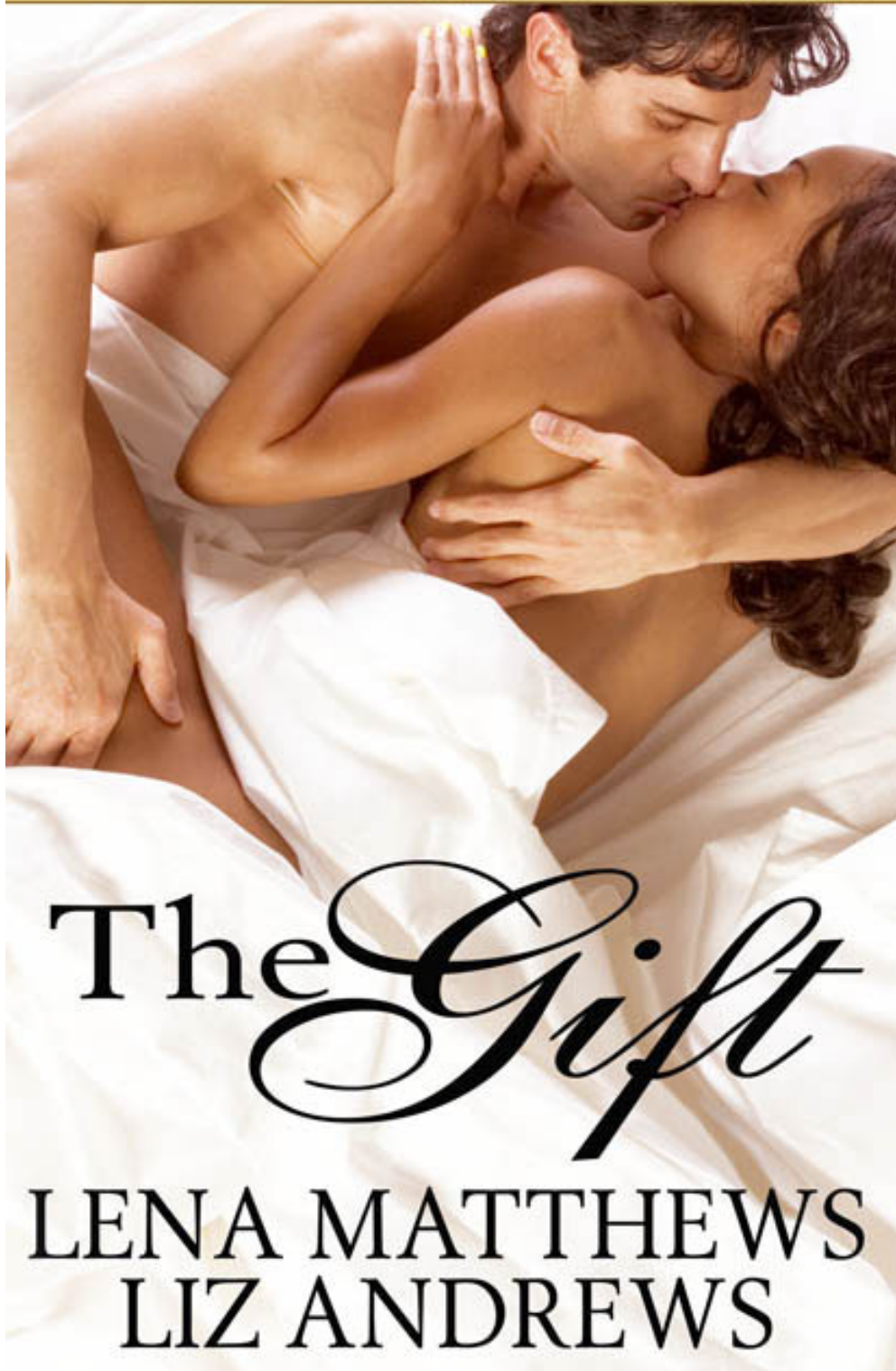


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



The *Gift*

LENA MATTHEWS
LIZ ANDREWS

The Gift

Lena Matthews & Liz Andrews

Ethan Neilson will do anything for his twin brother. Even father the child Benjamin is unable to with the woman they both love. All their lives, the brothers have shared everything – everything but the woman who matters most.

