

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*

DOUBLE  
ENTRY

DESIREE HOLT

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Double Entry

ISBN 9781419913938

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Edited by Helen Woodall.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication December 2007

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# ***DOUBLE ENTRY***

**Desiree Holt**

## *Dedication*

*To my family, who understands my muse and encourages me.*

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Moet et Chandon: Moet & Chandon Champagne

## **Chapter One**

The banging on the door sounded like kettle drums in Lauren Henderson's head. She pulled the pillow around her ears to shut out the noise but it just got louder.

"Go away," she shouted, then cringed as her voice reverberated through her skull. That would teach her to drink too many appletinis.

"Lauren, I know you're in there." Her friend Marcia's voice had all the soothing qualities of a screech owl. "I'm not leaving until you open this door."

Muttering curses and imprecations, Lauren dragged herself off the bed and stumbled to the front door, turned the lock and threw the door open. "I'm up, okay? Now go away."

Marcia pushed her way inside and shut the door. "I think it's great you decided to flash the neighborhood but you might want to brush your hair and put on some makeup first."

Lauren squinted her eyes open and looked at herself. Stark naked. Great, just great. She plodded back to the bedroom and grabbed her long t-shirt from beside the bed where she'd dropped it. Last night putting it on had seemed more effort than it was worth.

She opened one eye and stared at Marcia, too perfectly dressed and put together for the night they'd just had. "How come you're not hung over and looking like trash?"

"Because I stopped after two of those headbangers and drank iced tea." She tucked her smooth blonde hair behind one ear with a nail polished with hot pink enamel. The emerald stud in her lobe winked in the sunlight. "Unlike you, my friend, who tied one on bemoaning your birthday, the lack of available men and the reasons why all the good ones got away."

"Crap." Lauren raked her fingers through her thoroughly disheveled hair and ran her tongue around her mouth. The inside of her garbage disposal would probably taste better.

"Yup. That's exactly what you look like. But we're going to fix that right now."

"You're going to shoot me and put me out of my misery?" Lauren looked at her friend hopefully.

"Better than that. I'm giving you a birthday present."

"I told you I'm not celebrating anymore. I passed that stage," Lauren pointed out.

"So this is an exception." She pushed Lauren toward the bathroom. "Go shower and turn yourself into a human. I'll make coffee. Go! Now."

Fifteen minutes later Lauren was feeling marginally better and hoping the coffee she was drinking would wash away the rest of the cobwebs. Maybe even the entire previous night, which she was beginning to remember in uncomfortable bits and pieces.

She scowled at Marcia. "So what's this business about a present?"

"I'm only fulfilling your wishes, m'dear."

Lauren got a sudden pain in her stomach. Did she really do what she thought she'd only imagined? Naw, she couldn't do that. Could she? Marcia's next words dispelled any hope she was wrong.

Marcia reached into her purse and drew out a folded piece of paper that she flapped open with a flourish. "I have here this interesting piece of paper titled Lauren's Birthday Wish List."

Lauren lunged forward and tried to rip it out of her friend's hand.

Marcia stood up and moved out of reach. "No, no, no." She laughed as she dangled the paper in the air. "You wrote this and I'm going to read it to you."

"I was drunk, you idiot."

"Of course. Why else would you write something like this?" She smoothed the paper and cleared her throat. "For my birthday, I, Lauren Henderson, would like a

threesome with two of the most mouthwatering men in the world, preferably one who looks like my gorgeous sexy neighbor Scott, who I don't think would notice me if I arrived on his doorstep stark naked."

Lauren growled and tried to reach for the paper again.

Marcia just danced away, eyes filled with merriment.

*I would like twenty-four hours to experience the following –*

*Being spanked*

*Being lashed with a suede flogger*

*Being chained to a bed while one man forces me to suck his cock and the other fucks my pussy*

*Being forced to my hands and knees and fucked in the ass and my pussy at the same time*

*Testing vibrators*

*Watching over my shoulder while a butt plug slides into my ass and one of the men brings me to orgasm just with my clit*

*Straddling one man with his cock up my cunt while the other spansks me, whips me and fucks my ass with a vibrator.*

Marcia folded the paper, put it in her pocket and picked up her coffee mug. She fanned her face with her hand. "I had to stop reading after that, honey. This was too hot even for me."

Lauren buried her face in her hands. "Please tell me you're going to destroy that."

"Are you kidding? You're thirty years old and the most adventurous thing any of your lovers has ever done is fuck with you on top instead of the bottom. It's time for you to live, girl. Really live. And I'm going to make it happen."

"Oh no you're not. Give me that list."

"Too late. I've already made plans."

"W-What are you talking about?"

"Come on." She tugged Lauren out of the chair. "I bought you two gorgeous men for your birthday and they're in the process of preparation as we speak. Tonight's your lucky night."

"Oh my God." Lauren covered her face. "You can't be serious."

"Serious and determined."

"Where did you scrounge up two men on a moment's notice?" She made a face. "I'm not desperate enough for scumbags yet."

"Not to worry." Marcia smoothed her hair again. "It took just one phone call. And by the way, they were very eager to accept."

"But..."

"No buts, kiddo. It's time to take that stick out of your ass and live a little." She grinned. "Think how much fun you'll have. Now move. We have things to do."

"What kind of things?" Lauren asked as Marcia propelled her toward her bedroom.

"First of all, we have a full session at Ready For Sex."

Lauren stopped. "Isn't that the place..."

Marcia nodded. "That grooms the actors for the porn films. And they do an excellent job."

Lauren dug in her heels. "Marcia, I'm not doing this on film, no matter what you say."

"Don't be stupid. Of course not. Now come on. Get ready. Chop chop."

\* \* \* \* \*

*I can't believe I let myself be talked into this.*

Lauren checked the wine in the fridge to make sure it was chilled, although Marcia said her "presents" would bring everything with them. Still, she wasn't exactly sure about the protocol in situations like this and she didn't want tonight to fall apart because of her poor social skills.

*Tonight! It would happen tonight! Holy shit!*

Only Marcia could talk her into this. But as she paused before the large mirror in the foyer she thought, *But why not? Thirty is a big number. Why shouldn't I try to fulfill my fantasies?*

She checked herself in the mirror, turning this way and that to get every view. Her body was waxed from head to toe, her pussy still tingling from it, the skin sensitive from the treatments. She could see its nakedness peep out from behind the diaphanous folds of the gown and a shiver of anticipation ran through her. A soak in a foaming bubble bath for better than an hour had calmed down the nerves that had begun to twitch and the scent of the bath oil plus the touches of perfume she'd applied created a cloud of jasmine around her. Her thick auburn hair was brushed out into loose waves and the candles on the table caught the gold highlights. Her makeup showed the time she'd spent in careful application. And everything was wrapped up in a sheer champagne-colored...something...so thin it concealed nothing.

She took a deep breath to steady herself. She was actually going to let two strange men come into her home to engage in erotic and exotic sexual activities and do whatever they wished with her. This was a fantasy she had long dreamed about and she had to trust her friend not to put her in harm's way.

What two men had Marcia sent her? Did she know them? Would she like them? She forced herself to stop second-guessing. Marcia had excellent taste but more than that, she knew Lauren's taste. Both men would appeal to her, she knew it. She closed her eyes, imagined two pairs of hands as they touched her in all her intimate places and did fantastic things to her. Her level of expectancy rose and her entire body began to tingle.

As she took one last glance at herself in the mirror, the doorbell rang. Her heart did a little skip and she moved forward to open it. Her hand shook slightly on the doorknob as she pulled on it, she moved her lips into a smile of welcome—and her jaw dropped.

Shock rippled through her body. Standing before her was truly one of the most magnificent male animals she had ever seen. Blond hair that had seen a lot of sun barely touched the collar of a navy t-shirt that outlined every ridge and muscle of his chest and abdomen. Soft gray slacks rested on narrow hips and outlined lean, muscular legs. His face was that of a Norse god, all high cheekbones, straight nose and eyes that rivaled the blue of a summer sky.

Next to him was his photo opposite. Where one was light, the other dark. Where one's eyes were sky blue, the other's were the color of a stormy ocean. But the faces were the same and the bodies could have been stamped from the same masculine mold.

*Twins! My God!*

But what stunned her even more was the identity of the dark-haired twin.

"Hi, Lauren. Happy birthday."

