

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



DOUBLE YOUR  
*Pleasure*  
FRAN LEE

## Double Your Pleasure

Fran Lee

Helen is working a latté shop just outside an upscale high-rise apartment in Manhattan. Switching shifts with her boss, she finds herself face-to-face with the most delicious, maddeningly arrogant men she's ever met. He's hot and sexy as hell, but the fact that he can't lift his eyes from her chest is a strike against him. Too bad he's such a jerk...she would have loved to get to know him better. But as soon as he's out of sight, she turns around to find another man who looks just like him—one who looks her in the eye and has a smile that takes her breath away.

Dear Lord, there are *two* of them?

Jason and Jonathon Blackstone have the same taste in everything. Identical twins, they often trade clothes...and sometimes they even share their women. Jon may have seen Helen first, but Jace intends to be the man who gets her. Unfortunately, he may just end up having to share again, since the sexy coffee girl seems to want them both.

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Double Your Pleasure

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# *DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE*

**Fran Lee**

## *Dedication*

To Suz. Thanks for your support and guidance, and for your professionalism and friendship. I'll miss you...

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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## **Chapter One**

Helen lifted her head to stare at the man standing on the other side of her counter, and couldn't help a double-take. Wow. Hot. Black hair, bronzed copper skin, sultry dark eyes. Chiseled, sensuous lips that curled into a totally wicked smile when she blinked twice and didn't answer his question. When she finally managed to get her thoughts back in order, she said, "Um...excuse me? I didn't get that order."

Those dark eyes slid instantly to her chest. And didn't lift for half a minute. Damn! Too bad he was such an asshole. He looked like a dream—a wet dream. Those dark eyes told her a lot about him, and the way they had toured her breasts before even lifting to her eyes told her he was simply window-shopping.

Working the latté shop for the past few months had given her a very different perspective when it came to men. Her now extinct office job had sheltered her from a lot of the crap she went through every day hawking crème de menthe and mocha in the form of high-octane, caffeine-laden beverages that could probably fuel a shuttle takeoff. She hadn't thought changing from a power suit to a coverall could suddenly transform a female into a bimbo up for grabs. And if it hadn't been for the wide counter, she was pretty sure the grabs would have been physical rather than hypothetical.

She'd been called everything from "doll face" to "honey buns". She might as well not even bother to wear her large plastic name badge for all the good it did. All it did was draw more eyes to her breasts. As the hunk in the Armani business suit stood measuring her bra size through her uniform, she decided that this one would definitely be a "sweet cheeks". Yes. Definitely a sweet cheeks. Too damn bad. She would have loved a go at this guy. But a girl had to maintain her standards.

Jonathan Blackstone let his gaze drop the length of her body from her hair to her hips where she waited behind the counter of the tiny coffee shop that stood outside his apartment building. He had expected to find Claire, but he didn't mind the switch. Nice, *very nice*, definitely a possible. Damn nice rack. Mouth was enough to get a guy going, dreaming of that pair of hot lips sucking his cock. But the sudden frigid response in those ice-blue eyes was enough to cool whatever fantasies he'd begun. The slight stiffening of that nicely curved spine didn't bode well for a man's chances either, but Jon wasn't the average man. He let his eyes linger on her generous breasts for a time before he inhaled deeply and smiled, lifting his eyes to her unamused face.

"One triple-sweet caramel mocha latté. Heavy on the cream." His voice dipped an octave to see how she'd respond, but he only got a lifted eyebrow.

"Out of caramel."

Jon matched that lifted brow and sighed. "Out of mocha, too?"

"Nope. We have mocha. Heavy cream? How sweet?" She turned to insert the twenty-ounce Styrofoam cup under the latté nozzle, pressed the mocha button, and waited.

"Sweet, hot and full of delicious cream—just like my women."

She hit the triple sweet button, and held the cup under the hot foamy coffee. She poured in a heavy dollop of thick sweet cream and fitted the top on, shoving it across the counter toward him. "That'll be four ninety-seven."

Jon waited as she swept up the five dollar bill, and turned to the register to get him his change. Nice, tight ass. He could easily forgive the frigid glare as long as she had a great ass. He was an ass man, himself. Tits were hot, but he liked nothing better than running his tongue over smooth, gorgeous butt cheeks as he contemplated a good hard fuck. And his very favorite sex toy was a tight, sweetly hot ass.

She handed him his pennies, and he took them from her fingers slowly, casually flipping her a ten as he dropped the coins into the "penny stash" on the counter. "You

just start today, sweet cheeks?" he purred, his eyes drifting down over her breasts again.

She tilted her head and tapped her large plastic name badge. "Sorry, the name's not sweet cheeks. I normally respond to 'Helen', but often take notice of 'hey you' and 'miss'. Thanks, and have a nice day."

Jon grinned as she tucked away her tip and turned to the next customer in line, and he moved aside to grab a stirrer and napkin from the little rack. He watched her for a couple of minutes, and sipped his steaming cup slowly. There was a long line, but he could hang a minute.

He watched her stretch up to grab some lids, and he hissed in a breath as he pictured his lips trailing over that gorgeous, beautifully molded ass. Oh yeah, he could so deal with that. Stunning tits, hot ass and legs that looked like they'd wrap around a man twice. And she was ignoring him as if he hadn't seen that instant, hot look the moment those blue eyes had met his. Yeah, she liked what she'd seen of him too. She'd come around. He'd never met a woman he couldn't get. And he had gotten a lot. But this one was sweet. Sweet and undoubtedly hot, and ripe for the picking, if that short, hot glance had meant what he thought it did.

He smiled into his cup as he anticipated his next visit. Oh yeah. She'd fall like a ripe peach. And it was cute as hell the way she was pretending to ignore him. She was adorable. He licked the sweet mocha off his lower lip just as she turned to put the next cup on the counter, and her blue eyes followed the seductive flick of his tongue. He laughed softly at the flush that filled her cheeks with pink as she turned away and ignored him again. He glanced at his watch. Damn! No more time to watch the delicious coffee girl. He had a meeting in an hour.

When he was gone, she drew a relieved breath. The jerk had stared at her like she was a prime filet mignon! Her belly had fluttered the entire time, despite her fury with herself. A guy like that was poison to a woman who'd been totally celibate for over a

year. And she hadn't even looked since the big breakup. Great-looking men seldom had great ethics or sharing personalities. At least, not in her experience.

She had made the disastrous mistake of letting Hal move in two months after they met. Hal of the golden locks and ice blue eyes and the oh-my-God hot body! Hal whose deep, sexy voice made her bones turn to water whenever he spoke. The problem was, he seldom spoke of anything but his plans and his ambitions. He seldom mentioned her workday. He spoke about the modeling contract he'd *almost* had in his pocket, if only it weren't for that damn black eye he'd gotten when his buddy had floored him in a brawl. Of course, with Hal, his failures always had to be someone else's fault.

It didn't take her long to realize she was a great meal ticket, with her good-paying job. And she hadn't even minded Hal's kinky sexual preferences, because she found herself wanting to experiment—a lot! It would have been far nicer had the asshole thought one moment of *her* pleasure as he got himself off enjoying her body in every imaginable way. The experience had widened her sexual horizons, but left her sadly unfulfilled. The jerk had introduced her to the possibilities of varied pleasures, then had left her trembling when he finished and she was still fighting her way toward the big O.

Ah well. Dreaming was always nice, but it left her aching and her pussy slick with her own juices. And it left her realizing how far down she'd slipped into the quagmire of her own frustration. She drew a deep breath and swore beneath her breath at her own lack of control.

She was counting out change for an elderly couple who had just sprung for a decadently sweet pair of marshmallow vanilla mint lattes when she saw him again. He must have gone and changed, because instead of the screamingly expensive charcoal suit, he was wearing a screamingly expensive leather sport jacket with a blue shirt, the collar open to show off a hot expanse of copper-bronze throat and a peep of delicious muscle at the vee of his collar. No tie. She wondered if maybe he'd slopped the latte he'd just bought down his front and had gone to change. Served him right for being an

asshole. She glanced up as he approached. God! Too bad. Because she could almost taste that lush, coppery tanned skin. He must have changed his cologne, as well. Maybe he'd hopped in the shower.

Hmmm. That meant he lived close by. She fought back a growl deep in her throat as he stepped up to the counter and smiled slowly down at her, making her belly do another damn cliff-dive off the Chrysler Building.

She smiled pleasantly up at him, and the dimple that curled into his cheek nearly made her swallow her tongue. He was soo hot! "Can I get your order? Again?"

Jason Blackstone lifted one black brow and let his eyes slip over her clear complexion and blue eyes, over the pained smile to her full bottom lip and back to her eyes again. "I'd really love to have a caramel mocha latté, triple sweet with extra cream." His delicious deep voice was quiet and held a note of question.

The woman heaved a sigh and said patiently, "Still no caramel. You want a repeat of the one I made you earlier?" She seemed pissed off. Hmmm. Only one explanation.

Jace inhaled the softly floral scent of her tousled warm blonde hair before he smiled. "I see you already met my brother." His smile was rueful now. "Yeah. I'll take whatever he had."

The woman blinked and her jaw dropped. She stared at him like he had two heads, and he couldn't help but react with a slow, wicked grin.

"There can't possibly be *two* of you," she blurted, before hot color flooded her cheeks.

He watched, fascinated, as warm color spread from her neckline up over that sweetly damp face, as she blew a tendril of honey hair out of her face and chewed that lush lower lip so enticingly. Sweet Lord, but he would love to feel that full, pouty lip as he sucked it into his mouth to nibble and tease it. Her eyes slid away in delightful embarrassment, and he wanted to reach across the counter and pull her up to kiss that utterly edible mouth.

He laughed softly, and the whipped-cream sound curled around her mind, shooting straight down to her belly, then burst upward toward her breasts. Holy shit! Two men who looked like that? Two men who had this kind of sorcerer's effect on her poor mind and body? She turned quickly to get his latté, and when it was sealed, she shoved it across the glass. A twenty was sitting there, and she picked it up, turning to ring the latté up.

"Keep the change. If you had to deal with Jon earlier, you earned it. I see you still have all your clothes on, and you don't look like you've been attacked and bent over the counter for a quickie."

She started to tell him his brother certainly wouldn't have gotten that far with her, but he just grinned wickedly and saluted her with the steaming cup, before heading toward the cab stand on the corner.

She stood staring after his retreating broad shoulders, her heart thumping madly in her chest. Twins. Dear Lord! The thought of two men like that almost caused her to hyperventilate. Fantasies of the asshole and the not-so-asshole flitted through her mind as she turned to the next customer, and forced her mind back to business. But after seeing the matched pair of hotties, her libido was on overdrive all day long, and all she could do was pray for quitting time so she could take the subway home and dig out her little box of toys!