After several failed attempts to conceive a child, Hannah desperately wants a break. A weekend getaway to celebrate the birthdays of the two men she loves seems like the perfect opportunity to relax and unwind.

Benjamin knows Ethan and Hannah love one another, just as he knows the three of them together forever is the way it always should have been. Now the only thing he has to do is convince his brother and wife. Having a child would be wonderful, but sharing his wife's heart and body with his brother is the gift Benjamin wants most of all.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

The Gift

ISBN 9781419926754

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The Gift Copyright © 2010 Lena Matthews & Liz Andrews

Edited by Mary Moran

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication January 2010

The terms Romantica® and Quickies® are registered trademarks of Ellora's Cave Publishing.

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

THE GIFT

Lena Matthews & Liz Andrews

Trademarks Acknowledgement

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

Mensa: American Mensa Limited Corporation

Chapter One

Benjamin Neilson chanced a quick glance over to the passenger seat at his wife Hannah, who was staring straight ahead. From the thoughtful but happy expression on her pretty brown face, he was almost certain she wasn't paying attention to the scenic mountain road.

They were spending the weekend with his twin Ethan to celebrate the men's birthday. It was also going to be the first time the trio had seen each other in over a month. Ethan's job as a photojournalist kept him out of town more often than not, leaving little time for the three of them to hang out, even though Ethan officially lived with them. It was unfortunate he wasn't home long enough to do much more than wash his clothes before he left again, a trend that was growing old. Benjamin missed his brother, as did Hannah, who hadn't stopped smiling since they got on the road.

The drive from the Rancho Cucamonga area to their cabin in Big Bear had taken a good part of their evening, but they still had half an hour or so until they reached their destination. This was the perfect opportunity to discuss the bad news they'd received earlier in the week. Nevertheless, he was reluctant to bring up the subject.

To his surprise though, she did it for him. "You know what I was thinking?"

"No, tell me."

"I think we've been trying too hard."

Benjamin tightened his grip on the steering wheel. "I'm positive that wasn't what the doctor said." *More than positive, actually.* There was no way in hell he or any other man in his situation could have ever confused "low sperm count" with "trying too hard".

"Doctors. Humph." Hannah turned in her seat a bit so she was facing him. "What do they know?"

"A lot."

"That's debatable. Think about it for a second. What do they call a medical student who finishes last in their class?"

"I don't know, what?"

"Doctor." Despite not wanting to, Benjamin chuckled.

"There you go." Hannah said, apparently pleased at his reaction. "This guy could have very well slept through reproduction in school. We don't know."

"True, but we do know you're not pregnant after two years of trying."

"And I think it's good I'm not."

"You do not." He knew how much having kids meant to her.

"I do too. We've been way too stressed, doing it every other day, sleeping with my hips elevated."

"I sort of enjoyed doing it every other day."

"Well, I didn't. I want you to make love to me because you're in the mood, or because you think I look exceptionally pretty one day while I'm loading the dishwasher, not because my temperature is just right."

Benjamin wanted that as well. But even more, he wanted to give his wife her every desire. And as much as she denied it, that included children of her very own. He wanted to be the father to those children. But if that wasn't going to be possible he was pretty sure he'd devised a solution that was next to perfect. He would only need to convince his wife.

Hannah reached over and patted his thigh. "We'll get pregnant. Eventually."

"You can't keep fooling yourself, Hannah. Low sperm count leaves our chances at almost nil." Which was one of the reasons he'd come up with this plan for their weekend.

"Then we'll be the best aunt and uncle around." Her sister had three children and was due in two months with her fourth. And as much as Hannah loved her nieces and

nephew, he knew the hurt she felt when her sister, who wasn't even trying, showed up pregnant earlier this year. "And I'll continue being the best kindergarten teacher around and we'll grow old and happy together. End of subject."

"No, it isn't," he said patiently. "We don't just stop talking about something because you say so."

"Since when?"

Benjamin chuckled. She had a point. He did tend to spoil her, much to her detriment apparently. "Since now. This isn't something that only affects you, you know."

