



TWIN DELIGHTS

LAYLA CHASE



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Stop babbling.

And let go of the man.

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Love For Hire
Risqué Behavior
Stagecoach Capture
Uniform Desire
Wager Of Seduction

TWIN DELIGHTS

BY

LAYLA CHASE

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TWIN DELIGHTS
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CHAPTER 1

Heat radiated off the concrete pavement, seeping through the thin soles of Micheline Didier's sandals. Bright sunlight did no favors to the faded paint and dusty windows of the Last Strike Casino. Shifting her presentation materials into one hand, she hiked her purse over her shoulder and pulled open the door.

Cool air bathed her and she closed her eyes in blissful gratitude. Ten seconds were all that she needed to focus her energy—breathe in, breathe—

The aromatic tang of sawdust filtered into her awareness. Saws buzzed and hammers thudded, interrupting her concentration. She squinted open one eye and then popped

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both wide open at the sight of faded jeans molded around a rock-hard ass. A carpenter bent over a toolbox, rummaging through a tray of metal sockets. Muscled thighs bunched, pulling the denim tight. Wide shoulders strained the seams of a Hard Rock Cafe T-shirt.

Yummy! The man's body was made for sin.

The exact type of sin she'd been missing lately.

With a shake of her head, she bit back a sigh. *All work and no play made for...* Huh! She refused to label herself dull. Maybe if she walked across the short distance and reached out— A shrill beep sounded from her purse. Shit, now she was late for her appointment.

Wheat-colored hair curled around his ears and stubble glinted along his cheek. The Adonis looked over his shoulder, taking in her entire height with a swift glance. "May I help you?"

His deep words sounded muffled behind the dust mask covering his lower face. All she saw were blue eyes flashing from inside plastic safety glasses, and an eyebrow cocked higher.

Caught staring, she straightened her shoulders. What was wrong with her? She had more important business pending than gawking at a carpenter. The day spa's plans needed finalizing—a Herculean task at double the time frame. "Whit Barron?"

"Nope." The man extended the hand with the hammer to his right. "Inside there, miss."

The rasp of his voice tickled deep inside and she stifled a

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shiver. *Concentrate.* She dipped her chin in acknowledgement and, with supreme effort, turned in the direction he'd indicated.

"Of course. There's the office," she muttered under her breath. Maybe if the carpenter god hadn't proved such a distraction... *Focus on the project.* She crossed the foyer, grit scrunching under her heels with each step. At the office door, she squared her shoulders and gathered her thoughts before knocking.

"Yeah?" a male voice barked.

The single word held enough irritation she hesitated with a hand on the knob. Pasting on her best public-relations smile, she pushed open the door and entered the seemingly unoccupied room with bare walls and nondescript furniture. A quick glance told her the man could use some pointers in color schemes. Near the middle of the room, she spotted a khaki-clad ass that rivaled the one in the foyer.

This time, the man in question knelt on the floor with his head under a table, arm outstretched toward the back wall. The position pulled the cotton fabric tight across hard thighs and sculpted cheeks.

Her gaze swept the rest of his attributes, growing appreciation pumping her blood faster. She cleared her throat. "Whit Barron?"

"That's me." His words were muffled.

His ass remained on display and she allowed her gaze to linger for just a moment longer. "Uh, I'm Micheline Didier of Goddess Day Spa, here for our eleven o'clock appointment."

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“Crap.” Tight hips shifted, broad shoulders encased in a navy polo shirt straightened and a sandy-haired head emerged. His forehead wrinkled in a scowl at the tangle of electrical cords in his hands. “Damn computers.”

Another fine specimen of a male fit to inhabit Mount Olympus. Her mouth went dry. If the man expected a response, she was in trouble. Surely all the men in Reno, Nevada weren’t clones. Otherwise, she’d have trouble concentrating on getting this spa designed and built within her deadline.

Whit turned fully and looked over his shoulder, his deep blue eyes connecting with hers. A grin softened his scowl. In a lithe move, he dropped the cords and rose to his feet. “Hey, Micheline, glad to meet you.” He brushed his palms together and extended one over his desk. “After all your emails and phone calls, I feel like I know you.”

She juggled the portfolio and her purse and grasped his hand. Strong and firm—and large. Her gaze dropped to their joined hands—to the sight of hers almost disappearing in his. The theory about the correlation between a man’s hand size and that of his cock ran through her mind.

Stop this! She swallowed hard and forced her gaze upward, willing her thoughts back to the purpose for the appointment. “I’m glad to meet you. I hope my questions haven’t been too much of a bother. The time frame set by Mount Helicon headquarters doesn’t allow me much wiggle room.”

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He released their clasp and ran fingers through his hair. “Deadlines I understand.” His gaze searched her face one more time, and he gestured to the table he’d just been under. “Use that to set out your sketches. Show me what you’ve got.”

His words conjured the image of one of her project inventory lists—the ones that normally itemized massage tables and facial basins. Instead, this one contained her personal assets—preferences, strengths, achievements—each item described in full detail and accompanied by candlelight and orchestral music. She shook her head at the crazy thoughts. Maybe the hot Nevada sun had given her heat stroke.

“Can I offer you coffee or tea?”

She looked over her shoulder and caught him eyeing her legs, a speculative grin shaping his lips. Her breasts tingled and her nipples pearled into buds. *Wait! Mixing pleasure with business is asking for trouble.* “Just water, if you have some.”

“Sure.” For a moment, he held her gaze, then nodded before moving to the far corner of the room.

Hell. She recognized interest when she saw it in a man’s eyes...and most definitely when it pulsed through her body. The way the man filled out his clothes held her attention. She licked her lips and stifled a sigh. An oracle wasn’t necessary to identify the object of her lustful emotions. If she couldn’t act on the sizzle she’d just felt, this month would be pure hell.

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The cool air of the mini-refrigerator whooshed against Whit's face and neck, and he held the door open for a few extra seconds. Ms. Micheline Didier had definitely caught him off guard. From the sheer number and type of questions he'd been peppered with over the past month, he'd imagined the spa's project manager as an accountant-type. Hair in a bun, thick glasses, stodgy black suit.

The vision of loveliness leaning over the table could model for the spa's image—a goddess. Her skirt was almost short enough for his taste and the matching jacket cupped her full breasts just right—and in some shade of purple that showed off flashes of red in her curly, dark hair.

By the time he closed the fridge door, he had his lust under control—barely. *Back to business, Whit. Concentrate on getting this remodeled casino open on time.* He squared his shoulders and held out the water bottle. “Okay, give me a quick run through.”

With a smile, she accepted the drink, unscrewed the top and took several sips. Her eyelids lowered and her shoulders sagged.

Even an act as simple as that had his gut churning. Her shapely lips around the mouth of the bottle, moving in a rhythmic motion, sent his thoughts in a dangerous direction.

