleasure, make her crave them. The anticipation that hung thick in the air was stronger than any drug, making her feel light-headed and incredibly sexy.

Naked now, Madu approached her, stepping around Khai, but she held out a hand to stay him. Making herself comfortable on her knees in the center of the carpeted floor, Viola spread her thighs for them. Her fingers slid down to the slick lips of her pussy and she could smell the juices of her own arousal drifting up on the heat of her body. She treated them to several seconds of watching her teasing her clit with

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her fingers, moaning at the sensual high she was on. She'd never done anything like this before, had never wanted to.

When she dipped a finger into her pussy, Khai's body tightened visibly. Madu's rigid cock stood up high against his belly, hard and waiting. They looked as if they might pounce on her at any moment and she loved it.

Madu moved closer to her, stalking her. Using her fingers, she pressed her pussy lips back for him. But her eyes were on Khai the entire time, not Madu. She knew what Madu was about to do and craved it. She wanted Khai to watch as his brother's mouth dove for her cunt.

A fog of pure lust closed around Viola, searing her as Madu's hands slid under the globes of her ass and his tongue stretched out to trace the glistening secret folds she revealed to him.

Khai's eyes looked black and filled with heat as they locked with hers. Hot, demanding desire rode her hard as Madu began to lick her pussy, long smooth strokes that pulled mewling cries from her throat. He watched them, just as she wanted him to. That, along with Madu's wicked tongue drawing teasing circles around her clit, nearly had her coming right then and there.

Khai couldn't seem to stop himself from plucking at the buttons of the shirt and shedding it as he stepped closer and dropped to his knees behind her. She knew he still watched her having her pussy licked when he pulled her body back against his chest, holding her as Madu's long tongue focused on her clit, lapping at it with quick little flicks that were

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simply smashing her sanity.

“Do you like his tongue, Viola?” Khai’s whisper was a harsh sound in her ear. “Do you like for me to watch while he tastes you?”

“Yes!”

Her hands clutched frantically at Khai’s arms, her head thrashing back and forth against him as Madu’s tongue slid down to her opening and began to dart in and out stiffly, like a cock.

“What else would you like?” Khai went on. “Do you want his fingers?”

She was supposed to talk right now?

Madu’s eyes gleamed like obsidian when he lifted his head and lightly traced the opening of her cunt with the tip of his index finger. Viola’s thighs shook and clamped around that tormenting hand, but Khai wouldn’t allow that. Firmly gripping her inner thighs, he pressed them wide to give Madu greater access to her aching flesh.

Madu slid first one long finger into her body, then another. They slid easily in and out on the wetness of her excitement and he scissored them lightly inside her, burning and stretching her the tiniest bit. Her lower body tightened amid the growing pleasure and she struggled in her lovers’ grip, clutching at Khai’s arms desperately as pure carnal sensation quickly began to spiral out of control.

When Madu’s tongue resumed swiping at her clit while he finger fucked her, Viola came hard. Khai held her as the unbelievable sensations shook her entire being and her cries

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filled the room around them. She thrashed, she panted.

And she knew this was only the beginning.

With the wetness from her pussy, Madu slid his finger down to the tight little entrance of her ass. It took her several seconds to recover herself enough to realize this. Her body began to tremble as he traced that tiny, untried hole.

“Has a man ever taken your ass?” Khai’s voice was low.

Viola shook her head, panting.

“That idea excites you, yes?”

Viola jerked when she felt Khai’s hand slide toward her pussy. A single finger slid across the sensitive flesh of her thigh to the wet slit of her cunt. When he sank a finger into her pussy, her hips shot off the floor. In that same moment Madu gently began to push the tip of his finger into her the tight ring of her ass.

“Do you think you could take us at the same time, Viola? Would you like that?”

“Yes.”

The single word ripped from her mouth before there was any thought.

Madu grinned at that and she felt Khai’s heated erection jerking against the skin of her lower back.

“We’ll need something to help us along.”