The last person she expected to see on her doorstep ready to provide her with a night of erotic adventures was the neighbor she'd lusted after as long as she'd lived next to him. Scott Erickson. He wasn't waving at her casually from his driveway now, or shouting a hasty greeting as he ran into his house. Instead his eyes were heated with lust and his smile was feral and hungry.

"H-Hi, Scott." She was rooted to the floor. Scott? This was her birthday present from Marcia? How had she even pulled it off? And who was the equally gorgeous carbon copy?

He pointed at the man with him. "My twin brother. Curt."

"Hey, Lauren." Curt's smile was equally as devastating.

Lauren tried to make her mouth work but no sound came out.

Scott put his arm around her and nudged her into her foyer. "So. Marcia couldn't decide what to get you for your birthday so she thought we'd be a nice surprise. What do you think?"

She finally got her lips to work. "It's a surprise all right. But how did... Are you..."

Scott's laugh was warm and infectious. "Your friend Marcia knew I've had the hots for you for a long time. You just always seemed so busy I couldn't figure out how to break the ice."

"That's what we're doing tonight." Curt had come in behind them, his hands wrapped around a large silver bucket filled with ice. Two champagne bottles peeked out from the cubes. "And here's the ice we're going to start with."

Somehow they had ended up in her kitchen. Curt put the ice bucket on the counter while Scott lifted Lauren to sit next to it.

"Back in a minute," Curt told them as he headed back out the door.

Lauren made a real effort to focus on what was going on but all she could think of was not one but two Scotts right here in her house. Her birthday present. "Where's he going?"

"To get the rest of the goodies out of the house. We couldn't carry everything at once." Scott leaned forward, his arms braced on either side of her. "You know, when Marcia faxed me your wish list I was stunned. Never in a million years did I dream that my mouthwatering next-door neighbor would be into the same games I like to play. I've spent all day as hard as a rock just thinking about it."

Lauren shook her head as if to clear the fog from her brain. "But when did she talk to you? I mean..."

Scott laughed again, his face so close to hers she could count his eyelashes.

"She called this morning after what I gather was a wild night out on the town with you. Told me here was my chance if I was serious about getting to know you. Curt's been out of the country and just got back yesterday." He leaned forward and brushed a light kiss on her lips. "We like to do things together. Twins are like that, you know."

Before Lauren could respond, Curt was back. A large duffel bag hung from one shoulder and he balanced a cake box on his open palms.

"Chocolate, right?" he asked as he set it down on the table. "Marcia said it's your favorite. The lady at the bakery did us a huge favor."

"And now we're about to do you some favors too." Scott pulled a sheet of paper from his slacks pocket, unfolded it and began to read. "Being spanked..."

That was as far as he got.

"Oh my God," Lauren squealed. That damn Marcia. I can't believe it." She tried to reach for it without falling off the counter. "Give that to me."

"Naughty, naughty," Scott chuckled, holding it just out of reach. "This is your wish list and we're here to grant your wishes."

"Scott's right. Just relax and let us do our thing." Curt pulled three champagne flutes from the duffel, popped the cork on a bottle of Moet et Chandon and poured the bubbly liquid. "A toast to your birthday." He handed one of the flutes to Lauren.

"Thank you." She took a small sip. "So do the two of you do this often? Share a woman?"

Scott smoothed his fingers over her hair. "Since puberty, sweet thing. We discovered we have the same taste in women and in sex and it makes it more exciting when we have a threesome. Especially with someone as sexy as you."

"Scott couldn't say yes fast enough to this," Curt chimed in. "I tell you, Lauren, this man has had wet dreams about you for months."

Her eyes widened. "About me? You've got to be kidding."

"Not a bit. I told him if he didn't have the balls to knock on your door and ask you out, get out of the way and let me do it. I've been just as hot after you as my dumb brother here."

Lauren blinked. "I can hardly believe it. You guys could have any woman you want."

Curt brushed his fingers against her cheek. "But it's the ones who don't throw themselves at you who are the most desirable. Don't you know that? And you, my love, have been the object of our affections for a very long time."

She took another drink to steady her racing pulse. They wanted her? For a long time? "How come I've never seen you? Only Scott?"

"I travel a lot."

"Curt's a photojournalist for one of the wire services," Scott explained. "He's gone more than half of the time."

"So you live together then?"

"After a fashion."

They grinned at each other.

"We kind of crowd each other in my house. We actually decided we need someplace bigger."

*He's moving? Just when I finally get to meet him? If meet is the correct word.*

"Oh." At a loss for further conversation, she sipped at her drink nervously and wondered exactly how they would begin the festivities. She didn't have long to wait.

"I don't know about you," Scott said, "but I can think of a better way to drink my champagne."

He tilted his glass and let the amber liquid drizzle onto Lauren's barely-there cover-up. The wet fabric clung to her already peaking nipples. He leaned down, put his mouth over one nipple and began to suck at it with a soft pull.

"Not a bad idea," Curt agreed and repeated the action with his drink.

Then his mouth closed over the other nipple and the friction of the two mouths on her hardened buds sent arrows of heat straight to Lauren's womb. Holding onto her flute for dear life, she arched into them. A tiny moan slipped from between her lips.

"She likes it," Scott told his brother. "You have lovely breasts, Lauren. Exquisite." He and Curt each cupped one in their hands and squeezed them.

"I'd like to see what they look like with nothing in the way, wouldn't you, bro?"

"Of course."

He began to untie the three ribbons that held the edges of the gown together. As each one opened he pushed the fabric aside to expose a little more of Lauren's skin. When the last one was untied, he and Curt slipped the fabric from her shoulders, which left her stark naked on the counter. Her pussy tingled and she could feel the juice of her arousal drip from her.

Scott took a nipple between thumb and forefinger, rubbing it slowly back and forth. "Your nipples are like rosebuds, Lauren. Such a gorgeous color." He flicked it with his tongue then looked at her, a look of desire in his eyes "I think we should take a look at the rest of you. Marcia said you spent the day at Ready For Sex. I think we need to make sure you're actually *ready*."

He took one thigh, Curt took the other and very slowly they drew them apart. Lauren leaned back against the cupboard to steady herself, a faint pink blush turning her body a soft pink as the twins searched out her sex.

"Gorgeous," Curt breathed as he rubbed one finger the length of her slit. "Just look at that naked pussy, all smooth and ready for us."

"Exquisite," Scott agreed as he slipped one finger inside her. "I can't wait to feast on it."

"Hey, you don't get to have all the fun," his brother argued and slid his own finger inside Lauren's sheath next to Scott's.

This wasn't the first time Lauren had two fingers in her vagina but it was the first time they'd belonged to two different people. She couldn't tear her eyes away from the two heads between her thighs. The image sent a shiver through her body. She caught her bottom lip between her teeth as the pulse in her vaginal walls beat harder and she gushed over the two digits.

"I can hardly wait to get my cock inside here," Scott murmured, his eyes darkening.

"What I really want to see is that cute little ass," Curt told him. "I'll bet she's got the sweetest little asshole in the state."

"Let's take a look."

In one smooth motion Scott picked her up, carried her to her bedroom and placed her face down on the bed. "Bring the champagne," he called to his brother.

Lauren heard a soft thunk, turned her head and saw Curt place the champagne cooler and the glasses on her nightstand. Scott was busy arranging candles in crystal holders around the room. In a moment the rich scent of magnolia filled the air and mingled with the jasmine of her perfume.

Unsure of what would happen next, she tensed but the twins, as if sensing her anxiety, gentled her. Then she felt two sets of hands caress her and rub her back, her waist, her calves and her thighs. No masseur could have done a better job.

One pair of hands circled her ankles and spread them wide, while the other rubbed and squeezed the globes of her buttocks. The more they rubbed, the more she relaxed. When one of them—Scott, she thought—placed a trail of kisses the length of her spine she sighed at the feeling of warmth that spread through her.

"Well, now," Curt said. "Let's see what we have here. I can't wait to take a look."

One pair of hands gently parted the cheeks of her ass as the fingers of another traced her fully exposed anus. When one thick finger circled the tight rim, she felt more fluid seeping from her and the sensations in her pussy growing stronger.

"Lauren, I can hardly wait to fuck you here," Curt told her. "That is the most tempting asshole I've seen in a long time. But first we need to make sure you're good and ready."

"Ready?" Her mouth felt full of cotton. She'd hardly said a word and that one was about all she could manage.