As she screwed on the lid, she licked a droplet off her upper lip. “Well, like I told you last week, I definitely need that additional square footage.”

The sensuous act of her pink tongue sweeping her lip

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aroused him, stirring his cock. He jammed his hands in his trouser pockets and fought to remember the topic of their conversation. *Oh, the square footage.* She hadn't wasted any time getting to that issue. "Don't have it to give."

An eyebrow cocked and she shot him a long look. "Didn't you read the details I sent?" She turned and leaned a hip on the table, crossing her arms over her flat stomach. "Or use the URL I sent for the product description?"

Her movement pulled down the jacket neckline and he caught a glimpse of creamy, rounded cleavage and the edge of a red lacy bra. His mouth went dry and his gaze shot back to her face, hoping she hadn't noticed.

She'd been talking about what? *Oh, the emails.* "Sorry." As if he had the time. Every day he was deluged with tons of details demanding his attention. He couldn't be searching the internet for descriptions of equipment. He shrugged. "I didn't get around to checking it out."

"Oh, really?" A hand jammed onto her hip.

An idea formed. He squinted at her frowning face, gauging her mood over his apparent dismissal of her project. Instead, he noticed her pert nose, sensual wide lips and hazel eyes with flecks of green.

"No matter. I'll give you a quick rundown." She rose and squared her shoulders. "The latest model of the Jacuzzi is state of the art with adjustable—"

"Wait." He pressed a finger to her lips and watched her eyes round. For just a second, he let the softness of her mouth caress his finger, then he eased it back. "Convince me over

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lunch.”

Long lashes blinked once, then fluttered. “Um, I can’t.”

That answer stung more than he thought it should. How could he be tied in knots over a woman he’d known for less than thirty minutes? That wasn’t the whole truth. He had taken time to investigate her company and, in particular, her history with them. Too bad the company website hadn’t included employee pictures. He would have been better prepared—and could have anticipated their appointment.

He started to turn away. “Then we stick with the original two thousand square feet.”

“Whit?” A warm hand clasped his forearm. “I had already scheduled a meeting with a supplier at one o’clock.” Her head tilted. “Sorry.”

Aware he didn’t want to break the connection of her soft fingers on his bare arm, he hesitated. His gaze met hers, and he saw by the rueful look in her hazel eyes she truly was sorry. *Even better.* With supreme effort, he kept a triumphant smile from breaking through. “So we’ll have to go to dinner. You’ll have more time to convince me.”

“Be warned.” A slow smile spread her lips, and she glanced at him from the corners of her eyes. “When I have a goal, I can be very convincing.”

At her words, his blood pumped faster. Oh, he was counting on that. And he knew just the right spot. Low lights, great food, and an intimate dance floor with jazz playing in the background. The perfect atmosphere to cajole her back to the condo and into bed.

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Sultry horns sounded over the jazzy drumbeat and Micheline's shoe tapped out a matching rhythm on the lush carpet.

She twirled her wine glass, barely seeing the ruby liquid clinging to the curve of the crystal. Instead, her gaze focused on the intriguing man across the cozy restaurant booth. Why had she even doubted her skill at negotiating? Her arguments for the extra square footage were logical and thought out. In only a few minutes of discussion, Whit had agreed with her reasoning.

So why did Whit's blue eyes glint like he still had the upper hand? Had he accepted her arguments too easily? That didn't matter—their business was done. Now she had to figure out a way to turn the conversation to personal questions. She glanced again at his profile as he watched the jazz combo perform. Something about the man had struck a chord deep inside, almost from the moment she first saw him.

His fingertips rubbed across the back of her hand and grazed along the ridgeline of her knuckles.

Everywhere he touched, her skin tingled, and she met his gaze with a raised eyebrow. A personal overture?

"Dance?" His fingers curled around her hand and he stood, his gaze intent.

Being held in this man's arms was an irresistible offer. "I'd love to." She clasped his hand and slid from the cushioned seat. As she rose to her full height, she rested her hand on his chest for just a moment. Long enough to feel firm and

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sculpted muscles under his silky shirt. *Delicious*. Her gaze met his for a long, heated look, then she turned, congratulating herself for not giving him a caress. *Save that for later*.

With a casual move, he tossed his jacket over her purse on the cushioned seat. He tucked their joined hands at the small of her back and let her precede him the distance toward the musicians.

Gallant treatment like his made her feel special, like a princess.

When they reached the small dance floor, he lifted her hand above her head and guided her in a circle around his body before easing her close. His gaze held hers captive, and his strong embrace across her back held her breasts only inches from his chest.

Stiffening, she gasped at the surprise move. Blood racing, she clamped a hand on his shoulder for stability. Cologne with a woodsy undertone whiffed into her nostrils. Did everything about the man turn her on?

“Loosen up, Micheline.” With a sinuous glide, he slid a thigh between hers as he swayed close and leaned back, pulling her along. His hands cupped her ribs, the tension of his fingers communicating which direction she should move. “Feel the beat? Relax into it.” For a few minutes, he expertly moved her in rhythm with the music.

The fabric of his trousers rubbed her inner thigh, and her skin burned under his touch. *Oh, yes!* She felt his heat. Her nipples tingled as they beaded into tight buds, pressing against her lacy bra. She walked her fingers up his shirt and clasped

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them at the back of his close-cropped hair. Her eyelids fluttered closed and she let him guide their meshed bodies. A masterful dancer did crazy things to her heart rate—not to mention the spiraling need deep in her core.

If only this dance led to a walk on the wild side—a night of no-strings attached sex.

So what if she'd only known this guy a few hours—she couldn't deny the elemental trust she felt. Even if he was a man of few words. Although, a more personal connection would help wipe out that tiny bit of anxiety about the quick progression of their relationship.

The drummer soloed with a driving beat. Whit dropped a hand to her waist and rocked her in a rhythm that set her hips swaying. He spun her away, his gaze intent on her thighs at the hemline of her flaring skirt. When he pulled her close again, he nuzzled her neck and whispered, "Love your dress."

The sincere tone of his compliment melted her last reservation. She had to be alone with this man—and soon. "Maybe we should go."

The musical notes of a cell phone sounded.

He stiffened and eased her away a few inches, digging into a trouser pocket. After a quick glance at the screen, he grimaced and met her gaze. "Sorry. I have to take this." He pressed a button and raised the phone to his ear. "Barron here."

Micheline thought she heard a note of frustration in his tone. She watched his lips tighten into a straight line and felt his hand run from her shoulder to her elbow and back.

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“Hang on.” His fingers squeezed her shoulder. “The music is too loud. I’ll finish this outside. Stay here. I’ll be back.”

She nodded and watched him stride across the floor, his long legs eating up the distance. With a sigh, she stepped into the shadows, her attention on the music and the other dancers. As she studied their intimate movements, she felt her skin warm and her pulse increase. Her imagination hadn’t been running wild. The moves looked like precursors to the sex act.

