

A photograph of two shirtless men with dark hair and light skin, wearing white briefs. One man is lying on his side in the foreground, propped up on one elbow, looking directly at the camera. The other man is standing behind him, also looking at the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Caitlyn
Willows

The Boys
Are Back

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...Noel quickly realized Melanie was playing this to the hilt. But if that's what it took for them to move forward, so be it. Aaron didn't look too thrilled that she'd called his bluff. His brother should have known better than to screw with a pissed-off woman. Noel had already put his foot in his mouth too many times tonight. He deserved the ass-whoopin' and would take it like a man. He hoped she made it hurt, because right now the prospect of having her lay a belt over his bare bottom turned him on something crazy.

He kept his gaze from Aaron as they stripped to nothing. Melanie paced around them, lightly slapping the leather belts into her palm while she waited. God, she was hot. He wanted to bend her over and fuck that tight, wet cunt of hers until she screamed out her orgasm.

"Good," she said when the last stitch of clothing was gone.

They stood there, staring at the wall, while she continued her pacing.

"Impressive erections, boys."

She looped the belts around their dicks and stroked. A groan tore out of Noel's throat. It matched Aaron's.

"And all moist at the tips, too." She stroked again and a shudder rippled through Noel. "I'd bet you'd both love to have me lick it off...wouldn't you?"

God, yes. Neither answered.

"I asked you a question."

Without warning the belts cracked. Fire raced over Noel's ass, licking at his balls, swelling them, along with his cock...

ALSO BY CAITLYN WILLOWS

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THE BOYS ARE BACK

BY

CAITLYN WILLOWS

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THE BOYS ARE BACK
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

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CHAPTER 1

Melanie Jordan darted from customer to customer, refilling coffee cups, water glasses, offering dessert, taking orders for to-go—anything to keep her mind off the impending doom hurtling her way. By the grace of the construction gods, she'd gotten a two-week reprieve. Her stay of "execution" was over. *They'd* be back tonight.

Even while Melanie dreaded what was about to happen, her heartbeat raced in anticipation of seeing Aaron and Noel Myers again. She deserved her fate, no doubt about it. Making excuses to them wasn't going to wash any more than the coffee and tomato sauce staining her white blouse. She might have gotten away with the excuse that she hadn't been able to

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tell one good-looking twin from the other. It was the truth...

Until she'd shoved her tongue down Noel's throat.

There'd been a half-breath when she'd started to pull away and tell him she'd thought he was Aaron. But then he'd kissed her back, and every single ounce of common sense she'd ever had—which her mother would probably tell her was zero in this case—had flown to the four winds. Still, she could have passed it off as a mistake...if she hadn't kept sleeping with both brothers.

Why? Why? Why?

She swiped the scarred green Formica counter as the word beat at her head. No one would believe her answer. She loved them both, needed them both, choosing one over the other was impossible...then.

And now?

She was going to lose them both, as lovers and as friends.

That moment of discovery had run a nightmare track perpetually in her head since that pivotal point when Noel had walked in on her and Aaron. Aaron's massive cock—a perfect match to his brother's—was down her throat. His balls were cradled in her palm, her finger up his ass. Then Noel opened the door, her front door, the door she'd forgotten to lock.

Melanie had nearly choked. Eyes flooded with tears, she'd darted to her bedroom, slammed the door on the inevitable confrontation, and refused them entry.

"We'll talk about this when we get back," Aaron had said.

Then she'd listened as their footsteps faded, the front door opened, and their respective trucks drove away. She'd cried

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herself sick that night and every night since.

Melanie wanted to blame the brothers. She'd known them forever and there'd never been any secrets between the two of them. They shared everything. She wanted it to be Aaron's fault for not telling Noel they'd been sleeping together. Then she'd wanted to blame Noel for daring to kiss her back when he knew she'd been seeing Aaron. But it was her. She was the one at fault. She was the one who continued pulling them alternately into her bed, sometimes one after the other. She was the one who'd come between the brothers. And, as close as Aaron and Noel were, there was no doubt in her mind who was going to be left out in the cold.

That knowledge had gone to bed with her in their absence. They'd left for a quick construction job their father had snagged for the company in Arizona. With a family of eight kids—four sets of twins—Mr. Myers had no problem spreading the company's assets to bring in more money for them all. It was hell having to face the rest of the Myers family when they'd come in the restaurant. If they knew what she'd done, none of them let on. They all treated her the same—like family.

Melanie choked up at the thought and raced to the coffeemaker to start a pot of decaf. She stabbed an order ticket on the carousel for the cook, carved out a slice of apple pie for Mr. McCluskey, then topped it off with two scoops of vanilla ice cream. Her shift was almost over. Then what? Pace through her house. Would it be tonight, or tomorrow? Or maybe they'd simply decided to never speak to her again.

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Would people notice the rift? Would she, Aaron, and Noel ever be able to look beyond this?

She couldn't. Shame overwhelmed her as much as the passion had—and the passion for the men had been all-consuming. Melanie couldn't count the number of times she'd fantasized about the three of them together. Strong, callused hands roaming her body, tweaking her nipples, probing her pussy. Soft lips brushing her skin, then licking and sucking.

And those cocks!

Need quivered through Melanie at the thought of having them both at the same time—one powerful man beneath her, another powerful man on top, both thrusting her into oblivion. She'd lain in her lonely bed every night for the last two weeks, dildos in her cunt and ass, vibrator wiggling her clit to one orgasm after the other while she imagined what it would be like. It was the closest she'd ever come to finding out. And, after what she'd done, she might as well name the dildos and vibrator. They were going to be the only boyfriends she'd have for a long time now.

“Boy, you're like a little whirlwind tonight.”

Melanie glanced at Sandy Thomas. The six-foot blonde towered over Melanie. She looked more like a Nordic warrior goddess than a waitress, and Melanie always felt like an elf next to her.

“How much caffeine or sugar have you had tonight?” Sandy asked as she tied her green apron around her waist.

“Not nearly enough.” Melanie wished she could confide in Sandy. But she'd already lectured herself plenty and didn't

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need a double-shot of guilt from someone else.

“Well, the customers are going to be sadly disappointed now that I’m coming on shift,” Sandy said. “I’m not spy enough to pinball around like you. Lumber their way, yes.”

Lumber? Glide like a supermodel was more like it. Sandy could smile down at the most disgruntled of customers and instantly mute them with her charm and good looks.

“I can stay if you like.” Anything to help keep her mind occupied. She grabbed the decaf and regular coffee carafes and darted to the counter customers to refill mugs.

“Nope, Rose and I can handle it. Hey, look...the boys are back.”

Melanie jerked her head up. Want slammed into her. Every part of her froze, except the wetness that pooled in her crotch, soaked her panties, and was moving on to her black pants. God, they were handsome. Six feet of sweetly perfected muscle. Eyes the color of Godiva chocolate. Dark brown hair soft and thick. Bodies that fit hers like they’d been molded together, then split apart. She bit her lower lip. Split apart...like those big dicks did every time they fucked her.