"Uh-huh." Scott rolled her over and helped her sit up. He handed her the flute of champagne. "Drink up, sugar plum. The party's just beginning."

## **Chapter Two**

The icy liquid tasted good as it slid down her throat. She drained the glass and held it out for a refill. "More, please."

Scott laughed as he poured. "Just take it slowly. You don't want to be drunk at your own party. You'd never get to enjoy the fun."

Curt had seated himself between her legs, tugging on her nipples and dragging a nail lightly across them. "I have plans for these too, Lauren, but first I think Scott and I are overdressed, don't you?"

The two brothers grinned at each other, Curt climbed off the bed and they began to remove their clothes. As each section of male body emerged Lauren's eyes widened. They were perfect specimens, sun-bronzed skin over hard muscles, chests dusted with crisp hair—the one with a golden matte of curls, the other a dark pelt—and dusky male nipples. The bodies were shaped as if they'd been sculpted. When they shucked their pants and briefs and their erections sprang free her breath caught in her throat. Rising from tempting patches of hair, they were both long and thick, veins pulsing along the sides and the heads broad and flat. A tiny pearl of fluid glistened at each tip.

Lauren reached out her hands and they stepped closer. She ran a thumb over each head to spread the pre-sum and licked her fingers. "Yum," she murmured, resisting the urge to lick her lips. She circled her fingers around the two thick shafts and began to slide them up and down on the soft skin but the twins backed away.

"Uh-uh-uh." Scott grinned as he shook a finger at her. "Naughty, naughty. We didn't say you could do that." He looked at his brother. "I think that calls for some punishment, don't you?"

Curt smiled back. "Oh yeah. Very definitely." He jogged from the room and returned with the large duffel, setting it beside the bed. "Especially since spanking is Number One on this bad girl's list."

"Wha..." Lauren began.

"Shh," Scott soothed. "Go with the flow and let yourself enjoy. That's what this is all about, remember?"

He kissed her temple then turned her over again on her stomach and pulled her hands behind her back. Handcuffs lined with fleece locked into place around her wrists and anchored them at the small of her back. At the same time she felt manacles close around her ankles but Curt had attached them to something that kept her legs wide apart.

Scott took the pillows from the head of her bed and placed them under her, elevating her ass and her pussy.

"Man, the view from here is incredible." Curt's voice sounded thick and strained. "Lauren, I could look at your ass and your cunt all day long."

Lauren felt as if she should be embarrassed but the dark ribbon of forbidden pleasure uncoiling inside her overrode it. It was really going to happen! Everything on her wish list was about to come true!

"I think a woman who dreams of spanking should have her dreams come true on her birthday, don't you?" Scott ran his hand over her ass and his fingers trailed up through the cleft.

"Without a doubt," Curt agreed and brought his hand down on one cheek in a stinging slap.

Lauren jerked but Scott was beside her, gentling her, his tongue tracing the edge of her ear. One hand stroked up and down her spine and she relaxed a little. Then the second slap fell. And the third. At first she wanted to cry out with the pain but by the time Curt established a rhythm—first one cheek, then the other, back and forth—the pleasure began to override the pain. Her ass felt hot and the heat spread to her vagina

and the insides of her thighs. Her breasts ached and her nipples tingled and she was sure her pussy was sopping wet.

Curt must have had the same thought because the spanking stopped and he slid two fingers into her dripping center.

"Man, she is soaked." His voice was awed. "She is as juicy as a ripe peach."

"I've gotta feel it too." Scott moved down toward her feet and soon his fingers joined his brother's as they probed her cunt. "God, I can feel the walls of her pussy ripple. She's already hotter than a pistol. You know, I'll bet if we use the flogger we can make her come without touching any other part of her."

"Let's do it, man. I'm dying to watch her come."

Lauren wanted to nod her head and yell, *Yes, I am so turned on I can't stand it. I want more.* She turned her head and saw Curt pull something from the duffel and crouch down by her head.

"See this, sugar plum?" He held a thick leather handle in one hand with soft suede strips that he kept running across the palm of the other. "This you're gonna love." He looked at his brother, nodded and moved back to the foot of the bed.

"Give me your mouth, Lauren," Scott said softly. He lay down beside her, took her face in his hands and pressed his lips to hers. His tongue teased at her lips, tracing the outer edges, and then as Curt swung the flogger Scott thrust his tongue inside. She jerked at the touch of the lash but it was so much more pleasure than pain she couldn't believe it. And Scott's mouth was devouring hers, sucking at her tongue, tasting every inch of her dark wetness.

She felt it begin to build low in her body, rising in intensity every time the flogger lashed her buttocks. She'd never dreamed having someone spank and flog her could arouse her so much. Automatically her hips began to jerk as the need began to rise. His mouth still glued to hers, Scott reached under her, took her nipples and pinched them. Hard.

The orgasm exploded through her. One minute she was straining for it, the next it roared through her body like a wildfire. She wanted to buck but she was too restrained. She wanted to squeeze her legs together but Curt had them effectively separated. She wanted something inside her vagina but her muscles only sucked on empty air. Hoarse guttural sounds erupted from her throat.

"Man, is she gorgeous when she comes." Curt's voice was almost reverent. "Come here and take a look."

His fingers opened her labia as wide as he could move them and her pussy pulled madly, hungry for something inside it. Juices gushed from her body. Scott's hands replaced Curt's and Lauren felt the flogger again. It prolonged the orgasm, pushing her to the limit and beyond. She tried to catch her breath, tried to calm her shaking body but the spasms gripped her like a giant fist.

The flogging stopped suddenly and fingers probed her inner sheath, rasping against the sensitive walls, scooping out the cream and rubbing it everywhere. And her body began the slow ride down from the high. When the last aftershock had released her, someone—Scott, she thought—released the handcuffs and Curt did the same for her ankles. Then two sets of hands began a slow massage from neck to ankles, rubbing some kind of lotion into her.

"A soothing balm," Curt explained. "We want this to be pleasant for you, sweet cheeks. Not uncomfortable."

"Was it what you expected?" Scott asked in a low voice, his mouth close to her ear. "Your ass is a gorgeous shade of soft red and Curt's flogger left lovely welts. Your pussy was drenched."

"Yes." The word came out on a sigh as the hands continued to knead her muscles, relaxing her. "Does it sound awful if I tell you I loved it?"

Scott laughed his sexy laugh. "Darlin', you're *supposed* to enjoy it. We want you to feel pleasure with everything we have planned and we want to make sure we fulfill your expectations."

"Let's help her sit up." Curt gave one last glide of his hands over her calves. "I think she's earned another glass of champagne."

He refilled the flutes and handed Scott's and Lauren's to them, again raising his own in the symbol of a toast. "To the sexiest woman we've met in a long time."

Lauren blushed. "You really think so?"

Curt leaned forward and placed a warm kiss on her lips. "Darlin', I know so." His tongue tasted the surface of her lips then darted swiftly inside. He tasted every inch of her mouth inside and out as it swept from roof to inner cheek to lips and back into the innermost recesses.

Lauren melted into the kiss and every part of her body responded to its sensuality. She managed to set her champagne glass down on the nightstand without spilling it and slid her fingers into the black silk of Scott's hair. In a moment she felt Curt nibble at her shoulder, his hand at one of her breasts as he teased and stimulated the already tender nipple.

Scott cupped her face in his hands and moved his mouth first one way then another to give him a better angle, never breaking contact with her. At last he drew back, her mouth swollen and her senses drugged.

"Let's see how those other lips are doing, sweet thing, shall we?" His voice was husky and warm.

He scooped her off the bed. In a swift movement he stood her on her feet with her back to him, slid his hands between her legs and lifted her so he was holding her wide open for Curt's examination. She had to reach back and clasp her hands together behind his to steady herself.

"What do you think, bro? She ready for the next item on the list?"

Curt knelt in front of her, parted her with gentle fingers and lightly tugged her flesh. When a fingertip drifted over her clit she gasped.

He smiled up at her. "Feel good, sweetheart? That little bud's just begging to be abused, you know that?" He put his mouth to it and took it between his teeth.

Lauren jerked in Scott's hold as her pussy clenched in response and the pulse deep in her womb began to throb again. She thought for a brief moment she should be embarrassed at being naked and exposed this way but she was so filled with rising lust and Scott and Curt made it seem so natural she could only think of her body's enjoyment.