\* \* \* \* \*

Jon sat in the rear seat of the limo, sipping his latté thoughtfully. It had been a damn long time since any female had caught him off center at first sight, and he savored the thought of getting past that chilly façade and into those undoubtedly hot panties. He shifted as his cock swelled to fill his boxers and press against his zipper uncomfortably. He thought about the sexy little coffee girl sucking him until his brain melted, and he

gave a soft groan. Damn! Now he had a hard-on from hell, and he was due in a meeting in ten minutes.

He shoved futilely at his cock, but he only managed to get it more interested. Fuck! He closed his eyes and counted to fifty, but when uninvited visions of the little blonde crawling up his body and grabbing him, taking his swollen cock into her mouth invaded his count, he decided that the only way he was going to get his cock to behave was to create pain in some other portion of his body. He grimaced and took a hefty swallow of the steaming coffee, and gasped as the scalding liquid burned his tongue and palate.

Okay, that definitely worked. But he didn't want to get into the habit of abusing his tongue. He had to do something about the coffee girl – and soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen glanced at her watch and sighed. Five minutes more until Claire took over. The postage-stamp-sized coffee stand was not big enough for more than one to fit behind the counter at a time, so she was cleaning up and counting out her drawer as Claire slipped behind her into the little office to check on the supply list that was to be delivered tonight. Bless Claire for letting her work days for a week. She'd traded shifts with Claire this week because the little Jamaican woman had things to take care of during the day. Helen was usually on the evening shift from six p.m. until midnight.

She sighed and ran a hand over her damp brow. She could certainly use the money since her regular day job had up-ended when the place had closed down. She was damn happy for the extra hours. To top that off, her roommate had just told her she was moving out, and she had five days to find another girl to share, or she'd end up pushing a grocery cart and sleeping under a cardboard box. Rent was fucking ridiculous!

"We out of caramel?" Claire made the word sound exotic, as her reading glasses slid down her nose.

"I had a rush this morning and emptied the pump canister right out. Looks like it wasn't on the last list. I couldn't find any more bottles back there." She wiped the counter with a clean rag, sighed, and turned to trade places with Claire.

The little woman shook her head and said with a sigh, "I'll order extra. You finished up, sweetie?"

"Yep. Cash is counted and everything's cleaned up for you." She shimmied past her boss and added, "I dropped almost two thousand five hundred dollars into the safe. I'll do the deposit in the morning. I don't like carrying that much cash this late at night."

"It'll be safe there 'til the mornin', little one. I got me some protection goin' on." Claire grinned wickedly at her just as Officer O'Hare stepped up and grinned at the tiny proprietor.

"Top 'o the evenin' to ya, Clairry..." he said in a deep, pleasant voice, and Helen tried not to giggle aloud at the blush on the man's already ruddy complexion. Oh, Officer O'Hare had it bad. And Claire wasn't totally unaware of the big cop either, keeping him around, giving him free coffee and donuts every time he walked by on his beat. His eleven-to-seven shift ended in an hour, but she knew the widowed man would bring his car over from the station after seven, park it at the curb, and keep Claire under his watchful eye until she closed up and left at half past twelve.

He had done that for Helen these past five months, just to have somebody to talk to. Poor guy. But it made her feel far safer than being there alone every night, with just the after-show customers and the late night diners and late workers on their way to the subway station down the block. Claire had told her to give the man freebies whenever he stopped by the stand.

Apparently he had been a regular for over fifteen years, and after losing his wife a couple of years back, he had attached himself firmly to Claire. And no matter how much Claire protested her jibes about liking the older cop more than just for protection, Helen knew they had a "thing", even though they had never acted on it. It was actually rather heartwarming to watch the big, bluff man leaning over the counter and grinning

at her diminutive “voodoo queen” boss. The light Irish brogue mixed with the soft Island lilt.

She wished them luck, because she knew how it felt to be on your own. “Hi, Officer O’Hare.” She shot him a grin and he waved, his blue eyes instantly returning to Claire’s glowing face.

“You be careful in th’ subway, love!” he admonished.

“Always...” she laughed, as she sank onto the tiny chair in the small office to finish up the paperwork for her shift closeout routine. She tried not to be intrusive as the burly older cop chucked her boss under the chin and told her he was still waiting for an answer. She didn’t hear Claire’s hushed voice, but she grinned and shook her head again. Yep. They both had it bad.

She was just folding up her coverall to take home and wash, and had dropped her shrinkage accounting sheet into the floor safe slot when a whipped-cream voice said from the other side of the counter, “Still no caramel?” She stiffened, avoiding glancing over her shoulder. Which one was it?

“Hi there, Jace!” Claire grinned at the hunk in the blue, tie-free shirt with his jacket dangling from a lean finger over one wide shoulder. “How’s Jon? I’m off of mornings the next few days. Has Helen been takin’ good care of you boys?” Her Jamaican accent was warm and lilting.

Helen turned, nearly swallowing her tongue at the image Claire’s words conjured. Two hot, stud-muffin hunks, one in front, the other in back, both naked, and Helen Moore “taking care” of them both. Ooooh! She shook the image away, and scooted out of the narrow space behind the counter, reaching for her sweater. “See you tomorrow, Claire. Oh! You have a paper? I’m trying to find another roomie. Jessica’s moving out.”

Claire handed her the classifieds, and she hurried toward the subway station at the end of the block. She gave the man a polite smile and nod, but didn’t say a word. Oh my God! Those hot, dark eyes! Her pussy was clenching just at that one tiny meeting of

their eyes. No way was she going to stick around and start drooling over him. It was simply safer to cut and run.

But then, that's all she'd done over the past year since Hal had finally vacated her little apartment under threat of police intervention. If a man so much as smiled at her, she would duck and mumble and head for cover. No life for a healthy thirty-year-old woman with a well-honed libido. Lord, she had already worn out two vibes, and needed to go shopping at the Sex Boutique for one that was longer-lasting. No more bells and whistles. Just a good, thick, long, realistic, fleshy one that would make her forget all about coming up empty-handed when the chips were down and the big O was just around the corner. One that was modeled after a real man's cock.

Maybe like the big, hot pair of dark-eyed devils. Their cocks. One in each orifice. She hissed in a breath between clenched teeth. Nope. Couldn't go there. Her pussy clenched hungrily, and she shuddered with need.

She forced her feet to move faster. A brisk walk usually relieved tension. Even if her feet ached from standing all day.

Jace watched her walk rapidly toward the subway station down the block, drawing in a deep breath. The older woman grinned crookedly at him, and said in her whisky-voice, "Damn sweet girl. Loads prettier than that redhead you was hangin' out with, Jace. You could do lots worse." The wicked smile on Claire's dark face made him chew his lip. "And she's lookin' for a roomie." She winked, and placed the ten a customer just gave her in the till. "Get! What you waitin' for, boy?"

He frowned at the dusky older woman who always seemed to be able to read his damn mind, and he lifted one dark brow. "She isn't interested..."

"What the hell you know about women I could balance on the head of a voodoo pin, boy! Trust Claire. You don' let her get away from you, now!"

He hesitated again, and she scowled at him, hands on her curvy hips. "Do I have to do everythin' for you, Geronimo? Get a move on!"

Without another thought, Jace turned and started in the direction she had gone, dragging his jacket on and cursing beneath his breath. If she called him Geronimo one more time... His lips curved into a wicked grin. Okay. He wouldn't do a damn thing. He sort of liked Claire's pseudo-caustic attitude. He knew it was nothing but a show. When he had told her that he and Jon were Lakota Sioux, she'd started calling him Geronimo, and it didn't matter to her that his namesake was a Bedoncohe Apache, and he was Lakota. To her, "all Indians looked alike".

He quickened his pace, seeing his quarry ahead in the fast-moving stream of workers headed toward the subway. Claire's words rang in his head. "You don't let her get away from you..."

## **Chapter Two**

She didn't notice him pacing beside her until he asked, "You always walk this fast?"

She jerked, and her shocked sideways glance made her lose control of her feet, and she tripped over them. Before she went down, he caught her and righted her, pulling her close against his body, and she gasped, "Oh! I'm sorry! I'm okay, I've got my balance!" She shoved at his shoulders. She didn't seem to want to get away very badly. Her shoves were definitely halfhearted.

Jason liked her right where she was, so he ignored her panicky shoves. It looked like she was afraid to do more than gingerly prod at his shoulders and arms, afraid of actually putting her palms flat on him and giving a good, solid shove, afraid that doing so might destroy what willpower she was trying to whip up. And he really, really wanted to feel those soft hands flat on his chest. And elsewhere. Everywhere.

Her coffee-sweet scent came from hours of small splashes of cream, mocha, vanilla, and other assorted and mouthwatering flavors getting onto her uniform and skin, and frankly, he found himself nearly drooling as he continued to hold her. He knew his cock was trying to say hello to her pussy through his slacks, but he couldn't care less. He just wanted to feel her in his arms. She was a perfect fit.

"Your name is Helen, right?" he asked, as he sidestepped a couple of rushing bodies heading to make the next afternoon train. He dragged her along for the ride, and when he was next to the brick building, he adjusted his hold on her and leaned her casually back into the bricks.

She was glaring at him as if trying to decide how best to give him a stern set-down as well as a kick in the shins, and he found himself wanting to lean in and catch those scowling lips before she could let fly. So he did just that.

Jason inhaled her sweet flavors and the underlying scent of woman, and he simply tugged her bodily up against him to where he could reach her mouth, and then he kissed her silly. She tasted like warm, spiced honey. Her mouth opened to his tongue and he drove it into heaven. He felt the stiffening of her body, and then felt the stiff little body losing its starch as it melted so deliciously into his. And he heard her little whimper of mindless enjoyment as he ran one of his lean hands down her back to cup her sweet ass.

Helen was trapped between the solid bricks of the building behind her, and the solid muscles of that succulent male body that seemed to be fused against hers by virtue of those hard, tightly clasped arms. Sure, he'd kept her from a nasty tumble, but she wouldn't have stumbled in the first place if he hadn't startled her, so they were even. And now he was making it hard for her to breathe! And that wasn't the only thing that was getting hard. She realized he was leaning closer still and acting like he meant to...oh my God!

Helen was completely astounded by her body's mindless, voracious response to a total stranger's kiss and embrace. But she was even more astounded by the complete naturalness of the action he had taken, as if he were greeting a lover. Someone he had known, and had known well. He held her firmly, but there was no force, no pressure, no aggression. He was kissing her into oblivion, and she was letting him!

