



It Takes A Thief Or Two

Sherrill Quinn

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

...Jessica pressed her thighs together, unable to look away from Brock's intent stare. Her pussy clenched, sending a throb through her clit and another wave of arousal soaking into her panties. What Nick had started with his soul stealing kisses Brock might very likely finish with just those searing looks.

She was hyperaware of both men's lust. It practically shimmered in the air—she was surprised Nana was completely unaware. But her grandmother chattered on about the house and security measures she thought she wanted, with Nick's deep voice rumbling short answers now and again.

Then Nick looked at Jessica with the same banked heat in his gaze that was reflected in his twin's. Her heart skipped a beat, her arousal notching even higher, making her nipples so tight she wanted to touch them, squeeze them. Or, better yet, offer them up to the Phillips boys—fingers or mouths, she didn't care which.

Heat rushed into her face. She'd never had a sexual fantasy that involved sharing herself with two men until she'd met *these* two. And now that was all she could think about, what it would be like to have one thrusting into her pussy, the other coming in her mouth or claiming her ass.

She wasn't sure why, but she felt that Brock would be the one stretching her backside with that log he was hiding in his pants. She'd caught a glimpse of it before he'd crossed his legs. And, of course, she'd felt the hard ridge of Nick's

erection pressed against her when he'd been kissing her.

They were twins, identical in just about every way as far as she could tell. Would their cocks be identical, too?...

BOOKS BY SHERRILL QUINN

The Claiming
Claiming Hannah
Dragonfire
Obsidian's Flame

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

BY

SHERRILL QUINN

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

<http://www.AmberQuill.com>

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

This book is a work of fiction.

All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

Amber Quill Press, LLC
<http://www.AmberQuill.com>

All rights reserved.

No portion of this book may be transmitted or reproduced in any form, or by any means, without permission in writing from the publisher, with the exception of brief excerpts used for the purposes of review.

Copyright © 2007 by Sherrill Quinn
ISBN 978-1-60272-169-2
Cover Art © 2007 Trace Edward Zaber

Layout and Formatting provided by: Elemental Alchemy

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CHAPTER 1

“We finally got our ‘in’ with Jessie.” Brockton Phillips walked into his brother’s office and plopped into the worn leather chair across from Nick’s desk. “Old lady Norton wants us to check out her place.”

His twin let out a low whistle. “I’ve always wanted to get inside that old Victorian.” White teeth flashed in a wide grin. “The house, I mean.”

“Hmm. They say it’s haunted by old man Norton.” Brock shrugged. “I don’t care. I just want to get inside Jessie.” He slung one leg over the arm of the chair and slouched into the plump depths. “I know she’s interested, but something keeps holding her back. I think maybe it’s my record.” His gut

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

twisted with regret over stupid things he'd done as a kid, things he couldn't undo now. Things he was afraid she wouldn't forgive.

"She can't hold against you stuff that you did when you were fifteen." Nick leaned his elbows on his desk. "That was twenty years ago."

Brock rubbed a finger over the two-inch scar on the underside of his chin. "Yeah, well, I was pretty wild then." He met his brother's gaze. "You know she grew up with an abusive father—that's why she came to live with her grandparents when she was twelve. Now that she's back in town..." He shrugged, trying to be nonchalant and seeing from Nick's expression that he wasn't pulling it off. "She probably doesn't want to take a chance with me." He motioned to the scar. "How many other men do you suppose she knows who have scars from a knife fight?"

Nick frowned. "But you haven't been in trouble since you were a kid. And even then you weren't beating up girls, just rival gang members. Jessie should know you'd never hurt her." Nick lifted one dark brow. "She should know I wouldn't let you."

Brock shot him a grim smile. He and Nick had had their fair share of skirmishes over the years, and almost always it had pretty much come to a draw. They were evenly matched, and they both knew it.

Nick's gaze darkened, and Brock knew he was thinking about the woman they'd both wanted for years. "Besides, I was a good kid," Nick said. "Why is she fighting *me*?"

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

"Maybe you scare her," Brock murmured. "You can be pretty intense at times, you know."

Nick's brows shot up. "I can be intense? You've got to be kidding me. You're the definition of intensity, especially once you've decided you want something. It's like trying to steal a gazelle from a lion." He leaned back in his chair. "Good thing you don't mind sharing with me."

"Some things I don't mind sharing. And it's not like we have much of a choice." At the thought of what the two of them would like to do with sweet Jessica Norton, his cock thickened, elongating against his thigh.

"Cut it out," Nick muttered, shifting in his seat.

With the bond the two of them shared—one that went far beyond that of normal siblings—Brock knew he was broadcasting his lust to his twin. It happened whenever either of them experienced strong emotions. But he was helpless to stop it. Ever since Jessica had returned to town five years ago, he'd wanted her.

Hard.

Fast.

But she was skittish, and he'd had to practice restraint, a quality he wasn't particularly known for. But with her he'd settled down with a patience that was surprising—especially to him.

And now he thought they might be able to move forward. She'd be more comfortable in familiar surroundings, and her grandmother liked them. God knew why, but she did. She'd even dropped a few not so subtle hints about her

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

granddaughter's lamentable single status. So surely she'd put in a good word or two.

Not that she had any idea that both men planned on being with Jessica. Through trial and error they'd discovered a long time ago that each of them being with different women didn't work. Brock remembered the last time Nick went on a date alone. Brock had been at a meeting with his college counselor when the distinct feeling of fingers fondling his dick had broken his concentration. He'd realized immediately that Nick was with a girl and his twin's experience was being broadcast to Brock. Five excruciating minutes later, when Nick had blown his load, Brock had, too.

Thank God the counselor had moved out of town the next year. He didn't think the old man would ever recover from seeing one of his students have an orgasm without anyone touching him.

That had been ten years ago. Since then, any woman who set her eyes on him had to accept his brother as well. Sometimes she was intrigued, sometimes not.

But eventually the woman would decide she wanted only one of them, and the relationship ended.

"So," Nick said, breaking into Brock's memories. His twin cleared his throat. "When do we meet with Mrs. Norton and her lovely granddaughter? And how do you want to handle it?"

"Let's handle it the same way we would with any other client. Otherwise Jessie will be suspicious." As he dragged his thoughts back to business, Brock felt his erection begin to

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

subside. “We’ll go out and have the preliminary meeting with Mrs. Norton and Jessie, find out what current security measures they have in place. Then I’ll test those measures and see just how good they are.” He stood and thrust his fingers into the back pockets of his jeans. “She wants us to come over tomorrow.”

Nick’s smile was slow and held the same anticipation that coursed through Brock.

One more day. Their wait was just about over.

Jessica Norton’s time was running out. She was about to be claimed.

* * *

“You did *what*?” Jessica stared at her grandmother, uneasy anticipation tightening her entire body. The two men she wanted with a passion that was getting harder and harder to deny were going to be here, where she lived, where she felt safe.

She hadn’t been able to choose between the two of them, and she wasn’t sure they’d be interested in sharing. They were identical twins, so they were probably used to sharing, but still...

Would they want to share *her*?

She knew being with the two of them wouldn’t be a hardship on her. Physically they had the same thing going for them—tall, broad-shouldered, dark blue eyes fringed with silky lashes, black hair worn in long layers with strands that fell over wide foreheads. Not what she’d call classically

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

handsome—no, they were too hard-edged, too square-jawed for that.

But those wide naughty grins they always flashed at her, dimples denting their cheeks in the exact same spot, even as lust glittered in those deep, darkly intent eyes... Poster boys for the devil's own lust was what they were. Her fingers curled as she tried to reign in her growing passion. And increasing panic.

They were just flirting with her. She knew that's all it was. She'd seen the kind of women they usually dated—tall, model-thin and blond. Not five-four, packing an extra thirty pounds and a tangle of mouse-brown hair.

The only way she'd been able to hide her desire was to keep her distance. But if they came to the house and were near her for any length of time, they were sure to see the longing in her eyes. The absolute carnality of her thoughts concerning both of them.

Of course, if she ended up wrestling them to the ground to have her way with them, that might clue them in, too. If they showed up and started giving her those deep, dark looks, that just might happen.

It just might serve 'em right.

"But, dear, I want to be sure we're safe here." The old woman looked bewildered, as if she didn't understand Jessica's reluctance to hire the two security experts.

Jessica sighed and patted her grandmother's hand. "It's all right, Nana." Somehow she'd manage to keep her libido under control.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

Nana smiled and settled back in her seat. "I like those two boys," she said, rubbing one thickly veined hand on the padded arm of her chair. "You could do worse than settle down with one of 'em."

Yeah. Like settle down with both of them.

"Besides, they'll know what to do to make this old place safe and sound." Nana's pale blue eyes twinkled.

"I thought that was why Papaw was hanging around." Just after the words left her mouth, Jessica felt a light caress of cool air across her cheek. Some might say it was just an errant breeze, but she knew what—or, rather, who—it was.

Oakley Norton, her grandfather. Or, at least, his spirit.

Nana sighed, her smile dimming. "But you see, my dear, that's exactly why we need to do this. Oak doesn't belong here anymore. He should move on. That's the way it's meant to be." Her fingers scrubbed along the arm of the chair. "I've a feeling it won't be long before I join him on the other side."

"Nana! Don't talk like that." Jessica leaned forward and took her grandmother's hand in hers. The older woman's skin was thin, the blue-tinged veins standing out in stark relief. "You're only eighty-two—you're going to be around a long time."

"Well, I'll do my best to hold out for my first great grandchild, but at the rate you're going..." She shook her head, a smile once more curving her lips. She dropped one lid down in a slow wink. "One of those Phillips twins would give you beautiful children."

At the thought of the process of getting one of those

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

children, Jessica fought back a sensual shiver. God, to be under the sheets with Brock or Nick, his cock driving into her depths...

Or *both* of them...

With a shake of her head, she forced her attention back to her grandmother, trying to ignore the knowing grin on the older woman's face. Some things a granddaughter and grandmother just didn't discuss. "No more talk like that, you hear? About dying or children, either one." She patted Nana's hand and stood. "When are they coming?"

"Tomorrow afternoon at three." Nana stood and covered a wide yawn with her hand. "Sorry, dear. I'm feeling so sleepy. I think I'll lie down and take a nap." She pressed a kiss on Jessica's cheek. "I'll be up in time for dinner."

Jessica watched the older woman leave the small sitting room. While her steps were swift and seemed steady, Jessica noticed Nana put one hand on the wall to balance herself. She drew in a deep breath. Her grandmother was still in good health, but she was getting old. Once she was gone, Jessica would be alone.

Because they were never far from her thoughts, Brock and Nick popped into her mind. Tall and darkly dangerous to her emotional well-being, she knew she could never choose between the two of them. And she'd never let herself come between them.