"What do you think, Lauren?" His voice was like a match to a flame. "Like letting us look at you like this? Seeing every inch of that wonderful cunt? Wide open for whatever we want to do to you?"

"Yes." She managed to get the one word out in a voice she hardly recognized as her own.

"Us too," he whispered in her ear. "Before tonight's over there won't be a part of you we haven't looked at and touched."

"Or tasted," Curt added. He pulled back, his mouth shiny with Lauren's cream. "And looks good too. All pink and swollen and wet." He slipped two fingers inside and rotated them to collect more fluid before he pulled them back out. "But you know I'm an ass man myself. This is what I'm really interested in." He used one hand to separate the cheeks of her ass while the other smeared the moisture on his fingers over and around her anus. The tip of one finger pressed inside and Lauren jerked again.

"Whoa!" Scott held her tighter. "You okay, sugar plum? Hey, Curt, maybe she's never been fucked in the ass before. That's why it's on her list."

Curt looked up at her, a concerned expression on his face. "Have you, Lauren? We need to know so we don't hurt you."

She ran her tongue over her lips and shook her head. How could she tell them every effort she'd made to accomplish that had been either turned down or ignored?

"Okay, then." Curt stood up. "We need to start preparing you, because the last thing in the world we want to do is cause you unnecessary pain. But first..." He tilted her chin up with one finger and pressed his mouth to hers.

She could taste herself on his lips, a sensation so erotic it made her shiver. When Curt licked his lips and thrust his tongue into her mouth she sucked on it as hard as she could.

Behind her Scott laughed softly as he saw her cheeks work. "Man, picture that mouth wrapped around your cock, bro."

Curt pulled back. "I am. Believe me. Okay, we need to help her get ready."

Scott released his hold on her thighs and laid her back down on the bed. "Get up on your hands and knees, sweet thing. I think you'll really like this."

With a mixture of uncertainty and dark anticipation, Lauren did as he told her. His hand caressed her back, doing the little finger-walking down her spine that gave her such shivers until he reached her buttocks. Behind her she heard Curt move and the sound of the duffel zipper. Scott pressed a kiss on each of her ass cheeks then separated them so her anus was once again exposed.

"Just breathe easy, darlin'. I promise you'll love this."

Something cool pressed against her puckered opening and Curt's fingers spread it all around the area. Then there was slight pressure again as something thick and viscous was squirted into her. Curt used one finger to push past the opening and rub the contents into her rectum, moving his finger in and out in an easy motion. When he added another finger Lauren sucked in a breath but Scott's hands on her, rubbing her ass, helped her to relax.

Curt began scissoring the fingers, working to stretch her rectum and prepare it for what came next.

"Okay, Lauren." Scott's soft voice. "Take another deep breath and let it out slowly. This is a butt plug, not too small and not too large, that will begin to stretch you. We'll

change it a couple times, increasing the size, before we ever fuck that virgin ass, sweetheart, so don't worry. We'll take good care of you."

She did as she was told and as she drew air into her lungs something solid pushed past her tight sphincter muscle and began its inexorable entry into her dark tunnel. She let her breath out in increments as Scott had told her and with each puff of air she expelled the plug moved farther inside her. Slowly, slowly, until with one final push it was fully seated inside her. She let out the last tiny bit of air and made herself breathe slowly.

The plug filled her so completely she didn't know how she'd take anything bigger but she trusted Scott and Curt to do the right thing. She didn't know why, she knew so little about either of them but something about them both said she was safe in their hands.

Scott helped her to stand up and he and Curt bracketed her with their bodies, fondling her breasts and playing with her nipples.

"We have a surprise present for you," Scott told her. "Curt, I think this is the time to give it to her, don't you?"

"You bet," he nodded. From the duffel he produced a small box, opened it and held it out for Lauren to see.

She knew what they were. She'd admired them in magazines and actually had a pair a former lover had given her but these nipple rings made the ones she had pale in comparison. Four thin rows of pearls strung on narrow gold chain dangled from the tiny gold rings that would clamp around her nipples. She felt them tighten into hard buds just imagining the sensation.

"I saw them this morning when we shopped for tonight," Scott said, "and knew they'd be perfect for you. I think it's time to put them on."

In perfect unison the two brothers began to stimulate her nipples until they were swollen and aching. Then each took one of the rings, slipped it onto a breast and clamped the ring tight. A tiny sensation of pain shot through her, to be replaced at once

by a flush of pleasure that suffused her entire body. She looked down to see the pearls dangle and brush against the heated skin of her breasts. Cream trickled from her vagina down the inside of her thighs.

Curt grinned as he scented her musk. "Yeah, I'd say she likes them all right."

"All right, sweet thing. Let's move on to the next item on your list." He pulled out the slip of paper. "Ah yes. 'Being chained to the bed while one man forces me to suck his cock and the other fucks my pussy.' I think we can handle that just fine." His lips brushed her cheek. "This is more than just a game to us, Lauren. We've both wanted this for longer than you could imagine. Tonight we'll all get to fulfill our fantasies."

## Chapter Three

The brothers were ingenious, Lauren had to admit. They had come prepared for everything.

Her bed was not a four-poster, easily adaptable for restraints, but their bag of tricks was well-stocked for any occasion. While she lay comfortably on her back, conscious of the plug in her ass, they stretched cords under the bed at the head and the foot. The cords had cuffs attached to each end, which they snapped onto her wrists and ankles. In a matter of seconds she was spread-eagled again, open to whatever they chose to do with her. The flickering light of the candles placed around the room gave the entire picture an erotic ambience, as if very wicked things were about to happen.

For a moment a frisson of alarm skittered along her spine and she tugged against the restraints that held her captive. But Curt, at the foot of the bed, winked at her and she relaxed, realizing she had never been so stimulated in her life.

The most amazing thing was they seemed to be genuinely fond of her. When Marcia had told her what her birthday present would be, Lauren's feelings had been mixed about doing all the things on her list with two strangers, men who would view her as a sex object for one evening. But something more was at work here. It stunned her to learn that the Erickson brothers had fantasized about her as much as she had about Scott. And would have about Curt if she'd known he existed. They were treating her like something precious and in the process made her feel very special. This was something she hadn't expected and it brought her hidden feelings for Scott closer to the surface than she wanted.

*What's the matter with me? I hardly even know the guy, or his brother.*

But in some sense she felt she did, that they connected and that made the evening at once safer and more dangerous.

Curt knelt between her thighs. His eyes glittered as he once again looked at her exposed cunt. "So sweet," he murmured, moved up and kissed her lips. In seconds a light contact turned into an act of plunder. He drew out her tongue into his own mouth, nibbled lightly then sucked hard.

At the same time Scott climbed up behind her, sat back on his heels and arranged her between his thighs. Curt broke the kiss and Scott rolled a pillow under her neck, making sure her head was supported as he tilted it backward. His large, warm hands caressed her shoulders and upper arms, stroking her skin with a touch that soothed and reassured as if he'd seen that tiny bit of panic in her eyes.

"It's all right, sugar plum. We'd never do anything to frighten you. Besides, I've waited too long to get my hands on you to do anything that would chase you away."

His eyes on Lauren's face, he moved one hand to his enormous, swollen penis and stroked himself slowly from root to tip. When a tiny pearl of fluid squeezed from the slit he wiped it off with a fingertip and painted it on one of her nipples where it protruded through the ring.

She bucked slightly and her hands clutched at Curt's shoulders.

He lifted his hungry mouth from hers. "I can hardly wait for this, sweet thing. My cock in that sweet naked pussy while you take Scott in your mouth." He raised his eyes and he and Scott exchanged a look. "Here we go, darlin'."

He probed at her labia, his fingers rubbing up and down, light pinches leaving a trail of heat. He locked his eyes on hers as he played, careful to touch nothing but her outer lips, no matter how much she tried to urge him silently with her body. When he slipped two fingers inside her vagina her muscles clamped down on him immediately.

Curt looked up at Scott. "Man, she's a firecracker. What a treasure we have here." He shifted his gaze back to Lauren. "All right, darlin'. Scott would love you to open that sweet mouth of yours and taste that cock that aches for it. Go on, now."

As he gave her the instructions, he gave her clit an easy pinch. Her mouth opened in response and Scott leaned forward, tilted her head back and pressed the head of his penis to her tongue.

“Wrap your lips around me, sweet thing.” His voice was soft but strained, a sign of the control he exerted.