Khai began a string of nibbling kisses at the back of her neck as they watched Madu dash out of the room. “You will enjoy this, Viola, I promise. The heights of pleasure you will reach will be unimaginable.”

“You’ve done this before?” she asked, too far gone

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physically for the answer to make much of a difference. She was too desperate to be jealous at the moment.

“Yes.”

“Why didn’t she keep you?” Viola teased. “Didn’t do a good job?”

Khai’s chuckle was deep. “It wasn’t like that. We were putting on a show for someone else. It wasn’t a relationship. Not like this.”

Damn. She’d make a point of getting *that* story later.

Madu returned quickly and the want she read in his eyes mirrored what she felt. Her inner walls clenched when he set down the tube of lubricant in his hand and his gaze fastened on the flesh between her thighs.

“I want her pussy first.” Madu’s voice was low as he dropped to his knees before them. Khai’s fingers slid from her sheath and he moved around to her side, lowering her to the warmth of the carpet where he’d been sitting.

Watching, probably like a wide-eyed school girl, she saw Khai moving closer to her with a decidedly wicked grin on his lips. Frantically he peeled off the slacks he wore to reveal his hard and ready cock, and her heart began to pound. Before he could even approach her, Viola reached for him and wrapped her fingers around his heated length. She swiped her tongue across the smooth hot head of his cock before sucking him in between her lips.

Fire blazed in the pit of her stomach as Khai’s cock filled her mouth, thick and hot. She closed her lips around him and began to suckle him, trying to use the same controlled,

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devastating strokes that Madu's tongue was tracing through the exquisitely sensitized slit of her cunt. Khai's wild taste filled her mouth, made her feel feral abandon.

Khai's loud groan rang through the room and he pushed himself between her lips, then pulled back so she could lash at his engorged head with her tongue. The taste of lust combined with Madu's tormenting mouth ensnared her senses. She pushed her pussy up at Madu, wanting more of his tongue. Wanting more of everything.

Viola cried out around Khai's cock when two long, rough fingers plunged into her cunt, stroking all of the sensitive places within her until she quivered in submission. She fought for breath, struggling to maintain her suction on the delicious cock in her mouth. The room around her seemed to fade, all the incredible sensations preying on her mind as much as they were her body.

When Madu lifted his head and climbed over her, Viola could feel the juices seeping from her pussy as she watched his cock descend toward the aching channel that craved it. She gasped as the swollen, mushroom-shaped head stretched her, began working slowly up into her pussy. She sucked the cock in her mouth now for all she was worth, as if it would somehow speed up the process of getting Madu's cock completely inside her body.

Logically, she knew that was impossible. But this wasn't about logic. This was about two men, catering to her most secret and carnal desires.

"I can't take much more of this," Khai growled, pulling

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himself from her mouth just as Madu began a slow, comfortable rhythm in her cunt. The sensual push and drag of his hot, rigid cock stretching her and pushing her closer toward the storm of sensation that she knew was coming. She just wondered if she'd survive it.

"Switch places with her," Khai bid his brother. "We have a fantasy to fulfill."

Madu's grin widened as he pulled out of her and stretched out on his back. Viola groaned in protest as Khai hauled her up by grabbing her beneath her arms. She was nothing more than a quivering mass of furious need now. She wanted to do this and she wanted to come.

A lot.

Draping her over Madu so that her ass was facing him, his cock was a temptation that she couldn't resist grinding her aching cunt against. She pleased herself this way until she felt Madu's fingers delving between her thighs, tickling and teasing her as he eased the juices from her pussy back to the other small entrance he meant to claim. A small amount of anxiety blended with sharp desire when those tight muscles clenched on the tip of his finger. It pushed into her, burning and stretching her anus.

"Relax," Khai's voice was gentle behind her. "Let me help you."

Khai's strong fingers eased between her thighs from the front, finding the swollen nub of her clit easily and drawing slow lazy circles around it as Madu had earlier.