The last sultry note of the sax hung on the air.

Strong hands clamped onto her hips. “Don’t turn around.”

CHAPTER 2

Micheline stilled, her breath tight in her chest.

The drum's rat-a-tat signaled a calypso beat, and the dancers moved closer with an eager surge.

"Damn, lady, your hair smells great."

The familiar, deep rasp of his tone filtered through her surprise. "You're back." She forced herself to relax, leaning a shoulder into his chest and shimmying her hips. "Just in time."

"Yeah, lady. That's it."

Rock-hard thighs braced behind hers and his groin cupped her ass. From his pelvis to his knees, his body slid against her back. Although they swayed, bodies in hot contact, their feet remained in one place. The fingers of one hand splayed across

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her abdomen and pulled her back against him.

“Let me feel your luscious body.” He nudged his hard ridge against her lower back.

So he *had* gotten the messages she’d been sending over the past hour. “Hmmm.” To help her wobbly knees, she set her feet wider and lifted a hand to grasp his neck. The ends of his hair tickled her fingers. *How odd.*

That thought barely registered before he walked them forward several steps and, hand cupping her side, he bent her over, his chest rocking against her back. Then he leaned them backward, pulling her shoulders tight to his abdomen, his hand rising on her ribcage, brushing at the underside of her breast.

With every move, she felt his hard erection caress her lower back. Dewy drops of anticipation moistened her panties. Surrounded by the spicy scent of his cologne and the music’s primal beat, she let out her inner tigress. With a grip on the hip of his jeans, she threw a leg over his thigh and turned her body over to his guidance.

A hiss of inhaled breath sounded close to her ear. “Well, all right, darling.”

She swayed forward when he pressed a hand against her spine and eased back when his fingers slipped to the underside of her breast. She ground her pussy on his leg with every move. With each thrust, the heat spiraling low in her belly intensified. Thoughts of similar moves done without clothes, and in a more private location, weakened her knees.

A sudden need to look at him consumed her, to see if his eyes burned with the same intensity she felt. She arched

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against his hold and twisted.

His thumb slid in a half circle, a mere half-inch from her peaked nipple. Warm lips closed over the shell of her ear and nibbled. His tongue tickled her earlobe. "Damn, you even taste good."

A shiver ran over her skin and zapped straight to her aching nipples. Could her body take much more? She went limp and leaned her head against his chest. "Slow down."

"I can't." His voice rasped. "You're driving me crazy."

"Let's leave." Her words huffed out over dry lips.

He murmured something that was lost in the sax's crescendo.

In an instant, the heat was gone from her back. Without his strength, she stumbled a couple steps and then turned, sweeping the hair off her damp neck.

Whit stood several feet away, a hand outstretched, his left eyebrow cocked. "Ready?"

She approached and slid her hand into his, wondering why sudden shyness swept thorough her and she couldn't hold his questioning gaze. *Oh, right.* Maybe because only a couple minutes ago, she was riding the guy's thigh like a bucking bronco.

"Nice moves." An arm slid around her ribcage, fingers resting on the curve of her breast. He guided her back to the table where he scooped up their belongings, tossing his jacket over a shoulder and holding out her purse.

"Thanks." Why did she feel the sudden need to confess she'd never danced like that before? The warm hand caressing

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her back pressed her toward the exit, making her aware of his possessive touch.

Within moments, they were inside his sleek car and driving with the late-evening traffic. If asked, she couldn't have stated which direction they headed. Through the window, she watched the blur of multi-colored casino lights against an inky black sky. Something nagged at the back of her mind, but, mostly, her thoughts focused on their destination.

And the tickle of whispered words against her neck.

She stole a peek at the quiet man behind the steering wheel. Her blood still thrummed in her veins from their dance floor intimacies. How could he look so calm? "That place was nice. Do you go there often?" She refused to ask how many other women he'd taken there.

A shoulder lifted and dropped. "Been there a few times." He signaled for the next exit and checked the side mirror, then met her gaze. "Glad you liked it."

That must have been obvious to every customer and wait staff in the restaurant. Her cheeks heated. God, how embarrassing. Cross that restaurant off her list for second visits.

The engine stopped and she blinked at her surroundings. They were parked in the driveway of a ranch-style house. She looked over her shoulder at the other suburban homes, all with some type of rock façade and one or two cars in the driveways. At the curb, between this driveway and the neighbor's, a pickup truck was parked. Shrubs edged the lawns and flowering succulents lined most walkways.

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This was a nice neighborhood compared to the nondescript apartment complex where she lived in southern California.

The automatic locks clicked, and he hopped out. Within seconds, Whit opened the passenger door and extended a hand inside to help her out.

Another gesture that made her feel like a princess. If he was this courtly in public, how attentive would he be in private? Her breath caught in her throat and her mouth went dry. When had her body reacted to a man this dramatically? A warm breeze blew strands of hair across her forehead.

The door slammed, then his arms went around her shoulders and he stepped close, his thighs pressing her against the car. A finger lifted to brush aside the stray hairs. "Your dancing was amazing."

From behind, the streetlight cast his face in shadows, but she could feel his gaze searching hers. This time she didn't look away, but fisted her hand in his silky shirt. His declarative action was the only signal she needed. "I can't take all the credit. I did have some encouragement."

His hands traced her shoulders to her neck, then cupped her jaws. "I can't wait. I have to taste you." Thumbs grazing her cheeks, he tilted her head before he captured her lips in a hard, demanding kiss.

At the initial onslaught, she hesitated, then her blood raced and she wrapped her arms around his muscled back. Whit was tall and solid, a stalwart base to grab against the sweeping tide of wild passion running deep inside. A moan escaped as her tongue met his in a dueling dance of stroking and thrusting.

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Images flashed in her mind of the more physical delights to come, leaving her breathless.

His caressing hands roamed her back and along her sides, his fingers cupping her breasts, but just for a second. When he pulled away, one side of his mouth tilted in a half-grin and he winked. “Shall we?”

Micheline grabbed the arm he offered and held tight as she maneuvered across the pebble-concrete walkway and up two steps to the small porch. With growing frustration, she watched him unlock the door and wished he’d move faster.

Whit straightened and shot her a heated glance, eyes narrowed before he swung the door wide.

His blue eyes had darkened with intent and lust. And something else she couldn’t identify. Her blood raced and she pressed her legs together against the throbbing at her core. She hitched her purse strap on her shoulder and stepped over the threshold onto a terracotta tile entryway.

The door clicked closed. “Micheline, I...”

Finally. Privacy. She slipped her hands around Whit’s waist, hooking her thumbs deep inside the waistband of his trousers. Here neither would feel restrained by what someone might see. Heated gaze locked on his, she stepped close and pressed a kiss to his jaw.

From behind, strong hands clamped her hips. “Don’t turn around.”