They smiled as they walked into the restaurant, with waves and handshakes quickly to those they’d passed. People they’d all grown up with. The boys didn’t pause beyond that. They clearly had one goal—reaching her.

Two pair of brown eyes locked on Melanie, heart-pounding with the intensity back-lighting them. They wore white T-shirts and blue jeans that couldn’t hide well-muscled thighs...or the erections swelling their zippers. Each cock

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pointed to the worn leather belts around their waists. More want wiggled through her. How many times had she been over their laps, her bottom warmed by those belts while long, thick fingers brought her to orgasm over and over again.

Melanie dropped her gaze to their scuffed boots. She felt like a frightened mouse trapped by two tomcats. She felt like a princess on the verge of being ravished by two studly knights. Part of her wanted to run into their arms and wrap herself around them. Another part wanted to dash out the back door and head for the hills.

They slid onto the red-leather stools at the counter, bulging forearms braced in unison on the top. Their every moment was always so well synchronized when they were together. When they were apart, their actions still mirrored that of their twin. Melanie knew that all too well—each touch from them was different, yet the same. There simply was no separating them.

She studied their long, thick fingers, remembering how heavenly they felt against her skin, inside her body, rubbing over her clit.

“Coffee, boys?” Sandy slid white mugs before them without waiting for a response.

“That’d be great,” Aaron replied.

Sandy nudged Melanie’s arm. “You gonna pour or stand there?”

Melanie forced herself to move. The pot shook in her hand. The lip rattled against the mug as she tried to pour. Coffee sloshed to the counter...and still Aaron and Noel didn’t budge.

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“Oh, for pity’s sake, go home.” Sandy slipped the carafe from her fingers and filled the mugs. “Your shift’s over anyway. Looks like your zipping around finally caught up with you.”

Home. Yes. Good excuse. Melanie took a step back, ready to mumble a good-bye, and dart away.

Two vise-like hands grabbed her forearms and held her in place.

“Then it looks like we’re just in time to give you a ride home.” Noel’s mouth lifted in a half-smile that matched Aaron’s.

She knew, without a doubt, saying no wasn’t an option. “I’ll get my purse.”

“Sandy will get your purse,” Aaron said.

And damned if she didn’t. Melanie almost accused her of being in cahoots with them, but one conflict a night was her limit...and she didn’t want to have this one.

Hands shaking, she untied her apron and shoved it under the counter with the other dirty linen. She hoisted the strap of her large black purse over her shoulder, pulled in a shaky breath, and walked around to the front. The men cupped her elbows and led her to the door. It was the equivalent of being thrown over one of their broad shoulders and toted out.

Melanie’s face felt hot. She knew her cheeks had to be flaming red. She didn’t dare make eye contact with anyone as they left. Smirks or speculative stares were the last thing she needed tonight.

Noel swung open the front door. The little bell dinging

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there tolled her fate. Yet there was no mistaking the large hand that cupped her ass as she stepped outside. Anyone looking would have seen. The trouble was... Melanie didn't have a clue whose hand it was. Her pussy didn't mind not having this knowledge. It continued to pour juices into her crotch, swelling her clit until it rode the pants seam.

They walked her to the farthest end of the parking lot, the darkest end, where no one ever parked. That didn't bode well for Melanie. She wished they would just get it over with, tell her she was a two-timing bitch, and walk away. Why bother with formalities or confrontations in a dark parking lot? She figured at least she'd be spared public humiliation. No one would see her cry way over here. Maybe that meant Aaron and Noel still cared for her on some level.

Aaron's Dodge Ram pickup loomed ahead. The gray truck had four doors and seating for five. She'd slip into the back and...

"Uh-uh." Aaron steered her away from her goal before her fingers could touch the handle. "You're driving."

He turned her hand palm up and dropped the keys into it. Melanie stared at them. They were taking her home? That was better, she supposed...they could rage at her and then leave her to mourn her stupidity.

"Move." Noel gave her butt a smack that startled a yelp out of her...and set a rush of wetness gushing.

Aaron used his spare key to unlock the doors. "Or we can do this here," he added. "I can promise you neither of us has any problem baring your bottom in public and giving you

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what you need.”

Melanie clenched her lips and thighs tight, trying in vain to quell the ache in her pussy. If she moved now, she'd be coming all over the place. All it would take was the slightest brush against her clit.

“All right,” Noel said, “have it your way.”

Without warning, she was facedown on the back seat, legs dangling outside. Hot hands loosened her pants and peeled them down. Other hands grabbed the waistband of her panties and tugged up until they were wedged in her crack, her slit...the perfect sling for her throbbing clit. Orgasm rolled over her. She gasped from the suddenness of it. The impact left her limp.

Two hand spanks shot her back to life and tore a soft groan from her. “Oh...please don't spank me here,” she pleaded. “I know I deserve it, but please not here.” If they did, she'd never be able to keep the moans away as she came again and again and shamefully begged for more.

“Then...” Smack from Aaron.

“You...” Smack from Noel.

“Get...” Smack.

“Behind...” Smack.

“That...” Smack.

“Wheel...” Smack.

Another orgasm melted her into the back seat. Her ass burned more pressure into her clit, wanting more...wanting their cocks right here, right now.

“Do we have to take off our belts?” Aaron's voice was low

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against her ear.

One of them hooked a finger around her panties and tugged them high again. Melanie's moan came out as a long whimper.

"What do you want, Melanie?" Noel asked, as a hand caressed her hot bottom.

"What do you need?" Aaron nuzzled into her neck.

"Oh...God..." She lifted her head and ass.

"What?" they asked softly.

"Fuck me," she whimpered. "Please...just fuck me. I've missed you both so much. Both of you fuck me." It was the truth. The honest to God truth.

"Here?" Aaron bit her shoulder.

"Now?" Noel bit her butt cheek.

"Yes," she gasped out. "Yes. Here. Now. Spank me. Punish me. Just please fuck me. Now...now..."

"Who first?" Noel thrust his hard-on into one hip.

"Pick... Who first?" Aaron rubbed into the other hip. "Pick now."

"I can't." Tears flooded her eyes. "I can't," she cried. "I can't. I love you both. I can't pick." She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Strong arms righted her clothes and lifted her upright. Then both men wrapped her in their embrace, tight between them.

"You won't have to," Aaron said.

And that broke her heart all the more. She'd done this. She'd ripped them all apart.

CHAPTER 2

In retrospect, perhaps they hadn't planned this as well as they'd thought. Aaron drove to Melanie's house, her sobs accompanying them all the way. He tried not to glance in the rearview mirror and watch Noel try to console her. Each time he did, it tore him up inside.

This wasn't how it was supposed to have gone. *Well, not exactly.* But being honest with her from the beginning wouldn't have gotten them anywhere either.

Aaron couldn't remember a day where Melanie hadn't been a part of their lives. They'd all grown up together. But he sure as hell remembered the day six months ago when he looked up and realized she was the one. And the very best part

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was Noel had done so at that same moment.