Somehow she'd get through the meeting tomorrow. As long as Nana didn't leave her alone with them, she'd be fine.

CHAPTER 2

“I’m so glad you boys are here.” Eloise Norton motioned Brock and Nick into the house and closed the door behind them. She looped her arms through theirs and led them into a sitting room to the left of the large foyer. She was a little thing—her white-haired head barely coming to the middle of their chests—but one of the feistiest women they knew.

Nick glanced at Brock and grinned at the look on his twin’s face. While their bond didn’t include telepathy, he knew his brother well enough to figure out what was going on in his head.

Now they knew where Jessica got her spirit. From this little pint-sized aging sprite.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

The woman uppermost in their thoughts stood in the parlor, her back to them, looking out a lace-curtained window. Dressed in faded blue jeans and a red knit shirt, she was Nick's every fantasy come to life. His gaze traveled the length of her shapely body, lingering on the curve of her ass.

At their entrance, she turned. His gaze shot to her face, traveled over the freckles on her nose—a nose with a bump, making him think it had been broken at some point—and wide brown eyes with wariness already in their depths.

"You know my granddaughter," Mrs. Norton said. She went to a pink armchair and sat down.

Nick nodded to Jessica. "Jessie." His voice was a deep rasp, the arousal that was always just below the surface bubbling up now that he was with her.

She blinked, no doubt nonplussed at seeing the desire he couldn't hide. "Nick."

Nick wondered for a moment how it was she always seemed to be able to tell them apart—even as teenagers, before Brock had gotten his scar, she'd known who was who. When they were younger, even their parents had had a hard time keeping track of which twin was which. But never Jessica.

Her gaze flitted to his brother. "Brock."

"Jessie." Brock's voice was just as harsh as Nick's. He cleared his throat and bent his head to the clipboard in one hand. "The first thing we'll need to do is get an idea of what security measures you have in place, and what things you think you still need."

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

Nick felt the banked excitement flowing through Brock, and wished his brother would get himself under control. It was hard enough—literally—fighting his own desire. To have to try to fight his twin's as well was damn near impossible.

"Well, you boys have a seat. Jessie, you, too." Mrs. Norton beamed them a smile.

Nick waited until Jessie sat down in the other lone chair, then he and Brock took their places on the tan and pink sofa. The delicate rose pattern on the material and the wood scrollwork along the top made Nick feel like he was sitting on doll furniture, and he wondered if the delicate looking piece would hold their weight. Brock shifted on the sofa, and Nick bit back a grin. Seemed his brother felt the same way.

"Now, as I was saying—"

"Oh, I forgot the coffee!" Mrs. Norton cut Brock off. "I'm sorry, dear. But would you help me in the kitchen? I have coffee perking and some nice blueberry pound cake I baked this morning."

Jessie shot to her feet. "I'll help, Nana."

"And leave both of our guests alone?" Mrs. Norton slid to the edge of her chair. Nick and Brock both stood, Brock going over to the old lady. He bent solicitously, one hand under her elbow, the other holding her hand, and helped her to her feet. She patted his forearm. "Thank you, dear."

As he walked from the room, he kept his hand under her elbow. He shot a look at Nick that Nick understood clearly. *You're going to be alone with Jessie—don't waste this chance.*

Nick turned toward Jessica.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

Big doe eyes gazed at him. She ran her tongue over her lips, leaving them shiny. He saw the longing in her eyes before she shuttered her gaze with her lashes and went back to the window. "I appreciate you and Brock humoring Nana," she murmured. She lifted a hand and pushed back the lacy drapes.

"We're not humoring her," he murmured and walked over to stand behind her. She wasn't a tiny woman like her grandmother. At six-three, he and Brock usually preferred taller women. Still, at more than a head shorter than him and softly rounded, Jessica wasn't the type of woman they usually dated.

But she was the one they wanted.

This close to her he caught the intoxicating scent of her perfume, a mix of floral and just enough spice to tighten his gut. He glanced down, appreciating the view of her full breasts hugged by that red-cape-in-front-of-a-bull shirt. Even through her bra he could see the outline of her nipples. He gritted his teeth against a surge of arousal.

"I'm just not sure we need any additional security." Her voice was breathy. He only hoped it was because she was bothered by his nearness. He shouldn't be the only one suffering this way.

"Just at a glance, I'd say you're wrong." He put his hands on her shoulders and gently turned her around to face him. "You have no cameras, no alarm system, no motion detectors. Just locks on doors and windows. Those can be easily breeched." He rested one hand against the wall and leaned over her. With his other hand he brushed a strand of silky hair,

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

sleek and rich as a mink's coat, away from her cheek.

Her lips parted on a low gasp.

Nick bent his head and covered her mouth with his. Their tongues met, hers beckoning him to taste more. Her flavor filled him. She tasted like he'd dreamed she would—sweet, spicy and all warm, willing woman.

A blast of arousal blistered its way through him. He wanted this woman like he'd never wanted before—needed like he'd never needed. Everything inside him howled to lay siege to her luscious body, to claim her with hands and mouth.

Hands at her hips, he drew her close, holding her tight against him. He plundered her mouth, tasting her, driving their mutual need higher and sending her a very clear message.

He intended to have her.

She moaned into his mouth and pressed against him, her soft little belly rubbing against the thick erection that strained to get past his waistband. He did some moaning of his own, hands tightening as he urged her to ride that hard ridge of flesh.

* * *

Brock's fingers clenched around the coffee cup. The delicate china didn't stand a chance and broke, leaving pieces of the handle between his fingers and thumb. He managed to snag the cup as it started to fall. He was barely aware of Mrs. Norton fluttering behind him, exclaiming over the broken cup, asking him if he'd hurt himself. He mumbled a response—God only knew what he said, but it seemed to satisfy the old

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

woman.

As sure as if it were him in that other room, Brock felt Jessica's kiss, that tempting tongue sliding softly, shyly, into Nick's mouth. Heat surged through Brock's body as his cock immediately responded. Hard, demanding, it strained against his jeans as he experienced his first kiss with Jessica through the link with his twin.

He didn't dare turn around. Or he'd show the little old lady something she probably hadn't seen in a long time.

Damn Nick. He'd meant for him to flirt a little, to try to get her to settle down around them. He sure as hell hadn't meant for his twin to give them both hard-ons.

"Brock, dear?" Mrs. Norton put a fragile hand on his shoulder.

With a grimace, he set the cup and pieces of handle on the counter. Grabbing a nearby dishtowel, he held it in one hand, letting it camouflage his erection. Fighting back a blush—he might forgive Nick for his timing, but never for embarrassing him in front of this sweet old lady—he motioned toward the destroyed china. "I'm sorry about that, Mrs. Norton. You know that old saying about a bull in a china shop?"

She patted him on the shoulder. "Oh, don't worry about that, dear. It's probably one that my husband Oakley broke before and glued back together. These things happen all the time." She reached inside a cabinet and brought down another cup, placing it on a flowered saucer on the serving tray. Then she picked up the tray and turned to leave the kitchen.

"You sure you don't want me to carry that, ma'am?" With

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

a short sigh, he plopped the dishtowel back on the counter and started after her.

“Oh, no, I have it. Thank you.”

He followed the old lady down the hallway and into the sitting room, where Jessica was once more sitting in her chair and Nick was in his spot on the sofa. The only difference was that now Nick held a pillow securely on his lap.

With a scowl, Brock sat beside his brother and brought one leg up, resting the ankle on his knee. Hopefully that would keep Mrs. Norton from seeing the hard, thick ridge of flesh that strained against his zipper.

Seemingly unaware of the sensual tension in the room, the old lady went about serving coffee and cake. He absently accepted a cup from her, murmuring, “Black’s fine,” at her question on how he wanted his coffee. She turned to Nick, handing him first a slice of cake on one of those delicate china plates, then a full coffee cup on its matching saucer.

Brock’s gaze settled on Jessica. Her soft mouth was swollen, still red from Nick’s kisses. He looked lower, lingering on her breasts, seeing the tight nipples pushing against the material of her shirt. His cock jumped, and he bit back a curse.

Jessica crossed her arms, cutting off the view. He jerked his gaze to her face. Those brown eyes were wide, filled with uncertainty, but also with longing she couldn’t hide. He stilled as he realized that desire was directed at him.

Nick’s cup rattled in the saucer. Brock knew his brother was picking up on his building excitement. God above, could it be that she wanted them both? Could their fantasy be that close to being realized?

CHAPTER 3

Jessica pressed her thighs together, unable to look away from Brock's intent stare. Her pussy clenched, sending a throb through her clit and another wave of arousal soaking into her panties. What Nick had started with his soul stealing kisses Brock might very likely finish with just those searing looks.

She was hyperaware of both men's lust. It practically shimmered in the air—she was surprised Nana was completely unaware. But her grandmother chattered on about the house and security measures she thought she wanted, with Nick's deep voice rumbling short answers now and again.

Then Nick looked at Jessica with the same banked heat in his gaze that was reflected in his twin's. Her heart skipped a

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

beat, her arousal notching even higher, making her nipples so tight she wanted to touch them, squeeze them. Or, better yet, offer them up to the Phillips boys—fingers or mouths, she didn't care which.

Heat rushed into her face. She'd never had a sexual fantasy that involved sharing herself with two men until she'd met *these* two. And now that was all she could think about, what it would be like to have one thrusting into her pussy, the other coming in her mouth or claiming her ass.

She wasn't sure why, but she felt that Brock would be the one stretching her backside with that log he was hiding in his pants. She'd caught a glimpse of it before he'd crossed his legs. And, of course, she'd felt the hard ridge of Nick's erection pressed against her when he'd been kissing her.

They were twins, identical in just about every way as far as she could tell. Would their cocks be identical, too?

She shivered. If the thickness under those pants was anything to go by... God, she hoped so.

But what if she was reading things wrong? What if they didn't want to share? What if this was still just them flirting, albeit much stronger than they ever had before?

With a hard swallow, she sank back in her chair, her thoughts chasing around like a dog after its tail. God above, she'd just played tonsil-hockey with Nick and, somehow, amazingly enough, Brock also was aroused. She frowned and peeped at him from under her lashes. He had to be aroused by her, because the only other woman in the house was Nana.

She glanced at Nana and then back at Brock with a frown.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

Surely he didn't... No. That was just too squicky to believe.

"Let me show you around the place, boys, so you have a good idea of the layout." Nana set her coffee cup aside and stood.

Both men stood as well, though it was Nick who said, "That's really my area of specialty, ma'am. Brock does the testing once I've put the new systems in place. I'll just make a few sketches and take some notes, which I can flesh out when we come back with the crew."

Jessica saw the two men exchange a glance.