"I won't survive this." Hell, she could barely breathe.

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Urging her up on her knees, Madu pulled his cock from beneath her. She felt something cool and wet on his fingers as they smoothed over the entrance to her ass, and a quick glance over her shoulder revealed the tube of lubricant open at his side. She felt pressure as he pressed the hot head of his cock at the opening of her ass and she quivered.

“Relax,” Khai whispered close to her ear.

While Khai's skillful fingers continued to devastate her, light pain and an unfamiliar pleasure bloomed in her ass as the head of Madu's cock pushed into her. Grabbing her waist, Madu held her there, motionless to allow her to adjust to him. Within seconds, Viola was trying to ease herself down farther on him, taking more of him in. The penetration was a slow careful process, taking forever for Madu to work his way into her, and he wouldn't be rushed.

When finally his cock was completely sheathed in her ass, Khai grinned at her devilishly. His mouth lowered to her pussy as Madu began to move in and out of her ass with maddening slowness. Viola screamed in shock, in carnal need. Her pussy walls quivered and clenched. The mere sight of Khai teasing her clit with rapid lashes of his tongue while Madu's enormous cock filled her ass made her come, made her scream so loudly the tourists in Bar Harbor were bound to hear her.

The fact that she was climaxing again made no never mind to the men who were unceasing in their efforts. When she'd finally ridden it out and the spasms eased, Khai lifted his head and pressed his lips to hers, allowing her to taste her own unique flavor.

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Waves of pure ecstasy stormed her nerve endings as Khai rose on his knees before her, pressing hers even farther apart. Behind her, Madu pushed up into her ass with short easy strokes. Viola licked her lips as she took in the tall, heavily veined shaft of Khai's cock.

It was time. She'd finally get to experience the fantasy. Two men at once. Two cocks at once. Khai and Madu at the same time.

She gasped when Khai first pressed against the aching opening of her pussy. She had no idea how tight that passage would be now with another cock filling her ass. Madu wasn't moving now as his brother began to slowly push into her pussy. With brief easy strokes, Khai worked his way into her until her senses began spiraling out of control.

Viola was aware of the screams and pleas and knew they had to be hers, but she had no control over it. Khai's lips closed around an aching nipple, lashing the hard little peak with his tongue as his cock pushed deeper and deeper. When finally Khai was buried to his balls in her body, Viola lost her self control. The double penetration was beyond anything she could have imagined in her wildest fantasies.

They began to move within her and she was aware of nothing else. She only knew the intoxicating rhythm they began in her body and the four hands that roamed all over her, seeking out all of her favorite and forbidden places. Stroke after stroke, their cocks stretched and burned her, their rhythm building and gaining all the while. Each thrust sent exquisite sensations racing through her entire being. Her desire for

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release quickly became uncontrollable, so it was a good thing it was coming fast. At least she hoped it was.

“Please,” she begged. “I don’t think I can take much more.”

“I think you can,” Khai’s voice was a deep growl.

He moaned loudly when her fingers clenched his shoulders, her nails digging into his flesh. Viola struggled to remember to breathe. It was a miracle she was still conscious. When the explosion wracked her lower body, it shook her to her very core, crashing over her with the force of a tsunami.

But it wasn’t over yet. The twins were lost in their own storm of lust as the room spun wildly and orgasm took her. Over and over her body spasmed and quivered, each movement within her setting off a new mind-shattering pulse, and Viola screamed each time, long and loud.

They slowed down only a little until she could recover from her powerful release, but they didn’t stop. They began again, pushing inside her, one sliding in as the other slid out, until the next powerful orgasm claimed her with more intensity than the first.

When they finally did allow themselves release, Khai threw his head back and shouted as blasts of hot semen shot into her body. Behind her Madu shook and cried out, the walls of her ass fluttering around him as he came.

Khai pulled Viola into his arms as he and his brother gently pulled out of her body. His heart pounded furiously beneath her ear as she closed her eyes. She only intended to rest for a moment.