She'd served them coffee at her family's restaurant, coming up to the table smelling of apple pie and glowing like sunshine. His brain had shut down and his cock had perked up. The second she'd walked away with their order on her little pad, he and Noel had looked at each other.

It really wasn't a surprise. They'd been in each other's heads since the day they were born. No secrets for them. They shared everything. *Everything*. Why would this be any different? They wanted her, they wanted her now, they wanted her forever. Convincing Melanie to share that type of life was a little trickier. And so The Grand Plan was devised.

They'd rock-paper-scissored to decide who would make the first move. Aaron won the right. They'd been tag-teaming her ever since, making no secret of which brother was fucking her. Okay...maybe that first time Noel hadn't been upfront with who he was. But then she'd said his name; clearly, she knew the difference. And she'd never mistakenly called either of them by the wrong name. Add to that the fact she never said a word to them about what she was doing... Well, they'd had no choice but to conclude she wanted to continue the relationship with them.

They'd thought the time was right. He and Noel were getting ready to leave for a two-week construction job. They didn't want to leave with things unsaid. Up until tonight, Aaron would have said it wound up being a big mistake not dealing with it right then, one of a couple they'd made that night. The devastation on Melanie's face when Noel had

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walked in on her and Aaron was pretty bad. It also didn't help that she'd subsequently locked herself in her room and refused to talk to them. Feeling cocky, they'd figured they'd let her stew for two weeks, miss them really badly, and be ready for anything they wanted to propose.

But this... They'd really made a botch of things.

Aaron raked his fingers through his hair. He never realized the true turmoil they'd put her through until now. He and Noel had hoped she loved them as much as they loved her. But to see her gut-wrenching agony made him feel like shit. They'd be lucky if she ever spoke to them again after she found out the full depth of their duplicity. She was going to kill them. Scary to think that a five-foot-two woman could do that kind of damage, but she held their hearts in her hand and could easily crush them. Which was probably what she'd do to their testicles, too.

Aaron caught his brother's gaze in the mirror. Noel looked as scared as Aaron felt. They'd royally screwed this up. If only she would stop those heart-rending sobs.

* * *

Noel's T-shirt was soaked with Melanie's tears. He'd never felt so helpless in his life. He and Aaron had sure been knocked from their high horses. How could they have been so...cocky? They'd left two weeks ago believing, hoping, Melanie would fly back into their arms, ready for anything when they got back. Instead...look what they'd put her through.

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He wanted to cry, too. Wanted to fall on his knees and beg her forgiveness. Oh, she was going to kill them when she found out. That little spanking they'd given her would pale in comparison with what she'd do to their asses.

They'd thought they were being cute, clever. Both of them knew a little spanking turned her on like crazy. She'd come tonight, too...hard. It had taken superhuman strength not to fuck her. As things stood, maybe they should have. They'd be lucky if she ever let them within spitting distance of her again after this.

Noel couldn't bear the thought of never being able to see her again. Never hold her again. His heart broke at the idea that all of his and Aaron's carefully laid—and apparently wayward—plans had gone awry. He loved Melanie's bright smile, her contagious laugh. The way her lips felt when he kissed her. The feel of being nestled in her arms, warm, safe, and contented. They'd hoped the three of them would continue life as a trio.

"Please don't cry, baby." He rocked her, rubbed circles on her back, and was otherwise at a loss about what to do. "You know how we hate to see you cry."

Finally, they arrived at her house. Aaron cut the engine and jumped out as Noel was opening the back door. He relinquished their love into Aaron's arms, snagged their duffel bags and Melanie's purse, then darted ahead to get the door unlocked. Her keys were always in the side pocket of her purse. He thanked the gods she was organized. Maybe those same gods would take pity on twins who meant well, but

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obviously didn't have a clue.

Aaron flicked on the living room lights with his elbow, then hurried Melanie to the sofa. Noel loved her place. It was always neat, but not obsessively so. They'd teased her over the different shades of brown and blue, yet the colors were perfect for hiding daily wear and tear. Not too girly, not too masculine, and pure comfort all the way.

He didn't realize until that moment that he and Aaron had their own recliners in the room. Melanie always stretched out on the sofa when they were over. They'd spent a lot of time here, eating, watching TV, but never taking that critical step they so desperately wanted. And now...

* * *

"No, no, no." Aaron sat her on the sofa and knelt before her. This was killing him. His heart raced. Panic threatened to make him more stupid than he already was. "Please stop crying."

Noel snagged the box of Kleenex from the end table and knelt on the other side of her.

"I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry." She plucked a wad of tissue from the box and smeared it over her cheeks. "I've hurt the two people I care most for in the world. The ones I love. It's my fault. It's all my fault. I have no excuse. Please don't let this come between you. I just...I just..."

"Stop." They said it at the same time, each curling their fingers over her knees. *To keep her in place when she learns the truth?* It wouldn't hurt, Aaron told himself.

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"It's not your fault," he said. "We planned this."

"We wanted this to happen," Noel quickly added.

Melanie stared at them with those big brown eyes. The long lashes were spiked with her tears. "Wh...what?"

Noel patted her thigh. "Okay...don't be mad."

Great way to start.

The double hell of it was, Noel didn't continue. She just stared at them.

"We love you." Aaron dared to brush away the tear track from her cheek. He was lucky he didn't draw back a bloody stub for a hand. "We want to be with you, live with you, the three of us as a family."

A puzzled frown tugged her eyebrows together. Her silence gave him courage to go on.

"We knew if we came right out and asked you that, you'd never have considered it."

"So we each..." Noel left the rest of his sentence unsaid and shrugged.

Aaron didn't think letting Melanie fill in the blanks was such a great idea, but he didn't have any better suggestions. At least the tears had stopped flowing.

"You...knew? You *knew*?"

Uh-oh. They were screwed, and not in a good way.

"Not only that"—she lifted her finger—"you *planned* this. You each seduced me separately."

"Well, technically—"

She snapped that finger at Noel.

He wisely clamped his mouth shut.

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“For six months you two took *turns* with me and not once did you utter one word—”

“Neither did you,” Aaron jumped in.

The look she leveled his way was pure venom. Obviously pointing out her fault in this wasn’t a good idea.

“You each had sex with me,” she went on, “then ran back to the other and analyzed it.”

“It wasn’t like that.” Noel shoved to his feet and sat on the coffee table behind him. He leaned forward, forearms on knees, his best reasoning position. “We love you. We wanted—”

“Did you or did you not tell each other about the sex?” she demanded.

God, it was like being interrogated by their mother. Aaron slid his ass onto the table. “Yes,” he replied. “We did... because we love you. We both want to be with you. We’d talked about how we were going to make love to you when the three of us were finally together.”

“Oh, I’ll bet that gave you some killer hard-ons,” she snapped back. “Tell me, did you jerk off together or separately after story time?”

Aaron stabbed a finger in her direction. “That’s not fair.”

“Not fair?” Her head tilted to one side. He knew they were dead men. “I’ll tell you what’s not fair. Do you have any idea what I’ve been through these last two weeks? These last six months?”