"Maybe Jessie can fill Brock in on how effective she feels the current safety measures are." He took Nana's elbow and walked with her out of the room, shortening his strides to match hers.

"What was that look for?" Brock hunkered down in front of Jessica, big hands resting on the arms of her chair, effectively bracketing her in.

"What look?" She glanced at him. Unable to hold that intense lapis stare, she looked down at her lap.

"The one you had on your face when I came back into the room with your grandma. The one that said you were maybe thinking not so good thoughts about me."

That brought her gaze back to his. The heat in his eyes nearly seared her. Her clit ached in response. "I wasn't... You had a..." She glanced down at his groin and quickly back up to his face. "You were aroused," she finally ended in a fierce whisper.

He rose up until his face was mere inches away. With his

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

mouth hovering over hers, he whispered, “There’s only one woman in this house that gets my blood boiling. And, darlin’, that’s you.”

His lips slanted over hers, tongue thrusting in and out of her mouth with raw domination. She whimpered, needy, desperate for his touch. God, his kiss was like Nick’s, but different. More...primal. Brutal almost. And she loved it.

He mouthed kisses along her jaw and down the side of her throat. She tilted her head to one side, granting him better access, and shivered as he paused where her shoulder joined her neck. His hands cupped her breasts, thumbs rasping over her hard nipples, rubbing her through two layers of clothing and making her wish there were no barriers between them.

The stubble along his jaw scraped her skin and sent a shiver straight to her weeping pussy. He came back to her mouth, one broad palm cupping the back of her skull, tilting her head to the angle he wanted. Fingers tangled in her hair, he devoured her, tongue thrusting past her lips. A moan tore from her throat. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, holding tight, her nails digging into his back as she fought to maintain some kind of control.

Another stroke of his tongue against hers and her senses scattered.

When he drew back after only a few moments, she moaned again and tightened her hold on his shoulders.

“If you don’t want your grandmother walking in on us like this, you’d better let me go.” Brock’s voice held humor, but just enough rough lust that she didn’t take offense. She

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

dropped her hands, a blush flaming her face.

He straightened and stepped a few paces away, going to stand behind the sofa.

“And that’s the quick tour,” she heard her grandmother say. Jessica jumped out of her chair and returned to her spot by the window, hoping in the next second or two it took Nick and Nana to return to the sitting room some of the color would have faded from her cheeks.

“Thank you, Mrs. Norton.” Nick’s deep voice was calm, but with an underlying layer of tension. “At the very least we’ll need to put in some motion detectors on the windows and cameras in the hallways, and probably a floor safe for your valuables.”

Jessica looked toward the foyer only to find Nick’s gaze on hers, just as intent as before. He looked at Brock and raised one eyebrow, then motioned toward the door with a tilt of his head.

Brock sighed and leaned over the sofa, snagging his clipboard. Holding it in front of him, he walked out to the foyer. The two men said their good-byes to her grandmother and then, with a lingering look at Jessica, they left.

Wanting one last sight of them, Jessica leaned against the window frame and pushed back the curtain. She watched Brock walk around to the driver’s side of a black SUV. Nick paused at the front passenger door, turning to stare up at the house. A rakish grin curled his lips and brought his dimples out to play. With the wind ruffling his dark hair, he looked delicious.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

He gave her a jaunty salute and climbed into the vehicle. She watched the SUV pull away from the curb. Hearing Nana behind her, she turned and helped her grandmother clean up.

"I really like those two boys," Nana said. Taking a napkin, she brushed cake crumbs off the small coffee table into her cupped hand. "If I were younger, I might make a play for one of them myself."

Even though there were no windows open, a hard breeze pushed through the room, fluttering the curtains and ruffling the lace doilies on the table.

"Oh, calm down, Oakley. I'm not younger, so there's no point in getting upset." She shook her head and winked at Jessica. "It's a good thing I could never love another man, because I don't think Oak would stand for it." She brushed the crumbs from her palm onto the serving tray. "Now you, on the other hand..." She paused while Jessica picked up the tray. As they walked to the kitchen, she went on. "I saw the way both those boys looked at you. They want you."

"Nana!" Jessica put the tray on the kitchen counter and busied herself with washing the coffee cups.

"It's true. I'm not so old that I didn't notice their interest, especially below the belt." She put the stopper in the sink and twisted the tap. Squirting soap under the running water, she mused, "And I think both of them kissed you when they were alone with you." Her keen gaze cut to Jessica. "Didn't they?"

"Nana..." This was not a conversation she wanted to have with her grandmother.

"Oh, all right. You keep your secrets." She put her hand

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

over her mouth to cover a yawn. "My, I'm afraid their visit wore me out. Will it be all right with you, dear, if I take a nap?"

"Of course." Jessica planted a kiss on her grandmother's wrinkled cheek. "Sleep as long as you need. I'll get dinner ready."

Long after Nana had left the kitchen, Jessica struggled with her thoughts. It seemed that both Nick and Brock Phillips were interested in her. But the question was, for how long?

And the even bigger question... Would they make her choose between them?

* * *

"I think she wants us both."

Brock glanced at Nick, then looked back to the road. His erection had subsided somewhat, but at the mention of Jessica, his cock reared to full, throbbing attention. He swore under his breath, hands tightening on the wheel. "You just had to bring it up, didn't you?"

Nick gave a strained laugh. "Bring what up? The subject of Jessie or your randy dick?"

"Both." Brock made the turnoff onto their road and drove the sedate twenty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit down the tree-lined, exclusive street. "She might want both of us, but I don't think she thinks we want her. Not really."

"Why do you say that?" Nick turned sideways in his seat.

"The way she looked at me. As if she was afraid any minute I'd tell her I was just kidding." Brock shook his head.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

For all the intelligence he had, his twin tended to take people at face value. Brock, with his early wildness, had the kind of street-sense that only came with experience. With a turn of the wheel he guided the SUV into the wide driveway of their two-story house.

Nick reached up and pressed the button for the garage door. “Well, she’s not what we usually go for. She’s seen us around town, and what kind of woman do we usually have on our arms?”

“Tall and willowy.” Brock pulled the vehicle into the garage and put it in park. He twisted the key in the ignition and turned it off. “But that’s all in the past. Every time I think about Jessie and those full breasts, that plump ass... God!” His cock threatened to burst through the zipper.

“And that’s what we have to convince Jessie of.” Nick unfastened his seat belt and opened his door. Climbing out, he paused and looked back in at Brock, a slow grin curving his lips. “And I have an idea on how we just might do that.”

CHAPTER 4

Over the next two days, Nick and a team of workers were in and out of the house, installing motion detectors on the outside, and video cameras and an alarm system on the inside. Every once in a while Jessica left her drafting table and the cartoon strip she was working on to check on their progress. Each time she did, it seemed she ran into Nick alone.

And every time he took advantage of that fact. So much so that by the evening of the second night, she was one big bundle of nerves, mostly centered between her thighs. He left with a wink and a promise that he'd be back the next day to show her and Nana how to operate the new security system.

Jessica had made one last ditch effort at saying they didn't

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

need all of this. She didn't tell Nick or any of his men that they already had a security system named Oakley—especially since her Papaw had been noticeably absent these last two days. But she did tell Nick she wasn't sure how she was going to pay for it. Nana was on a fixed income and couldn't afford it. The only reason the older woman could still live in this house was because Jessica had moved in to help with the bills. Nick hadn't given her the cost of the upgrades, though she'd certainly pestered him for it.

Probably not enough, though, because anytime she tried to talk to him about anything, he kissed her. Sometimes it was just a soft meeting of lips, tender and affectionate, but still hot enough to make her toes curl. He had her so worked up—mentally, emotionally, and physically—she doubted she'd get a lick of sleep.

So now here she sat on her bed at eleven o'clock at night, reading the same magazine article over and over. She finally gave up and tossed the magazine on the floor. Reaching out, she turned off her bedside light and lay down.

When her mind slowed, her thoughts becoming muddled, she was surprised but thankful. Maybe she would sleep tonight, after all.

* * *

Brock saw the light in Jessica's room flip off, and gave it some more time. He didn't know how long it usually took her to fall asleep, but he knew how long it took him and he wasn't taking any chances. After forty-five minutes, he grabbed the

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

lowest limb of a large oak tree and hauled himself up. He climbed until he reached a thick branch that grew toward her window.

The window was locked, which gave her a brownie point. He pulled out a long, thin blade from his pocket and within seconds had the lock jimmied open. With little effort he slid the window up, then quietly climbed through.

There was nothing in front of the window to impede his way. She just lost that brownie point. Turning, he closed the window, then made his way over to her bed. The small lamp on the bedside table was on and lent enough light to the room for him to see her clearly. Even though the air was a little cool, she'd kicked her covers off and lay with legs akimbo and her arms above her head.

Red and pink hearts of all sizes dotted her short pajamas, with the largest one above her mound, the tip of the heart pointing right to where her clit was. A sort-of X-marks-the-spot.

He grinned through the lust that tightened his entire body. He liked her choice of sleepwear, though he'd like her better in nothing at all.

Brock eased down onto the plush armchair that sat in the corner at the foot of the bed and studied her. The silky top left her midriff bare, and was pulled tight underneath her. The top two buttons had come undone, baring one nipple, which was slightly peaked in the cool air.

Soft scents of lavender and vanilla wafted to his nose. Probably from her sheets. Women did that sort of thing,

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

washed their things in sweet-smelling detergents. He leaned closer. That lack in his life emphasized his—and Nick’s—loneliness all the more.

A loneliness this woman could cure. A loneliness he was determined this woman *would* cure.

There was another, more beguiling scent filling his nose, and it was all woman. His cock reacted predictably, throbbing with each pulse of his heart, the primal beat echoing in his soul.

But he would wait until she woke up and realized how easily—and how quietly—he’d broken in. She’d rethink her objections to the security measures they’d put in.

* * *

Dawn was just beginning to lighten the sky when Brock saw Jessica stir. At some point during the night she must have gotten cold, because she had the sheet and comforter drawn up to her chin. While he watched, she lifted one hand and rubbed over her eyes, and kicked the covers off her. He leaned forward in the chair.

She opened her eyes, lifting her head to stare at him. “Brock, what’re you doing here?” Her voice was a soft rasp in the stillness of the room.

“How can you tell it’s me and not Nick?” Here was one answer he could get without much trouble. She always seemed to be able to tell them apart—had from the beginning. There were a lot of people in this town who’d known them all their lives and still got them mixed up. Standing, he walked around

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

the bed and sat on the edge of the mattress, his hip resting against hers.

“Your eyes are a little wider apart than Nick’s. And just a shade lighter. Plus you have that scar. ” She blinked at him, lingering sleep making her eyes heavy lidded.