Lauren reached up and eagerly pulled him into the warm, wet cavern of her mouth. As she sucked him inside she heard a hiss of breath and felt the muscles of his thighs clench. A sense of power coursed through her as she realized the strength of his reaction to her and just how easily she could control his climax. Much as they were controlling hers. She closed her lips around the silk-covered shaft and wished her hands were free so she could grasp it with them. Her tongue swirled around the thickness that stretched her lips and her teeth bit down lightly, causing another intake of breath.

At the same time Curt moved his fingers in and out of her, curling them to reach and rasp her sweet spot, then scrape her sensitive walls. In and out his fingers fucked her, while his mouth worked her into a frenzy. His lips closed over the throbbing bud of her sex, sucking on her in the same rhythm she sucked Scott.

“More, sugar?” Scott’s voice was tight. “Can you take more of me?”

In response Lauren tilted her head back a little more and let another inch or so of his cock slide over her tongue and down her throat. His hands cradled her face with a tenderness she wouldn’t have believed and his hips began a back-and-forth motion. In frustration she tugged again at her restraints but Curt just lifted his head and laughed.

“Uh-uh, sweet cheeks. Totally chained, remember?”

Her vaginal walls were pulsing with need and she was sure his face was covered with her juices. She needed him inside her but with Scott filling her mouth she couldn’t say a word.

“Need something in that tiny sweet little hole?” Curt teased, although his voice betrayed his aroused state.

Lauren tried to nod.

“All right, sweet thing. Here’s the way we’re going to do this. I’m going to slide my cock inside you a little at a time and start fucking you. You just keep sucking on Scott and when he tells me he’s almost ready to come, we’ll pick up the pace a little here, so we can all come at the same time.”

She heard the snap of latex as he sheathed himself. Then his fingers opened her and the head of his penis nudged at her opening. She tried to move herself onto him but again the restraints stopped her. Slowly, inch by inch, he filled her sheath, stretching her soft tissues to their limits until she felt the head of his cock touch her womb. As he began a gentle rocking motion she sucked harder on Scott, bending her head back even farther to take more of him. His hands, steady on her shoulders, anchored her as flames raced through her blood and pleasure spiked through her body.

The twins synchronized their movements, Scott fucking her mouth and Curt her cunt on the same in-and-out strokes. Curt moved one hand to her clit again and began to massage and tease it. Lauren tried to draw harder on Scott’s shaft to bring him to completion. She desperately needed to come. Right now.

“Any time now, bro,” Scott said in a hoarse voice as his hands tightened their grip on her.

“You got it.” The tone of Curt’s voice matched his brother’s.

As one they thrust harder into both of her openings, once, twice, three times. Curt dragged a nail across the sensitized tip of her clit and as one they all exploded. Scott’s cum spurted against the back of her throat, a thick stream that never seemed to stop, and at the same time she felt Curt explode inside her. Her body convulsed and spasms shook her from head to toe. The walls of her pussy gripped Curt’s shaft like a tight glove and the pulsebeat deep in her womb throbbed at an accelerated pace.

She thought she would never stop coming as her cunt pumped out more and more fluid. At the point she thought she would shatter completely her body finally began to ease itself. The quakes subsided in intensity until they stopped completely.

Scott eased his penis from her mouth, rubbing the tip across her lips one last time as Curt withdrew from her aching sheath. With slow movements they unfastened the cuffs from her wrists and ankles, then lay down on either side of her, cradling her between them. Her face was buried in Scott's chest while Curt pressed himself against her back, his wet shaft resting against the cleft of her ass. Even as spent as she knew they must be, they covered her face with light kisses and stroked her body. Their actions soothed her and calmed her body, which was still ragged from the intensity of their joint climax.

"You okay, sugar plum?" Scott asked, his voice a husky murmur.

"Mm hmm." She drew in a shuddering breath and released it. "Just...drained."

"You need to rest a little," Curt told her. "I think we should have some birthday cake."

"Cake?" She blinked. "Now?"

"Uh-huh." He turned her face so he could kiss her.

Like Scott, his kiss devoured her. His tongue traced every inner space in her mouth as it danced with hers. If she closed her eyes she wasn't sure if she could tell who was actually kissing her.

Scott turned her body and arranged pillows behind her, making sure she was comfortable. She had never felt so used and so cosseted all at the same time.

"Don't move," Curt told her. "We'll be right back."

"Here, darlin'." Scott handed her a glass of champagne. "This will refresh you." He leaned down close to her and gave her a wicked grin. "You'll need it."

Lauren sipped at the champagne and let the scented air of the room brush over her. She felt totally decadent and surprised at how much she was enjoying herself. Living out her fantasies hadn't always turned out to be as good as she'd imagined them, but this one was certainly off the charts.

She heard laughter in the hall, then the twins walked back into the bedroom, Scott carried the cake and Curt had another bottle of champagne in his hands.

"You forgot the plates," she pointed out.

More laughter.

"We won't need them, sweet cheeks," Curt told her. "We're going to feed yours to you and you'll be *our* plate."

Her eyes widened. "Excuse me?"

"Just go with it," Scott said. "I promise you'll enjoy it." He took the champagne glass from her hand. "But first we need to change that plug for a larger one. Maybe one with more personality."

They turned her over and lifted her to her hands and knees again. As before, Scott eased apart her ass cheeks while Curt slowly removed the plug. She felt strangely empty but then Curt squeezed the lubricant into her rectum again and used first one and then two fingers to rub it into her internal tissues. He moved his fingers in the scissoring motion he'd used before and she heard him make a sound of satisfaction.

"She's getting looser," he told his brother. "By the time I get to fuck her here, she'll take me just fine."

"Good. Okay, bro, let's get the next one in."

As before Lauren felt the tip of the plug press against her anus, then a steady pressure as Curt inserted it. This time the movement was far from tentative. The first plug had paved the way and her body more readily accepted the intrusion. When it was fully seated Curt kissed her ass cheeks as he'd done before, then helped her to turn and lie down.

"Now, sweet cheeks, it's time for cake."

Scott broke off a small piece with a fork and lifted it to her lips. "You get the first bite."

She opened her mouth to accept it, savoring the creamy chocolate texture. "B-But how will you eat?"

"Just you watch." He winked at her. "But we don't want you to interfere so we'll need to make sure your hands are taken care of, darlin'."

They clipped the handcuffs to her wrists again, then each cut off a piece of cake with the side of a fork and began to apply it to her body.

Lauren jumped at the first touch, then began to giggle. "This wasn't on my list but it should have been."

"Just lie back and enjoy it," Curt said.

Scott fed her bites of the cake as they covered her body slowly, one section at a time. At first the texture of the cake and the frosting felt funny but then she became accustomed to it, even anticipating each application. Her nipples, swollen and tender from the nipple rings, reacted as Scott rubbed frosting into them. When he pinched each one lightly her body jerked in response.

"Darlin', those nipples are as big as raspberries now," he told her. "I can't wait to lick this frosting from them."

Their fingers were gentle as they smoothed the confection over her stomach and her hips, down her thighs and calves to her ankles. Her breath hitched slightly when Curt bent her legs at the knees and separated them. Then he began to cover her smooth mound and the creases between thigh and body. When he scooped frosting from the top of the cake with two fingers and inserted them in her cunt she couldn't help but push down at his hand with her body. The sensation was so unusual her vaginal walls responded at once.

"I thought you might like that." He pinched her clit. "You'll like the rest of this even more, I promise you."

He nodded at Scott who bent his head and began to lick the frosting from Lauren's engorged nipples. Piercing arrows of heat shot through her body and she moaned at the bite of pleasure-pain. Then she felt Curt's hands at her ass and in a moment the plug began to vibrate slowly, sending quivers throughout her body. Then the two of them

began to lap and lick the cake from her skin, a slow process that piled stimulation on stimulation.

Soft little cries escaped her lips as the two tongues traced paths from her neck to her ankles. They didn't work in any kind of pattern but jumped from place to place—her shoulders, then her knees, then her ankles, her thighs. With each sweep of a tongue her body became more aroused, the vibrator in her ass working her toward a higher and higher state of need.

When Curt positioned himself between her thighs, placed her legs over his shoulders and swept his tongue into her cunt her whole body began to shudder. And when Scott leaned down and licked her tender nipples she could feel the tremors already begin deep inside her.

They were relentless, even when she tried to pull away from sensations almost too much to bear. Their hands held her gently but firmly in place as they licked and sucked, teased and tormented and the vibrator continued its buzzing stimulation.