"I do know. It's just..." Hannah turned her head and peered out the window.

Releasing his grip on the wheel, Benjamin reached out and took her hand in his. "It's just what, baby?"

Sighing, Hannah turned back to face him. "I don't want you to blame yourself for this."

"Sort of hard not to."

"No, it isn't. This is simply the hand we've been dealt."

"I know, but..."

Hannah cut him off before he could finish his comment. "You said this doesn't only affect me and I realize that. The problem is, I don't think you've come to grips with the fact it's not just affecting you, either."

Benjamin couldn't deny her argument, but he didn't expect her to understand. So much about being a man was tied into dick sizes and fathering children that it was hard not to feel as if he were losing a part of his masculinity. Still, there was one thing he was absolutely sure about. "You should be a mother and I want to make you one. All I want out of life is a little girl who is a carbon copy of you." Of course if that happened, Benjamin would have to invest in a gun because Hannah was a knockout.

At a glance one would think she was a light-skinned African-American, with her honey-toned complexion and dark brown hair, but that was only a quarter of her ancestry. She was also Cuban on her mother's side, and Native American and Irish on her father's. Hannah teasingly called herself a mutt, but to Benjamin she was simply beautiful.

"Do you think you could handle a mini me?"

"Absolutely."

Hannah smiled and brought their joined hands to her cheek. She rubbed the back of his fingers against her soft skin and slid it to her mouth to gently kiss his knuckles. "I guess we'll have to keep trying then, but let's take a break for a short while. A month, a week or, even better, how about this weekend? No more doctor orders, no more boring rules, just us. Making love for the sheer pleasure of it all. Can we do that?"

"Of course." He was all for making love just for pleasure, especially seeing as how that was the only thing he could do. But all of this wouldn't matter if his plan went the way he wanted. Not only would Hannah get her baby, she'd also get her pleasure. Doubly so. All he had to do was convince her to agree to it. In the past, Hannah had always been open to his suggestions, in and out of the bedroom. He could only hope that remained true.

Fifteen minutes later when Benjamin pulled up to their family cabin, he noted Ethan's car was already there and a soft glow was coming from inside the house. "Looks as if Ethan beat us here."

"So I see."

He'd barely parked the car when his brother came out on the porch to greet them. When Hannah saw him, she let out a little squeal of pleasure as she unclasped her seat belt and opened the door.

Laughing at her uncontained excitement, he unbuckled as well and stepped out of the car seconds after Hannah vaulted from her seat, screaming his brother's name at the top of her lungs.

Flying up the steps, she threw herself in the other man's arms, wrapping her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck as was her way whenever she saw Ethan again after a long absence. "I've missed you so damn much."

Any other man might have been jealous, but Benjamin just smiled indulgently as he leaned against the car and watched his wife's antics. Hannah and Ethan were very close, and Benjamin wouldn't have it any other way. This was one of the reasons his plan seemed reasonable. The three of them were meant to be together. Besides, if it weren't for his brother, Benjamin would have never met Hannah.

"If I didn't know any better I'd say you missed me." Ethan's voice was laced with laughter as he hugged her close.

"Not at all." Benjamin watched as Hannah leaned back and stared into Ethan's face for a moment. "Who are you again?"

"Your friendly neighborhood milkman, coming to leave a deposit."

"Sounds kinky," she teased.

"What do you know about kink?"

"Just the things your brother's been teaching me."

Ethan looked over at Benjamin, brow raised. "You've been corrupting our girl?"

"Trying my damndest."

"Nice." Ethan grinned.

"Speaking of nice, I suppose you ought to let me down. Amanda might not appreciate her boyfriend being molested."

"Um..." Ethan stole a quick glance at Benjamin before answering. "Somehow I doubt she cares about anything I do at this point. We broke up."

Ethan's little announcement wasn't a surprise to Benjamin, but since he forgot to mention the little tidbit to Hannah, he figured it would be best to play along or risk the wrath of his wife. "Sorry, man. What happened?"

Ethan shrugged his shoulders, smart enough to keep his mouth shut. He'd been on Hannah's bad side a time or two as well. "She and I didn't see eye to eye on a few things and I decided it was time to cut my losses."