What the hell? She stilled. Her eyes flew wide and she stared at Whit’s rueful expression. Either the man was a ventriloquist or...

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A rock-hard body fit behind hers. Thigh to thigh, groin to ass.

At the familiar feeling, a thrill ran through her, perking her nipples to taut attention. She glanced over her shoulder, her gaze connecting with another set of blue eyes under a quirked eyebrow. A sense of déjà vu from earlier in the day settled in her thoughts.

She turned back to Whit, letting him see her momentary confusion. "What?"

"Micheline, meet Holt...my twin."

A large hand cupped her ass and squeezed. "We've met." A hard thigh pressed between her legs and his hands eased her downward.

The dance floor. Her blood beat faster. The familiar position brought back the sensual moves they'd performed. "Oh, that was you?" She twisted to look at him again, but Whit's hand cupping her chin stopped her.

"Sorry. We know this is a surprise." His thumb ran over her lower lip, then delved inside to rest on her teeth.

The tip of her tongue swabbed his skin, and her lips closed around the thick digit, sucking lightly. A precursor of more to come.

He sucked in a breath before continuing. "We've grown up sharing everything." His gaze warmed and a smile touched his lips. "Even women." His fingers trailed down her chin, along her neck, to trace the neckline of her dress.

The thrill of his suggestion was heightened by the hopeful look in his eyes and the goose bumps his fingers created

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everywhere he touched. She could not get enough of his touch.

Both of their touches. Heat flashed through her body.

Holt's right hand played with the hem of her skirt, inching it upward, fingers sliding underneath and caressing her thigh. "We're all consenting adults." He nuzzled her neck through her hair, his tone low and confidential. "And my vote was cast the moment I saw the lady executive silhouetted by the morning sun."

Her secret wish had been verbalized. What woman didn't fantasize about being stimulated by two men? About giving herself up to pure pleasure? "I've never done this."

"Hot damn, Whit, we've got us a ménage virgin." Holt's fingers scooted along the outside of her thigh and ran under the lacy elastic of her panties. Work-roughened fingers tickled the curve of her ass.

She shivered at the friction. Before the thought formed fully in her mind, she widened her stance, giving silent acquiescence. Her gaze locked onto Whit's blue eyes—her anchor in the emotions swirling through her mind.

"You're sure?" A finger dipped inside her neckline and his knuckle traced the inner curve of her breasts.

Holt palmed an ass cheek and squeezed, his thumb dipping under the elastic to tickle the top of her cleft. "Um, so firm." Hot lips nuzzled and nibbled her neck.

Hell, no, she wasn't sure. But the curiosity was killing her. She'd never forgive herself if she didn't experiment in this tantalizing arrangement. Her tongue swept her lower lip and she nodded as a shiver of anticipation ran through her.

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Whit's eyes flared and he cupped her breast, his thumb abrading the tip. "Upstairs, to the bedroom."

At the lust in the depths of his gaze, her knees wobbled and she grabbed his forearm. Already her body was on overdrive and she couldn't have walked a straight line for three feet, let alone do any climbing. "Stairs?"

"Hell, no...I'm not waiting." A black T-shirt flew into the air, and the rasp of a zipper sounded. "Boss lady is too tempting."

Right here? She gasped, her fingers tightening on Whit's hips. Her nipples ached and she pressed her chest forward.

Whit's smile spread and he answered her unspoken request, massaging both breasts through her clothes, tweaking the nipples between thumb and forefinger. He leaned close to outline her lips with his tongue.

Sparks flew from the scrape of her lacy bra against her pebbled peaks and shot straight to her pussy. A throaty moan escaped, and she braced her heels in the carpet and rocked her mons against the hard thigh holding her upright.

With a gentle move, Holt eased her forward enough to quickly unzip and slip her dress over her head. A low whistle thrilled. "Sexy red lingerie. I knew your body would be smokin' hot." He dragged his hands down her arms and over her shoulders, then ran his thumbs down both sides of her spine.

The worried thought about being on display for two men flitted through her thoughts, then she dismissed it. No worries, no self-consciousness—not tonight. At the light abrasion on

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her back, she arched into Holt's touch, aware her dewy moisture dampened her silky panties.

Whit's fingers moved along the edge of her bra, dipping into the valley of plump cleavage and undoing the clasp, releasing her breasts. Smooth fingertips circled the aureoles. "Nice and pink."

Holt peeled the bra off her shoulders, leaving a hot trail of kisses behind the straps. "Such soft skin."

With a shaky hand, she unclasped Whit's belt and tugged at the button. Talented fingers and warm lips on her skin were driving her crazy. Her fingers fumbled with the zipper, so she reached lower and cupped his hard shaft, massaging him through his clothes. *So hard*. Impatience fueling her moves, she pulled his shirt free and ran her other hand over his rippled abdomen.

At last. She touched his skin. But she wanted more.

"Oh, baby." Holt rubbed his chest against her back. "I love your ass." Large hands molded her bottom, squeezing one second and caressing the next. Questing fingers ran inside the top edge and pulled down her panties, one slow inch at a time.

Micheline reached back and covered Holt's hand with hers, trying to establish a connection.

Whit's blue gaze was steady as he plucked at her nipples. His right hand moved to the top button of his shirt and he started down the row. He spread his other hand and alternately flicked his thumb and little finger on her beaded buds.

Micheline gasped at the sensations jolting her pussy and squeezed her thighs tight. She braced her hand on Holt's other

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thigh, needing a solid base while continuing the massage of Whit's cock, manipulating him as best she could through the fabric of his pants.

The bronzed skin revealed by Whit's open shirt was perfect. A layer of brown hair hugged the swell of his muscled chest, bisected his fit stomach, and disappeared beneath the edge of his trousers.

Her hand clenched Holt's thigh tighter.

Whit shrugged off the shirt, letting it drop to the floor, and leaned forward. He stretched out his tongue and licked circles around her left breast, spiraling to the very tip.

As if her nipples could tighten any harder. They ached and pulsed at every brush of his moist tongue.

His blondish head moved to her other nipple and his hot mouth closed over the apex, suckling her hard, fast and deep into the heated cavern of his mouth.

"Oh, oh!" She grasped the back of his neck and held him in place, wishing to prolong the sensations as she rocked her pussy along Holt's hard thigh.

"That's it." With a jolt, Holt forced her upright to her feet, yanked down her panties and then lifted each foot to disentangle the scrap.

The rustling of clothing behind her told Micheline he was ridding himself of his clothes as quickly as he'd done hers. She shivered. More skin on skin.

* * *

One last suckle and Whit pulled away slowly, her nipple

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releasing from his lips with a wet pop. He planted moist kisses along her stomach and belly, savoring her softness and the scent of orange essence. His hands made slow, caressing circles on her hips, while his thumbs ran the curved line along the top of her thighs, the tips just reaching her trimmed black curls.