God, he couldn’t wait to see how she looked after he and Nick wore her out with sex.

Then he realized what her words meant. She had to have been looking at them pretty damn close to see a difference in the color of and space between their eyes. It renewed his hope. He brought up one hand and stroked his fingers lightly down her cheek.

“But what are you doing here?”

“It’s a test, darlin’.” He quirked one eyebrow. “Nick told me you were pretty adamant about not needing additional security, and I want you to see that you do.”

She shook her head. “It’s just that...” She sighed.

“Nick said you don’t think you can afford it.” He stared down at her, understanding and appreciating her fierce need for independence. “We’ll work something out, don’t worry.” He wasn’t going to tell her he and his twin had no intentions of charging her or her grandmother for the work or the equipment. That stubborn streak that was so much a part of Jessica would flare to life, and they’d lose more ground than they’d gain. For now, they’d keep stalling whenever she asked about pricing. He could tell she was about to go on about it, so he dipped his head and placed a kiss at the corner of her mouth. When her lips parted on a sigh, he took her mouth with

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

his.

Heaven. Her lips opened more, her tongue meeting his as it surged into her mouth. She sighed, her arms coming up to twine around his neck. When her fingers curled into the hair at his nape, he felt that touch like a jolt to his balls.

He swept his hand over her breast, palming her, feeling the hard little tip of her breast tighten even further. Leaning on one elbow, he unfastened the rest of the buttons and swept the shirt aside, baring both breasts to his gaze, his touch.

A slight blush swept across her cheeks, and her hands dropped away from his neck. As she started to cover her breasts, Brock caught her hands gently in his and pressed a kiss in each palm. Looking into her eyes, he murmured, "You're beautiful, Jessie. Please don't try to hide from me."

Her creamy throat moved with her swallow. "I'm too..." She dropped her gaze.

"Too what?" He thought he knew what her hang-up was, but he wanted to be sure before he set her straight.

White teeth clamped onto her lower lip. She looked at him then, and he ground his jaw at the apology he saw reflected in her eyes. The absolute certainty in the dark depths that she was deficient in some way.

"I'm not exactly your type," she whispered.

If she was making that judgment based on the women he usually dated, he supposed she was right. "How do you know what my type is?"

Her fine eyebrows pulled down in a frown. "From what you normally carry around on your arm. Tall, thin, and blond."

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

Brock dipped his head and placed a nibbling kiss at the corner of her mouth. “Fluff. Women who had no interest in me except what I could do for them, either physically or financially. Not one of them ever acted like they cared for me, which was the way I wanted it.” He lifted his head. “The way I used to want it. And none of them had bodies that made me want to lose myself in them over and over.”

“But, Brock, I’m...”

He looked at her face. “You’re...what?”

A blush darkened her cheeks again, and this time spread down her neck. “I’m overweight.”

He let his gaze drift over her, taking in her full breasts with their dusty pink nipples, the slight rise of her tummy covered by her pajama shorts. He lingered on her creamy thighs made just right to cushion a man’s body, then brought his attention back to her face. Her blush had intensified, making him shake his head. “You’re perfect, sweet darlin’. Absolutely perfect. Like something from a Botticelli.”

And she was. He wanted her, with her silky skin and soft curves, and she’d believe him before the night was over.

CHAPTER 5

Jessica stared at Brock, wanting to accept that what he said was true. He looked sincere, and she knew he wasn't a man who said something he didn't mean. But he wasn't a hurtful man, either. He was just being kind.

Her last boyfriend had poked his little sausage in her without regard to her pleasure, then told her she was a fat, frigid bitch and walked away. She'd tried not to let it bother her—tried to tell herself it was him, not her—but it had battered her to the bottom of her soul. That had been three years ago, and her psyche still fought the negativity that festered deep inside.

And that man hadn't been nearly as important to her as this

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

one. With the way she felt about Brock, he had the power to hurt her so much more. With his warm, heavy body lying over her, his jeans-covered erection nestled in the cleft between her legs, it was impossible to ignore that he desired her.

But was it enough?

Reaching up, she traced her fingers across the strong line of his jaw to the tip of his chin, and let her fingertips rest on his sensual lower lip.

He folded his hand around hers and kissed each of her fingertips. "I don't say things I don't mean, darlin'." His voice rasped across her eardrums, setting up tiny explosions along her nerve endings. "And I could've proven my point about you and your grandma needing more security in any number of other ways." He closed his eyes and bumped his lower body firmly into the V of her splayed thighs. "I wouldn't be here if I didn't want you."

His eyes opened, his gaze rising slowly back to hers. The heat in his eyes seared her. She could feel her pussy swelling, her clit aching from the banked fire in that look. "I want to fuck you, Jessie." He shifted and cupped one broad hand over her pussy, only the thin silk of her pajama bottoms between him and her most intimate flesh. "I want to feel the tight clasp of your cunt milking my cock, watch your face as you come."

At his starkly carnal words, her breathing quickened. Her lips parted and a pulse began drumming in the side of her neck. Heaven help her, but she wanted that, too.

She slid her hands down his chest, lightly raking her nails over his hard pectoral muscles. Holding his gaze, she bucked

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

up her courage and slipped one of his buttons free, and another and another until his shirt was unbuttoned to his waistband. Then she slid her hands under the material, flattening her palms against his hair-roughened chest. Curious, aroused, she swept her thumbs over his flat nipples and watched in awe as a shudder worked its way through his body. Emboldened, she did it again.

His eyes narrowed, but that was her only warning. He swooped down, arms sliding under her, one hand tangled in the long strands of her hair to tilt her head as he claimed her mouth.

These weren't the light, teasing kisses from before. He devoured her, his tongue pressing into her mouth like hot silk, his lips moving expertly, heatedly over hers again and again with rough hunger.

He kissed a path down her throat, his lips and tongue trailing fire. He meandered across her chest, making her breasts swell in anticipation. At the first touch of his tongue against her sensitive nipple, she moaned and wrapped her hands around his skull, her fingers twining through his silky hair.

Each tug of his mouth sent a jolt to her clit. Cream slid from her core to lie slickly along her swollen folds. When he brought one hand around and slipped it beneath the gaping leg of her shorts, she gasped and jolted against his touch.

He lifted his head and looked down into her face. "You're so hot, so wet." He slid one long finger into the heated well of her body. His eyes went half-mast as he worked that finger in

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

and out.

Jessica shuddered and stroked her hands over the bunching muscles of his shoulders. It was like touching warm, smooth marble. "Brock!" Her eyes fluttered closed as her senses went into overload.

He pumped his finger into her again. She lifted her hips into his touch, straining for more, her arousal ramping higher and higher. When he withdrew his hand completely, her eyes flew open and she moaned a protest.

"I need to taste you," he muttered. With a quick tug, he pulled her shorts from her, baring her completely. He went still, staring at her.

When she tried to bring her legs together, he spread his further apart, keeping her open. The enthralled look on his face soon dissipated her shyness. A man couldn't look at a woman like that and not want her.

With a low moan, Brock bent and pressed an open-mouthed kiss against her belly. Then he moved lower and flicked his tongue against her engorged clit.

Jessica gasped, her hips lifting into his touch, wordlessly begging for more. He quickly obliged, licking through her drenched folds, slow and deep, like he wanted to capture her taste on his tongue. He licked and suckled until she writhed beneath him, hands clutching wads of bedding as she neared her pinnacle.

He speared his tongue inside her, fucking into her with slow strokes, flicking the tip against the sensitive inner walls of her pussy. She cried out and arched, digging her heels into

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

the mattress for leverage. His big hands splayed across her ass to help support her, and she gave herself over to his touch.

His low groan was muffled against her slick flesh. When he pulled back, his hands leaving her buttocks, she moaned a protest, her hands going to his head to hold him in place.

“Give me a pillow,” he muttered, his voice low and rough with arousal.

When she looked down at him, her breath hitched at the heated passion in his eyes. His mouth was wet, slick with her cream. Wordlessly she pulled the pillow from beneath her head and handed it to him.

“Lift your hips.”

Jessica complied, and he slipped the pillow beneath her. He wedged his shoulders between her legs once more. His fingers spread her folds, his gaze smoldering as he stared at her glistening flesh.

She fought the urge to wiggle—she wasn’t sure if the feeling was because she wanted to encourage him to touch her again, or because she was discomfited by his intent perusal. Probably it was a little of both.

She’d never had a man look at her like this—like he’d been waiting all his life to see this one thing that he might never see again, and so he was going to take his time and commit every detail to memory.

Good God, she hoped this happened again. She didn’t want to think that she might only get this one time with him and then never feel him again.

He bent his head and licked her slit. She jumped at the

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

slightly rough texture of his tongue against her sensitive folds.

“You’re so pretty.” His voice was a growl. “All soft pink and deeper red. Especially here.” He flicked the tip of his tongue against her clit.

She gasped. Her womb clenched with need, spilling more slick cream into her passage.

“And you taste like...sugar and spice. Definitely nice.” He latched onto her clit and began pulling on it with hard, steady suction. One thick finger pushed into her pussy again, then another. He thrust his fingers into her fast and hard, suckling her clit the same way.

She tightened as she reached her peak. With a cry muffled by her fist, she tumbled over the edge, her body quaking, her sheath clamping around his fingers.

As she laid there, her pussy giving lingering spasms, he reared up and jerked off his shirt, then got off the bed. He toed off his thick-soled work shoes and bent to yank off his socks. The tab of his zipper whipped down, and he shoved jeans and underwear to his ankles.

He straightened, lifting one leg and then the other to step out of the puddle of his clothes. Muscles bunched and flexed with his movements. Her gaze skittered over him, taking in the wide shoulders with the slash of his collarbones, broad chest with its smattering of hair, and delineated abdomen bisected by a tantalizing trail of hair that thickened around the base of his erection.

She was riveted to his cock, a thick stalk of flesh thrusting from the tangle of soft hair at his groin. The head ruddy, a

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

drop of pre-cum glistened at the slitted tip. His balls hung heavy between his thighs. When he moved back to get on the bed, she sat up and took his thick length in her hands.

It was like holding hot, silk-covered steel. As she scooted closer, she looked up at his face.

His jaw was taut, a muscle flexing with quick tics. Dark eyes glittered down at her. "Take me in your mouth, darlin'."

Jessica swallowed. Finally she had the chance to do something she'd wanted to do for years—bring this man pleasure with her hands and mouth. She urged him onto the bed then, coming over him so that her hair trailed over his lower abdomen and thighs, she parted her lips and took the flared head of his cock into her mouth. She held him there, feeling his pulse beating against her tongue, and learned his shape. He tasted salty and maybe even slightly sweet—not unpleasant.

Then she worked him deeper, sucking as she pulled back. She put one hand on the bed to brace herself, and the other cupped his balls, rolling them lightly over her fingers.