Noel lifted his palms. “We’re sorry about the last two weeks. We figured if we gave you a little space, you’d...” He

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pressed his lips together as if considering his words. “Besides, if the last six months agonized you all that much, you could’ve told one or both of us what you’d done.”

She was on her feet a half second later. “What I’ve done? What *I’ve* done? You two *knew* what you were up to and played me. Taking turns. Keeping scorecards. For six months! Then you leave me in turmoil for two weeks, letting me blame myself for everything. Letting me think I’d lost everything, when all you had to do was tell me that night.”

They had no defense.

“Then you waltz back home, come into *my* family’s restaurant, and claim your prize in front of everyone.” She stared down her button nose at them, nostrils flaring, eyes blazing. “You *spanked* me in the parking lot.”

Noel snickered. “It was the far end of the parking lot, away from the lights. No one saw. Besides, we both know how you like a little spanking. And, sweetheart, you did come twice.”

Oh, fuck. Aaron would have ducked if he hadn’t been so afraid to move.

Melanie’s face turned crimson. With embarrassment or rage, he couldn’t guess...he wouldn’t guess. She pulled in a deep breath. He’d never seen her full lips so tight before.

“Which is something neither of you will be doing tonight,” she replied. “Unless it’s by your own hand.” She pointed to the door. “Get...out.”

Noel looked like she’d stabbed him in the heart. Aaron sure felt that way. But she’d told them to go away two weeks ago, they’d done it...and look how things turned out. This

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time they weren't budging.

Aaron locked his gaze onto hers and stood, making sure he did so in her personal space. Her body heat wrapped around him. He also didn't miss the hitch to her breath, or the flicker of lust in her eyes.

"No. We're not going anywhere," he calmly told her. "We screwed up. So did you. We all did the wrong thing for the right reason—love. If it'll help to even the score and start us off fresh, you can spank us."

She stared at him for what felt like an eternity, each of them breathing heavier with every second. His cock felt close to bursting in its denim prison. He longed to toss her back to the sofa and fuck her like crazy, then get himself all hard again while he watched his brother do the same thing.

Then she gave him a wicked little grin. "That is an excellent idea." She opened her palm to them. "Belts, please."

His hard-on before was nothing compared to now, but Aaron couldn't say whether it was fear or excitement that made it so. Noel stood as he unbuckled his belt. It whispered through the loops, shooting more tremors through Aaron's body. As Noel relinquished the leather to Melanie, Aaron did the same thing.

"Good." Her smile widened. "Now...strip. I want you both naked as the day you were born."

* * *

Noel quickly realized she was playing this to the hilt. But if that's what it took for them to move forward, so be it. Aaron

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didn't look too thrilled that she'd called his bluff. His brother should have known better than to screw with a pissed-off woman. Noel had already put his foot in his mouth too many times tonight. He deserved the ass-whoopin' and would take it like a man. He hoped she made it hurt, because right now the prospect of having her lay a belt over his bare bottom turned him on something crazy.

He kept his gaze from Aaron as they stripped to nothing. Melanie paced around them, lightly slapping the leather belts into her palm while she waited. God, she was hot. He wanted to bend her over and fuck that tight, wet cunt of hers until she screamed out her orgasm.

"Good," she said when the last stitch of clothing was gone.

They stood there, staring at the wall, while she continued her pacing.

"Impressive erections, boys."

She looped the belts around their dicks and stroked. A groan tore out of Noel's throat. It matched Aaron's.

"And all moist at the tips, too." She stroked again and a shudder rippled through Noel. "I'd bet you'd both love to have me lick it off...wouldn't you?"

God, yes. Neither answered.

"I asked you a question."

Without warning the belts cracked. Fire raced over Noel's ass, licking at his balls, swelling them, along with his cock.

"Answer me when I talk to you." Another stroke stung them.

"Yes," they gasped out.

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“That’s better.” She paced again, then grabbed the coffee table and pulled it into the center of the room. “Now...bend over the table. Toes on one side, fingers on the other. I want those asses high, legs spread. Oh...and make sure the tips of your cocks are kissing that table.”

They did as ordered. It wasn’t the most comfortable of positions, but his dick touching the cool wood did things to his brain Noel never anticipated. It was all he could do to keep from fucking it.

Melanie nudged his legs further apart. Nimble fingers cupped his sac, kneading his balls until he groaned with pleasure. Two strokes rained on his ass. Then she moved to Aaron. Noel’s cock twitched with the sound of the belt snap.

She was next to him again, this time running her finger along the underside of his cock. Noel whimpered from the need for more. He got it—five quick spanks over his ass. He raked his cock into the table, fighting the rush, yet silently begging for it, too.

Melanie followed a torturous pattern—balls, cock, belt—three more times. His pants for breath and moans echoed Aaron’s. Just as he was anticipating the next round, she stopped.

“Nice and rosy.” She rubbed her hand over his butt, then down to his sac and cock. “I should do it until neither of you can sit down. Don’t move. I’ll be right back. No talking or hand-jobs while I’m gone.”

Noel was so close to coming, a sneeze would put him over the edge. Blood pulsed to his groin, adding to

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his...discomfort. He glanced his brother's way. Aaron's arms shook from the effort to stay in position. He was about to dare ask if he was as turned on as Noel when Melanie returned.

The distinctive buzz of a dildo started behind them. Aaron's head lifted on a hard groan. His hips pivoted his dick into the table. Cum splashed onto the surface.

"Very nice," she purred.

The sound stopped. She placed a condom-covered dildo on the table between them. Noel felt her warmth as she stood beside him. Cool lube touched his anus. Another dildo's buzz had his balls flexing. Then she eased it inside him and wrapped her fingers around his cock. He came in two strokes.

"Very nice, too." She pulled out the vibrator, clicked it off, and set it on the table beside the one she used on Aaron.

"Now...I'm going to take a shower. By the time I come out, I want this mess cleaned up and my car in the driveway. Understood?"

"Yes," they answered in unison.

Oh, yes.

"Man." Aaron sank to his knees and sat on his heels when she walked away. "I don't think I've been this well-fucked in my life."

Noel would second that. His body still felt like it was shaking right below the surface of his skin. If he tried to walk now, he knew his knees would give out.

"We have to tell her everything, Noel. She needs to know this isn't a common occurrence for us and we've never done this before. Maybe when she hears how special she is to us,

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that she's the first...the only one...then she'll know in her heart when we tell her we love her, we damn well mean it."

"Agreed." Melanie deserved the whole truth. That's what loving someone was about. "I'm scared, Aaron." And he wasn't ashamed to admit it.

"Yeah." He scuffed his hands over his thighs. "Me, too."

CHAPTER 3

Melanie had to admit—that felt good in more ways than one. Aaron and Noel deserved everything she'd given them. How could they have let this go on as long as they had?

How could you? her conscience asked.

That was fine. She'd gotten her comeuppance in the weeks of torment and again in the parking lot.