The heady smell of his warm skin dizzied her. The feel of his mouth invading, devouring, tasting, drinking hers in, left her body trembling and needing. Sweet Lord! No one had ever kissed her like this before, no one! Hal had been a fabulous kisser, but even Hal couldn't compare to this man. She was totally lost in his kiss, until his hand cupped and gave her ass an intimate squeeze that brought her back to earth with a jolt.

With a groan of anger at her own weakness, Helen wrenched her face away, shoved hard on that granite chest, and managed to get a couple of inches between her breasts and his shirt. And as fast and as hard as she could, she brought her right hand up from

his chest and smacked him upside the jaw. When that didn't seem to jolt him, she smacked him again, and when those dark, intensely sexy eyes narrowed slightly and he broke into a wicked grin, she hissed in fury, "Stop that! Take your hands off me! How dare you."

When she hauled off and smacked him, and then she did it again, his fucking cock got harder than ever.

He inhaled deeply, letting her scent fill him, invite him, tantalize him. He ignored the curious stares of late afternoon commuters rushing past to the subway, and he murmured huskily, "Okay, now that we got that out of the way, how about letting me buy you dinner? No coffee, I promise."

She looked like she was ready to smack him again, but his words disarmed her completely. She seemed to forget that she was still plastered intimately to his body, that his cock was prodding hard and hot against her belly.

"Huh?"

"I'd like to buy you dinner. And then I'd like to offer you my services as roommate."

Her jaw was sagging. He gently took his thumb and closed her mouth for her, and watched the brilliant pink flush chase over her expressive face. "Too good an offer to refuse, huh? Good. But I have to warn you, my brother and I share a three bedroom, and you might want to lock your door at night, 'cause he's not the gentleman I am."

She looked as if she wanted to say something scathing, looked like she was going to tell him what he could do with his "roommate" offer, and then she asked warily, "How much is the rent?"

Shit! She was interested? He laughed softly. "We'll take it out in trade."

She looked like a guppy that had jumped out of the tank and was flopping around seeking air. He took pity on her after a moment and grinned. "We hate cleaning and

laundry and cooking. And we own the apartment, so all you would have to do is make sure the place is habitable, fix one meal a day, and see to the laundry. Most of his stuff is dry clean only, though, so it'd mostly be mine. And yours, of course."

"You. Are. Completely. Nuts!" she enunciated very carefully. "But I'll take the free meal, and you can try to convince me you aren't totally insane."

Why the hell she was even agreeing to have dinner with the crazy jerk was beyond her, except that she'd never enjoyed anything half as much as that hot kiss, and for some reason she couldn't fathom, she wanted to hear his "proposition". Well, the word "proposition" could be taken several ways, but she was desperate to find a new roommate, and her funds were at an all-time low. This guy was someone Claire knew well, it seemed, and she was sure she would be safe enough going for a meal in a public place, right? She ignored the red-flashing alarm that kept blaring in her head as he took her elbow in his lean hand.

"You aren't going to try anything funny, are you?"

"Funny?" His chiseled lips curved into the most devastatingly wicked smile and he seemed to be considering her question carefully. "No. Nothing 'funny'. Just dinner and a quiet conversation."

She drew a deep, shaky breath and nodded curtly. Couldn't hurt. Might help. Either way, she was going to be fed.

Jace had been damn surprised at her acceptance of his offer of a meal and a quiet chat. For all she knew, he could be a serial killer on the hunt for his next victim. She was too fucking trusting. But then, he had no designs on her life. Only on her body. And he was amazed it had been so damn easy. He escorted her down the sidewalk to Angelo's Italian Eatery, where they served the finest scampi and linguine with clam sauce in Manhattan, and as he moved beside her through the crush of bodies streaming out of the city, he slid closer against her, and hooked his arm possessively around her waist.

Her scent drove him crazy. What was there about her that made his mouth water, and his thoughts go mushy in his brain? Shit, if Jon saw her, he wouldn't stand the chance of an ice cube under a sunlamp when it came to keeping her from his more outgoing, sexy brother. He sighed and figured maybe, just maybe, he could have one fling with her before his twin cut in and swept her away from him.

Not that he begrudged his little brother much of anything. But the way Jon went after every woman who caught his eye drove him nuts. In the thirty-three years he'd known him, he had only managed to keep one woman strictly for himself, but that was only after Jon had finished with her and had moved on.

Of course, Jace had seen her first, but Jon had moved faster. It hadn't mattered that he'd picked Sara back up after Jon had dumped her, because all he'd really wanted was a night or two in the sack with the pretty redhead. The fact that she'd kept him well entertained for the following six months had been a real bonus. But in the end, the redhead had moved on, and Jason had shrugged and moved on as well. It had been fun. They had both enjoyed it. But Jace had known from the get-go that it would be nothing but an interesting interlude. Sara had made that pretty clear when she'd been left in the dust by Jon. "Just for fun", she'd said. She wasn't interested in getting "hung up" on a handsome face when she had her career to think of.

And occasionally, he and Jon would share one they both were hot for. But not often. Jon was too into total possession to share. Once he lost interest, he would sometimes introduce the woman to Jace and ask if she cared to have two men at once. They would wear her out, send her a cartload of flowers and a few baubles with a "Thanks" card, and that would be the end of her. But Jace didn't enjoy Jon's idea of sharing. It was demeaning to the woman involved, and it put Jace into a situation he didn't enjoy, one of helping sweep a woman under Jon's rug. Hell, if Jon ever really wanted to share a woman, a woman he really cared about, Jace wouldn't say no. It was the cold-blooded way his little bro handled women that got to him.

He dragged his mind off his brother and smiled down at his dinner date. And as she looked up at him with those sapphire blue eyes, he decided Jon wasn't going to screw this up for him. No way.

As they slid into a cozy leather booth in Angelo's, he found himself wondering what this little blonde had that made him want to look twice. Nice ass, true, but her prettiness was not what he might have considered stunning, although those eyes were a definite plus. And that sweet, full mouth—ooow! She could certainly kiss. Made him wonder what those lips would feel like on other areas of his anatomy.

He supposed the biggest attraction had been that she hadn't seemed to think much of his brother's earlier visit to her coffee stand. The antagonism she'd displayed before he'd clarified that she'd met his little brother and not him was a plus in her favor. If the blonde wasn't swept off her feet by the Love King, maybe he stood a better chance with her. Maybe...

Helen was hungry. She hadn't had much money for lunch, so she'd settled for a fresh-baked pretzel from the stand, and some mustard. It hadn't made much of an impression over her nine-hour shift standing at the Koffee Kounter. She figured her pick-up artist pal could swing for a decent meal, wearing a nine hundred dollar Gucci leather jacket. She ordered a specialty salad, the scampi, and a side of Alfredo pasta, and then sipped the sparkling glass of lemon water they'd placed on the table. Her eyes lifted curiously to his face, which now sported a sexy beard shadow.

"So, what's the deal with you wanting a live-in maid?" Her stomach growled, and she drank a bigger swallow of water to shut it up.

He grabbed a crispy thin breadstick and tapped it against the cleft in his chin. "Yeah, well, like I said, my brother and I have a third bedroom and bath in the apartment, and if you wouldn't mind doing some light cleaning and a little cooking, we could probably work out a decent low rent."

Helen gauged his expression carefully as she took a breadstick and chomped off the end, eating hungrily. "What would the rent be without the maid work?"

He lifted one brow and grinned. "Like I said, the place is ours. If we rented the extra room, it would likely bring over nine hundred dollars because it has a queen bed, walk-in closet and a separate bath. The kitchen is state of the art. We have a rec room with pool table and there's a pool in the basement of the building. Fully loaded. I figure...maybe four hundred dollars if you do the cleaning."

Helen took another hungry bite, and chewed carefully. Anything that sounds too good to be true, usually was. "And I would just have to do some laundry, fix one meal a day, and keep the common rooms clean? Living room, rec room, bathroom? Or would you two expect the full Molly Maid thingy?"

He watched her expressive face in amusement. "I think we would maybe expect our beds to be made after we leave, if that isn't too much?"

"So, I would have to clean up after two grown men, make up their beds, clean their laundry up, keep the living room clean, kitchen clean, three bathrooms clean, and fix one meal a day...for five hundred dollars worth of rent?" Her blue eyes traveled over his too gorgeous face. "No deal." She watched his face for signs of instant rejection. He merely pursed those sexy lips and lifted that damn hot brow again.

"Not enough credit? Four hundred dollars is dirt cheap rent for a top-class five-star place to live." He shrugged, and took a bite of his breadstick as she reached for her second.

She took a large bite and chomped it before swallowing and saying, "Well, if I have to baby-sit two big guys who probably don't clean up after themselves at all, and who probably leave their beds all scrungy and nasty after they have their girlfriends over, it's not much of a deal." She took another large bite, and tried not to show how damn hungry she was. He didn't respond for a moment, so she snagged a third.

Jace lifted his brows. She was a tough sell. But he liked the idea. She was working on her third breadstick like she was starving to death. Maybe she really couldn't afford four hundred dollars. He grinned wickedly. She frowned at him. "Go for the gold—we'll go the whole nine hundred dollars. Think cleaning up after a couple of messy men would be worth free room *and* board?"

She lifted her brows in imitation of him. "Room *and* board? I get free food, too?"

He watched her grab a fourth breadstick, and grinned wickedly. "Unless you eat us out of house and home."

"And your brother won't think the free room and board thingy includes more than just cleaning services?" she asked, swallowing the last of the water and letting the waiter refill her glass.

Damn! She was actually negotiating with him. Was she going to take him up on his offer? Jace shrugged. "Jon's not so bad. His bark is lots worse than his bite. He might make a pass, but he knows how to take no for an answer." *Like hell.*

He knew without a single doubt that Jon would make a play for her. That was a given. And his little bro *didn't* know how to take no for an answer. That was another given. But he would figure something out. Even if he had to mess up his brother's handsome face again.

Helen watched the waiter place her food in front of her, and barely waited for him to let go of the plate before she dug in. Live in a swanky downtown apartment, with two amazingly gorgeous hunks—for free? The thought appealed. And she could easily handle the hunk from this morning. A good slap-down and the cold shoulder would take care of Ego Boy. She sighed blissfully as she swallowed her first bite of buttery, hot shrimp, and speared some of the pasta.

But could she handle Mr. Gucci Leather? Her eyes slid over his wide shoulders and lush dimples. This was a whole different twin! He had actually met her eyes, hadn't

scoped out her boobs, and had kept his remarks more pleasant than sexy. Him, she might have a big problem with. He had a kiss that could have her naked and on her back in under two seconds flat, and Helen Moore knew her limits.

“Do I get a look before I make up my mind on whether to accept, or tell you to take your job and shove it?”