He muttered encouragement and surged against her, driving more of his erection between her lips. Broad hands came up to tangle in her hair, holding her head at the angle he wanted as he began shuttling the thick stalk of flesh in and out of her mouth.

More pre-cum hit her tongue and his cock hardened even further. She took him as deep as she could, breathing through her nose and looking up at him from beneath her lashes.

"God, darlin', just like that." His eyes closed as his head

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

fell back. The strong column of his throat corded with tension. Sweat beaded across his skin, rolled slowly down the side of his face.

More salty fluid spilled against her tongue, and she sucked harder. She wanted to make him come this way, wanted to feel his climax jetting down her throat, wanted to see him lost in passion. Wanted to know that *she* was the one who'd taken him over the edge.

This was better than fantasy.

Much better.

* * *

Nick kicked the bedcovers off his legs and tried to let the night air cool his naked body. He might have been successful had it not been for the impression of a hot, wet mouth surrounding his raging erection. His thighs tightened, his body arching with the need for release. Sweat gathered at his temples, ran down the sides of his face. He turned his head and let the pillowcase soak it up. He knew Brock and Jessica were making love—he could feel everything his twin did.

As he felt Brock's hands tighten around strands of silky hair, Nick's fingers clenched as if it was *he* who held Jessica's head, *he* who fed her his cock inch by screaming inch.

Heat prickled at the base of his spine. His balls drew up taut against his body. Nick wrapped one hand around his cock and stroked. With a strangled groan, he drove the back of his head into the pillow and bared his teeth as he felt his orgasm erupt. Hard spasms wracked him, drew every muscle tight. A

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

harsh shout burst from his throat as semen jetted from his cock. He shuddered, chest heaving at the feel of soft lips milking the last drops from his straining shaft.

God in heaven, never had he felt anything that good. Ever. And it wasn't even real—it was only through the link he shared with Brock that Nick felt Jessica's sweet body.

He couldn't wait 'til it was his turn.

CHAPTER 6

Brock brushed sweat-dampened hair away from Jessica's brow, then bent and pressed his mouth to her throat. Her skin felt like satin against his lips. With a sigh, she tilted her head. He moved to the straining tendon in her neck and took a careful nip. Her shiver of response made him smile. It was a tight smile, much like his awakening erection.

He left her long enough to hunt down his wallet. Once he'd pulled the square packet out and had sheathed himself, he came back down over her. He kissed a path down to one silken breast. "Beautiful," he muttered against her skin. "So pretty and pink." He licked across the peak and then suckled her slowly, deliberately. His eyes closed briefly. She tasted so

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

fresh, like sweet, willing woman.

He stroked his hand between her thighs and found her slick and wet. When he pressed one finger deep inside her, she moaned and raised her hips into his touch. Brock took his erection in one hand and stroked it through her folds, slicking himself up with her cream. Then he entered her slowly, taking his time as he worked his shaft into her tight, hot cunt.

Holding her gaze, he kept pushing in until his balls rested against the curve of her buttocks. A dark flush rode high on her cheekbones, and her pupils were dilated so wide they almost swallowed up the chocolate brown of her irises. She raised her legs, locking her ankles behind his back, trying to pull him deeper.

Her inner muscles gripped his cock like a fist, so tight that, as he began thrusting in and out, each slide sent ecstasy blazing up his spine. He braced his palms beside her shoulders and rolled his hips, using every bit of skill he had, keeping his thrusts slow and deep though it was about to kill him. All he wanted was to ram her hard and fast, grind into her until he came. He clamped down on his control. He'd make sure he brought her to completion before he toppled over the edge himself.

Challenge lit the dark passion in Jessica's eyes. She tightened her legs around him and began to hunch her hips in short, teasing jabs that tested his control. "Come on, Brock. Is that all you got?"

If it wasn't for the fact that she was panting, her fingers digging into his biceps as she fought to contain her own

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

arousal, trying to hold out longer than he could, he might have gotten mad. But, looking down at her, at those sparkling brown eyes, lush body and tight, creamy cunt, Brock realized something.

He liked her.

Oh, he went crazy with lust every time he saw her or thought about her, but here...now...

He liked her. And he was damned well going to answer the challenge.

So he reared off her. Ignoring her frown, he scooped her legs up, draping her calves over his shoulders, and slid back into her again. Then he strummed his thumb over her clit, just to be sure he really had her attention.

* * *

Jessica caught her breath as arousal spiraled through her like a corkscrew. At this angle, it felt like he was driving a tree trunk into her pussy—thick and hard. As he sped up his thrusts, his balls slapped against her buttocks. Every stroke of his cock over the rippling muscles of her sheath and especially his thumb circling her clit stoked her higher.

Her body tightened. He grimaced, an expression bordering on pain, but one she knew was passion. He slammed into her, again and again. Then he rose up on his knees, canting her hips higher, and ground down against her. “Come for me, darlin’.” His thumb rubbed over her clit at just the right moment.

Her orgasm came roiling to the surface, brutal and

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

impossible to fight off. With a cry, she came, her back arching as her cunt clamped down around his thick shaft.

“That’s it,” he growled. He threw back his head and slammed his hips against hers one more time. He came with a roar, the tendons of his neck rigid, each muscle held in stark relief.

Her climax was merciless, a firestorm of carnal pleasure so great it left her boneless when it retreated. At some point Brock moved her legs from his shoulders, and she now lay beneath his sprawled form, her hands dropping from him to lie limply against the mattress.

He stared into her eyes. “You’re really something, Jessica Norton. Something I want.” He paused. “Something Nick wants.” He hesitated again, searching her eyes, apparently trying to come to a decision about something.

She swallowed. Tension grew as she waited for him to go on.

“You need to know that he just experienced everything I did. He felt the tight clasp of your pussy on his cock, felt your mouth sucking him off.” He pressed a soft kiss to one corner of her mouth. “When I tasted you...” Brock stroked a finger into her folds, still spread by his softening cock. “When I tasted you, he tasted you, too.”

Her eyes widened.

“We’re linked to each other, darlin’, Nick and I. That’s why we share. Because what I need, he needs. What he burns for, I do, too. Think about it.”

The tension thickened as she realized what he was talking

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

about. Her breath hitched as lust sizzled through her veins. It was her fantasy come to life. Both of them.

She could have both of them.

The temptation was impossible to refuse. She could have it all—all her desires, her dreams, come true. She wanted nothing more than to give in to it.

Could she?

Dare she?

How could she not?

After all, Papaw had let Brock in with no problems, had even let him stay once the fun got started. She tried not to think too hard on that part of it, hoping that wherever his spirit was, Papaw hadn't been a peeping ghost.

She felt Brock's penis slip from her body and suppressed a moan of disappointment. If she could, she'd always have him inside her, though she supposed that was impractical. He couldn't walk around with a woman attached to his cock all the time.

Though he'd probably try, given the chance.

A giggle left her.

He raised one dark brow. "Having sex with both of us amuses you?"

Humor fled and a shiver worked through her at the thought of having both of them. Jessica pressed her lips together and shook her head. "No. Not amuses." She reached up and stroked dark hair away from his forehead. "Makes me hot."

His slow grin was from the devil himself. "Good. That makes three of us."

CHAPTER 7

The next evening, Nick rode along with Brock to the Nortons' house. He was still wound up from Brock's encounter with Jessica the night before—still wound up hoping he'd get his chance with her today, with or without Brock.

The sun was just beginning to set as Brock turned into the driveway leading up to the old Victorian. "Would you calm down," he muttered and brought the vehicle to a stop.

Nick unclipped his seat belt and opened the door before his twin had the SUV in park. He shot a look at Brock over his shoulder as he jumped out of the vehicle. "At least you were there, got to feel it firsthand, got to see her in her passion." He

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

slammed the door and walked toward the front of the SUV. He waited until he heard the driver's side door close before he added, "I got everything secondhand. So don't tell me to calm down."

His body still hummed with sexual excitement that burned just beneath the surface. He fell into step beside his twin and walked up the stairs and onto the narrow front porch. Raising his hand, he rapped his knuckles on the door. As soon as he heard Jessica's voice, his cock jumped. He clenched his jaw and started thinking of baseball statistics, *anything* to get his unruly dick under control. "Who was the All-Star MVP in 1997?"

Brock's chuckle was strained. "You know that never works." His face was grim as he fought to get his own arousal tamped down. An arousal that broadcast itself loud and clear to Nick.

The door opened and there she stood, dressed in a pink and white sundress that brought out the strawberries and cream in her complexion. Her lips were slick with gloss, her dark eyes wide, staring at them with shy longing.

It brought both their erections roaring back to life.

Nick let his gaze travel over supple curves down to her bare feet. Bright pink polish adorned her toenails and a silver ring curled delicately around one of her middle toes. It was such a feminine look that it drew everything primitively male in him to the fore. He drew a deep breath and fought for control. All he wanted to do was push her inside and take her up against the nearest wall.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

Taste her for himself. Feel her cunt gripping *his* cock.

“Settle down,” he heard Brock murmur. “Grandma’s comin’.”

And then there the old lady was, clad in a light blue dress and holding her white handbag with both hands. Stockings and orthopedic shoes completed the outfit. “There you are, boys. I’m afraid I can’t stay,” she went on, motioning them inside. Once they were out of the doorway, she went out onto the porch and turned. “But my friend Mabel Hornby called. She’s not feeling well, so I’m going to go sit with her a while.”

Nick saw Jessica’s eyes widen. “But, Nana...” she sputtered.

Mrs. Norton raised one hand and fluttered it in a wave. “Oh, you’ll be fine with these boys. They know what you need. For the house, I mean.” One wrinkled lid dropped in a wink. “I’m sure I’ll be with Mabel for several hours.” She turned and walked down the stairs, holding onto the railing with one hand. As she set off down the walkway, then headed toward her neighbor’s house, Nick could hear her humming.

He raised one brow and looked at Brock.

His twin pushed the door closed with one foot. “Well, now. Ain’t this a nice turn of events?” He walked toward Jessica with slow, measured strides. She took a few steps back and then stopped, holding her ground.

Nick could see a pulse beating madly in her throat. But though she seemed a little nervous, she wasn’t afraid.

He moved forward and stood beside his twin. Unable to resist, he reached out and cupped the side of her head in his

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

palm, stroking his thumb over the silken skin of her cheek.

“Have you thought more about what I said?” Brock brought one hand up and skimmed it over her shoulder, then down her arm, linking their fingers together.

Her gaze darted from him to Nick. White teeth came down on her lower lip. Nick moved his hand and slid his thumb over her lip, freeing it from her teeth. He lightly touched his mouth to hers. When he drew back, she stared at him with deep yearning in her eyes.