Hannah gave Ethan a quick squeeze. "I'm sorry too."

"Liar, you never cared for her," Ethan replied, dead on the money.

"Not true," she hedged. "I simply thought you could do better."

"We can't all get lucky straight out of the gate the way Benjamin did."

"Poor you." Hannah rolled her eyes. "Forced to sleep with countless women until you find the one of your dreams."

"It's a difficult job, but someone has to do it."

Hannah shook her head. "You are such a slut."

"And you love me."

"I have bad taste, what can I say." Hannah wiggled in his arms. "Now let me go, I have to go to the bathroom."

"Fine." Ethan smacked her on the ass and set her down. "I'll go help Old Man River bring in the luggage."

"Old man." Benjamin hit the trunk release on the key fob as he walked to the rear of the car. "I'd like to remind you that you're the elder, not I."

"Only by seven minutes," Ethan said as he joined his brother at the car.

"It's long enough." Benjamin clasped his twin in a bear hug. "Missed you, man."

After a few seconds, Ethan pulled back and stared deep into eyes that mirrored his own. "Are you still sure about this?"

Benjamin nodded. "I've never been more sure about anything in my life."

Laughing shakily, Ethan released his hold on his brother. "Well, that makes one of us."

Which meant – Benjamin still had two people to convince.

* * * * *

After going to the bathroom, Hannah grabbed their suitcases out of the living room and rolled them into the master bedroom as the men unloaded the rest of the things from the car. Even though she didn't want to admit anything to Ethan, she was glad Amanda wasn't going to be here this weekend. It wasn't as if she couldn't have pretended if she had to, but since it was going to be just family, she could be herself and not have to act as if she liked the woman. Besides, after the week she'd had, all she wanted to do was relax.

Hannah made quick work of unpacking the suitcases and stored them away. Tired, she stood in the middle of the room and glanced around to see if there was anything she'd left out.

The service they hired to open the cabin had done a wonderful job as usual. There were fresh linens on the beds, clean towels in the bathroom, and even though she hadn't stepped foot in the kitchen, Hannah knew the cabinets and the refrigerator would be stocked. The setup was perfect, just as she knew the weekend was going to be.

The cabin had been in Ethan and Benjamin's family for two generations and the tradition of coming up to Big Bear for vacations and celebrations had been one she wholeheartedly adopted once they'd married. It saddened her to think that because of the way things were going for her and Benjamin, unless Ethan decided to change his playboy ways and settle down, the tradition would die out with the brothers.

Even though she mouthed positive platitudes to Benjamin, she wasn't wearing rose-colored glasses. Hannah knew very well what their situation was.

"Hannah, are we going to be able to open our birthday presents tonight?" Ethan's voice held a note of pleading, even though he knew what the answer would be.

It was the same question he asked every year, and it deserved the exact same answer. Strolling out of the bedroom, with her hands on her hips, Hannah stared at

both men, who were carrying the presents, and frowned. "No, we are not opening them tonight. Today is not your birthday, tomorrow is and you know it."

"Spoilsport," Ethan grumbled good-naturedly as he set the presents on the coffee table. There weren't many, but she'd painstakingly picked out every gift and she'd be damned if she allowed them to open them earlier. It was called a birthday gift for a reason.

"Keep it up, brat, and the only gift you'll be receiving is a smack upside that big head of yours."

"If I have a big head, your husband has one too." Ethan grabbed the boxes from Benjamin and placed them next to the others. "We are identical twins, remember?"

As if she could forget. On the norm, Hannah wouldn't consider herself a flappable person, but the first time she saw the two of them standing side by side, she'd damn near swallowed her tongue. If there were two more handsome men in the world, she'd never seen them.

Tall and broad-shouldered, they both had the same piercing blue eyes that seemed to look into her very soul. If that was all she had to go on, they would be difficult to tell apart. But Ethan preferred a scruffier look, wearing his hair a tad bit longer than Benjamin did, and he had a perpetual five o'clock shadow covering his rugged jawline. Benjamin on the other hand, wore his hair shorter and was more often than not clean-shaven, which showed off their identical clefts, as well as their matching dimples. They were actually mirror images of each other when they tried, but Hannah enjoyed getting Ethan's goat too much to admit the truth of the matter.