Helen watched his tongue flick out slowly to drag a drop of bleu cheese off that decadently curved lip, and she felt a shot of pure, unadulterated, white-hot lust dart from her pussy to her nipples and back. Shit! The last thing on earth she needed right now was another Hal. Another bad choice. Another hot body with a brain the size of a peanut and focused on one thing—sex. Cancel that—it was her brain that was focused on one thing. And this wasn't Hal. This man was so far removed from her ex live-in boy toy it was pathetic. This man actually seemed to enjoy her company. This man actually spoke to her as if she had a brain. This man was actually buying her dinner.

She took a big, hungry bite of the delicious heart of romaine salad and inhaled deeply with pleasure. She hadn't had a full, decent meal in weeks, and she was going to enjoy every bite before she told him to go to hell.

## **Chapter Three**

Jason chewed his bite of salad and met those delicious blue eyes. His cock came alive and stood at painful attention as she slurped a piece of white-coated pasta into that sweet mouth. He wasn't sure he could even manage a one-word answer safely, so he simply nodded. He noted the challenge in her gaze, and wondered what she was thinking. She was probably thinking that he had only made the offer for the purpose of getting her into bed.

And, well, she was right about that, but now the idea had begun to appeal in a way he hadn't counted on. The very thought of having the irritatingly sharp blonde in a bedroom that connected to his through a large walk-in closet was enough to put him into a fucking lather. He swallowed the salad and licked a drop of dressing off his lip before speaking. "I can put it on paper if you're worried."

Now why the hell had he said that? He barely managed to not wince at his own ingenuous outburst. She would think him desperate if he wasn't careful. And damn—he was! But he didn't want her to know that. He was entering unknown territory here, and he wasn't sure how to proceed. For the first time in many years, he felt like a teenager trying to ask a girl to the prom, and he was not happy with the way his words were coming out. She was going to think him a complete idiot. He needed to use his brain here. He had to impress her with his sanguine conversation. He needed to show her what she was going to be up close and personal with. And he didn't just mean his unrepentant cock that was as painful as hell.

The wineglasses were half empty, and the tiramisu was demolished by the time she leaned back with a groan and sighed happily. Her dinner companion was swirling his Chianti slowly in the crystal glass, his dark eyes on the deep, red liquid. His mouth was

enough to make her want to lean across the white tablecloth and plant a wickedly hot kiss on him before he could escape. She was amazed that he had been a total gentleman throughout dinner, speaking quietly in that lush, whipped-cream voice of his about safe, casual things—New York in summer, the different kinds of coffee available on the market, where you could get the best fresh fish, what books he liked. Helen didn't realize she was staring until he glanced up into her eyes and smiled questioningly.

Caught! She let her gaze skid past his too-good-to-be-true face and focused on the darkened street beyond the glass front of the eatery. "It's getting dark..." she said to fill the conversation gap. *Oh crap! Brilliant conversationalist, girl! He'll think you're hot for him. And you are. But he's not to know that. You're supposed to be dazzling him with your witty thoughts, not scoping him out like a horny ho!*

Jace knew she was checking him out. And he let her. He knew she liked what she saw. She wasn't going anywhere. And neither was he. It was past nine thirty. The meal had dragged out pleasantly over the last two and three-quarter hours, and his raging hard-on had relaxed into a pleasant, anticipatory thrum of interest. He was checking her out, as well—he had excellent peripheral vision capabilities. He had avoided scoping her for the obvious reasons—she expected it, for one—and he figured she would think he was hoping for a quick lay, which he was of course, but he had decided he wanted more than that. All he had to do was make certain that Jon knew she was strictly off limits. And convince her to take him up on his offer.

He lifted his eyes to her pink face and smiled. "You ready?"

She chewed the corner of her lush lower lip. "Ready?"

"To check out the apartment. You still are thinking about it, right?"

She wiped her lips carefully with her napkin, and set it on the table beside her sparkling clean plate. "You know, I don't even know anything about you and your brother. Except your first names. I'm not sure it would be wise to go to your apartment at nine thirty at night and pray you aren't just scamming me."

He hadn't expected her to be careful. Damn! But he was glad she was. There were so many predators out there, and she seemed to be a nice person. Nice. Hot. Sexy mouth. Great smile. Beautiful hair. Gorgeous eyes. The only thing that saved her from being a stunning beauty was the tiny little crook in her nose, as if she'd had it broken, and never fixed. Well actually she was not a stunning beauty – but sitting across from her in a cozy romantic booth for nearly three hours had his brain convinced. She had an aura, a sexy, delicious, heady aura that made him think wicked things. Want wicked things. Want to do wicked things. His cock started to grow again. Shit!

“Okay, you can take a look tomorrow. I'll drop in at the Koffee Kounter first thing in the morning before you open and show you then. But I think I'd like to make sure you get home safe tonight. You live close by?” He wanted to kick himself for giving her an out. But he wasn't going to push and make it seem like he was desperate or anything. Even if he was. God knew his cock was. It had a mind of its own right now, trying to blast out of the tent it was making of his silk boxers and ram his zipper with a vengeance.

Helen blinked at him. Groovy, he was actually proving himself trustworthy. Or maybe he simply wanted to get her alone in her own place. “It's just a short hop on the subway. But I get to the coffee stand at 7:15, and have to be open by 7:30. I don't think that'll be enough time...”

He smiled crookedly, stopping her excuse before she could finish it. “I understand. I'll just keep looking. In the meantime, you be careful on the subway this late. Too many creeps out.” He smiled quietly at her as he reached for his leather jacket.

Helen pursed her lips and inhaled deeply. The faint scent of lush leather didn't camouflage the heady scent of man. He was sooo irritating! She had expected him to try to talk her into it, and now he was telling her it was okay that she'd eaten the expensive meal, and he didn't expect her to come up to his place, or hers. Had she misread him? Or was she thinking about his brother, the Playboy Bunny's delight? And why was she

irritated in the first place? Wasn't this what she'd planned before letting him take her to eat? She watched as he flipped a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet and tossed it onto the little tray that held their tab, as he leaned forward to shrug into his jacket once again. Then he was on his feet, extending a hand to assist her from the cozy little booth.

"Okay, I can take a look now, if you're close. And if it looks like the offer is genuine, we'll talk while you take me to Brooklyn." She sighed and reached for her sweater. He helped her into it and waved to the waiter.

"Keep the change."

\* \* \* \* \*

Jon smelled her before he saw her, the deliciously scented coffee girl from downstairs. The heavenly scent of mocha and mint brought his head around as he heard Jace's deep voice and her soft reply. He lifted both black brows and twisted his lips. Damn! He hadn't counted on big bro getting first dibs, but he'd always managed to steal them away with no problem. He rose from the sofa, knowing that his open shirt exposed every inch of his chest and abs down to his unhooked alligator belt. He glanced from Jace to the woman who was standing in the archway to the entry, and he said in his warm-honey tones, "Thanks, bro. I can take it from here."

Helen nearly inhaled her tongue as the other brother rose from the sofa in the living room to face them, his black hair beautifully mussed and his amazing body displayed for her panting enjoyment. She fought her knee-jerk reaction to all that blatant sexuality, and turned her gaze back to Jason, who was reassuringly touching her elbow. "Care to disillusion him before I do?"

He met her crooked smile with a grin. He lifted his eyes back to Jon's questioning face and he said, "This is Helen Moore – and she's mine."

Helen blinked, and nearly gave a shocked gasp of laughter, but managed to control it. It wasn't hard to tell that these two brothers had an ongoing competition of sorts, and

she conjectured who the usual winner was when the look on the other brother's face changed to surprise. Served the asshole right. She wasn't going to correct the impression Jace Blackstone had given his brother. It would be safer not to. Besides, she liked the thought that he had called her his. Even though she wasn't.

She smiled broadly at the dark-eyed devil across the room, and followed Jace through an airy hallway to a huge bedroom a few paces away. He swung the door open and nodded. "Go ahead and look around. I'll give you the grand tour in just a minute. I need to discuss something with my brother."

She stepped into the luxurious, stunningly gorgeous bedroom, and barely noticed when he vanished. She walked around the perimeter, and paused to pull aside the drapes to stare out at the view of Manhattan's skyline. Holy shit! Too fucking good to be true. Time to make a quick getaway before the wolves came after her with knives and forks, and napkins tucked under their chins.

In her experience, nobody gave something for nothing in return, and what Jace Blackstone was offering was so completely mind-blowing, she realized that there had to be something in it for him. And she sincerely doubted that clean laundry and a home-cooked meal would cut it when it came to paybacks.

She ran a finger over the lush, burlled grain of the antique headboard, and couldn't keep from sinking down onto the heavenly, soft comforter that beckoned her. No wonder he had set the rent at four hundred dollars. This fabulous bedroom alone was worth twice that. And there was a marble bath and a walk-in closet to boot! And now he was offering it for free...and she could guess what "other" duties he had in mind. And she knew without blinking an eye that she wouldn't mind in the least.

In fact, she would jump at the chance to really be "his". Oh, how pathetic she was. Eleven months, fourteen days and six hours give or take a few minutes since she'd last had mind-blowing sex, and she was hopeless! She was better than this. Sliding the bedside drawer open to check things out, she inhaled deeply. Condoms. Dozens of them. Different colors. Different brands. Ribbed. Ultra Thin. Flavored. Scented. And

three kinds of lube. Holy crap! Her body melted at the image that shot through her mind. This was a hedonist's wet dream...

Jon listened to his brother's explanation with a crooked grin plastered on his face. This was just too fucking good to be true. He shook his head at his brother's decision to move the sexy little blonde in for free rent so they could have a live-in maid. He laughed softly and murmured, "Looks like you are in way over your head, bro. I know you, and you aren't giving her free rent to clean up after your sorry ass. Does she know what other services you'll be expecting?"

Jace frowned. "Actually, I made the offer in good faith. And I expect you to respect her boundaries. If she accepts, we both gain—she gets a place to live and you and I get someone who knows how to cook. Think about it—no more fast food every night." He pursed his lips and went on. "But this one is off limits, bud. You may have seen her first, but I thought this up, so keep your pecker in your pants and stay off the grass. Got it?"

Helen only heard the last few words, but the look on the other brother's face made her fight to keep from grinning wickedly. Jason Blackstone was going to make sure she was not going to be bothered by his younger twin. She cleared her throat to let them know she was present, and she asked quietly, "So, what exactly would my 'duties' be in this arrangement?"

Both men turned to look at her, and the double whammy was almost more than her poor heart could handle. How the hell was she going to be able to tell them apart? Her eyes tried to seek differences, and failed. Both stood well over six feet—had the same riveting black eyes and black hair, the same stunning physique, the same breathtakingly sexy grin. If it weren't for the clothing, she wouldn't be able to tell one from the other.