“I’d say she’s thought about it.” Nick scrubbed his fingers gently against her scalp, smiling when her eyes fluttered closed and she leaned her head into his touch. “What decision have you come to, sweetheart?”

She licked across her lower lip. Her deep breath raised her breasts, drawing his gaze. Her nipples were hard little points against the cotton material of her dress. Tight peaks that begged for his mouth.

Or was it that his mouth begged for those tight peaks?

“I...I want you. Both of you.” Her gaze held his, a shy determination in their depths that made the blood rush straight to his cock.

“And have us you shall.” Brock kissed her, a soft, slow meeting of lips.

As soon as he moved back, Nick turned her face toward him and brought his open mouth down onto hers, sliding the tip of his tongue along her bottom lip before deepening the kiss.

She tasted like cinnamon. With an effort, he dragged his

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

mouth away. “God, you taste good.”

“Good enough to eat,” Brock agreed.

Nick could feel how rigid his twin’s body was. He felt the same—as though if he moved he might fly apart into the most base of molecules at any moment. “Let’s go up to your room, sweetheart.”

* * *

Jessica’s belly did a slow flip-flop at Nick’s words. His voice was dark and rough, and it fired her desire. Breath coming shallowly with excitement, she led the way up the stairs to her bedroom. It was really going to happen—she was really going to realize her fantasy of making love to both these men. She went into the room first and turned to face them.

Brock moved around behind her, and Nick gripped her hips, easing her backward as he came into the room. He closed the door with his foot and pushed her flush against his twin.

She went still, bemused by the gentle strength that emanated from the two men. Blanketed on both sides by their warmth, she felt wrapped in protectiveness.

As well as surrounded by a healthy dose of lust.

Heat rushed through her body, arousal curling through her as her pussy wept with her juices. She was about to make love with two men—with twins.

She’d never done anything so intensely carnal, though she’d always wanted to.

Last night, after Brock had left her, she’d fallen asleep and dreamed of these two bad boys. The images were still alive in

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

her head—Brock, his hard cock drilling into her pussy while Nick's filled her mouth. The dream had been highly erotic—two men, strong and dominant, focused on her pleasure.

Hungry for *her*.

Now the dream was going to come true, and she wasn't about to deny herself.

From behind her, Nick bent and pressed a kiss to her neck. Her head fell back against his shoulder. Brock dipped his head, his mouth covering hers, his tongue thrusting between her lips to stroke and duel with hers. The kiss was blistering in its intensity, sending shockwaves along her nerve endings.

Two sets of big, warm hands roamed her body, hitching her passion up another notch, sending sparks sizzling into the depths of her pussy. Sexual excitement surged through her bloodstream to spasm deep inside her womb.

"God, you're so soft. Smell so good," Nick whispered against her neck. "I knew you'd be like this." His hands smoothed over her hips, his lips trailed from the side of her neck to her shoulder.

Brock moved one broad palm to her breast. Jessica cried out, the sound swallowed by his kiss, and pressed into his hand. She raised her arms and looped them around his neck, her fingers twisting into his silky hair as he held her close against him. The evidence of his arousal was a long, hard wedge between them.

There was an equally fierce erection pressing against the small of her back.

Nick's hands stroked across her buttocks. She shuddered at

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

the touch. As his hands gripped the material of her dress and began easing it upward, more cream spilled from her pussy, slid along the lips of her sex, dampening her thong.

Brock ate at her mouth, teeth nipping, lips bruising, hot mouth swallowing her moans of pleasure. Her hands clenched in his hair.

When Nick's mouth brushed over the bare skin of her ass, she realized he was on his knees behind her. She shuddered, her hands fisting in Brock's hair. Anticipation fired her blood.

"God, you have the most luscious ass." Nick's voice was a rasp. His hands urged her legs apart, then he stroked between her thighs, going higher and higher, but not touching her swollen pussy.

Her legs trembled and she adjusted her stance. She wasn't going to ruin everything by falling over. But she wasn't sure how much longer her shaking legs would support her.

Brock tore his mouth from hers and buried his lips in the dip at the base of her throat. As Nick's fingers and mouth moved over the curves of her ass, Brock grasped her hands and pulled them from behind his neck. She started to protest, but once her arms were at her sides, he eased the tiny straps of her dress down her shoulders until the dress caught on the upper curves of her breasts. He tugged until the material rested beneath the bottom edge of her strapless bra.

Brock made a rough sound deep in his throat. Reaching around her, he unhooked the bra and slowly drew it away, letting it dangle from one big hand as he stared at her partial nudity.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

The sight of her no-frills white bra hanging in his fingers, dark against the material, made her breath hitch in her throat. She felt suspended in time, waiting, *feeling*.

He let the bra drop to the floor and took one nipple into the wet heat of his mouth. At the same time, Nick parted the cheeks of her ass and moved the narrow strap of her thong from between her buttocks. He started tracing designs on her skin with his tongue, coming closer and closer to the rosebud entrance of her ass.

“Oh, God!” Jessica arched in Brock’s arms, holding him to her breast. The suction of his mouth on her sensitive flesh and that devilish tongue on her ass had frantic need building in her pussy. She was burning alive and loving every minute of it.

Brock gripped her leg, just behind her knee, and lifted it, holding it against his hip as his twin moved between her legs. Nick lapped at her flesh, licking up the cream spilling from her cunt. His tongue thrust inside her sheath, fucking her in with fast, hard strokes.

One long finger joined in as he wet it in her juices, then began to breach the tight entrance to her ass. His finger pushed into her slowly. As her muscles adjusted, he added another finger. A small spark of pain mixed with the pleasure, pushing her closer to the edge.

“Does it feel good, darlin’?” Brock’s voice was a rasp against her breast. He held her securely, supporting her while Nick drove her crazy. “Do you like it?”

Dazed with pleasure, all Jessica could do was moan in response. *Good* was too small a word to describe how she felt. This was better than good.

It was more than she’d ever dared to dream it would be.

CHAPTER 8

Brock straightened and stared down at Jessica. Her lips were parted as she gasped for breath, her eyes closed while she pressed back against Nick's fingers. Cupping the side of her face, Brock lowered his head to cover her mouth with his. He caressed her warm, supple flesh, fingers gently tugging and twisting her distended nipples.

His heart thumped hard behind his ribs. Something long dead stirred within him. Tender—and not so tender—emotions roiled up, softening his cynical soul. He knew right then that he would cherish this woman until his final breath.

He deepened the kiss, moving his hand below her chin, fingers and thumb spanning her jaw, holding her steady so he

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

could ravish her mouth. His tongue glided over hers, tasting her sweetness, drinking down her moans of need.

He would never be able to get enough of her. And he knew Nick felt the same way.

Lifting his head, he saw his twin place a kiss against one smooth buttock. Nick reached into his pocket and pulled out a handkerchief, then withdrew his fingers from her anus and wiped them off. He slipped her thong down her legs, his big hand around first one dainty foot and then the other as he helped her step out of them. He stood, his heavy-lidded gaze meeting Brock's.

"You sure you want this?" Brock slid his hand around to the base of her skull and lightly massaged, then leaned over to pull her dress up and over her head. He let it drop to the floor and stared at her luscious body.

It was the stuff of heaven on earth—full curves and soft, silky skin made for a man's touch.

When Nick moved closer, she sighed and leaned her head against his shoulder. Her eyes opened, revealing the dazed passion in their depths. "I want this."

The two men sidestepped their way across the room, keeping Jessica sandwiched between them. Pausing beside the bed, Nick placed a kiss against the side of her throat. "Will you take Brock in your mouth while I fuck that sweet little pussy of yours, sweetheart?"

Brock saw the hard shudder that went through her at his twin's words. She was as turned on by this as they were.

She glanced at Nick, then over to Brock. "But, I thought,

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

since you were..." She broke off, a blush riding high on her cheeks. "What I mean is... Since you had your fingers...in my ass, I thought one of you would...take me there."

"We thought it'd be a bit presumptuous of us to bring along a bottle of lubricant." Brock's words came past a throat tight with lust. As much as he'd like to see Nick shuttling in and out of her mouth, there was nothing like having his twin plowing into a woman's back channel while he fucked her pussy. "And it would hurt you too much to try without it."

Properly done, it was nirvana for all three partners. And something they would eventually do with Jessica. But not now.

"I have some."

He looked down at Jessica's earnest face. "You have some what?"

"Lubricant." Her hands made an abortive move to cover her nudity but, after a moment, she dropped her hands back to her sides and lifted her chin. But the flush over her cheeks deepened. She glanced toward the bedside table, where he saw a small bottle of lube. "I bought some at the grocery store this morning. I would've bought some condoms, but I didn't know what kind..."

Her gaze skittered down over his body and settled on his groin. The tip of her tongue came out to wet her lips as she looked back up at his face.

He could see she still battled her innate shyness. Being nude while the two of them were completely clothed made her uncomfortable. Without breaking her gaze, he brought his

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

hands up and unbuttoned his shirt.

Nick took a step back and began to undress as well. “Anything that comes in extra large and ribbed for her pleasure would’ve worked,” he quipped from behind her.

She gave a light laugh and Brock saw her shoulders relax. Good ol’ Nick. He could always count on his twin to bring levity to a situation when it was needed. Sometimes when it wasn’t. But he was spot on right at this moment.

Nick stepped out of his briefs. He bent and snagged his wallet from his jeans, pulling out a square packet. Once he’d rolled the condom onto his erection, he pulled her flush against him. His hands cupped her breasts and he swept his thumbs over her nipples.

She gasped and leaned into him, her back supported by his chest. Her head fell onto his shoulder, though her gaze held steady on Brock.

Nick flicked her nipples, then lifted her into his arms and gently placed her on the bed. He lay beside her, his mouth sipping at hers, nibbling over her jaw and down her throat. Then he turned on his back and urged her to climb on top of him.

Jessica looked over her shoulder at Brock, her expression so full of longing and trepidation that his heart flip-flopped. He had seen in her such strength of will—one that often mirrored his own—and a loneliness that echoed in his soul. Now she was here, with them, trusting them.

God, he loved her.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

* * *

Jessica felt Brock's lips at her shoulder. His big hands reached around her to cup her full, swollen breasts. He gripped her nipples, pinching lightly, making her groan at the hot little flare of pain. She fought to breathe, blanketed by the heat and strength of her two men.

Brock moved away from her for a moment. She heard the tear of paper and looked over to see him sheath himself with a condom. Nick gave a hard tug of her nipples and she closed her eyes at the pleasure-pain. The snap of the cap to the lubricant being flipped open was loud in the stillness, then Brock's weight depressed the mattress again.