"Please, you two look nothing alike," Hannah teased. "I think the doctor who delivered you had to have been blind or nearsighted at best."

"And our parents, teachers and friends throughout the years? Were they blind also?"

"Must have been," she said with a shrug of her shoulders. "Because I could tell you two apart blindfolded."

"Hmm..." Ethan's voice dropped to a low, seductive tone and his lids lowered to half-mast over his eyes. "We'll have to put that to the test sometime."

Hannah knew he was only kidding around, but still, his words and actions had her catching her breath at the implication. Ethan played a part in more than a few of her sexual fantasies, although she'd never admitted the fact to anyone. It seemed disloyal to Benjamin somehow to be imagining his twin brother there while they made love. Although technically, since both men were there during her fantasies she wasn't picking one over the other.

With a shake of her head, she pulled her thoughts from the odd direction they headed in and attempted to put their conversation back on a playful level. "See, this is the reason you're getting nothing. You're a bad, bad boy, Ethan Neilson."

"This isn't Christmas," Ethan reminded her. "It's our birthday, there's no rule about having to be good."

"There are always rules."

"Then, in that case, I've been a good boy, Mrs. Neilson, honest I have." Benjamin dragged her into his embrace. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her back against his front.

Thankful for the reprieve from her wayward thoughts, Hannah laid her head on her husband's shoulder and glanced up at him. "I hear you've been very, very good."

Smiling, Benjamin replied, "You would know." Hannah turned her head so he could nuzzle her neck the way she adored, and in the process met her brother-in-law's heated gaze. Her stomach fluttered from feelings of desire she had no right to feel.

It was a cold, sobering realization, one that chilled her to the bone. Unnerved, she stepped away from Benjamin and wrapped her arms around herself for comfort.

"How about I grab everyone something to drink?" Benjamin offered.

"Beer sounds good." Ethan flopped into the oversized chair and propped his feet on the stool.

"Wine please."

Benjamin nodded and headed into the kitchen. Settling herself on the couch, Hannah asked the one thing she'd been wondering about. "So talk, Ethan, what's up with you? We haven't heard from you since last month."

"I know, I know," he said in a complacent manner. "I've been busy."

"That's no excuse." She shot him what she hoped was a fierce frown. "I miss having you around. The house is practically a tomb without you." Although Hannah knew most people would find it odd the three of them lived together, she quite enjoyed it. With as much as Ethan worked, he was almost never home, but when he was, his presence made everything feel right.

"I'm surprised you even notice when I'm not there." Ethan's tone seemed almost self-disparaging.

"I notice," she said with all seriousness. "You work too hard."

"I concur," Benjamin said as he walked in the room. In one hand, he held her wine, and in the other, two chilled beers. Smiling, she took her glass from him. It had been so long since the three of them had a drink together, Hannah wasn't sure how to act. After handing Ethan his bottle, Benjamin joined her on the couch.

"You're going to burn out if you keep this mad pace up," she said in her best teacher voice. Sometimes she felt as if she had two husbands, one she took care of on a regular basis and one who was gone too much to allow her the pleasures.

"I think your speech is a few months too late."

"Really?" He did look tired, more so now than the last time she saw him.

"Yes." Ethan took a drink. "Which is why as of the end of the month I'll be joining the ranks of the unemployed."

"What?" Benjamin straightened from his lounging position with a frown on his face.

"Don't worry, it was my choice. As Hannah pointed out, I'm wearing myself thin. I'm sick and tired of all the traveling."

"But you love your job." The surprise in Benjamin's voice was nothing compared to the astonishment coursing through Hannah. At the same time, she couldn't help the elation filling her at the concept of Ethan being in town on a permanent basis.

"No, I used to love my job, but as of late, it's grown old. The hours are long and tedious, and I'm sick of living out of suitcases. I'm ready for a real life and responsibilities."