Jace smiled reassuringly. Jon smiled wickedly. Okay, that was one way to tell them apart. Maybe she could tag their underwear or something, and then she decided

quickly that she had no plans to be checking in their shorts for ID! Although that might be fun. She lifted her chin and waited for them to fill her in. Whoa! She was going to have to use totally different terminology if she planned to associate with these two scrumptiously gorgeous brothers. She was going to have to watch out for those nasty Freudian slips.

Jon deferred to Jace as his brother offered the coffee girl a seat on the sofa, and sank onto a chair opposite her. He paced silently to the fireplace, and leaned one arm on the black marble, knowing that he presented a damn seductive picture to the woman. He watched her pink face as his brother went over the arrangement. She might pretend she wasn't noticing him, but he knew she was damn well aware of him. He watched the tiny pulse in her throat accelerate beneath his gaze. Oh yeah, she was going to be great fun to have around. His older bro could try to fool himself and her all he wanted, but Jon knew damn good and well what *his* plans were.

He wanted to bare that lush body of hers and bury himself in that tight, hot little ass. And he knew she would be tight. Tight and eager and enough to blow a man's mind. Jon was an ass man. He knew a fabulous piece of ass when he saw one, and he would have her, even if she didn't realize it yet. But he was going to have to take it slowly, because he was afraid Jace was serious about him laying off.

It was strange how the thought of Jace having her all to himself didn't sit well with him. Usually it didn't bother him much that his older brother got a woman first. He knew that eventually he would snatch her away, and Jace never protested. But he knew it was different with the coffee girl. Jace was acting proprietorial as hell. If Jon fucked her, he might end up having big bro trouncing his ass. Or not. Maybe big bro would be willing to share.

Now there was an interesting thought. Jace was a pussy man. And Jon liked nothing better than to sink his hard cock deep into a tight, slick ass. The sight of a sexy ass bouncing on his cock was the biggest turn-on he knew. And he found himself

fixating on the delicious ass seated on his damn sofa. Shit. He'd never wanted a woman so badly that he couldn't get his mind off her. And he'd accused his brother of having it bad?

He gazed at his sibling's face as he laid out the requirements and duties, and he duly noted the little coffee girl's responsive eyes as she looked at his brother. She was pretty well hooked. Hard to believe his big bro had it in him, but she seemed to be very interested in Jason. Problem was, she also seemed to be more than just a bit interested in Jon.

Maybe she wouldn't mind a three-way thing. Hell, he didn't mind sharing with Jace. They had enjoyed three-ways a couple of times, although Jace never admitted he liked them. And this hot little mocha-scented sweetie seemed ripe for both of them. His cock was about to rip out of his pants and welcome her to the family.

Helen had trouble breathing right as she listened to that sexy-as-hell whipped-cream voice explaining her "duties", and all she could think of was how his kiss had tasted—how his body had felt under that soft cotton shirt, and how his nearly black eyes messed with her mind. Her blood was running hot as she pushed down the libido that wanted to rip free and jump his sexy bones.

Now, if it had been the other brother that she wanted to jump on, she knew there would not be a single hesitation on his part, but this one was...sorta shy, sorta...innocent, compared with Mr. Hot-To-Trot over by the fireplace, posing for her. She knew the man was staring at her, probably wondering why she didn't seem to find him hot and sexy. The sensual appeal simply rolled off the asshole in hot, sexy waves that made it difficult for her to not turn and stare at him...but she kept her eyes on Jace, determined not to react to his brother. At least, not visibly.

She adored Jace's innocent demeanor. Oh wow! Wrong word again! Innocent? Was she totally out of her pea-pickin' mind? Neither was innocent. They were both dangerous, and she had best keep that firmly in mind. But she found herself gravitating

toward the man who had taken her to dinner and kept his sexy, dark eyes on her face all night. Not once had he homed in on her chest, although she wasn't dumb enough to think he didn't notice her well-endowed bust line. He simply had enough class to not stare at it.

Jason Blackstone was doing enough to disrupt her libido. Two of them could kill a girl!

But she had great peripheral vision, and she almost swallowed her tongue when Jon smiled wickedly as if his thoughts were catching hers. She inhaled deeply and steeled herself against his blatant animal aura. If they struck an agreement, it would be a true challenge to keep her head screwed on straight. She kept seeing images of both men naked in her bed, doing the most outrageously delightful things to her...

## **Chapter Four**

Jace wanted to grab her and carry her down the hall before Jon staked a claim. But he had to keep this thing in perspective. He had made an offer, and he intended to put that offer on the table. Before he made a play for her. Let her decide on whether she preferred to sleep in the third bedroom, or sleep in his. Of course, he would eventually get her into his, but for fair play's sake, he wanted her to have the choice. And he knew deep in his bones that she was considering him not just as a "roomie" or "landlord" but as a possible. And that made him feel fucking intensely horny! With Jonathan Blackstone doing his damndest to catch her eye, Helen Moore was homing in on yours truly. The feeling was heady and mind bending. Those stunning blue eyes were focused on him, and in their depths, he could sense need – want – desire. He swallowed hard and drew a calming breath.

"Since you wanted free room and board, I think we should be able to expect more than just vacuuming and dusting. Laundry. Cooking one meal a day. Changing our bed linens once a week. Shopping. Kitchen KP and triple bathroom cleanup once a week." He glanced at her quiet face, and waited for any sudden explosions.

"How much do you pay your maid service to do all this?" Her question startled him. Her brows lifted questioningly and he glanced at Jon, whose mouth was twisted to keep from laughing.

"Um...for once a week, they charge us one hundred twenty-five dollars a visit. They usually have two doing the work, and it takes maybe three hours." He ran one lean hand through his dark hair. "But they don't shop or cook."

She drew in a deep breath that expanded her delightful chest. "So, I do about six hundred dollars worth of work, and I get free room and board worth at least twelve hundred dollars? What's the catch?"

Jon's burst of laughter made him turn red, and he shoved his hands into his pockets. "You like looking the gift horse in the mouth, don't you?"

Her blue eyes sparkled and she exhibited the most enchanting, wicked little grin he'd ever seen. "I just want to make sure I fully understand the agreement here. You sure you aren't going to expect a dating service too?"

The man was blushing. And she had to clench her fist in her lap to keep from reaching out and running her fingers through that dark hair, and then down that hot, solid chest. He was utterly adorable. And she found herself wanting desperately to kiss that firm, lush mouth. And before she could think, her mouth opened and she blurted, "Sooo, when would I be moving in?"

Geez, she couldn't believe she had just said that. Couldn't believe she had actually taken a step that could land her in more trouble than anything she'd ever done before. But with free rent, free food, and a part-time job less than forty stories away, what more could she ask for? In fact, the money she made at Claire's little coffee shop would more than cover her other bills. And the tips were great. If she had days free to clean and do wash and maybe get some time in on the internet, it would work out perfectly! She would be walking out the door just after dinner, and wouldn't be back until after midnight. And no more subway nightmares. And as for the possibility of finding either one—or both—of her landlords in her bed, that was not nearly as shocking or dissuading as it should be. She had to admit to herself that she was definitely a sybarite in the making...and the idea of a hot, wild, wet ménage was making it hard for her to sit on the damn chair without squirming.

"Anytime. Now! You need to move much out of your other place? There is free storage in the basement for each apartment. You want us to get a lease agreement made up?" That blush was even redder as he blurted out an instant agreement, and she felt a shot of wet cream hitting her panties.

She chewed her lip. “Um...let’s just play this month to month until we’re sure we’re all on the same page. Who knows—you might get damn sick of meat loaf and macaroni.” *And you might decide I’m not quite the femme fatale you both seem to think I am.*

Jon grinned wickedly to himself. Who the fuck gave a damn what she cooked? He didn’t mind eating out. He would be in her bed, or she in his, before you could say “lickety-split”. And hot pussy was his favorite dish, anyway.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jace drove her to her pathetic little apartment in Brooklyn and waited until she was safely in her outer door before driving off. As he drove back to Manhattan and the great luxury he and his brother had grown so used to, he felt oddly ashamed. He had completely forgotten what it was like to live from hand to mouth. From pay check to pay check. It had been a sobering and distressing thought that Helen lived in near poverty while he and his brother had lived like kings.

Their own wealth had been a shocking change for them when their grandfather had died, and they found out the old man was a multimillionaire. The same old man who had worn his hair long in braids and lived in a mud hut on the res. The very same old man at whose knee they had learned of their ancestry and gained pride in their ethnicity.

When their parents had both died in a crash and the welfare system had awarded the old man guardianship over the two teenage boys, they had been irresponsible and wild. But ten years with the old man had taught them much of what life really was. They had lived on the res instead of in the comfortable house their parents had left them, which the old man had sold to help pay their way through college. They had hated him at first, and had tried to run several times. Jace was damn glad they hadn’t succeeded.

He had taught them humility, which neither of them had managed to keep after college and going to the big city, and he had taught them to appreciate what little they had. To enjoy simple things.

And then he had died while they were in the final year of school, and they had learned that the seemingly indigent old Lakota had lived a very profitable life before retiring to his ancestral home on the res, amassing a fortune in oil rights from a ranch he'd owned in Wyoming. He'd sold his land but had kept the mineral rights, and when oil was discovered on that ranch, he became filthy rich. After nearly thirty years of growing that filthy lucre in well-thought-out securities and investments, he had left his grandsons enough money and property to keep them comfortably for the rest of their lives.

But when the young graduates had hit the big city, and had shed the res forever, they seemed to forget the lessons they had learned there. Jon had gone hog wild and had spent a couple mil on cars, clothes and women. Jace had bought the high-class apartment, figuring that it was more of an investment, and less of a waste. But he, too, fell to the lure of expensive toys and expensive clothes and cars. That's what came of living dirt poor for most of your early life. Grandpa had chosen to live dirt poor, only using money from his investments for desperately needed items that his pension checks didn't cover.

But after a couple of years of spending Grandpa's money as if it grew on trees instead of coming from oil wells, the brothers had grown a brain and gotten jobs. Jon had gotten his own company running, and was doing well in antiques and fine arts. Jace had taken an active interest in the handling of Grandpa's investments, and had managed to clean out the deadwood in the trust company that had been handling it all, rebuilding the funds to the earlier levels with solid management and investment skills, thanks to his Harvard Business education.

And now, as he drove through a less affluent neighborhood in Brooklyn, he felt the stirrings of guilt and frustration. He and Jon had forgotten what poverty felt like. What

working for peanuts in a bad-paying job felt like. He was once again seeing the real world, through the eyes of a woman he had known since 9:30 that morning, and who was rapidly becoming the center of his world.