"Come here," Nick murmured. When she leaned down, he licked across one of her nipples and then pulled it between his lips. Excitement and delight shivered through her. His hands slid down her sides to her hips, then smoothed over her buttocks.

Brock placed a kiss at the small of her back. One finger, thickly lubricated, began to work its way through her tight anus. She gasped. Knowing he would soon be putting his much thicker cock there, an instinctive surge of fear made her stiffen for a moment.

"Relax, darlin'," he murmured. "I promise I won't do anything you don't want me to."

Jessica forced herself to relax and felt a slight pinch of discomfort that quickly turned to pleasure as the finger glided back out. He added another finger, spreading her, thrusting gently inside as she bucked, shoving back against him.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

Nick switched to her other nipple, teeth lightly scraping over the sensitive bud, ramping her arousal ever higher. Brock's fingers, exerting more pressure—making her wonder if he'd added yet another finger—worked slowly up her back entrance, sending fire flaring through her body.

"God, you're so beautiful," he praised, his voice a low rasp. "I can't wait to work my cock up this tight little hole." He thrust his hand again. "I think you're ready."

She felt him move into position, and Nick adjusted his hands on her buttocks, pulling the cheeks of her ass apart. At this unknown experience, she once again instinctively tensed.

"Relax for me, darlin'." Brock stroked one hand down her spine. "I promise, it's gonna be good."

With a deep breath, Jessica forced her muscles to ease. She felt the head of his cock begin to enter her. Slowly stretching her until she cried out at the shocking pain of the entrance. Pain and pleasure both, searing her, holding her immobile, helpless in her passion as he worked his cock inside her.

Nick held her flesh apart, but he murmured encouragement as his mouth caressed her neck, her shoulder. "Are you all right, sweetheart?" His lips sipped away a tear from the corner of her eye. "Brock, you need to ease up."

"No!" She didn't want it to stop. Never wanted it to stop.

"Jessie, you okay?" Strain colored Brock's voice, though she heard an underlying current of lust and tenderness intermixed. He halted his slow, gliding entrance, his thick cockhead resting just past the tight ring of muscles.

With a whimper, she shoved her hips back against him.

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

“You okay?” he asked again, his hand smoothing down her back once more.

She struggled to accustom herself to his large cock resting just inside her. And, God help her, there was a lot more to come.

“I’m okay,” she gasped, pushing back on his thick length. “God, Brock! More!”

He eased further inside her. One slow, steady stroke had Brock filling her ass completely. As he sank into her to his balls, his harsh groan echoed in the room. He paused, letting her get used to the invasion, then he pulled back and pushed forward again, setting an easy thrusting motion inside her ass.

“Oh, God. Yes,” she cried out, moving her hips against him, driving him deeper. Pain flared on each inward thrust, hot pleasure seared her with every withdrawal.

He drove into her again, and again. Then stilled. Jessica started to protest, but when Nick began pushing his hard cock into her vagina, she lost her breath. Brock’s shaft filled her ass, leaving little room in her snug pussy. But Nick didn’t let that stop him.

“God, you’re tight.” He groaned, sinking slowly into her heated depths. “So hot.”

Reality spiraled away. She was on her hands and knees, sandwiched between them, begging for more. Her gasping cries mingled with their lower moans as they set up a slow, rhythmic motion that drowned her in the ecstasy spearing her body. She jerked against them, taking them, urging them on without words until they powered into her, hard and fast and

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

deep.

Her body tightened, the pressure of climax boiling inside her until the piercing pleasure and burning, wicked pain was too much. She screamed out as her orgasm exploded, her body clamping down on them, her ass and her pussy milking their shafts. She heard their harsh groans, felt their hard cocks jerking inside her.

Her climax shuddered through her, over and over until she fell against Nick, boneless with exhaustion.

CHAPTER 9

Jessica lay still while Brock eased out of her body. He rose from the bed, and Nick gently turned her onto her side so he could rise as well. He stroked his fingers down her cheek, then leaned over and kissed her. “Be right back.”

Brock opened the door and peered out, head tilted to one side in an attitude of listening. Making sure Nana wasn’t around, she knew. When her grandmother got together with one of her friends, she could spend hours away from home.

Once he was sure Nana wasn’t going to see them leaving Jessica’s bedroom, Brock and then Nick left her room. She heard water running from the bathroom and the low murmur of their voices. She should get cleaned up, too, but she didn’t

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

have the energy to move.

Within a couple of minutes they returned. Nick had a washcloth in one hand. As Brock closed the door, Nick sat down beside her. “Turn on your back,” he murmured.

Once she’d done so, he ran the cool, wet cloth between her breasts, then under, and down her belly until he reached her pussy. Though she felt some embarrassment at having him perform such an intimate ministration, her innate shyness wasn’t strong enough to make her stop him. And when he told her to turn onto her stomach, she did so without hesitation.

The coolness felt wonderful against her sore bottom. He let it rest against her anus a moment or two, then took it away, draping it over the edge of the trashcan beside her bed.

She turned to her back and stared at the two of them—Nick sitting beside her on the bed, a tender expression on his face, and Brock standing behind him, satisfaction stamped on his face and blazing from his eyes. His gaze traveled the length of her body, and she resisted the urge to squirm. From his heated expression she could tell he liked what he saw.

Nick leaned down and covered her mouth with his. His tongue swept between her lips, surging with hot lust. As sated as she was, she felt her body quicken with renewed arousal. Just as Brock came down onto the bed beside her, the door to the bedroom slammed open and a strong breeze swept into the room.

Jessica gasped and shoved at Nick. He rolled off her and to his feet in one smooth move, facing the door with a startled, “What the...”

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

“It’s Papaw!” Jessica grabbed her bra and struggled into it, then shoved her feet into the opening of her thong panties, cursing when the thong got caught between her toes. She lifted her foot and repositioned it, and finally dragged the panties up over her hips. “You need to go. I don’t think he wants you here.”

Brock snorted. “Not that I believe it, but if he were here, you think he’d wait until we were finished to let us know he wasn’t happy?”

He had a point. But as the wind picked up, fluttering the curtains by the window and blowing her hair back, she panicked. “Would you two get dressed and get out of here?” She bent and picked up a pair of jeans and tossed them to Brock, then did the same to Nick.

“These aren’t mine.” Nick stood there, one hand on his hip, the other holding the denim in front of him. “Besides, where’s my underwear?”

“Aargh! Forget about your underwear.” Jessica snatched them out of his hand and stomped over to Brock. She took the jeans he held and gave him the pair in her hand, and tossed the other pair to Nick. “There. Now get dressed.”

A small figurine on the dresser toppled over, landing on the rug with a soft thud, but not breaking. It was a ballerina her grandfather had given her for her sixteenth birthday. Just another sign that the presence in the room was him. “Would you please get dressed!”

Dark eyebrows rose over identical pairs of eyes, but they obediently pulled their jeans on. She grabbed up their shirts

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

and threw them toward the two men. Nick snatched his out of the air before it smacked him in the face. He started with another, "This isn't mi—"

"I. Don't. Care." She started toward the door. "Just put it on and get your shoes."

The door creaked, then slammed shut. She hurried over and grabbed the knob, twisting it and trying to yank the door open, but it wouldn't budge.

"Seems like your granddaddy *does* want us here after all, darlin'." Brock came up behind her and gently pried her fingers away from the knob. "Easy, Jessie."

"Don't talk to me like I'm some sort of fractious filly."

"Then stop acting like one." Brock wrapped his arms around her and gave her a light hug. "Why are you so fired up? It was just the wind."

"It was *not* just the wind. It was Papaw." Seeing both men's skeptical looks, she eased out of Brock's arms. "Fine. Then *you* try to open the door."

First Brock and then Nick tried, with no success.

Finally Nick stepped back and rubbed the back of his neck. Looking at Jessica, he said, "Well, it is an old house. I'm sure doors around here stick all the time."

"Sure they do, when the humidity's up. But not when it's dry, like now." Jessica went to her dresser and pulled out a pair of jeans. She pulled them on and fastened the top tab. When she sucked in her gut and pushed her bottom out a little to pull up the zipper, she heard low moans come from both men. She looked at them with a frown. Twin erections grew

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

beneath their denims. “Can’t you two think of anything besides sex?”

“Nope.” Nick grinned. “Especially around you, sweetheart.”

“You got that right.” Brock’s voice was a deep rasp. “And now that it looks like we have your granddaddy’s approval...”

She swung around to fully face them. Identical grins flashed white in their tanned faces. “It’s not funny,” she muttered. Irritation—irrational but undeniable—flared inside her. “He’s never done that before. Something’s not right.”

Brock’s face sobered, as did Nick’s, though the twinkle remained in Nick’s eyes.

“Calm down, darlin’,” Brock said and walked over to her. He curved one hand around her nape and stroked his fingers against her skin. “Why are you so upset?” His eyes narrowed. “Are you regretting what just happened?”

Jessica blinked at him. Why would he think... She frowned. She *had* pretty much tossed their clothes at them and told them to leave. And if they didn’t believe her grandfather’s ghost was real—which it appeared they didn’t, and it also appeared Papaw had simmered down—then she could understand why he would think she regretted their lovemaking.

“No,” she said softly, cupping her hand around his where it rested against the back of her neck. She looked from him to Nick, wanting both of them to understand how much it had meant to her. “I don’t regret a second of it. Even if it won’t last.”

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

* * *

Nick's gut churned. He felt the same alarm flare in Brock. What the hell did she mean, *even if it won't last*? "Why wouldn't it last?" Nick asked, keeping his voice quiet with an effort.

Her dark eyes rounded and she looked from him to Brock, and back again. "You can't mean..." She tilted her head to one side. "How can all three of us be together? What would people say?"

"Who gives a fuck?" His hand still cupped at the base of her skull, Brock gave her a little shake. "This is between you, me, and Nick. No one else."

Nick shook his head. Just like his twin, full speed ahead and damn the torpedoes. And the consequences. Before Nick could jump in, Jessica jerked away from Brock, frowning.

"I can't do something that will embarrass or shame my grandmother. Having a...a fling is one thing, but making it long-term?" She wrapped her arms around her waist. "I don't think I can do that." Her dark eyes searched their faces. "As much as I want to."

"Brock and I have always known we couldn't have a conventional relationship with a wife," Nick murmured. He went over to her and pulled her into a loose embrace. She sighed and leaned against him, resting her cheek against his shoulder. He linked his fingers at the small of her back. "We feel each other's emotions too keenly. Feel the physical sensations the other one does." He pressed a kiss against the top of her head and drew in a breath, holding her fresh, floral

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

scent in his lungs. “We always figured whoever we fell in love with would marry one of us for the sake of appearance, but we’d have a true *ménage à trois* relationship behind closed doors.”