Then it stopped, the completion she sought held just out of reach. She wanted to scream in frustration.

Scott covered his mouth with hers, his tongue sweeping inside and touching the roof and the insides of her cheeks. One finger flicked lightly on her overstimulated nipples while his mouth swallowed her moans.

In seconds it began again, Curt's mouth on her labia, her clit, her opening. His tongue thrust inside to lick her inner walls while Scott suckled her nipples. The vibrator humming. She twisted her hips, pushing against Curt's marauding mouth, desperate to reach the precipice and tumble over it. But they were clever, these sensual twins. They played her body with consummate skill, knowing just how high to take her before stopping.

By the fourth time she was sobbing and pleading, willing to do anything if they would just give her release. As if by unspoken word, they bent to their task again, this time with greater intensity. As Scott continued to torment her nipples and plunder her

mouth, Curt kicked the vibrator up to its highest setting and began to eat her out in earnest, his hands clamping her in place.

And then she reached the peak and fell over it into space, tumbling and swirling, her body quaking and shivering. Her body's juices poured into Curt's mouth and he was relentless in drawing them out. His tongue rasped every inch of her inner walls while his fingers squeezed and plucked at her clit. She would begin to slide and then suddenly launch into space again as her body reached for another, more intense peak. By the time she finally came down completely, she was drained and limp, exhausted by the intensity of the longest orgasm she had ever had.

The twins lay down on either side of her again and held her and murmured soothing words to her. Hands stroked her hair, her back, her buttocks, so tender in their touch she wanted to weep. As hard as they worked her, as much as they pushed her beyond the limits of sensation, that much they showered her with affection and care.

*How did I get so lucky? No one else would have treated me this way. What will I do after tonight is over and they're gone?*

She deliberately shut down her mind, not wanting to think of tomorrow. Right now all she wanted was tonight.

## **Chapter Four**

While Curt held her and cuddled her, showering her with light kisses, Scott ran a bath, sprinkling bath oil and salts into the water. When the tub was filled Curt slipped the plug from her ass, carried her into her bathroom and lowered her into the water. When he removed the nipple rings pain shot through to the swollen tips, then receded. Scott placed his arm behind her head to cushion her neck and they began to wash her with soft, gentle strokes.

"Sweet cheeks, I'll never look at chocolate cake the same again," Curt joked.

"Me either," Scott agreed.

"I have to say," Curt went on, "I'm totally grateful to your friend Marcia for her call early this morning. I can't remember a better night than this."

"And it's still not over," Scott reminded him. "We're not finished with the list."

Curt's eyes darkened. "That's right, bro. I still haven't fucked that tasty little ass of hers." As if to emphasize his point he slid a soap-slick finger inside her asshole and wiggled it, searching for a certain spot.

When he found it and pressed against it, Lauren shuddered, the pulse in her vagina beginning its drumbeat again.

"Oh yeah." Curt's voice was rough with heat. "That's it, sweet cheeks. That's the spot, isn't it? Just wait until you feel my cock there."

They took their time finishing the bath, stopping every few minutes to plant tender kisses on her mouth, changing positions to accommodate first one then the other. Lauren closed her eyes and let herself drift, rousing only when they washed her pussy, paying great attention to detail. At last they lifted her from the tub and dried her with her big fluffy towels. This time it was Scott who lifted her and settled her in a big

lounge chair while he and Curt efficiently stripped the chocolate-covered sheets and replaced them with cool, clean ones. Then Curt moved her to the bed.

"We'll be right back," he told her. "You rest. You'll need it."

Lauren smiled and let her eyelids drift closed. She drifted off to the sound of the shower running and the low murmur of the twins' voices, lying there between sleep and wakefulness until she felt two sets of hands exploring her body.

"We were looking over the list," Curt chuckled, "and figured out we've sort of combined some of the things on there. You don't mind, do you?"

Lauren shook her head. "I have no complaints about anything. This is the best birthday fantasy anyone could ever have. You guys are terrific."

Scott turned her to face him and brushed the hair back from her forehead, his eyes darkened almost to navy. "For us too, darlin'. For us too."

Curt had been removing things from the duffel again and placed them at the foot of the bed. He switched places with Scott who positioned himself between Lauren's legs while Curt moved around to sit behind her. He held her upper body in his lap and massaged her breasts.

"I could fondle your breasts forever, sweet cheeks. They are so very, very tempting. If I went to sleep every night holding them I'd never have a bad night's sleep."

His praise warmed her along with the heat generated by his hands on her breasts. Her nipples, still tender from the rings, hardened the instant he brushed against them, eliciting a small chuckle.

"We saw vibrators on your list," Scott told her, "so we thought we'd bring an assortment. You can tell us which ones you like best."

Lauren tried to lift her head to see what was happening but Curt pressed her back against him. "No. Just like this. It's better if you just feel."

Scott bent her legs at the knees as Curt had done and planted them wide apart. Her feet were flat on the bed. She felt his fingers stroke the bare skin of her mound, then trace a path from her clit down to her anus.

"I'm going to apply some lotion now, sugar plum," he told her. "It will make you feel really good and enhance the vibrators."

As soon as he smoothed the thick liquid onto her sensitive skin she felt her body respond, demanding orgasm again.

"What...?"

"Ssh," Curt soothed. "Let it work. I promise you'll love it."

Scott rubbed it into every inch of her inner and outer lips, over her tender clit, deep into her vagina and then into the dark channel of her rectum. With each application her arousal increased and her juices began to flow from her opening.

"God, you're juicy." Scott easily slid three fingers into her. "You are a delectable morsel, Miss Lauren Henderson. One I could feast on every single day." He kissed the inside of each thigh. "Okay now. Here's the first one. Tell me how you like it."

She drew in her breath as a thick dildo filled her sheath and Scott turned it on. Immediately vibrations began to race through her, spreading out from her slick vagina. Her hips began to thrust automatically as Scott held the vibrator in place and Curt squeezed and rubbed her breasts. In seconds he turned it off and pulled it out, she wanted to scream at him to put it back at once.

"Next one," he told her. "Remember, you said on the list you wanted to test them so we took you at your word."

This one was slightly thicker and obviously had an extension on it because she felt something clamp lightly on her clit. As Curt leaned down to cover her mouth with his, Scott turned on the vibrator. At once she felt it hum inside her and on the hungry little bud of her sex. Tremors began deep inside her but just as she was ready to give herself over to them Scott turned the dildo off and slipped it out.

"Nooo," she cried. "Don't stop."

"We have to test them all," Curt reminded her.

"Okay, sweet thing. This one's the finale. I think you'll like this one the best. Curt, hold on to her tightly."

She felt something thick once again in her cunt, the little pinch again on her clit but this time Scott rocked her back to expose her buttocks, placed something on the tender skin between her vagina and her anus and then slid a long wand into her asshole.

"Ready?" he asked in a husky voice.

She nodded.

Curt leaned down and captured her mouth with his, sucking on her tongue, as Scott turned on the multiple vibrator.

Lauren's entire body jerked in response as every area of her pussy and her ass reacted to the intense stimulation. Every nerve fired, cream seeped from the walls of her vagina, even the muscles of her rectum clenched. With her hands restrained and Scott holding her legs firmly in place she had little room to move but her body bucked and thrust and twisted as sensation piled on sensation. Low moans rumbled up from her throat and Curt swallowed them with his mouth, never releasing his grasp on her breasts or her tongue.

It was almost too much. There was no place to get relief, to catch her breath. Up and up and up it pushed her. If she thought the last orgasm they'd brought her to was shattering, this one might break her completely. Yet even as she tried to draw away from it she welcomed it, her body adjusting to the assault on her senses, her muscles easing into the intense vibrations.

Just as she began to catch the rhythm of the stimulation and ride the waves, Scott turned up the vibrator and every part of her body shook in response. The orgasm crashed down on her without warning, grabbing her like a tornado and tossing her about. As one wrenching climax subsided she was thrown into another more intense

one. Vaguely she felt Scott kiss and nip the insides of her thighs as Curt continued to claim ownership of her breasts and mouth. Her body was on sensual overload.

Finally, when she thought surely she would faint from it all, Scott eased the vibrator back to low and then off and began slipping it from her body. She collapsed where she lay, so limp she didn't think she'd ever move again, pulse racing, heart pounding, breath rasping like a saw on wood.