Hannah didn't know why, but a sudden sense of foreboding swept over her at his words. If she didn't know better, she'd think he was serious about some girl. But since he'd just broken up — "You didn't do this for Amanda, did you? Were you going to ask her to marry you?"

Ethan chuckled. "Hell no. But settling down doesn't sound as if it's such a bad idea."

"It's about damn time," Benjamin teased as he placed his hand on her thigh.

Despite the warm touch of her husband, she couldn't have disagreed with him more. But of course she couldn't say so. To deny Ethan a chance at the same happiness she found with Benjamin would be selfish to the nth degree. Instead she lied, as she did whenever the subject of him and marriage came up. "Long past the time if you ask me."

"Whoa." Ethan held up his hands and gave a nervous laugh. "Don't get too carried away, you two. I said it didn't sound as if it was a bad idea, not that I was going to go cruising through the drive-in chapel. One step at a time, people, one step at a time."

"What's first on your list of things to do?" Hannah asked, happy to change the subject.

"Find a place to live."

"What?" Benjamin looked as blown away as she felt by Ethan's announcement. "You have a place."

Ethan shook his head. "It's not right."

Confused, Hannah stared at him in shock. "Says who?"

"Come on, Hannah. You guys allowed me to live with you when I was barely home a few weeks out of the year. Now I'll be around all the time. I need to find my own place. You don't need me underfoot every day."

Hannah knew she was being selfish, but she didn't want him to leave their house. Now at least she was able to see him when he was home. If he moved, their time together would be limited to occasional family gatherings. "Not need, want. There is a difference."

The minute the words left her mouth, Ethan and Benjamin exchanged a startled glance before turning their attention back toward her. Hannah's cheeks warmed under the brothers' intense stares and she could feel other parts of her body, parts that enjoyed the unfettered hungry look both men leveled on her, respond as well.

"Are you saying you want me, Hannah?" There was no laughter in Ethan's voice. There was no hint his question was anything other than what it was, something meant to get to the heart of a matter that had long been avoided and overlooked.

"I...I..." Hannah didn't know what to say. Honesty wasn't always the best policy. Besides, it was far too complicated and confusing. Instead, she went with a variation of reality. "Of course I do. And do you know what I want from you more than anything else?"

His voice grew huskier, his gaze more intense. "No, what?"

"For you to prepare the hot tub. I'm ready for a dip." Hannah's humorous words broke the tension in the room as she intended. "I'm going to go change, be back in a few."

"I thought hot tubs were on the no-no list." Ethan shot a quick look at Benjamin. "I mean..."

Hannah shook her head. "Not this weekend they're not."

"Really? The doctor gave you guys a new set of instructions?"

"No, we're self-medicating for a while." Hannah reached her hand out to Benjamin.
"Right, honey?"

"Right." Benjamin offered her an indulgent smile.

"Now you two get started on the hot tub and I'll go change." Hannah gave Benjamin's hand a quick squeeze, released it and rose. The change of subject put everything to right once more, but she knew her feelings for Ethan wouldn't be so easily put to rest.

Benjamin turned on Ethan the second the bedroom door closed behind Hannah.
"What's this about you moving out? You know if you do she's going to give me shit for weeks. It's not nice to fuck over your brother."

"I'm trying to do the right thing here."

"Right for who? Not for Hannah and me. We want you there."

"Come on, Benjamin. We've lived together our entire lives, even after you married Hannah. Most women would have drawn the line, but she was always..." Ethan couldn't explain how much her acceptance of him in their lives meant to him. "If I do this thing for you though, things will be different. I don't want to make anyone feel uncomfortable."

"If?" Benjamin raised his eyebrows. "Are you backing out on me?"

"No, not at all. But you have to agree once this happens and is over, you won't want me around."

"That's not true. You're my brother. I'll always want you around."

Ethan knew what Benjamin was trying to say, but he was more realistic than his twin. Even if Hannah agreed to the crazy scheme, Ethan was sure after everything was said and done, she wouldn't want her brother-in-law living down the hall, reminding them all he fathered her child and not her husband. Besides, Ethan wasn't sure he could

handle the daily temptation, knowing the woman he loved was so close. It was hard enough right now. But for the life of him, he couldn't figure out how to explain that to Benjamin without giving himself away. "I'll always be your brother, no matter where I live."