The dark triangle of mysterious secrets.

Her agile fingers had him aroused and at full alert. His cock pressed against his trousers, throbbing with every heartbeat, in a building ache that soon would be soothed. Wanting to see her denial at his order flash in her eyes, he opened his mouth to tell her to strip him. But one glance at her dazed look told him his twin had her attention for the moment. Over her shoulder, he saw Holt's hands roving over her back, then saw him step close, his dick's head bobbing with each move.

Whit stood to unzip his pants, let them fall to his feet, and eased his silk boxers over his stiff cock.

She whimpered his name, then her gaze focused on his groin and her eyes widened. A smile quirked her lips and she breathed out a sigh.

"I'm here, Micheline." A hand cupped her breast, thumb pressing her nipple in a small circle.

Her body jerked and she leaned forward, a throaty moan escaping.

Whit trailed both hands along her tight stomach, ran circles around her navel and ruffled her curls.

Holt's hands crept around to cup her breasts. "Clench your

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ass, baby.” His words were almost intelligible, merely a growl.

Under his hands, Whit felt her body rock and wanted to give her another focus than the hard ridge he knew rubbed along her backside. His thumb circled her mons and dipped into her moist heat. She was so wet...and ready. Easing onto his knees, he ran both thumbs along the edge of her slick folds, the tang of her arousal filling his nostrils.

He pressed his tongue against her pussy, so the rocking motion of her body would drag her nether lips, dripping with her sweet honey, over it with each thrust. Tightening his tongue to a point, he could circle her clit and spear into her channel before she moved away.

Her hands clamped onto his shoulders.

Grabbing her hips, he held her pussy against his lips. He couldn't get enough of her nectar. He sucked her swollen nub into his mouth and lightly ran his teeth along the stem. Greedy to taste her orgasm, he moved a hand between her thighs and inserted a finger into her heat.

She gasped and tightened her inner muscles, pulling him deeper.

Delicious. Working her with his lips and tongue, he inserted a second finger, plunged and circled, relishing the slurp accompanying each thrust. *More proof of her readiness.*

A sharp slap sounded, followed by Micheline's hiss of indrawn breath.

Holt groaned. “Keep those cheeks tight.”

Another slap.

“Ooh!” She gasped, and then sighed, before her body

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jerked hard against him.

Not to be outdone, Whit shoved his fingers deep and pressed them against her slick channel walls. The musky scent of her arousal filled his nostrils and his cock twitched. He flicked his tongue against her engorged clit, lapping at the dewy essence slickening her folds.

“That’s it, baby, baby, baby.” Holt’s words were ground out through clenched teeth.

Whit lifted his gaze and, just for a second, watched as Micheline’s hands slid up her stomach to cup her unattended breasts, pinching and plucking the reddened nipples.

With eyes closed, her head tossed from side to side and finally leaned back against Holt’s shoulder. Her lips parted and a throaty moan escaped.

An unfamiliar pang shot through his thoughts. He wanted her head on his chest. He wanted to hear her gasp, to feel her breath, the second the air left her delectable mouth. But he couldn’t. Not from this position.

His hand gripped her hip tighter and he speared his pointed tongue along her pussy.

Slender hands grabbed his head and held him still. Micheline circled her mons against his mouth and then pressed. “There, Whit. Oh, right there.”

Vocal acknowledgement of his actions filtered into his thoughts, but what he held onto was the needy tone of her voice. He slid his hand down her leg, then lifted and hooked her knee over his left shoulder, exposing more of her slick folds to his questing mouth. Bracing his right hand on her

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thigh, he ran his thumb along the curve of her abdomen, through her damp springy curls, and along the top of her pussy until he circled her sensitive clit.

“Oh, yes.” Her words hissed out.

Had he imagined a puff of her breath against the top of his head? Licking at her juices, his tongue caressed the line of her nether lips, down one side and up the other.

God, she was so wet and ready. His tongue delved into her channel, swirled the tight inner opening, then he slowly drew it out, flattening it to press against the slick bud.

“Uh, uh...” Her hand clasped his shoulder, nails dug into his skin, and her hips rocked.

“Let it out,” Holt growled out. “I...like...loud...women.”

Whit recognized that tone and glanced up, spying Holt’s hands working Micheline’s breasts in a frenzied massage. A sign his twin was close to climaxing. Whit pulled her swollen clit between his upper teeth and lip and sucked hard, running his tongue along the shaft. Fluttering muscles pushed against his lower lip.

A keening squeal pierced the air.

He speared his tongue deep into her pussy, tasting the heady cream of her climax and feeling her walls pulse and tighten under his mouth.

The exact feeling he wanted around his aching cock.

CHAPTER 3

After the scream that left her throat raw, Micheline's head flopped forward, her chin almost touching her chest. She let out a whoosh of air and tried to lock her wobbly knees. But her legs shook too hard. If not for Holt's hand at her waist and the support of Whit's shoulder, she'd have slumped to the floor in a boneless pool. Never would she have believed the height of sensations she'd just experienced.

Her whole body tingled, blood winding down its race through her system. Slowly, she became aware of Whit's fingers stroking her leg from hip to knee and back. Short beard stubble prickled her inner thigh where his jaw rested. A warm breath rifled her moist curls and tickled her pussy.

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Her eyes flew open and she gazed into Whit's smiling blue eyes. Evidence of her orgasm shone on his lips.

Holt's hand rubbed her lower back, his fingers spreading wide to caress an ass cheek. "Now we go upstairs."

A groan of protest she couldn't suppress slipped through her lips. "Give me a minute." With a slow slide, she eased her leg along the bunched ridge of Whit's shoulder.

Their gazes still locked, he started to rise, his hand guiding her leg.

Strong arms scooped her legs and her back, and lifted. "Allow me." Holt chuckled.

The sudden move surprised a squeak from her. "Whoa, Hercules." She wrapped an arm around his powerful shoulders. Under her hand, steely muscles bunched and lengthened as he strode across the entry and vaulted up the stairs. The proper etiquette for this situation eluded her. A quick glance over his shoulder told her Whit followed, although she thought his face was drawn into a dark scowl.

Her curiosity about the man she'd only glimpsed briefly burned through her thoughts. His magnificent body was so close, inspecting him couldn't be avoided. Her gaze roved his tanned skin covered with a dusting of smooth brown hair. Unable to resist, she spread her fingers in a test of his muscles and felt the silky steel.

"Meet with your approval?"

Her gaze shot to his, and she felt her cheeks heat. His eyes were just as blue as Whit's, but she didn't get the same jolt when she looked into them. "Although impressive, carrying

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me upstairs wasn't really necessary."

"Helping you conserve your energy, lady." He turned sideways and eased them through a doorway into a bedroom monopolized by a king-sized bed. With a dip of his knees, he bent and set her feet on the floor, then backed up until he reached the mattress and dropped. "You're still wearing those sexy shoes. Walk for me. I want to see that great ass in motion."