She hurried into the bathroom, shut the door, and leaned against it, hauling in deep breaths of air. God, they'd been magnificent—all bent over, hers to do whatever she pleased. The power and the sensuality overloaded her system in ways Melanie could never have imagined. Walking away from them now ranked as one of the hardest things she'd ever done. She

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wanted them so much her skin burned. But they needed to know she wouldn't be toyed with, that she was as much a force in this relationship they wanted as they were. They were damn well going to be equal. No more games.

Melanie would be lying if she said she hadn't been hurt by the depths of their subterfuge. However, sheer joy was interwoven with the hurt. They wanted her. They *loved* her. She wasn't going to lose them, wasn't going to have to choose one over the other, didn't have to worry about destroying the bond the twins had with each other. If anything, she was going to be a part of their bond.

But they still had some making up to do, not to mention thinking about what they'd done. They could stew and fret while she washed up. Afterward...well, she still wasn't ready to cut them any slack. If they wanted her, they were going to have to work for it.

She stripped off her clothes, then stepped into the shower. The warm spray calmed her nerves, but did nothing to ease the ache swelling her pussy. Melanie thought of ordering one or both of them in here to see to her needs. Yes, that would be nice—a twin on his knees before her, dark head between her legs, licking her clit. She'd make the other one watch. Maybe she'd let them come. Maybe she'd make them beg for the privilege of eating her. How could she possibly choose which one?

Melanie frowned and stuck her face under the water. How had they chosen which one would come on to her first? She squeezed the water over her hair. She wasn't sure she wanted

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to know. It was probably something stupid like eenie-meanie...

Oh, my God...they rock-paper-scissored me!

"Idiots," she mumbled. Damn good-looking idiots, great-in-bed idiots, loves-of-her-life idiots, but idiots nonetheless.

She should reconsider and shout for one of them to get in her and give her oral sex. Melanie laughed lightly. There wasn't too much doubt how that would turn out. Whoever crossed the threshold would probably say, "Don't push it, sweetheart." If she wasn't careful, she'd find a belt across her bare ass. The thought pulsed her clit.

Melanie parted her slit and pressed her finger against the aching button. She thought about making herself come, but where was the fun in that when she had two hunks in the other room? It might do all of them some good to let the pressure build a little before indulging. It would make the final outcome so much sweeter.

She took her time, washing her hair, shaving, making herself as perfect as she could. A special night deserved extra-special attention. Melanie didn't want to know if Aaron and Noel had ever shared another woman. It didn't matter. She was the one they'd chosen now...forever.

As she dried off, Melanie closed her eyes and pretended the soft towel was their fingers. She brushed it over her nipples, making them hard. Then she slung it between her legs and rubbed. It reminded her of a muscled thigh and the coarse leg hairs rasping over her pussy. Soon she'd be sandwiched between them, like a blue flame caught between the gold. The

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ache in her crotch had spread to encompass her body. It urged her to hurry.

Steeling her breath, she wrapped a towel around her hair and stepped out. A Nora Jones CD played in the living room. A peek in that direction showed dimmed lights. She hurried to her room, anxious now. She dried her hair, then took too many precious minutes debating on whether she should put on her robe, or walk out nude. Indecision made her nervous...shy. She finally opted to wear the robe. Knotting the belt loosely around her waist, Melanie found herself wishing she had something sexier than worn white terrycloth to greet them in.

She gave her hair a final fluff and left the bedroom. Slow, unsure steps took her down the hall. She felt like a virgin. What if she wasn't good enough? What if she couldn't take them both? Fantasizing about two penises at the same time was one thing; fitting two big boys inside her another.

Then she reached her goal. Emotion swamped her. Aaron and Noel sat gloriously naked on either end of her sofa, feet propped on her coffee table, erections rising from nests of dark curls. Two long-stemmed red roses lay in the table center, each blossom opposite the other, flanking a white box wrapped with a red bow.

Melanie dropped her robe to the floor and walked their way. They stood as she neared, hands held out to her. She slipped her fingers into theirs and they held tight while she stepped over the table to join them. She rubbed against Aaron and kissed Noel, then changed men. A collective sigh eased them onto the sofa. Cuddled between the two brothers,

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Melanie had never felt more treasured, more protected. Each man cupped her knees. She loved the warmth that spread up her thighs, settling more in her gut than her crotch.

“We need to tell you something,” Aaron said.

Melanie looked in his eyes. No hint of teasing rested there.

“When we say we love you and want you in our lives, for us to be a family, we mean it,” Noel said. “We want this forever.”

She couldn’t keep whipping her head between the two men, and decided to look forward. That helped to keep herself in check a little. She’d gone through so many gut-wrenching emotions these last two weeks, the last thing she wanted was more tears. Yet...there they were. She let them fall. It broke her heart to say this out loud, but... “How can we possibly do this forever? What about...children?”

Noel pulled in a breath. The hand on her knee tensed. “What about them, sweetheart?”

“I want them,” she said. She always had, and they both knew it.

“We do, too.” Aaron brushed his thumb over to her knee.

“How?” This time she did look from one to the other, holding up her palms as she did so. “Whose?”

Noel’s gaze clicked up hers. “Aaron’s.”

It seemed a rather quick answer. Cut-and-dry...this is the way it is. Melanie didn’t know what to say. She didn’t think Noel realized what he was giving up, how this would affect them all years down the line. That’s when she made a decision of her own.

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"I love you both so much." It might have been nice if she could have said that without crying. "I'd...I'd want to have one for each of you."

She watched tears pool in their eyes. Both men blinked them away. Aaron wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close.

Noel curled himself around her back. "I'm not fertile, Mel. We were working a construction site right before we left for college. I took an excruciatingly hard two-by-four whack to the balls. I thought I was going to die. Hell...I wanted to die."

"Scared us all half to death," Aaron said. "Dad was as pale as Noel was. Mom was a nervous wreck."

"I learned later I was sterile." Noel rubbed his cheek over her shoulder, adding kisses there as well. "I felt like I wanted to die all over again. The only person I could really talk to about it was Aaron."

"There was really only one choice, as far as I was concerned." Aaron pulled away to look at her. "We've always shared everything. For me, this was no different. We knew people would think we were crazy, but it made perfect sense to us. Frankly, we didn't think we'd ever find a woman who'd fit us."

"Then one day we looked up over our coffee and you were there." Noel laughed lightly. "Crazy, I know...you'd *always* been there. But this was like we were seeing you for the first time. Like it all clicked for us."

"When we say we want this forever, Melanie, we mean forever. We want to be a family. We want you to bear *our*

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children because, in our minds, *we* would be the father.” Now Aaron gave a light laugh. “I know we went about things the wrong way, but we didn’t know how else to do it. Frankly, we’re a little out of our element. This is a first for us, too.”

“We may have been with the same woman before,” Noel added, “but we’ve never been with the same woman at the same time. We felt that right should belong to the woman we chose to share our life, to be the mother of our children.”

“Damn it all, you’re going to have me crying again.” As if that was anything new.

“Hopefully, we only make you cry happy tears from now on.” Aaron kissed her forehead; Noel her shoulder.