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“Did you like that?” Khai whispered above her.

“You couldn’t tell?” She was completely exhausted now.

But she wasn’t so tired that she’d forgot his reference to another woman he and Madu had pleased to put on a show.

“I’ll still want to hear about the other time you did this,” she reminded him.

“Yes, I know. But not now. Rest.”

Viola closed her eyes, enjoying how his arms felt around her and the warmth of Madu curling up behind her. Within moments, she drifted off to sleep.

EPILOGUE

“There she is.”

Viola let Khai and Madu join her on the narrow steps leading down to the basement, one sitting beside her and one sitting two steps below. Now that they were at her home in Portland, the twins had busied themselves with working on just about everything. She was grateful for the carpeting on the wooden stairs about now.

“You’re freezing.” Madu shrugged out of the jacket he’d been wearing all evening with her at the Christmas party, and she welcomed the warmth from his body as he draped it around her shoulders.

With the pictures still clutched in her hands, she pulled the

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coat around her as best she could. Not an easy task with her enormous middle. And it would only get bigger. The baby wasn't due until April.

Khai had stayed behind at the house, dressed as he normally did. They took turns being her "boyfriend" Khayman, an idea they had all brainstormed, and they were all happy with the situation.

She'd been unable to resist taking her "boyfriend" by to meet John's cousin to show him off, surprised there were no new baby pictures to ooh and aah over. The other faculty members and even her students often remarked how happy and radiant she looked. Her? Radiant? She loved it!

Finally she would be a mother to a tiny son and she knew just what he would look like. It didn't matter to any of them really who the actual father was. They picked out little clothes and baby stuff and all anxiously awaited his birth. The only real challenge they faced was explaining that he had two fathers. As Khai was fond of saying, and he was usually right, they'd think of something.

The nights for Viola were amazing. She worked on her latest manuscript until about eleven each night before joining them in the huge bed of the master bedroom. Okay, so most nights it was ten o'clock. Madu had remarked more than once that he knew she needed more rest, but that wasn't it. She just couldn't resist the way they claimed her and made her scream until she was hoarse with the most incredible sensations she'd ever experienced.

Life was wonderful.

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Then she'd gotten a call from a Mr. Blynne Radspinner, a lawyer right here in town. No, this time he wasn't telling her that someone had died and left her an amazing inheritance. This time he was calling to follow up. He'd had a busy summer and by the time he thought to check and make sure she'd gotten her inheritance, she'd left the summer home and returned to her permanent residence back in Portland. His secretary had tracked her down and now, months later, he was asking if she got everything. The statue, the photographs...

He never mentioned the twins and she didn't ask. But she didn't know what he was talking about with the photographs and told him so.

The pictures, he explained, had been in the box with the statue and he hoped that she found them because Clyde had specifically mentioned that she was to have them.

Her heart had sped up as she wondered if they still had the box. Knowing it was the container for the precious stature, she should have realized that they had it still, and she found it in the basement, once she managed to waddle down the stairs.

The photographs had been nestled in the tissue paper and Styrofoam in the bottom of the box. Very old photographs of Clyde made her smile. They were images of him as a young man. The first few had dates like 1942 and 1944. When she got to the fifth picture, her heart had leapt in her throat. Khai and Madu were with him in that photograph, she was certain it was them, and they didn't look a day different than they did now. How could the handwritten date on the back be 1944?

"What's that you've found?" Khai's asked quietly.

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"This," she held it up for their inspection. Her heart was pounding furiously and within her the baby began to stir. He was probably wondering what was up out here.

"I remember that," Madu confirmed her anxiety. "That was in Cairo."

"This really *is* you?" she had to ask.

Khai nodded, his eyes meeting with hers.

"You must recognize Clyde. The young lady was name Nawal if I remember right."

"That's right," Madu told him. "She was the other woman we...shared. She lived with the three of us for several years. She left us and married eventually. She passed away not too long ago."