Too aware that she stood totally naked in a virtual stranger's bedroom, Micheline stifled the urge to cover herself. Where was Whit? She darted her gaze to the doorway.

Then Holt's words hit and gelled with her thoughts from this morning.

Walk for me.

Walk on the wild side.

A frisson of excitement ran over her skin, rucking her nipples. She glanced at the handsome man reclined on the mattress, his cock lying thick and heavy against a muscled thigh. From five feet away, she could see a vein running its length, almost to the rounded cap that looked too broad for her mouth. Her tongue wetted her lower lip, unsure if now was the time to try.

A grin flashed across Holt's lips before he lifted a hand in a nonchalant wave. "Do it right here—at the foot of the bed."

The challenge had been issued, and backing down was not in her nature. Although her insides shook, and she was hyper-aware of every move, she sauntered to the opposite wall. Between yoga and swimming, her body was well-toned and

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she allowed pride to show in every movement.

“Dynamite, girl.” A low wolf whistle sounded. “You move that body like a pro.”

Micheline lifted her chin and couldn’t hold back a grin. At the wall, she executed a showy turn, teetering a bit on her heels. When she spotted a naked Whit lounging against the door frame leading into the adjoining bathroom, her steps faltered, her mouth suddenly dry.

Clothed, the man was impressive. Naked, he resembled a god from Greek mythology. A broad chest like Neptune, chiseled features like Achilles, golden hair like Adonis, and an aura as powerful as Zeus.

The heated look he gave her inflamed the essence of Aphrodite deep inside her, just waiting to emerge. She lifted her chin and framed her waist with her hands, then glided across the carpet. With each step, she twisted the ball of her foot to put extra swing into her walk.

“Hell of a show, Micheline.” He pushed away from the doorway and stepped a few feet closer before stopping, feet braced apart. From his hand trailed a strip of foil packets. As he walked, his cock swung, the purplish shaft jutting from its thatch of brown curls.

Eagerness to feel his sex’s heavy weight made her hands itch. She took her last step, grazing a knee along the inside of his taut thigh. “Glad you enjoyed it. Shall I give you an encore?”

“Maybe later.” His gaze zeroed in on her breasts, his nostrils flared.

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Her knee skimmed higher, nudging the head of his penis.

Eyes glittering, Whit hissed in a breath. “Now I’m feeling a bit underdressed.”

His reaction fueled her moves. She grazed her hand across his chest, dragging a pinky across his flat brown nipple. “But you wear it so well.”

The mattress squeaked and sheets rustled with Holt’s movement. “Quit the verbal fucking. Let’s get it on.”

Whit’s head jerked and, eyes squinting, he glared over her shoulder. “My turn to set the pace.”

He tore off a square packet and held it between thumb and forefinger, letting the rest of the strip fall to the floor. Blue flames of lust burned in his eyes. “Put it on.”

His commanding tone brooked no argument, and her body responded with a feminine instinct inherited across the centuries. Swirls of desire budded her nipples and her knees went weak. She closed her fingers around his cock and hefted his girth. “Mmm.” With her other hand, she reached for his balls and cradled them in a gentle massage.

The shaft in her hand pulsed. She looked down, tracing a thumb along his cock’s silky surface and running her nail along the rim of the purplish cap.

Whit’s stance widened and he cleared his throat.

When she met his gaze, she saw a quirked eyebrow and him staring at the packet he held in her direction. *Ah, the condom.* Her fingers stroked along his impressive length with a feather-light touch, and she watched a muscle in his jaw clench.

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Oh, she might pay for that move. She leaned forward and brushed her lips on his chin, then trailed down his throat. “How can I roll it on dry?” Her tongue ran down the valley of his chest, swirling through the soft hairs and flicking each of his nipples in turn.

“Micheline.”

The warning tone he attempted must be all for show. As she bent to run a circle around his navel, she heard Holt’s feet hit the floor.

“Love the view.”

Intent on her goal, she barely registered his comment. A hand braced on his left hip, she knelt on the carpet and slid her hand along his cock from tip to base. Her widened mouth closed over the tip, tongue swirling a moist trail for her lips to follow. His scent—woody cologne and his own male musk—invaded her senses. She sucked him deeper into the warmth of her mouth, her lips cushioning her nibbles. A trickle of cream seeped along her labia, readying her body for the result of this foreplay.

A groan sounded above her, and a hand tunneled through the curly hair on the side of her head.

The tickle of fingers at her ankles surprised her and she jerked forward, taking Whit’s cock deep into the back of her throat.

“Cover me now!” Whit got out before easing out of her mouth.

Holt’s rough hands smoothed along her calves, setting off a delicious friction. He removed her high heels and ran his

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strong fingers down her arches.

Micheline released Whit's shaft with a kiss on the tip and ripped open the foil packet. She positioned the sheath and rolled it along his length in several gripping motions, getting secret pleasure from the hiss of his indrawn breath.

At the same moment, a pair of hands reached under her arms and another pair clasped her hips. In an instant of weightlessness, her body floated, and she automatically gripped her knees at Whit's waist.

Forehead touching hers, he held himself poised, the head of his shaft barely touching her nether lips. "Are you ready?"

Hands locked behind his neck, she squirmed, trying to encase him with her pussy.

"Relax." Holt held her firm, his body heating the air between their bodies. "You're not in charge here, boss lady."

Before she could process that statement, Whit surged, driving himself inside with one stroke. She gasped at the sudden invasion, the delicious burn of being filled. Anticipating a wild ride, she wrapped her legs around his waist and tightened her thighs, rising an inch along his shaft.

Whit followed her. With a grunt, he thrust deep, his hands pulling her hips close, then lifting her pussy almost to the tip of his penis before plunging back inside. His head dipped and he flicked his tongue over her sensitive nipple, before closing his mouth around the tip. Suckling her with his hot mouth, he gave several strong pulls before dropping kisses over her chest and up her neck.

"Ahh." She cried out as tingles zapped through her body

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and centered in the nerves of her clit. She pressed her hips forward, aching to rub her engorged bud in the coarse hairs at the base of his cock. But her movements were limited—Holt held her almost upright.

Irritation flashed, but then she felt Holt's heat along her back and a warm bulb nudging her ass. Each time, Whit lowered her onto his shaft, her exposed ass bumped the rounded top of Holt's penis.

A steady knock at a door she'd always avoided opening.

Whit's breath grew ragged at her ear, his thrusts becoming fast and frenzied. One hand moved up her side to cup her ribcage, his thumb flicking the nub of her tight nipple.

Tension wound through her belly, and she clamped her legs tight, using her arms on his shoulders to get the best angle and feel his driving cock drag against the top of her sex. Pleasure exploded, washing her body in a heated flush. "Oh, God, yes...yes."