It felt right, perfect, like there was no other possible solution in the whole world. That wasn’t to say they wouldn’t have obstacles, but it was nothing the three of them couldn’t handle together.

“This is for you.” Aaron picked up the gift and placed it in her hand.

“Really?” Her hands shook as she took it.

“We wanted it to be two diamond rings, but...” Noel shrugged. “Again, we’re new at this so...” Another shrug.

One tug opened the bow. The satin ribbon slithered to her lap. She left it where it lay and lifted the lid. Two ribbons of gold glittered up at her. She picked them up. The anklets were feather-light.

“They’re beautiful!”

“May I?” Noah slipped one from her.

Smiling, Melanie stretched against Aaron and lifted her

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right leg to Noah. "Please."

Aaron cupped her breasts, thumbing her nipples to life, while Noah fastened one anklet in place. Then he lifted her foot and sucked her big toe between his lips. Melanie's gasp changed to a moan as Aaron lightly pinched her nipples. She arched upward, pulling his head down to kiss him. His cock left a wake of pre-cum on her back.

Noel's hot lips wandered up her leg as Aaron's tongue looped around hers. God, she wanted to splay herself wide and stick both their heads between her legs. She wiggled with every centimeter Noel nibbled on his upward quest. Aaron deepened the kiss, kneading her lips beneath his, while his fingers plumped her breasts and teased her nipples.

Her hips bolted upward with the first touch of Noel's tongue to her labia. Each man gentled her down with the press of a warm hand to her belly. Aaron swallowed her soft moans as Noel nibbled her labia, then screwed his tongue inside her weeping cunt. She writhed against the erection poked in her back, reveling in the thrusts Aaron stroked against her.

Noel draped her leg over his shoulder. Melanie raked her fingers through his thick hair; her other hand clutched Aaron's bicep. Long swipes of Noel's tongue traced her valleys. He suckled again at her labia, always ignoring the pebble at the peak that cried out for attention.

She rocked her pelvis, fucking his face and Aaron's cock at the same time, trying to force Noel's mouth right where she needed it.

Aaron yanked from her mouth on a hard growl, jaw

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clenched tight. “God, stop,” he pushed out. “She’s gonna make me come.”

Noel pulled her off his brother and cradled her in his arms. Aaron’s hand shook as he took the second anklet and fastened it next to the first one. Noel brushed his hands over her breasts, down her stomach, then parted her thighs for his twin’s pleasure.

Aaron’s trip to her crotch wasn’t as leisurely as Noel’s had been. Fired up by her dry-humping him, he clearly had one goal in mind. Pants for breath heaved her chest. Melanie draped one leg over the back of the sofa and the other onto the coffee table.

Aaron seized her clit between his lips and squeezed. Melanie thrust her hips into his mouth, crying out as Noel pinched her nipples hard. Then Noel’s mouth covered hers. The smell of herself on his face; the tongue-lashing Aaron was giving her pussy—it was too much. It wasn’t enough. And still the damn orgasm eluded her.

They toyed with her, deliberately drawing it out until she swore she’d go insane. Noel’s cock felt like a steel pike against her back. She thrashed in their arms, mindless cries drifting into Noel’s mouth. Then Aaron slid two fingers inside her cunt.

Melanie’s breath caught. They knew her too well. Her body tensed...and then he pressed upward and whipped his tongue over her clit.

She tore her lips from Noel as orgasm seized her, loud cries sounding alien and animalistic...and perfect to her ears.

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Her body shuddered as she rode the wave out, then collapsed, spent, into their arms.

Gentle kisses rained over her shoulders, breasts, stomach, and thighs. All she could do was lie there and enjoy it. Aaron stood and scooped her into his arms. She cuddled into them. God, how she loved it when they carried her.

Noel was two steps ahead. She heard the rustle as he peeled the bedcovers down, then the sound of the nightstand drawer opening when he retrieved condoms for them. Aaron placed her gently on the cool sheets. She caught him around the neck before he could move away and tugged him down beside her. Smiling, he stretched out and trailed the backs of his fingers down her body.

Melanie rolled Aaron to his back. He shifted toward the headboard as she glided down his body. Cock fisted, he offered it to her mouth. She licked her lips and reached for it.

The mattress dipped with Noel's weight. He wrapped his hands around her hips and levered them his way. Melanie sighed and wiggled her butt as she flashed her breasts over Aaron's cock. That earned her two groans, quickly followed by two love pats.

Laughing, she squeezed her breasts around Aaron's erection. He stroked into the valley, groaning again when she licked the pre-cum from the tip.

Noel rubbed her ass. She felt his cock probe her pussy entrance. Her body quivered with anticipation. As the crown pierced her, she looped her lips around Aaron's dick and circled it with her tongue.

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Aaron wadded the sheet in his hands as he thrust into her mouth, then Noel pushed to the hilt. Melanie swallowed Aaron's cock to the base and nuzzled her breasts against his sac. Noel snaked his hand around her hip, over her stomach, and right to her slick clit.

"Mmm..." One sound from three voices.

Melanie pushed her tongue against the under-ridge of Aaron's dick and gave him a hard lick up. Salty pre-cum flooded her mouth. She looped around the top, mindlessly, by instinct. It was hard to think otherwise with Noel's steady plunges into her pussy, his finger circling her clit around and around.

She clenched her muscles and gobbled Aaron deep once more. His balls felt like coals against her breasts. Hands fumbled for her breasts and then dropped away as they fucked her mouth and pussy. Noel's fingers clenched against her hip and worked her clit to the pinpoint of ecstasy. Beneath her, Aaron bucked into her mouth, nonsensical whispers of pleasure falling from his lips as he fisted the bedding.

She braced her hands at Aaron's sides, sucking, sweeping his cock from root to tip. Noel's strokes drove her now, coming with hard and deep precision. Her clit was so wet his fingers went wild, building her one second, then losing her spot the next. Frustration drove her crazy. She writhed her pelvis on him, pulling harder on Aaron. Both men only grew harder, bigger, hotter.

She grabbed Noel's hand and shoved it into place. White sparks flashed behind her closed eyelids. Her body tensed.

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Hard pants pulled through her nose. She dove deep on Aaron's erection, jerked up into Noel's—the single plunge that shot them all to completion.

Their guttural cry signaled the moment. Melanie swallowed the cum Aaron gushed into her mouth. Even through the condom, she could feel the intensity of Noel's release. Her greedy cunt clenched around him, wanting more, more, more.

Then bliss sank them into the mattress, into each other's arms.

CHAPTER 4

A velvet caress around her breasts pulled Melanie from a contented sleep. Her next awareness was the warmth surrounding her from the two male bodies flanking her. She pulled in a breath and inhaled the scent of roses and man. That explained what they were brushing over her. It felt heavenly.

She stretched her body fully awake, arms over her head, toes pointed, muscles tensed and then relaxed. Two muffled groans applauded her show and made her smile.

“It’s nice to wake up while I’m being worshipped.”