He parked in secured parking under the building and swiped his key card in the elevator panel. He rode up the private parking elevator to the penthouse and stepped out into the foyer of the apartment to find his brother lounging against the archway to the living room, swirling a snifter of Martell cognac lazily. He lifted a brow in question as Jon motioned for him to come into the living room and join him. The pensive look on his brother's face made him wonder what was on his mind.

He didn't have long to wait. He shook his head when Jon offered him a snifter, and sank onto the sofa wearily, leaning his head back. Jon sank into the chair opposite and said quietly, "You aren't the only one who wants her."

Jace sighed heavily and met his brother's frown. "I won't let you take her away from me. Not this time. This one is special, and she deserves better than to have you using her and dumping her."

He waited for his brother to reply. Jon seemed to be almost tongue-tied, which was shocking. Usually, it went the other way, with Jon being the talker, and Jace being the wimp.

Jon sipped from his snifter and swirled the strong liquor around with his tongue before swallowing. He stared across the Aubusson carpet, and noted the hectic, defensive color in his brother's face. This wasn't going to be easy.

"You can't possibly be in love with her. You barely met her."

"I don't know what I feel for her. I just know I want time to let whatever it is grow, and if you try to walk in and take over, I promise you will regret it this time."

Jon took another fortifying sip and frowned. "I regret it every time, bro..."

“Then why the fuck do you do it? Why?” His big brother stared at him.

“Because I like the women you find. Because I find them hot and beautiful and enough to set me on fire. And you always find them first.” He sighed and closed his eyes. “I don’t want to screw up your love life, Jace. I seriously don’t. But I find myself drawn to the women you are drawn to. I find myself wanting what I can’t seem to find by myself.” He opened his eyes and met his brother’s shocked stare. “Sounds pretty damn pathetic, huh? You catch them with your slow, sexy manners, and I steal them because they want my hot, brash façade. It would be much simpler if we just decided we wanted one woman, and convinced her to take us both.”

Jace’s face went slack. “You mean...find a woman we both think we can fall for, and pray to God she is generous enough to take both of us?”

“And I genuinely do think we have found her.”

Jace stared at his crazy brother. His sibling’s shocking revelation had left him virtually speechless. Jon had always been the one to take over any woman they both wanted. And not one of them had ever acted as if she still wanted Jace. And now his brother was admitting that it wasn’t because he wanted to steal them, but because he wanted to share his brother’s loves? Not likely! But then...nah! Unless...

“I know the coffee girl wants us both, bro. I can see it in her eyes, and I can feel it every time she comes within ten feet of me.” Jon’s voice was strained, and Jace glanced at him. “She wants me. She wants you. I would bet the farm on it, brother. All we have to do is ask...”

“You expect me to ask a woman we’ve only met this morning to do a three-way with us?” Jace shook his head. “Shit, Jon! She might not even agree to have sex with one of us, much less both of us! This isn’t a fucking game! I feel like she belongs here, and I don’t want to fuck it up.” And then he said tersely, “And she isn’t ‘the coffee girl’. She’s Helen. Try showing you think of her as more than an object, and I’ll seriously consider that you want more than a piece of hot ass...”

\* \* \* \* \*

Helen opened the Koffee Kounter at seven thirty, and smiled to herself. She'd arrived early, and had given her keys to Jason Blackstone...or had it been Jon? Whatever! The men had agreed to go pick up her hastily packed luggage and boxes and tell her soon-to-be-gone roomie that she had gotten another place, and wouldn't be back. That had been way too easy. The lease had been up at the end of this month, anyway, and there was no major paperwork to take care of. She had called her landlord last night and had advised him that the place would be clean and empty at month's end.

Her roomie said she would take care of the cleanup if she could keep the deposit, so everything was in place. All she had to look forward to after work was a short walk and a forty-story elevator ride. Kewl!

They had given her a card key to their three-thousand-nine-hundred-square-foot "apartment", and had told her she would find her stuff inside her room when she got off work. *Too good to be true* kept running through her head. But for the life of her, she couldn't see the downside of sharing an apartment with two hot, sexy and completely delectable brothers.

Well, unless you counted the eventual explosion. The one where she lost control of her libido and physically attacked poor Jason Blackstone. But she was pretty sure he was not going to be an unwilling victim, so when it did eventually happen, she figured there might be a couple more months of free rent before she had to find another apartment.

It wouldn't be easy to live there after they got what they both seemed to want. Too...complicated. She wasn't up for any sort of real relationship—except great sex—and he wasn't the kind of guy who would let her walk away without making a fuss. She sensed that much about the man. Jason Blackstone was a modern enigma. A hot, sexy, delicious man with a sense of chivalry that should have gone out of style in the Middle Ages, but seemed to be alive and well in her new landlord/employer.

She smiled as she thought of that. He was sooo marvelous, and just the kind of guy she had dreamed about before she'd made the mistake of hooking up with Hal. Jason Blackstone was sensitive, breathtakingly sexy, and he even opened doors for her! It would be too damn easy to fall head over heels for a guy like that. But if she kept her head screwed on straight, she could skirt the hot sex issue and just do the job she had agreed to, and maybe get her bills all paid off before she had to pay rent again.

Oh, who the hell was she kidding? She could so do a relationship with that man. He was the exact kind of man she wanted in her life. But the big problem was, so was the other one. The bad one. The sexy and sneaky one. And that could end up in a terrible debacle. They didn't seem the type to want to share. And she wanted both. Her naughty visions of having both men pleasuring her body at the same time was just too farfetched. Her wet dreams of one hot man sucking her nipples while the other hot man sucked her clit were simply that—dreams. And it would be hard to choose, because although she knew she wanted a man who respected and satisfied her, she also wanted a naughty man to drive her up the walls. Oh, if only she could have both.

But reality was a bitch, and reality was all she had going for her. However, if things got unreal, she would handle it when and if it happened.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Claire showed up at six to take over for her, she was ready to scoot, a bit nervous but mostly okay with the idea of taking the elevator to 4001. Claire eyed her oddly and asked why she was so nervous. But she didn't have to answer. The answer—answers—showed up at exactly the same moment, and seemed to be waiting for her to come cook them dinner.

Claire grinned at Jace and Jon, and shook her head. "You two better take good care of this little lady. She's the best help I've ever found. I've got my eye on you, and you don't wanna have voodoo Claire pissed at you."

Helen made a strange noise and grabbed her sweater, slipping out from behind the counter. Before she got one full step, she was flanked by the brothers, who each slipped a hand around one of her elbows, and escorted her toward the carpeted sidewalk beneath the awning that led into the building she now was a resident of. She could hear Claire's whisky laugh as she was whisked inside and into the elevator before she could make a coherent protest.

Once in the elevator, she extricated her arms from their grips and backed up against the mirrored wall at the rear of the car. "Okay, guys, I can make it in and out of the elevator without assistance. I swear, the damn doorman probably thinks you just brought a hooker up from the street! Can you just let me walk on my own?"

Jon chuckled wickedly as Jace shook his head and said, "The night doorman's name is Frank. He knows you are with us, and he has instructions to see that you're safely inside the building as soon as you're off work each night, since you'll be working late shift again after this week. The day doorman is Jerry, and he knows what's up, as well. You have *carte blanche* to come and go without a problem. The building manager also knows you live with us. You need anything in the way of supplies or want a grocery order, just ask for Bob."

Helen felt her jaw dropping again, but this time it was the other brother who gently lifted her chin with a curled finger. She flushed hotly and frowned up at him. Then she frowned back at Jace. "Okay, looks like we have all the bases covered, but I can still walk on my own without a pair of tall dark crutches, guys, so cut it out, okay?"

Jace lifted his hands in a gesture of acquiescence and his grin was teasing. "You got it. Sorry. We're just so damn excited to have someone cook for us, we lost our perspective. Won't happen again."

Jon said softly, "You can go ahead and catch a shower before you take care of us."

She blinked up into those dark eyes, and wondered if the double entendre was really there, or if she'd imagined it. Then she said acerbically, "Yeah, I do smell like a pot of latté, and I want to change out of this uniform."

Jace shot his brother a glare of warning, but Jon just laughed softly and ignored him.

Jason was pacing the living room like a caged panther, and Jon was grinning at him with knowing eyes. "Just don't say a fucking word, okay? I'm trying my best to keep my paws off her, and you aren't helping, with all your innuendos and comments. I don't want to scare her off. I happen to like having someone around to do the stuff I hate doing. Like cleaning."

"We had a maid service come in every week to do that." Jon's grin was wicked.

"And cooking!"

"You never minded eating out before."

"And laundry!"

"We have always sent it out before."

Jace whirled and glared at his grinning twin. "If you don't shut the fuck up, I think I'll give you a broken face so she can tell us apart."

Jonathan crossed his arms over his broad chest and leaned against the mantel. "Oh, I have no doubt that she can tell us apart just fine, bro. I'm the hot, sexy brother and you're the damn worrywart. The least you can do is fucking admit you can't wait to get her into bed."

Jace knew she was standing there before he saw her. The smell of floral shampoo and warm, damp skin invaded his senses, and he turned slowly to meet those deep blue eyes. He was going to fucking kill his little brother. How much had she heard? Probably all of it, if the look in her eyes was anything to judge by.

"I hope we got all your stuff. Your roommate was too busy drooling over Jon to pay attention to what we were picking up." His crooked grin was disarming, and he noted the way her lips curved unwillingly.

“Looks like you got it all. I’m just going to go on in and check out the kitchen for supplies. You’re sure you want me to cook? I normally only cook for myself, and you may actually want edible food.”

Jon gave a soft laugh and replied, “I don’t think we’ll care much what you cook, sweet cheeks, as long as it can be digested.”

Jace shot him a look, and Helen rolled her eyes and swung away toward the kitchen, leaving the brothers to their bickering over motives. She had to admit, hearing the other brother say that Jason wanted her in his bed had sent an instant, white-hot shot of lust zinging through her like a loose Super Ball. That idea didn’t upset her at all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dinner consisted of baked tilapia with white wine sauce, a can of asparagus tips in cheese sauce, and microwaved potatoes with sour cream and chives. Looked like she would have to do a grocery order, because the guys only had things that could be quickly heated in a microwave, or fried up in a wok. She made mental lists as she ate her share of the quickly fixed meal, and even though she tried not to let it affect her, the way they ate her offering was more than a little flattering. But when she attempted to clear away the dishes, she found the brothers flanking her at the counter as they ran a tag team from the sink to the dishwasher.