Whit thrust again, circled his hips and then drove hard one last time, his cock pulsing deep inside. He rested his head on her shoulder, breathing harshly. A lazy finger traced the underside of her breast, the tip running along a rib bone.

Crossing his arms high across her chest, Holt pressed his hard body the length of her back, nuzzling hard between her ass cheeks with his cock.

Excitement grew at the tingling his pressure started, but she was so exhausted she could barely move.

"Let's relocate to the bed." Holt's whisper tickled her neck.

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Caressing her legs, Whit reached behind his back and tugged at her locked ankles. “Loosen your hold and I’ll help you to the bed.”

Micheline complied and felt her body sway as she was carried by a grip under her shoulders and on her calves. As they neared the bed, she shook her head. “Wait. I need a shower before lying down.”

A sly grin crossed Whit’s lips. “Great idea.”

CHAPTER 4

Whit met Holt's gaze and jerked his head backward to signal him they should carry their precious load to the bathroom. He glanced at Micheline and focused on her blissful expression, dark lashes resting on her flushed cheeks. Only a few steps were needed before they stood opposite the large glass enclosure.

The pause wasn't long enough for Whit to process the emotions Micheline had roused in the last encounter. The need, the connection. They'd been so in tune with the other's body, he'd almost forgotten Holt's presence.

"Why did you stop? Isn't this the right shower?" Micheline squirmed against their holds.

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“Yeah.” Holt chuckled. “What’s up, bro?”

Damn, he was the one who had to let go first. With a glare at his twin, Whit reluctantly lowered her feet to the tiled floor. He jerked open the door and twisted the faucet handles, setting the water flowing. A definite perk of being in construction—discounts on extravagances like showers with six nozzles. The cupboard with the towels was at the other end of the room and he stalked across the space to retrieve them.

A squeal sounded and the shower door clicked shut.

When he turned, he spotted Holt lowering Micheline from a fireman carry to stand on the shower floor. Irritation flared. He didn’t want to miss a moment with her. He slammed the towels onto the vanity and jerked open the shower door.

Laughing, Micheline turned slowly, letting the spray of water hit her from all sides. She ran her hands over her hair to slick it back.

The pose was like a water nymph’s. Whit just stared at her perfect body, dotted with water droplets, his cock pulsing.

Blinking, she turned and flashed him an apologetic smile. “Can you get me a washcloth, please?”

Throat dry, he could only nod and turn toward the cupboard again. Breathing slowly to calm the unfamiliar possessive feelings, he rummaged through the shelves and grabbed the scrap of terrycloth. When he returned to the shower, he saw Holt hadn’t wasted any time in getting his soapy hands on her body.

The irritation tightening his muscles wasn’t logical, nor would he label it jealousy. They shared. Gritting his teeth, he

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stepped inside the enclosure and held out the washcloth. "Here."

Eyes squinted, she groped the air until she grasped it. "Thanks." With only a few swipes, she'd cleaned the smeary makeup from her face and rinsed the cloth.

Whit ducked his head under a water spray. The warmth of the water pounded his back and loosened the tension in his shoulders. But he'd burst if he couldn't touch her soon.

Looking from beneath her lashes, Micheline stepped close, working up a soapy lather on the cloth, and rubbed it over his chest.

He slid his feet until his toes bracketed hers. For now, that was enough. With a shuttered gaze, he watched her face, fresh and beautiful, as she concentrated on soaping his chest. He ignored everything else but the sensation of her hands sliding over his skin, slippery caresses that inflamed.

When he'd reached his limit, he grabbed her upper arms and tried to haul her close.

She stopped him with a splayed hand on his chest. "I want to do this...my way." She twisted and glanced toward the other end of the shower. "Let me lead."

Holt shrugged and dashed a hand through his wet hair. "I'm easy. Order away."

Whit was hit with how appropriate his twin's description of himself was. Holt was easy—he showed up, did his work, never let circumstances bother him, never got too involved.

How opposite from the way he viewed life.

"Good—now stand here." Her hip bumped his and moved

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him a foot to the side. He stood facing the back wall, positioned outside a direct water spray and about two feet away from Holt.

Then all analysis stopped when Micheline's soapy hand ran up the inside of his leg from behind, caressing small circles that shot pulses to his groin. He closed his eyes and gave himself up to the sensation of her touch—the slippery movement of her soft skin over his hair-roughened legs, the massage of fingers working along his taut thighs, the ticklish place she discovered along his ribs. At the back of his mind, he was always aware that she touched him with only the right hand. Her exploration of his nipple almost sent him through the roof, and he braced a hand on the cool tile.

Warm lips pressed to his chest and her breath ruffled along his neck as she whispered, "I'll be gone only a minute. Keep your eyes closed."

The hiss of Holt's breath allowed Whit a good guess of what body part her hands now soaped. Jealousy tightened his chest at the same time his cock pulsed in anticipation. When they were done, he'd have to—

Sweet Jesus! Slick hands—two of them—grasped his balls and gently squeezed, rolling them in their sac. Blood pooled, making them ache. Flattened fingers rubbed into the crevices of his thighs and stroked along the base of his cock. When she moved her hands on his erection with alternating strokes, he had to lock his knees and slap his other hand against the tile for support.

Her hands trailed off the end of his length.

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Mouth open to declare his protest, he had to suck in a quick breath when her left hand grasped his erection and worked him with gliding, twisting caresses. Instinct told him to thrust against her hand, but he remembered her request.

“Uh-uh, Holt. My lead, remember?”

Leave it to his brother not to follow directions. Whit gritted his teeth and let her talented hand guide him. Her strokes grew firmer, fingers closing over him in succession, and squeezing.

Harsh breaths sounded to his left, followed by a soft murmur. Holt let out a low groan.

Whit determined he'd outlast his brother—no matter what. He wanted to be the last body her hands touched. The last man standing.

Quick, think of something routine. He focused on the mountain of plans on his desk, the drawings that showed the casino's redesign. The sturdy uprights, the trussed joists. The trim molding accents around the windows. Graceful wall sconces.

In the distance, a metallic click sounded.

The staircase's carved pillars. Clean lines, long and lean like Micheline's body. *Aw, hell!* He flexed his hips and drove his cock into her palm, relishing the burn of his drying skin against her warmth. The urge to howl welled inside. Two more thrusts and, throwing his head back, he ejaculated, his cum hitting the wall with rhythmic splats.

Her grip gentled, milking his erection slowly. A tongue ran across his chest and along his collarbone. “Are you okay?”

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Whit touched his head to hers. “Yeah, give me a minute.” He sensed her withdrawal and let his head droop between his arms, pulling deep breaths into his lungs.

The shower door clicked once, then again.

Only then did he open his eyes and glance around. *Alone.* So the first click of the shower door had been Holt’s departure. He stepped under the closest nozzle and lifted his face to the cool spray, wishing it could do the same for his rioting emotions.