They were reminiscing as anyone would when looking at old photographs. Only one small problem. Clyde had grown old and died. The woman had likely grown old and died.

They looked exactly the same way now as they did in the photograph. And it was over sixty years old!

"So this is you?"

Madu nodded.

"How the hell is it that you haven't aged?"

She tried to jump up, the narrow stairway and them on either side of her making her feel very claustrophobic all of a sudden.

Khai stayed her with a hand on her arm.

"I know this has to be startling for you."

"You think?"

"Don't be upset, Viola."

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"And I shouldn't be upset because...? So you don't age? You don't die? Is that it? I'm going to get old and you'll still be the same old you and when I'm gone you'll pass along to the next person?"

"No," Madu's voice was calm.

"No? Then what's going on?"

She knew she sounded hysterical, but damn it, shouldn't she? How old were they? How was it that they couldn't age?

"We're very old, Viola," Khai explained, as though he had heard her thoughts. "I don't think either of us remember clearly how we came to be the way we are. We're not cursed, not to my knowledge. We were servants of Isis once, back in Egypt. And as the years passed, we discovered we were bound to her likeness. The statue you inherited."

Viola had been through a lot with the last few months and most of it had been of benefit to her. She'd reached outside of her boundaries and her comfort zone to find happiness with the two of them in a very unique relationship. Now this?

Her heart sank. She would age and they wouldn't. Knowing how they felt about her, they would just remain, bound to an old woman until she died. She didn't like that thought at all.

"I don't know how to feel," she was honest.

"You don't have to feel anything about this," Madu told her. "At some point during these last months with you, we've discovered things. Changes."

"Changes?"

"Signs that we are finally getting older." Was that

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excitement in Khai's eyes? "We think that now that we've found you, we will be able to move on."

"Move on?" She was really afraid to ask what that meant.

"Yes." Madu nodded, looking as excited as his brother. "That we'll be able to age as nature intended and live out the remainder of our lives with you. We think our endless day is no more. Now that we've found you, we can rejoice and know that we don't have to face the centuries to come."

Centuries.

On the one hand, she was afraid to ask how old they were. On the other hand, the prospect of how old they might be was exciting. What could they tell her about Egypt from years before? Firsthand information for her work.

Viola smiled, hoping that they were right. She very much liked the prospect of growing old with them both, maybe retiring somewhere in the country where she didn't have to keep them hidden for her career behind the shield of a boyfriend. She loved them both for doing that for her, but she really wanted to enjoy their love and not have to hide it. Once her writing took off, she thought she might retire early and do just that.

There was just one question left.

"You think since you found me that you'll be able to live normally, grow old and die?"

They nodded.

"Why me? How did I make the difference when you've probably been with countless people in the past?"

They exchanged a glance at that before their gazes

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returned to her.

“We feel for you what we haven’t felt before, Viola,” Madu explained carefully. “We love you.”

Well, weren’t those words to turn a girl’s head?

More than that, she felt the same way and had known it for some time now. They were the men who’d made her come alive. They would be the fathers of her children.

They brought her a peace and happiness she’d never expected to have.

Clyde, her mentor, had indeed given her a most precious gift.

“I love you both so much,” she whispered.

They shared a warm embrace on the stairs, the baby dancing in her womb to help celebrate the bond of their love.

ISABELLA JORDAN

Isabella Jordan is a lucky lady who spends her days with her family, doing volunteer work and writing. She loves creating new stories of all kinds and chatting with readers and friends. Visit her online at <http://isabellajordan.com>.

* * *

***Don't miss Sache's Consort, by Isabella Jordan,
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With the war against enemies from another star system over, Sache impatiently waits for the return of her lover, Carn. Before she can be reunited with him, however, the prince of her home planet Liera claims her as his bride.

The future looks bleak for Sache, wed to a man she doesn't know. Worse, Carnis Prince Alavar's bodyguard. Seeing the man she loves every day but knowing she can never be with him seems the ultimate cruelty.

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