“You know, I get *free rent* for doing the dishes, guys,” she hinted as they did most of the work. They ignored her. She had to admit she loved her job so far. There was a warm camaraderie she hadn’t felt in a long time. The men laughed and joked, and teased her unmercifully. The combined scents of their distinctive colognes nearly made her drool. She was having too much fun for it to be a job. She leaned over to pick up the last saucepan, and almost yelped aloud as she felt a hard body move up against her from behind, and felt what could only be a stiff cock gently pressed into the crack of her butt. Dear God!

Jon slid up against her back as she turned to reach for the last pan, and he bit his lip as he felt that lush, sexy ass rub over his hard cock. He barely held in a groan of pleasure. He felt her stiffen slightly, then shift away from his swollen front, easily moving into a safer area where he couldn't press himself up against her again. Her eyes were cool when they swept over his face, before she glanced at his brother and said, "Well, I'm going to go and check my e-mail. If you need me, just holler."

Jon palmed the front of his slacks and gave a soft hiss as he watched her walk from the kitchen and down the hall toward her room. He didn't expect his brother's sudden hard slap to his painfully tight groin, or he'd have covered himself. As it was, he gave a sharp grunt of pain and doubled over, warding off another swipe. "Okay! Okay! I couldn't help it!" He shook his head and glared at Jace.

Jason glared back at him. "I told you she's fucking off limits. Keep your hands—and your cock—to yourself!"

"I will, until she comes to me and begs me to fuck her," he snarled, parrying his brother's fist that came a hairsbreadth from his jaw. Wow! Big bro was truly on one tonight. He backed off a step and growled, "You may be older, but we're evenly matched. You might get in a few punches, but you'll look like hamburger too. Want her to know we're already fighting over her? Or will you ask her if she wants us both, like we agreed?"

Jace was coiled as tight as a fucking spring. He waited for Jon to say just one more thing, but the asshole wisely clapped his trap shut, and limped off into the living room to watch the early news. As he watched him retreat, Jace realized that he had almost forgotten their agreement—the one where Jace asked Helen if she could see her way clear to fucking two men. Tandem. Ménage style. Sandwich. He sighed and ran one lean hand through his dark hair. Shit! He wasn't even sure she would let *him* fuck her, much less both of them.

And how would he feel if she said she wanted his brother, but not him?

\* \* \* \* \*

She was hanging her clothes away in the huge closet when the door at the other end opened quietly, and she found herself standing there, staring at one of the twins—Jason. It had to be him, because he wasn't making any lewd comments, and his dark eyes were on her face. "Um...sorry! I thought this was my closet." She started to pull the hangers back down.

Jace shook his head and held up one hand. "That half is yours...this half is mine. You're welcome to more space if you get crowded." He reached up and pulled out a garment bag, and hung his leather jacket in it before hanging it away again. "You don't mind sharing, do you?" His brows lifted, and she felt that damn shivery Jell-O thingy again in her belly. Was that another double entendre?

"No—but now I'll certainly remember to wear clothes before I walk into the closet from now on. Thanks for the heads-up," she continued to hang away her paltry wardrobe. She was pretty sure she wouldn't need even half the space. He was watching her quietly, and she finally sighed and lifted her eyes to his too-damn-handsome face again. "Um, I'm not going to need to put a chair back under the closet door, am I?"

Jace just smiled and shrugged. "If you feel unsafe there is a lock on the door. I don't think I'll be locking mine, unless you walk in your sleep?"

She gave a strangled little laugh and shook her head.

He sighed again and shook his head. "Damn..."

"You know, you're awfully sweet, Jason Blackstone," he heard her voice saying quietly.

He jerked his head up and met her gaze, and he said roughly, "Sweet isn't quite the word you want to use, not if you could imagine what I'm thinking right now."

Helen swallowed hard. She inhaled shakily, and for once he let his eyes leave her face to trail down over her breasts as they heaved as she filled her lungs. She opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out but a soft little sound of need.

Jace pressed his tongue against the back of his teeth and sucked in a calming breath. She was leaving it up to him. And he wanted so fucking badly to make that first move. He was somehow closer to her, he wasn't sure who moved first, but his hands were tangled in her silky hair. His lips were pressed to her eyelids, her cheek, her jaw, then that delectable mouth as she made a sweet little sound of satisfaction in her throat and sucked his tongue in again.

He was ready to explode. She didn't touch him, but she let him devour her with his mouth, drink in her honeyed taste as she gave him free rein to take her mouth and make hot, hungry love to it with his tongue. He felt the shiver of enjoyment run through her as his hands slid possessively around her waist, over her back, over her hips, cupping and gently squeezing her ass. He was so fucking hot he would end up tearing off her clothes if he didn't get a grip soon, and even though she was letting him fuck her mouth with his tongue, she wasn't giving the go-ahead sign that he would never pass without a woman's full cooperation.

He jammed his libido back into its carefully constructed case and lifted his head to stare down into her glazed sapphire gaze. Not clear blue now, but a dark, vivid blue. He forced his hands to release her, slipping off her body as she sighed and smiled in a dazed manner into his eyes. Her voice was a soft purr as she whispered, "So sweet..."

He shook his head and laughed shakily. "This 'sweet' man is going to get his ass out of this closet and let you make your decision without any coercion. But I'll leave the door open, just in case."

Helen was floating in a haze of lust as he turned and walked from the closet, leaving her to follow – or not – as she chose. Damn! Big mistake. The guy was supposed to push the sex thing. He didn't seem to know he was walking away from a sure thing.

And she could no way force herself to follow, no matter how desperately she might want to. She walked back into her room and quietly closed the door, staring at the damn privacy lock. She decided to leave it unlocked – just in case.

## **Chapter Five**

Jon stopped just outside Helen's door, his thoughts wicked and hungry. It was past midnight. And he still couldn't get the woman out of his mind. He'd been down to the bar on the corner, sulking about his sore balls. The house was totally silent. No sound came from her room. His was directly across the hall. Jace had the room adjoining hers, the sneaky bastard!

He wondered if his big brother'd had the fucking sense to have his go at her. He sure as hell had made it plain that he was staking his claim, and Helen hadn't demurred. He'd given them three hours to play. And now he desperately wanted to have his turn. His cock was stiff and his balls ached. Would she let him? There was only one way to find out. With a wry smile, he tried the knob, and his smile widened as the door swung silently open.

He crossed the room slowly, sensing that she wasn't asleep. He sank onto the bed slowly, waiting for her to come unglued. Instead, she sighed deeply. He let his hands slide slowly up over her thigh, skimming over the satin of her nightgown, to trace slowly across her hip and belly. She arched as his hand cupped her gently between her thighs, and he hissed in a breath as he felt the wetness. Her legs drifted apart as he dragged her gown up, his hands moving slowly up under the satin to tease the swollen lips that cradled her pussy.

Jon was a bit shocked that she wasn't telling him to go straight to hell. He rose from the bed and stripped, and slid back down beside her, bemused by her little murmurs of pleasure as he touched and teased. He grinned wickedly and bent to tug her nipple into his mouth, listening to her little kitten meows of enjoyment. Who was he to spoil her enjoyment? Her gown was on the floor in one movement, and he rolled with her so that

his cock was pressed hard and hot against her sweet ass, while his hands wrapped around from behind her to cup and tease her nipples and her pussy.

Helen inhaled deeply as she realized he meant to enter from the rear – kinky – but Hal had done it a few times, and it wasn't totally unpleasant. If he used plenty of lube.

He ran his mouth along the curve of her neck, whispered husky words against her shoulder, and his fingertips gently teased her throbbing clit as his cock nudged into her wet folds. She moaned and moved her thigh to give him easier access, and he hissed as she pressed back into his rigid, swollen shaft. She wanted him inside her so desperately.

He dipped his lean fingers into her pussy, over her knot of nerves, and whispered, "You are so fucking wet for me..." She heard the rip of a condom packet, and he groaned softly. Then he slid inside her pussy, moving deep and slow, and she arched and sighed at the feel of his latex-sheathed cock filling her so deliciously. He whispered wicked things to her, his cock hitting every place she wanted to feel it, and then, he whispered, "I want to be in your sweet little ass."

She gasped as his slick thumb gently slipped into her anal rosette, and she nodded jerkily. "Yes..."

After he fucked her ass with his thumb, then three lube-slick fingers, opening her to his penetration, he pulled out of her pussy and slowly, very gently and carefully slid his wet cock into her ass. She gasped and whimpered. He was huge! But his unused fingers replaced his cock inside her pussy, massaging her clit, dipping so deliciously in and out of her as he pressed so gently into her ass.

He closed his eyes with the heady pleasure. She was so fucking tight, so completely delicious, he fought his instant climax as he worked to get her off first. She was humping him wildly, her ass gyrating on his cock as he finger-fucked her to a shattering, throbbing orgasm, and when she convulsed, he came so fucking hard, he thought he was going to die on the spot. Sweet Lord, but she was amazing! He kissed

the nape of her damp neck and her shoulder as he slowly pumped his seed into her, thrilling to her total enjoyment of his lovemaking.

He hadn't had an orgasm like that for as long as he could remember. There was something about a woman who was so into you that she turned you inside out when you came. And he wasn't ready to pull out and go back to his room. He wanted so fucking much more.

And then he began to slowly tease her with his fingers once more, flexing gently in and out of her now extremely well-lubricated ass. His semen was exquisitely hot inside the condom. The pleasure was more intense than before. Her body thrummed and shivered as she writhed mindlessly against him, and she whispered shakily, "That...feels...so...good."

Jon felt her rising to a second climax, and as she crested, he bit the back of her shoulder gently, and couldn't stop himself from exploding once again inside her sweet, hot body. Oh yeah, their little coffee girl was something else altogether.

He slipped out of her body and rose from the bed, and she rolled over to stare at his shadowy outline in the darkness. "I didn't think you would come after me, Jace..." Her voice was a soft murmur in the dark, and Jon inhaled deeply. "I'm so glad you did."

Oh shit, his brother hadn't gotten her first? Peeling the condom off and pulling on his clothes quickly, he bit back a soft curse and whispered huskily, "Go to sleep. I'm sorry I disturbed you. We'll talk in the morning." And he was gone as silently and swiftly as he could.

She lay there staring at the closed door, her thoughts whirling. It had been surprising when he'd slipped into her bed—she'd been half asleep, dreaming about him doing just that—and she wouldn't mind him slipping into her bed anytime he wanted to. It had been...simply mind-blowing!

It had really been totally amazing. Who would've thought anal sex could be so damn pleasurable? The few times Hal had asked her for it, she'd never had an orgasm.