The woman was under his skin. Less than twenty-four hours and he was crazy about her. What to tell her? How to broach this subject? He stuck his head under the nozzle and turned up the pressure, hoping to batter some sense into his brain.

* * *

Amazed at her newly discovered brazenness, Micheline sauntered naked into the bedroom, rubbing the towel over her head of curls. She looked forward to Holt’s admiring gaze. The room was empty and her steps slowed.

His heat radiated along her back before his hands cupped her ass. Warm lips caressed her ear as his thumbs slid into her crevice, spreading her cheeks. “In case you haven’t noticed, I’m an ass man. I’ve been salivating about getting into your sweet rose.” The pad of a thumb pressed on that tender spot.

She tensed, squeezing tight, but jolts radiated from that place.

His hand slid up her ribs and plucked at her nipple. “Can’t

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tense up, baby. That's the secret." His knee edged her leg aside enough for him to press his erection between her thighs.

His thick heat ran along her pussy in a delicious stroke. She let her head back against his shoulder. "I've never—"

"But you're curious, right?" His words rasped in her ear and his lips ran a trail of nibbling kisses on the side of her neck.

She shivered, her nipples pearling into aching buds. The memory of her bottom hitting Holt's erection as Whit's thrusts moved her body surfaced. Wildness was the theme for the night. "Yes." The word was more of a sigh escaped, and drops of excitement wet her already-damp curls.

Holt braced a hand on her stomach and pressed her forward with the other, then trailed that hand down her spine. "On the bed. That's the easiest position."

Three steps on shaky legs brought her to the mattress. She climbed on, positioning her hands and knees before she collapsed.

"Perfect." Holt ran a hand down the inside of her thigh to reposition her knee wider. Then he slathered a slick ointment along her cleft, circling her asshole with his thumb. "Don't tense."

Instinct guided her first reaction, then Micheline forced herself to breathe. The pressure of his touch excited but, when he inserted his thumb, all she felt was a burn. She gasped and pulled away.

"Come on, baby, let me touch you." Holt leaned his back over hers, stroking her side, circling her breast, rutting his

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cock between her legs as his thumb eased deeper. “You’ll feel the pleasure in a minute.” He circled his finger.

She whimpered, but didn’t pull away. The burning was tinged with a touch of an exquisite promise.

A callused palm massaged her breast. “Lean on your forearms. Open your legs.” He guided the head of his cock along her slick labia and pressed at her clit.

Her elbows gave way and she rested her head on the sheets. The angle was perfect and jolts of excitement shot through her sex.

The stretching and burning were relentless as he eased a finger, then two inside her, shifting and pressing to loosen the ring of her tight muscle. “You’re so tight, just one more finger. There, ahh.”

He said something else, but she couldn’t discern the abrupt words. Her body thrashed from side to side, abrading her nipples on the bed, sending tingles through her heavy breasts. Uncertainty filled her. Maybe she couldn’t see this out.

“You’re killing me. Loosen up.” His words were a growl. “I’ve got to be in you.” The mattress swayed with his movement.

Dribbles of liquid ran along her cleft and a fingertip circled her clit, dipping into her folds.

How had he done that?

Then hands gripped her hips and a rounded head pressed against her slickened ass. Holt let out a guttural curse.

She breathed out, forcing herself to relax and allow his entrance. The stretching was almost more than she could

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stand. She bit her lower lip against a cry.

Smooth fingers plucked at her nipple, rolling and stretching. A knuckle ran along her labia, outlining her moist lips, nudging upward into her channel.

In that instant, she recognized Whit's touch and concentrated on the tingling sensations he created. Excitement built again, then Holt's cock moved past her sphincter and pleasure budded.

"I won't go deep, but damn, you're tight." His words brushed along her neck and then he pushed with a shallow thrust.

Being stimulated by more than one man put her on sensory overload and the pleasure/pain swamped her. She rose to all fours, throwing back her head like a wild animal being taken by her mate.

From below, a warm mouth latched onto a nipple and sucked it deep into his mouth, his tongue thrusting. A long finger pressed deep into her pussy, rubbing the channel walls until it touched her sweet spot.

Blood thrummed against her eardrums until all she could hear was the racing beat of her heart. She stilled, crying out her pleasure. "Ahh, ahh." Holt's thighs moved along her legs, his thrusts increasing, but not going deeper. Whit's thumb pressed against her clit in opposite rhythm with his finger, sustaining her with a long, undulating orgasm that seemed to last forever.

Her arms shook, and Whit's hands slid to her shoulders, bracing her upright. Micheline knew her cheeks flamed with

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more than exertion, but she opened her eyes and met Whit's steady gaze.

Holt thrust once more and groaned aloud his satisfaction, a palm caressing her hip. He planted several kisses along her shoulders and down her back.

"Holt." Whit's voice was curt. "You agreed."

"Right." He stepped back, his cock easing from her cleft, his hands grazing the fullness of her ass. "Thanks, boss lady. Your body is pure delight."

What agreement? She glanced over her shoulder and shot him a smile, then saw him turn and leave the room.

"Come here." Whit gathered her into his arms and ran a hand along her arm.

Grateful for the change of positions, she snuggled against his warm chest. "What did I miss?"

"Just a brotherly agreement."

"Not enough. Spill the rest."

He braced an elbow on the bed and gazed down at her face. "Holt's preferences are sometimes aided with more hands in the mix. I traded my participation for his departure." A grin quirked the side of his mouth. "I staked my claim."

A thrill ran through her, but she didn't want to put too much importance on his words. "Well, that sounds awfully Old West."

He shrugged and brushed a stray bit of hair off her cheek. "Can't help how the truth sounds. In the shower, I realized how special you are. I want to see where this—meaning you and me—can lead."

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“In the shower, huh?” Her lips twitched as she fought back a smile, and she cocked an eyebrow. “When you were thinking with your other brain?”

“Get some of my best ideas there.”

She ran a fingertip in circles on his chest. At the back of her thoughts, she wondered about Holt’s opinion in this arrangement. The attraction and the surprises he’d introduced into the sex play couldn’t be denied. “My assignment here is only for a month.”

“A lot can change in a month.” He rolled and braced his forearms around her head, his body looming over hers.

Desire fluttered in her belly as she watched his head lower, waited for his mouth to claim her lips.

Air puffed against her mouth. “Look at all that happened on your first day.”

His mouth bit at her lower lip and she gave herself up to the wild heat of his probing tongue and caressing hands. Whit was right.

Maybe her walk on the wild side was just beginning.

LAYLA CHASE

Layla Chase writes contemporary stories as well as historicals and is published in short romantic fiction. Years spent in the business world prompted her to seek out her more creative side. There, she discovered all sorts of characters whose stories she needed to share. A native of California, she now lives in Texas with her husband and the youngest of her three children.

* * *

***Don't miss Love For Hire, by Layla Chase,
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