Melanie brushed her fingers along their jaw lines. The hint of whiskers rasped her skin. They—or at least she—had been asleep for a while. Probably a good while, since their erections

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nudged her hips. They were fully charged and ready to go again...and she was quickly catching up.

"It's nothing less than you deserve." Aaron trailed a red rose around her breast. He'd yet to touch the nipple, but it was hard and waiting for him.

Noel brushed his rose over her stomach. "And you do look like a goddess lying there."

Melanie sighed. "A sweetly sated goddess. Some might call it well-fucked."

"Almost," Aaron said with a smile. "Give us an hour and then we can say you're well-fucked."

She was excited and scared at the same time. Her trepidation must have shown on her face—both men stopped touching and looked at her.

"You don't have to take us at the same time." Aaron's warm hand spanned her ribs, thumbing slowly along one rib.

"I...want to. I think." She gave a light laugh and stared at the ceiling. "I've fantasized about it from the start."

Noel's thumb circled her belly button. "We'd never do anything to hurt you. We'll go easy, gently. You want to stop? Just say the word and we stop."

That's how they'd both been with her. Play was great, but not if it hurt. Even spankings were designed to turn on...and they did. She'd had anal sex with both of them and managed. She'd had anal and vaginal sex with her toys and managed. But Aaron and Noel at the same time?

Her pussy tightened at the thought, still intrigued by the possibility. Melanie's heartbeat doubled. She felt flushed.

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"You both know the rules," she somehow managed to say. "I come very fast when you're in my ass and then it starts to hurt like hell."

"We know." Aaron kissed her nipple. "Whoever's there comes first, then you, then the other."

"No touching your clit, no matter how badly we want to," Noel added. "You've trained us well for this moment, sweetheart."

"And did you two do rock-paper-scissors to decide who goes where?" That deflated their burgeoning erections a little. The rest of their bodies tightened, though. Melanie fought her laughter. "Never mind. You don't have to answer that one."

They sagged into the bed and their cocks returned to full salute. Moisture from the tips dotted her hips. She curled her fingers around them and used her thumbs to smear the pre-cum over the crowns. Soft moans brought their hands to her breasts. Each stroke of her fist made their fingers knead a little deeper into her flesh.

"I could make you come right now," she whispered, swooping down to cup their hard sacs.

Sharp gasps approved her touch and each parted their thighs for more.

"Have your cum all splashed on me." She reached farther and massaged the sensitive spot behind their testicles.

Noel grabbed her wrist and pulled her away. "God, do we have to tie you up in order to have our way with you?"

Melanie laughed lightly. "Other than some moaning and groaning, I don't hear either of you complaining too loudly

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about the attention.”

“Sweetheart”—he brought her palm to his mouth and kissed it—“not even a eunuch would refuse your touch.”

Emotion muted her. All she could do was kiss the hand that held hers.

“Relax and let us continue to worship you.” Aaron lifted her leg and draped it over his hip. Noel did the same. She was open and wanting.

The scent of arousal drifted Melanie’s way—hers and theirs. Pussy juices trickled down her labia, matching the pre-cum that kissed her skin. Hot hands trailed up her inner thighs, taking turns to cup her mound before moving back down. Melanie never realized so delicate a touch could put her so close to coming.

They did it again, this time pausing to rake a thumb through her folds. She gasped and lips found her nipples. Each pulled at the sensitive points, tugging them until the areoles were puckered and hard. She closed her eyes and let the feeling engulf her. A deep suckle arched her hips up. Those hot hands eased her down, petting her thighs, her pussy, her belly.

Fingers—she didn’t know whose, much less care—slipped into her cunt, pressing slow circles into her G-spot. Noel shifted and she heard him reach for something. Seconds later, cool lube touched her anus. Her breath caught as fingers probed beyond the tight muscle. Each brother was now inside her.

Melanie lifted herself into the double finger fucking,

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rocking with every gentle thrust. She tossed her arms over her head and clutched her pillow. Aaron raked his mouth down her body, right to her clit. He sucked it between his lips, pulling just as he'd done with her nipple. Orgasm burst through her. She thrashed her head from side to side from the impact, whining out a "Nooo," when Aaron moved away too soon for her liking, then sighing out an "Ohhh," when Noel's mouth replaced his and pulled another orgasm from her.

She lay there basking in the wonder of it as they eased from her. The velvety caress of the roses opened her eyes part way. Her legs were still draped over the men's hips. At that point Melanie couldn't have moved if she'd wanted to.

"You don't know how difficult it was to watch you come while we were spanking you in the parking lot," Aaron said. "We wanted to yank your panties aside and fuck you hard. One right after the other until there was no cum left in any of us."

Damn...how could a few words turn her on so much? She'd just come twice and her clit was wide awake again and craving more. "I think...I think I'm going to need a ride home from work tomorrow night."

"Now that will be our pleasure. But I doubt we'd be able to fuck you nearly as great as you did us in the living room." Noel dusted the rose over her pussy. "I can't speak for my brother, but I kept imagining what it would be like to be over your lap, my cock clenched between your thighs, while you worked my ass over."

Judging from the nudge of Aaron's erection, it seemed he

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thought a lot of the fantasy, too. She'd be lying if she said she didn't want to. The image of them bent over, completely at her mercy, would be forever ingrained on her memory.

"Be careful what you wish for," she said, in the sexiest tone she could muster.

"Really?" Noel tapped the rose against her clit.

Melanie gasped and tried to spread her thighs wider.

"Hmm...you like that, do you?" he said and tapped her again. "You want to be spanked there?"

Another tap...this time from Aaron. "But not too hard, right? Just enough to wake you up...maybe make you come again."

"Gentle...steady...pats." Noel punctuated each word with the rose.

"Until it's berry red and ready to be plucked." Aaron lightly pinched her clit.

Melanie shot upright. "God, you two are killing me."

Laughing, they rolled her back into their arms. "Never."

She lay there soaking in one kiss after the other, lifting her breasts for Noel's mouth and then Aaron's, sighing as callused hands roamed her curves. *This* was heaven.

Melanie slid over Noel's body to the box of condoms open on the nightstand. She retrieved two and then knelt between the men as she ripped a packet open. She still couldn't decide which brother to cover first. Smiling, they wrapped their hands around the packets, taking the decision from her.

She licked her lips as she watched those long fingers slide condoms over erections gods would envy. It was overkill,

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since she was on the pill, but Melanie appreciated the extra precaution. It was just more proof to her of how responsible they were. How they could have screwed up their courting of her...

“Woman”—Aaron’s smile was bright—“you look like you’re ready to eat us alive.”

“Mmm...tempt me.” Her tone was whiskey-rough and laced with sex. Both cocks jerked at the sound.

She knelt facing them, tucking her knees so she straddled one leg from each man. It gave her a glorious view of their balls, which were now so hard and plump she could barely distinguish wrinkles on their surfaces.

Aaron and Noel wrapped their hands around the base of their erections and slowly stroked. She resented the condoms that kept her from seeing the pre-cum collect at the tips or the veins that bulged and pulsed along the lengths.