"I think that's the one," Curt commented as he scooted down beside Lauren.

Scott moved up the bed to her other side and nodded his agreement. "We need to keep that one at the top of the pile. That thing drives her wild. I was afraid I'd come just from watching her."

"You aren't the only one," his brother said.

They cradled her body between them. Once again they administered that wonderful massage, as if they knew how calming and reassuring it would be to her.

"Too much, sweet thing?" Scott asked in a soft voice.

"Yes. No." She searched for the right word. "Earth-shattering."

Curt brushed his knuckles against her cheek. "Think you need to call it a night?"

She might have said yes except for the tiny note of disappointment in his voice and the dark need to fulfill his wishes too. This night would not end until he'd fucked her in the ass. That was her commitment.

"Not on your life. Give me a glass of champagne and I'll be ready again."

The twins both laughed. "Sugar plum, you are something else," Scott said. "I have to say we've never met a woman like you and we've met a lot of them."

They helped her to sit up and Curt poured champagne into her glass, handing it to her with a flourish. "You're definitely our kind of woman, sweet cheeks."

A tiny spark of hope flared inside her. Maybe this didn't have to be the end of it. Was it possible they'd want to see her again when tonight was over? And would she

have to choose which one? That would be impossible. She banished the thoughts from her mind, determined not to think about them until morning.

Finally Scott set his own glass of champagne down, picked Lauren up and sat her in his lap. "Ready for the finale, darlin'?"

She took in a deep breath and nodded.

"Okay. Here's how we're going to do this. I'll lie down on the bed with you on top of me and the first thing you're going to do is suck my cock again. I want to be sure I'm good and ready, although at this point I don't think I'll need much urging. Curt's going to attend to those gorgeous ass cheeks of yours and when we're all set I want you to slide down on my cock and lean forward so Curt can take your ass. Are you okay with that?"

Of course she was. Wasn't it the biggest thing on her list?

"Yes." She blew out a breath. "I'm ready."

Scott positioned her so she lay on his legs and she took his shaft in her hand. With careful deliberation she ran her tongue up and down the length of it. She dipped a nail into the slit in the deep purple head and sucked at the tiny bead of liquid there. Scott's body shifted under her with every movement of her tongue. When she took him into her mouth a long breath hissed between his teeth. Just as she began to bob her head on it she felt Curt's hand come down on her ass in a stinging slap.

As her body reacted her head sank lower on Scott's penis and juices she thought long depleted began to drip from her cunt. With the next slap she began to suck in earnest and the more she felt Curt's hand the harder she sucked. She thought the vibrator had taken her as high as she could go but this pleasure-pain drove her to a level beyond that.

When his hand stopped she wanted to cry but she remembered from the list what came next and in the next instant she felt the flogger striping her buttocks. She squeezed her legs together, afraid she would come just from the spanking and the flogging and she wanted Curt's cock in her ass more desperately than she could have believed.

"Come up here, sugar." Scott reached for a condom, rolled it on and lifted her until she was straddling him. When she was poised over his penis he lowered her onto it until every inch of him was inside her. She shivered with the pleasure of it.

Then she felt the flogger again and would have begun to ride Scott if he hadn't held her in place.

"Not yet, darlin'. But soon."

By the time Curt tossed the flogger to the side she was so hot she thought she'd explode. When Scott pulled her forward to ready her for Curt's invasion of her ass a dark thrill of excitement shot through her.

The bed dipped as Curt climbed up on it behind her.

"I've got a well-lubed condom on, sweet cheeks." His voice was tight with control. "Don't want to hurt that adorable ass of yours. Bend forward now. Here we go."

He spread the cheeks of her ass wide and began to push himself inside her. At first her sphincter muscle tightened and refused to open for him but he pressed on and in a moment it popped to allow him entry. Scott pulled at her nipples, tugging her forward even more, and suddenly her entire rectum was filled.

She gasped at the sensation of two cocks that stuffed her so full. She could feel them touch each other through the thin separating membrane.

"Do you like that?" Curt asked in an uneven voice as he rocked slightly. "Does it feel good to have my cock in your ass, sweet cheeks?"

"Yes, it does." She was breathless with the sensation of it.

"You are so fucking tight I could come without even moving. God, I love your ass. I could stay here forever."

"Me too." The words came out on a sigh as she wiggled back and tried to draw him deeper.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll never forget the feel of my cock in here, Lauren."

"Here we go, darlin'." Scott barely got the words out as he nodded to his brother.

They began to fuck her in earnest, moving in a rhythm she was sure they'd perfected over the years. As one moved into her the other drew back, slowly at first and then with increased speed. She could do nothing but hold onto Scott as they plunged and retreated, her ass and her pussy clenched around them, her entire body on fire.

They drove her and drove her until she couldn't hold back anymore. As her climax broke over her she felt both men reach their own orgasm and shoot cum into the condoms, both channels throbbing as the liquid filled the latex. She was shocked that her body still had the strength to endure an orgasm as intense as this one. She splintered, colored lights flashed behind her eyelids, her lungs gasped for air and her heart slammed against her ribs. And still they rode her, pummeling her with their cocks, until the last drop had been expended from their bodies.

Lauren collapsed forward onto Scott's chest, his arms around her as Curt lay on top of her. A long time passed before anyone spoke. Curt eased himself from her body and rolled to the side, then Scott lifted her from his cock and placed her between the two of them. She could feel their hearts beating against her, the intensity of what they'd just experienced taking its toll on all their bodies.

They kissed her, the soft kisses that made her feel so feminine, while their hands stroked her body as they'd done before. When everyone's breathing had at last returned to normal, Scott raised himself up on one elbow.

"I think we all need a shower and a nap. And then, sugar plum, Curt and I want to take you for a ride and talk to you about something."

## **Chapter Five**

The LED readout on the bedside clock showed ten a.m. when Lauren opened her eyes, drawn by the fragrant aroma of coffee. Scott was standing beside the bed holding a mug filled with fresh coffee, Curt behind him with his lips turned up in a half grin.

"Tell me, sweet cheeks, was it everything you expected? Did you have a happy birthday?"

She nodded. "Oh yes. The best. Thank you so much." She blushed. "I guess I should say thank you, right?"

"We certainly hope so."

"What..." She swallowed and started again. "What did you do with, you know, the things from last night?"

Curt threw back his head and laughed. "Liked those, did you? Maybe we have another surprise for you."

"Time to get up, sweet thing." Scott handed her the mug. "We've got places to go and things to do."

She tried to swallow her disappointment. She'd hoped at least they'd stay for breakfast. "Do you have to leave so soon?"

Scott and Curt exchanged a look. "We're not leaving. You're coming with us."

"I am?" She sat up straight, the sheet falling to her waist and leaving her breasts open to their gaze.

Scott gave her a knowing look as her nipples hardened. "Now that's what I like to see. A woman who's horny first thing in the morning."

"Me too," his brother echoed.

Scott yanked the sheet away and slipped his fingers between her thighs. He probed her pussy and drew out fingers slick with cream.

"Oh!" Lauren blushed, embarrassed that she was so ready for them again after the night they'd just had.

"Don't do that." Scott leaned forward and kissed her. "If we had time we'd lay you back down on that bed and fuck you again right now. But later we'll have plenty of time for that."

"We will?" Her face brightened. Maybe they were planning to spend more time with her.

Last night had not only been the best sex she'd ever had, but she'd had it with two sensitive, caring men who made her feel treasured and feminine. She didn't want to lose that and she wondered where they could go from here. Maybe she'd have to take it one step at a time but surely as smart as she was she could think of something.

"Yes. Meantime, come on. Get dressed. I'd tell Curt to spank you for dragging your heels but you'd enjoy it too much."

Both men laughed.

"All right, all right. I'm coming. Do I need to wear anything special?"

Curt shook his head. "Just enough to cover you so we don't stop every five minutes to fuck you."

After a hasty shower she found a pair of jeans and a soft cotton blouse, pulled her hair into a ponytail and shoved her feet into sandals. As she walked through the house she noticed every vestige of the previous night had been cleaned up. The house was immaculate.

The twins waited for her by the front door.

"All set?" Curt asked.

"Let's go." She grinned at both of them as they ushered her out.

They took Scott's SUV since it had more room than Curt's little sports car and they could all three sit in the front seat. It was the wildest ride she'd ever had. Curt laid his arm across her shoulder so his fingers rested on her breast and they were barely out of the driveway before he had her jeans unzipped and his other hand inside her panties.