It was obvious that Jason Blackstone was a man who wanted his partner to be fully satisfied. Helen rolled out of bed and padded into her bathroom, using the toilet and cleaning herself off. Jason Blackstone was the kind of man dreams were made of. And she wasn't about to let this go now.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jason rolled out of his bed in frustration, and paced back and forth from the bed to the damn closet door, wanting to walk in there and give her the fuck of her life. He had heard her in her bathroom, so he knew she was awake. What would she do if he simply walked in and made her regret not following him earlier? He heard the bathroom door close, and he moved without thinking, stepping through the closet and into her dark room, just as he saw her slip back into her bed, and she was naked!

Sweet Lord, but she had the most stunning body—curvy and rounded where he loved a woman to be rounded. Long slim legs. Full, heavy breasts that invited a man's mouth. He watched as she stretched and arched her body upward like a delicious little cat. The light from the window that was covered only in sheer drapes allowed him to see enough of her to put him into a fucking lather to have her.

"Helen—" he murmured huskily, and she sat up like a shot. He stood there, and when her light flicked on beside her bed, her eyes widened and she looked totally shocked. Of course, he was bare-butt naked. Standing there with a raging hard-on from hell, he rasped softly, "You still think I'm...sweet?" He crossed the floor toward her, watching her wide blue eyes grow even larger. "Because I want you so fucking much, I don't think I'll live through the night unless I make love to you..."

Jace watched her as she slipped from the bed, and he realized with the detached feeling of being in a fantasy that she was totally hot, her body begging for his touch. He stared at her numbly as she sank to her knees in front of him, and ran her hands up his thighs, over his abs, and then slipped them slowly around his raging cock and tight balls, and his eyes closed with the sharp, almost painful shot of pleasure that engulfed him as her sweet hot mouth slid over him and her tongue swirled and sucked.

He threaded his trembling fingers into her silky hair and gave a deep growl of delight as she gently squeezed his sac, and began a slow, rhythmic stroking that nearly brought him to his knees. He fought an instant ejaculation, and after a few mind-bending minutes of her going down on him so deliciously, he reached down and dragged her to her feet, picked her up and wrapped her legs around his hips. "I love a good blowjob, but this is what I want more than anything, and I've wanted it since the first minute you looked at me," he whispered hoarsely. "I'm free of STDs. You using anything?" She nodded jerkily. His ragged breath was hot against her throat as he fed his painfully erect cock slowly into her wet, tight pussy, almost shouting with the sheer decadent pleasure of it.

She realized with a sense of shock that this was not the same man who had left her room through the hallway door. Jonathan Blackstone had entered her room, had made mad, passionate love to her, and now she was making mad, passionate love to his brother! Dear Lord!

She could feel his heart pounding against her breasts as he took her mouth and devoured her so hungrily, she almost came from the kiss alone. He lifted and lowered her with a measured beat until his body began to tremble hard, and then he turned and pressed her back against the cool wall, using his hips to thrust madly.

She struggled to keep from screaming in pleasure—he was so...fucking...big! He filled her so completely, stretched her, and each slow, mind-bending thrust of his hips against her pussy brought another whimper of delight from her lips. He was absolutely perfect! She opened to his devouring kiss like a flower to rain. Where his brother had taken her without preliminary or affection, Jason was making love to her, giving as well as taking, and she knew that she had never had, nor would ever have in the future, anyone who could match this breathless moment of sheer, mind-splintering bliss.

As she clenched so tightly around his cock, Jace thrust deep and came hard, and he felt like his guts were being turned inside out with the almost painful pleasure he felt. He wanted to taste her, devour her, drink her in, and she gave him her mouth as an offering, tongues tangling and dancing in an erotic tryst. Sweet heaven above! She was amazing! He held her impaled on his cock as he took her mouth, ravaged her lips, felt the trembling of her body as she gently milked his shaft with her tight, hot sheath, clenching her muscles to tease him back to life.

“That...feels...so...fucking...good,” he growled against her lips. “Unless you want more, you’d better stop.”

“Do I look like I’m fighting you off?” she whispered huskily. “I’ve never been with anyone like you before, Jason Blackstone. And even if this is the one and only time I have you, I plan to enjoy the hell out of you.”

Jace was afraid he might break her in two, he was holding her so damn tight to his body. Her words were like a sweetly soothing wind across his mind and body, and her sweet mouth urged him to invade once more with tongue and cock, and with each slow, delicious dip of his tongue, he drove his cock deep, thrilling to the way she showed her pleasure at his every touch, the way she urged him on without making him feel like he was asking too much.

He had known it would be like this. From that first moment she had looked into his eyes he had known he would feel this mind-blowing pleasure, this mind-numbing, heady sense of completion. And for the first time in his life, he didn’t give a flying fuck if Jon wanted her too. This woman was amazing, sweetly willing, and he heard his voice rasping, “God, I want you to myself so much, Helen, but Jon needs you as much as I do. Really. And if you want him — us — we won’t disappoint you.”

Helen couldn’t get enough of this man. He held her as if she were fine porcelain, touched her as if she were a precious jewel, and his lovemaking was breathtakingly

sweet and heady. And was he truly asking her if she preferred his brother? Would want them both? She wasn't planning on going anywhere soon.

Jon smiled in the dark as he listened to the muffled cries and whimpers, and he heaved a deep sigh as he thought of that sweetly rounded ass. Would she willingly accept them both? Or would she have a fit when she realized it hadn't been Jace in her bed earlier? If he knew anything at all about women, he knew this—Helen wanted him. And he could make her feel things no other man could, and every woman wanted—needed—a little variety from time to time. And now was as good a time as any to make sure of his welcome in their lovemaking.

He rolled up from his bed and padded down the hallway, swinging the door to her bedroom wide to see his brother and Helen in a wild, humping embrace as his brother fucked her hard in her pussy. From the sounds and the beautiful sight of that lush, round ass bobbing up and down as his brother pounded into her cunt over and over, neither was paying him any mind at all, even though Jace had glanced up as he entered the room.

Without hesitating a moment, Jon moved up against that sweet, hot ass and slid his arms around Helen's sweat-damp body, his voice a rasp in his throat as he whispered against her ear, "Mind if I join you two?" His eyes met his brother's, asking the same question nonverbally.

Jace stared into Helen's wide eyes, asking her what she wanted, and then he rasped, "It's up to you, Helen...not me. Your choice."

Hot desire throbbed at the feel of Jon's cock head massaging her sensitive ass so deliciously, while Jace's cock remained buried to his root in her pussy. She stared into Jace's flushed face, sensing that he found the idea exciting, but that if she didn't, it was not going to happen. Her body sang with the knowledge that she had these two hot men eager to share her.

“I can handle it if you can. I’m yours, you know,” she said, her voice a whimper of need.

Jon nipped the skin of her shoulder and then stepped away to reach into the drawer for the lube and another condom. He smiled at the way her breathing hitched as she watched him in the semidarkness of the room, lit only by the light from the hallway. He was desperate to be inside her again, but he let her watch as he rolled the gaily colored condom over his shaft, and then slowly spread a generous amount of sensitizing lube over his cock. Jace was breathing like a freight train. Jon knew it was taking his brother every bit of strength he possessed not to simply start fucking her wildly again.

“You ready?” he whispered huskily into her ear as he came up behind her, and his brother lifted her to the exact height to accommodate his pleasure.

“Dear God, yes...” she whispered as he fit his crown into her recently opened and now-ready anal rosette, and slowly fed his shaft into her with a drawn-out groan of pleasure.

She bit her lip at the almost painful pressure of two thick cocks filling her to bursting as they both settled deep in her body, and the two men held her suspended between them, their mouths and hands driving her crazy with need and pleasure. Neither attempted to thrust. She was filled by them, and the heady delight that accompanied the knowledge that she was the object of desire and desperate need of two totally hot men was almost enough to cause her to orgasm wildly.

And then they began to gently thrust, moving in unison to make her cry out with the throbbing sensation of pain combined with pleasure, and Jon ran his lips and tongue over her nape and shoulder as Jace devoured her mouth hungrily. They worked together, one sliding almost all the way out as the other slid in deep, making the pain disappear, and making the pleasure enough to drive her insane.

Jace's hands cupped her buttocks, holding her in the right position and height for both men to fill her, while Jon's talented hands cupped her breasts, pinching and pulling her nipples gently before one hand slipped down her belly to find her swollen, throbbing clit. She gave a strangled scream of raw pleasure as she rocked her pelvis madly and clenched tight around both cocks.

Jon rammed deep two more times before he exploded deep in her ass at the exact moment Jace came hard in her pussy. Both men stiffened and held her suspended between their hot, trembling bodies as she whispered naughty, intimate things to them in the semidark room, encouraging both to enjoy their moment of heightened arousal, their shared, perfect pleasure. Never had she felt such deep, unimaginable satisfaction.

Jon's voice came in a guttural rasp against her nape as he rocked more gently, milking his cum into her ass. "You are so fucking perfect, love. I want you here with us. I've never felt so...complete in my life..."

Jace's soft laugh surrounded her as he ran his mouth languorously over her jaw and eyes. "Our beautiful, delicious, marvelous, little love. I never believed we would find you, and there you were, forty floors down, just waiting for us..."

Our love? That thought made her heart swell and her tears flow. Hal had never shown her even this much tenderness, nor had he ever given her this much mind-blowing pleasure. And even though he had used the word "love" from time to time, it had never carried the meaning that these two simple statements did.

Of course, things just didn't happen like this! But she was not looking this gift horse in the mouth. She wanted this. Desperately. She wanted these two men. And they wanted her.

So hot, so decadent, so completely naughty! Helen wanted nothing more, nothing better than these two hot men, both wanting her, both filling her, both devouring her. And she sighed and leaned her head back on Jon's shoulder as she ran slow hands over Jace's sweat-damp chest. She squeezed her sore muscles tight around them. They both groaned.

“I want to be with you, too. Both of you. I’ve never felt so completely cherished...in my life.” Her soft, wistful statement ended with a tiny whimper of pleasure as they began once more to show her just how cherished she was.

## About the Author

Fran Lee began writing romance novels at the age of 14. Life intruded on a budding writing career—namely, paying the bills, raising a family and the usual run-of-the-mill things that leave a writer no time to pursue a career as frivolous as authoring romance books. Or so everyone told her. But she never gave up on her childhood dreams of writing.

Other things caught her fancy over the years—horses, eBay, martial arts, not necessarily in that order. Over the years, her childish dreams were set on the back burner over and over again. But the things that caught her fancy blossomed into self-confidence—she achieved her black belt in her chosen martial art, spent a fortune on eBay and had the great pleasure of owning a number of wonderful equine friends.

Now she concentrates on her various fancies by collecting horse statues and figurines, teaching karate to kids, and spending time dragging out those old romance novels and bringing them up to snuff for the 21st century. The dream has come true—and it was well worth the wait.

The author 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).

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