She skidded her hands up their thighs and cupped their sacs. Their testicles tightened with her touch, sharp gasps bursting from the two men. She kneaded the spongy orbs gently, circling, milking, using her thumb to trace the natural divide between their balls. Hands flashed over their cocks. Eyes closed, mouths opened, their other hands grasped the pillows beneath their heads in a white-knuckled grip. Hips pivoted into her caress, thrusting higher when she kneaded the sensitive spot between testicles and anus.

“I could make you come just like this,” she said.

“Sweetheart”—Noel chuckled—“all you have to do is breathe to make us come.”

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He snagged her arm and tugged. Heart pounding, she crawled astride his hips and nestled his cock in the cleft of her pussy. Her labia wrapped around it in a kiss. His heat radiated into her, making her juices flow like melted ice cream.

He brushed his hands up her ribs until he reached her breasts. He circled the areoles to puckers, eyes glazed with a wanting so intense it took Melanie's breath away.

She shifted her hips along his length. When his cock head was at her entrance, she paused for the space of a heartbeat and then eased him inside. Neither of them moved. His jaw was clenched with the effort to hold back. Melanie knew all he wanted to do was fuck her like crazy. Finally, he gave a single nod, released the breath he'd been holding, and drew her into his arms.

Melanie rested her head on the pillow of his hard chest. She longed to twirl her fingers through the sprinkling of dark hairs that tickled her nose. Aaron, crawling in behind her, kept her frozen in place. Noel rubbed calming circles on her back, yet she was certain she detected a tremor in his touch. There was no doubting Aaron's hands shook. Funny that this unfettered nervousness could mean so much to her. She was their first, and Melanie was going to see she remained the last...the only one...forever.

She lifted her buttocks as high as she could. The first touch of cool lube to her anus yanked a tiny moan out of her. Noel's dick flexed and hardened inside her at the sound. She tightened her cunt muscles around him. It was damn hard not to move.

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Aaron caressed her ass with his other hand while he probed and stretched her anal passage for his erection. Being still now was like torture. Her clit cried out for attention. Noel moaned softly with every contraction of her pussy. He grabbed her fingers and anchored them to his chest. That's when Melanie realized she'd been playing with his nipple, making it hard and puckered and very tempting to lick.

She lifted a kiss to his mouth, tracing the bow of his lips, nibbling before slipping her tongue inside. Noel cradled her head, fingers threading through her hair. The heat of Aaron's thighs against hers wove through the moment. He twirled his cock around her anus, spreading the lubricant before he gently pressed for entry.

Slowly the tight muscle gave way, squeezing around the steely rod. Tremors of pleasure rippled over her pussy. If anything touched her clit, Melanie knew she'd come immediately.

Aaron paused once the crown was in. Long fingers flexed against her hip bones. No one moved. Even Noel's lips had stilled beneath hers. She wondered how they were feeling. As close to orgasm as she was?

She pulled her mouth from Noel's. "Move," she whispered out.

They audibly gulped, and Aaron sank a little deeper into her ass. The men groaned. She knew how they felt. It was all so tight! Her clit brushed the hair at the base of Noel's cock. It was enough to send her spiraling toward the sun.

"God," she gasped. "I'm going to come soon. Please..."

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fuck me.”

Aaron moved first, a steady glide in and out. In and out. Nice and slow. Steady and firm.

Eyes closed, bottom lip tucked between her teeth, Melanie arched her back and rode with him.

Noel’s moan tickled through her. Clutching her waist, he caught their rhythm.

Time and space ceased to exist for Melanie. There was nothing beyond this bond. Here, safe between the men she loved, she knew what nirvana was all about. Heat pooled where they were joined and raced to the farthest points of her body, only to rush back and collect from its starting point. She wanted to tell them to hurry, so she could come. She wanted to tell them to slow down, so she could bask in the moment.

“Now!” Aaron clamped his hand over her clit as he shot forward in orgasm.

Melanie exploded from one circle of his fingers, coming in waves of sensation that fired from deep inside a core she never knew existed. Clutching the hard cocks buried in her body pulled her to an even higher...or rather, deeper...level.

Noel growled through clenched teeth and rolled into his climax. She felt every pulse of jism the men pumped out, despite the condoms that contained it.

Aaron eased from her. She was barely aware of him leaving the room to rid himself of the condom as Noel tucked her next to him. Then he was gone and Aaron was beside her.

“I like this,” she said in a sleepy voice. “Always having one of you next to me. Only having to reach out and one of

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you is there.”

“Not nearly as much as we do.” Aaron kissed her forehead and wrapped his body around hers.

“There’s just one problem.” Noah crawled back into bed and curled around the other side of her.

“We need a bigger bed,” they all said together.

EPILOGUE

“The boys are back.”

Sandy’s comment jerked Melanie’s head up. A broad smile made her cheeks hurt when she saw Aaron and Noel walking up to the restaurant. They’d been gone on a construction job in Nevada for the longest month of Melanie’s life. They’d talked every night since they’d left. Phone sex was a poor substitute for their normal routine, but it was better than no sex at all.

Her heart fluttered at the sight of her men coming for her. They weren’t sure if they’d make it home tonight, or if they did if they’d have to go back the following morning. Judging from their disheveled appearance, they’d probably left right from work. No matter how momentous tonight was, Melanie

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hadn't wanted them to make a killer drive like that. She'd rather have them safe and rested. Still, it touched her heart a thousand ways over that they were here to celebrate their one-year anniversary as a trio.

The dinging of the little bell on the door couldn't match the joy in her heart. She had to turn away to the coffeepot to keep anyone in the crowded place from seeing the tears that welled up.

"Coffee, boys?" Sandy asked. "You look like you could use it."

"No thanks, Sandy," Aaron replied. "We just hit town and decided Melanie needed a ride home."

"I'll be right there." Melanie darted to the back to grab her purse, tearing off her dark green apron as she went. It was hard not to run, not to throw herself in their arms.

Their living arrangement had raised a few eyebrows in town, and "tsks" from their respective mothers on occasion. But otherwise no one said much. That was all probably going to change...and very soon, too.

The boys smiled when she walked out. Work-callused fingers wrapped around her elbows to escort her. One of them cupped her butt as the other opened the door. Aaron's truck was parked at the farthest end of the parking lot, where darkness would hide even the naughtiness of activities.

Melanie waited until Noel opened the back door, then turned and draped her arms around their necks.

"Welcome home, boys. We've missed you."

The love beaming from their faces melted into her heart.

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Each dropped a hand to her belly. She answered the question in their eyes with a nod and somehow managed to say the most important part. “Twins.”

Arms tight around each other, they cried happy tears.

CAITLYN WILLOWS

Erotic romance author Caitlyn Willows weaves deep emotions and sizzling sensuality into her action-filled stories. Believing life is to be lived and felt, not merely watched, Willows delivers real-to-life characters in unforgettable tales of love, adventure, and always steamy passion.

Caitlyn Willows's email address is:
caitlyn@caitlynwillows.com

* * *

***Don't miss Tainted Love, by Caitlyn Willows,
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