"Hey, no fair," Scott told him as he navigated the traffic. As soon as he turned onto a side street he held the wheel with his left hand while his right joined his brother's.

Lauren squirmed to give them better access. Scott's hand played with her clit, stroking it and teasing it, while Curt slipped two fingers into her vagina and rasped them against the walls of her sheath. She tried to hold herself still and not respond but it was practically impossible. She knew she had flooded their hands but she couldn't help herself.

"I love the feel of your wet cunt, sweet cheeks," Curt whispered in her ear. "Almost, but not quite as much, as I love your ass."

"That's why we work so well together," Scott grinned. "I can take care of your sweet pussy while my brother pays attention to your ass. See how well that works out?"

She would have answered them but the movement of their fingers was driving her crazy and she was trying to hold onto some semblance of control. As the walls of her cunt began to quiver she realized it was a losing battle and wrapped her arms around herself, digging her nails into her upper arms.

"I do believe you're gonna come, sweet cheeks." Curt's mouth was against her ear, his tongue tracing the delicate lines of it. "Go on. Let it happen."

And just like that it did. Riding in the car through the streets of the city, she came with a violence she wouldn't have thought possible. Her cream coated their hands, her vagina clenched around them and her body shook as she rode their fingers.

"God, you are the sweetest thing in the world." Scott gritted his teeth as he tried to concentrate on his driving. "I could play with you forever."

*If not forever, at least a few more nights?*

Finally her breathing slowed and she leaned back against the seat. Scott removed his hand but Curt kept his in place, stroking her clit to keep her in a constant state of arousal.

She could hardly pay attention to where they were going. She had just had an orgasm in a car driving through city streets. She had let these men bring her to climax just like that. To make it worse, the orgasm had only made her more aroused.

*Maybe I'm turning into a sex maniac.*

Eventually, as she pulled herself together to some degree, she noticed they were in a hilly neighborhood of large homes with manicured lawns and winding streets and frowned. "What are we doing here?"

"You'll see," they said in chorus.

At last Scott pulled into the driveway of a large brick house with neatly trimmed hedges set way back from the street.

Curt removed his hand from Lauren's jeans, zipped them up and kissed her forehead. "We're here."

"Whose house is this?" she wanted to know as she slid from the SUV, conscious that her panties were soaked and the scent of her arousal hung in the air. They had to notice it, she was sure. Great. Probably the people who lived here would too. "Are we visiting someone?"

"You'll find out in a minute," Curt told her. He pulled out a set of keys, found the one he wanted and unlocked the front door.

Lauren gasped at the interior. Light poured down onto hardwood floors from skylights in the cathedral ceiling and large picture windows. Off to the left was a sunken living room with minimal furniture in it and beyond that an empty dining room. They led her into a kitchen that was a cook's dream, with every kind of appliance and solid granite counters. What she wouldn't give to live in a place like this.

Then they were leading her up the graceful curved stairway to a room at the end of the open walkway. Scott threw open the door and gestured her inside.

The central focus of the room was the largest bed she had ever seen in her life. She was sure a family of six could sleep in it. One wall held a complex entertainment system and in the curve of the bay window was a small table and chair. Open doors on the far wall led to enormous walk-in closets and a bathroom fit for a king.

"Do you like this house?" Scott asked, a tinge of anxiety in his voice.

"Like it?" She turned in a circle, arms outstretched. "Who wouldn't? What's not to like? I *love* it." She turned to the twins, confused. "But I don't understand. Who lives here?"

"We do," Scott told her.

"We bought it about a month ago," Curt explained. "Scott's been renting his house just like you have and now that I want to make this city my home base it's too small for both of us. We had a lot of money we needed to do something with and the house is a good investment."

"Yes. Yes, it is." She was still confused. Why had they brought her here?

"I travel a lot. Scott travels some. We make very good money and invest it intelligently."

"Well. I'm sure that's very nice. But what does that have to do with me?"

They exchanged looks.

"We're not doing this very well," Scott told Curt. "Lauren. We're trying to tell you we're really solid citizens and although you have a great career and do very well yourself, we're in a good position to take care of you."

"I don't understand. I can take care of myself."

"Yes but that's not the point."

"We talked about it last night." Curt picked up the thread. "And again this morning. You didn't know me before last night but I'd seen you a lot of times. And

Scott's been salivating over you for so long I couldn't understand why he never asked you out."

"Because we always do the threesome thing," Scott interrupted, "and it's hard to know who will or won't be turned off by it. You don't know how glad we were when Marcia called with her little request."

"Anyway," Curt went on, "we wanted you before this but last night made us realize we want you for more than one night. Lauren, we want you to live with us, be part of us. We want to share you, make you happy."

She stared at them. They were both looking a little uncertain, waiting for her to say something.

"You mean, live here with you permanently?" She gestured toward the bed. "Sleep with both of you? Make a life for the three of us?"

"We'll be very good to you," Scott promised. "You'll never be sorry if you say yes."

She looked from one to the other, her heart beating so fast she thought it would burst from her chest. All her adult life she'd been looking for something that she could be a part of. The men she'd met were either arrogant assholes or ineffective clods. And none of them had given her sexual satisfaction even close to what she had found last night. Now Scott and Curt wanted her! These two gorgeous men wanted her permanently. How lucky could one woman be? Only a fool would say no.

Yes." She threw her arms wide. "Yes, yes, yes. I was so afraid last night was just a...a thing for you and you'd walk away from me. Yes. My answer is definitely yes."

"All right," Scott shouted as he picked her up and swung her around.

Curt moved closer and took her mouth in a deep kiss. "You'll never regret it. That's *my* promise."

"I think we ought to seal the deal by christening the bed, don't you?" Scott grinned.

"Absolutely," his brother agreed. "It's got fresh sheets on it and everything."

They pulled off Lauren's shoes and stood her on the bed. With slow deliberate movements they unbuttoned her blouse and moved her arms out of the sleeves. Her bra was next and they couldn't resist sucking on her nipples. She felt her pulse beat again deep inside.

Together they unzipped her jeans and helped her out of them, then her panties.

"She's still hot," Curt observed, his eyes burning.

"Let's check," his brother said.

They nudged her legs apart and Scott pressed his hand against her naked cunt, sliding two fingers inside her and rubbing them against her vaginal walls.

He nodded. "Soaked. I can't wait to see it again."

Pressing her down on the bed, they both shucked their clothes, then each took one leg and spread them wide, staring at the wet pink flesh exposed to them.

"Gorgeous," Scott said, stroking her slit.

"Beautiful," Curt agreed, slipping his fingers inside her and drawing them out covered with her juices.

Lauren lay there listening to her heart race as they played with her pussy, fucking her with their fingers, pulling at her outer lips and taking turns nibbling on her clit. The image of these two gorgeous men—men to whom she'd just committed herself—kneeling between her legs and feasting on her cunt aroused her so much she could already feel the orgasm building inside her

Scott finally pulled back. "Her pussy's starting to ripple. If we do this any longer she'll come again before we're ready."

"You're right," Curt agreed. "Let's turn her over so I can taste that delectable ass."

With a few deft motions they had her on her hands and knees. Scott squeezed the cheeks of her ass reassuringly as he opened them. Then she felt Curt's tongue lapping her from vagina to anus and back again and she had to bite her lip hard to keep from exploding.

He inserted three fingers into her cunt and scooped out more cream. "She's ready," he told his brother, smearing the juice onto her asshole and plunging his fingers inside.

Scott stretched out full length on the bed, grabbed a condom from the nightstand and rolled it on, and just as she'd done the night before, she slid herself down onto his rigid cock. Then she leaned forward so Curt could slip his latex-covered penis into her rectum. Scott reached down to find her clit and began stroking it with his fingers, not hard, just enough to send shocks of electricity through her and to cause her pussy to clench tighter around him. Her body began to shake with the need to come.

"Happy birthday, sweet thing," he said in a hoarse voice. "And you are definitely the sweetest thing ever to come into our lives."

"Yeah," Curt added. "Here's the rest of your present."

Once again they began the rhythm they knew so well and as the two cocks plundered her, driving her to new heights of ecstasy, Lauren had one last coherent thought.

*Wait until I tell Marcia how well her surprise turned out.*

## About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

Desiree welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

### *Tell Us What You Think*

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