“But that’s not fair to whoever doesn’t get married.” Jessica lifted her head and stared at him. “You wouldn’t be able to show affection in public, would have to stay in the background all the time...”

“Which is fine by me.” Brock stepped up behind her. Bending his head, he pressed a kiss against the side of her throat. “No one would be surprised that I don’t get married—I’m too much of a lone wolf. Besides, *I’d* know what was going on in the bedroom. That’s enough. I also know that I love you, and I want to be with you.” He tilted her head toward him and claimed her mouth with his. He lifted his mouth from hers. “One thing I need to know.” He stared down at her. Nick could feel his twin’s escalating tension. “Does my history bother you?”

She frowned. “Your history?” Comprehension lit her eyes, and she touched the tip of her finger to Brock’s scar. “You were a kid, Brock. How could I hold that against you?”

Brock’s smile was quick and filled with relief. He hauled her close again and slanted his mouth over hers. When he let go of her, Nick nudged her face around and kissed her. After long moments, he lifted his head to say in ragged tones, “I love you, too. That means we’re getting married.” He wasn’t asking, because she was just contrary enough to say no.

Her eyes glistened with tears. “Oh, my God. I never

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

thought you two would..." She glanced back and forth between them. With a sigh she raised her hands and placed her soft palms against their faces. "I love you both. But I just don't know..." She seemed about to say more, but just then the doorknob rattled and the door swung open.

Nick frowned and walked to the door, and peered out into the hallway. It was empty. "Mrs. Norton?"

"That wasn't Nana," Jessica said from behind him. She slipped around him and started down the hall toward the stairs.

He and Brock followed her.

"I know you don't believe me, but *that* was Papaw." She stopped at the end of the hallway and picked up the telephone that rested on a small table beneath the window. She gave them a glance that held a mixture of resignation at their skepticism and a small measure of hurt that they didn't accept what she said. "Something's going on and he wants me to know."

"It's not that we don't believe you," Nick began, but Brock cut him off.

"We don't believe in the paranormal, darlin'. Nothing against you."

She snorted and used the old-time dialer on the rotary phone. "Well, whether you believe it or not doesn't change the fact that it's real." When Brock started to respond, she held up one hand and spoke into the mouthpiece. "Mrs. Hornby? It's Jessie Norton. Is my grandmother there?"

Nick was watching Jessica very closely and saw her stop breathing. Her face paled and she reached out one hand. He

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

clasped it while at the same time Brock put an arm around her waist.

“N-no, that’s all right. Thank you.” Jessica dropped the phone into the cradle and dazed and fearful eyes. “Nana had some sort of episode at Mrs. Hornby’s. The ambulance just left.”

Without a word, Brock moved away, back toward the bedroom. “Let’s get our shoes and go.”

Nick held Jessica’s hand as they went into the room. She looked so white, so scared, it damn near broke his heart.

And he was powerless to do anything about it.

CHAPTER 10

Ten hours later, Jessica sat beside her grandmother's hospital bed and held the older woman's frail hand. Nana was resting from what the doctor had called a mild myocardial infarction. She'd been given drugs to dilate the blood vessels and the doctor had talked about surgery, but had said he'd know more in the morning. In the meantime, Jessica wasn't about to budge, even though visiting hours were long over.

With the two Phillips boys at her back, being alternately charming and intimidating, the hospital staff had backed down and let them all stay.

Brock rested in the empty bed beside Nana while Nick was slouched in the other chair, long legs stretched out in front of

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

him, fingers clasped over his lean stomach. Every once in a while she'd feel someone watching her, and she'd look up from Nana to find one—sometimes both—of the men had their eyes open, staring at her with concern.

Several times over the past heart-wrenching hours they had held her, fetched coffee she didn't want and magazines she couldn't read, trying their best to offer comfort. It was an indescribable feeling, to know these two incredible men cared about her.

Now, she watched both of them doze and felt her heart swell with love. Life was too short—she held the frail evidence in her hand. She couldn't walk away from Brock and Nick. And looking back on it, she thought that was what Papaw had been trying to tell her. She believed he'd initially kicked up a fuss because he knew something was happening to Nana, but when Jessica had panicked and tried to get rid of her two lovers, Papaw had locked them in the room, giving them time to talk and get their feelings out in the open.

But what would Nana think of her granddaughter having what amounted to a married relationship with two men? Jessica knew the older woman was very progressive—even radical—in her viewpoints, but was she progressive enough?

The blue-veined hand moved under her fingers, and Jessica glanced down to see Nana looking at her. Though her grandmother looked tired, she seemed alert as she asked quietly, "What're you still doing here, honey? You should be home getting some sleep."

"I couldn't leave you." Jessica gave a light squeeze to

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

Nana's hand. "I had to make sure you were all right."

Nana smiled and looked at the dozing men. "It was nice of the boys to come with you."

"Hmm." Jessica studied her grandmother and decided that now wasn't the time to bring up the unconventional relationship she wanted to pursue with the twins. "They were still at the house when Papaw blew through, trying to tell me something was wrong."

The older woman gave a soft laugh. "What did they think of that?"

"They didn't believe it was him." Jessica shrugged. "But that doesn't matter. What's important is that you get better."

Nana nodded. She closed her eyes and murmured, "You know, the boys' grandmother used to tell me about the kind of bond those two share. It would make being married very difficult, I imagine. Unless..." Her lids swept up. Eyes twinkling, she said, "I suppose they could share the same wife. Know anyone up for the job?"

Jessica's heart lodged in her throat. "You...wouldn't mind?"

"Well, it would cause tongues to wag, wouldn't it? But what you do with your life is nobody's business but yours." Nana frowned. "Though I suppose you can't actually marry *both* of them. Which begs the question—which one would you choose, and would the other one be hurt?"

"No, ma'am." Brock's voice was raspy with sleep. "We've already discussed it, and Nick and Jessie would get married. But I'd be a partner with her in every sense of the word, just

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

the same.”

“Well, then, there you are.” She brought up the hand with the IV in it and covered a yawn. “Oh, I’m so tired.”

“You go back to sleep.” Jessica stroked her grandmother’s hand. “You need your rest.”

“So do you, dear.” Nana eyelids drooped, but she kept them open. “You take the boys home and get some sleep. I’ll still be here tomorrow.” She gave up the battle and closed her eyes. “Besides, you need to let your grandfather know I won’t be joining him just yet. Not now that there might be a chance for a great-grandchild in the near future.”

* * *

Jessica walked into the house and dropped her keys in the small bowl on the antique washstand in the downstairs hallway. It was after two A.M. and she was exhausted. The guys didn’t look much more alert than she felt, though Brock did murmur, “We’re gonna have to talk about where you keep your keys.” He closed the front door and locked it, then walked down the hallway with heavy treads.

She stuck her tongue out at him and started dragging herself up the stairs. Both men followed her. When she reached her bedroom door, she looked over her shoulder to see them pulling the hems of their T-shirts from the waistbands of their jeans. With a frown, she muttered, “I’m too tired.”

Brock shook his head with a sigh and shouldered past her into her room, peeling off his T-shirt as he went. “I am, too, darlin’. But I’m not sleeping in my clothes.”

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

She trailed in after him, acutely aware of Nick following close behind. "There's not enough room in my bed for all three of us." At the sight of Brock tabbing down the zipper of his jeans, she stopped so abruptly that Nick bumped into her.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he murmured. "Your brake lights aren't working."

"I only have a queen," she pointed out. "We can't all fit."

"Sure we can." Brock kicked off his jeans and hooked his fingers in his boxer briefs. Her gaze riveted to his bulge, she watched in fascination as he peeled the soft cotton over his partial erection and shoved the briefs down his muscled legs.

His cock stiffened, rising to point toward her.

"I'm tired," she muttered again, with no real heat. Truthfully, if either of them really wanted sex, she knew she could muster up enough energy to participate.

"So am I." Brock motioned toward his erection. "This guy, though, has a mind of his own." He moved toward her and cupped her chin in one big hand. "But we can both wait 'til we've gotten some rest."

"Us, too." Nick cupped her nape. "You're not gonna sleep in your clothes, are you?"

In a few short moments, they had her undressed and in bed on her back. They lay on either side of her, each with one brawny thigh covering the nearest of her legs, and arms over her waist.

They blanketed her with warmth, making it hard to be alert enough to talk. But they needed to have a conversation.

"We need to talk."

IT TAKES A THIEF OR TWO

“Later.” Nick pressed a kiss to her shoulder. “We love you, and you love us. The rest will get sorted out. For now, you get some sleep.”

“But—”

“No buts.” Brock’s deep voice rumbled in her ear. “You and me and Nick will be a family. If we have kids, it won’t matter who donated the sperm, because we’ll both be the father.” His mouth pressed against the side of her throat. “You and Nick will get married to present an acceptable façade, but in my heart you’ll be my wife, too.”

“You could at least ask,” she grumbled. She’d never had a man ask her to marry him before, and it looked like she never would.

“Uh-uh.” Nick moved his hand up and cupped one of her breasts. “If we ask you might say no. So it’s a done deal.”

She couldn’t say no. She wanted both of them. She loved both of them. And she’d have them.

All because Nana had wanted extra security put in the old house. While the Phillips twins had made her house safe, they’d stolen her heart. Sometimes it took a thief.

Or two.

SHERRILL QUINN

Sherrill Quinn spent twenty years building her career in Human Resources, reaching the pinnacle as Vice President only to realize her life needed to go in another direction. After taking a “how to write erotic romance” course online in February 2005, she discovered her true calling and hasn’t looked back.

You can read about her current and upcoming books at her website, <http://sherrillquinn.com>. She’d love to hear from her readers at sherrill@sherrillquinn.com.

* * *

***Don’t miss The Claiming, by Sherrill Quinn,
available at AmberHeat.com!***

As an Intergalactic Marshal, Kassinda Marjani is all about the job. When her brother is imprisoned on trumped-up charges and she’s blackmailed into capturing Rhys Valorian...well, she’s determined to bring in the exiled vampire prince—her former lover—to save her brother’s life.

But things don’t always go according to plan...

When Kassinda and Rhys crash land on a barbaric planet where men cherish their women and see to their pleasure whenever—and wherever—necessary, Kass realizes she might have to move onto Plan B. If only she had a Plan B.

Good thing she has Rhys...

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

HOME OF AMBER HEAT!

QUALITY EROTIC FICTION
IN BOTH PRINT AND ELECTRONIC FORMATS

ACTION/ADVENTURE

SUSPENSE/THRILLER

SCIENCE FICTION

PARANORMAL

ALTERNATIVE

MYSTERY

ROMANCE

HORROR

DARK FANTASY

FANTASY

CONTEMPORARY

HISTORICAL

AND MORE...

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE
<http://www.AmberHeat.com>
GIMME FEVER!