"Why do I have the feeling there's more to this than you're admitting?"

"Because you're suspicious and paranoid?" Since Ethan didn't want to have this discussion, he decided to change the subject. "We've been given our orders by the boss. We better have the hot tub ready when she comes out or she'll have our heads."

Benjamin stared at him so intently Ethan felt as if he were trying to look into his very soul. With a slight shake of his head, his brother finally turned and strolled across the room. Ethan released a sigh of relief and stood to follow. Walking out onto the enclosed deck, Ethan closed the French doors behind him. Beer in hand, he crossed his arms, leaned back against the door and watched as his brother uncovered the spa.

His twin worked in silence, readying the hot tub as Ethan tried to think of something to say. This acute feeling of awkwardness was new to him. He had never had a problem talking to his brother in the past, but now he felt almost as if his mirror image were a stranger.

Unlike him though, Benjamin didn't seem to have the same problem. After clicking the jets on, he turned and faced his brother with a look akin to amusement on his face. "Since you're obviously not going to talk about your moving plans, why don't we discuss my plans instead?"

Crap. He'd wanted to talk about something, but Ethan wasn't sure if this was it. Even though he'd agreed to do this favor for Benjamin, Ethan wasn't sure it was a good idea. In fact, he knew it wasn't. When Benjamin first approached, Ethan insisted there was no way he would participate. Touching Hannah, making love to her, would be a slippery slope. One Ethan was scared he might fall prey to.

"Are you certain you can convince Hannah?" He still thought there might be a chance this entire scheme would fail. Hell, he hoped she said no, that way he didn't have to go through with it.

"She cares for you and she wants a child. I don't see why she would say no."

"Oh, I can think of a reason or *twenty*."

"That's because you're negative."

"And you're crazy."

"I'm willing to concede that point." Benjamin chuckled. "But I want to point out you agreed to do it, so what does that say about you?"

"I'm as insane as you are. It must be as hereditary as our blue eyes."

"Then let's hope you pass along the eye color but not the brain matter to junior."

Junior. The thought of Hannah giving birth to his child pulled at Ethan's heart more than it should. Much in the way as the idea of not being able to claim their child broke it. If they went through with this, he would need to continuously remind himself this would be Benjamin's child not his, no matter whose semen spawned it.

To hide his expression, Ethan raised the beer bottle to his mouth and tilted it back, finishing off the rest of the ale in one gulp. "How do you see this working?" Benjamin shrugged as if the gesture were answer enough. But it wasn't. Not even remotely. "I'm serious."

"I guess it will work the way it always has. You'll insert your penis in my wife's vag—"

"Eww, stop." Ethan didn't like the direction this conversation was headed.

"What?"

Did he have to spell it out? "Don't say 'my wife's vagina'."

Benjamin raised an eyebrow. "My wife's who-ha?"

"No, don't say that either."

"What do you want me to call it?"

"I don't want you to call it anything. And I don't want you to call her..." Ethan's voice dropped off.

"Don't call her what, big brother?" Benjamin asked softly. "My wife?"

This was the exact situation Ethan hoped to avoid. "I don't think I can do this."

"But you will." Benjamin's voice was steady and firm, as if he had no doubt about the outcome of their little venture. "For Hannah and for me."

"Have you thought about me at all in this equation?" Ethan didn't want to sound selfish but this wasn't going to be the walk in the park Benjamin was making it out to be.

Benjamin crossed his arms over his chest and nodded. "I have."

"And..."

"I think this is the way for us all to receive what we want."

Ethan understood how Benjamin and Hannah would benefit from the deal, but he couldn't grasp what Benjamin thought Ethan would gain. "I'm pretty sure impregnating your wife isn't on my bucket list."

"No, but making love to her is."

Ethan felt as if his heart might stutter to a stop. He always thought he'd kept his feelings for Hannah under wraps. Apparently he thought wrong, but it didn't mean he couldn't try to bullshit his way out of the very uncomfortable situation. "I don't know what you mean."

"Yes. You do."

Yes, yes he did, but before Ethan could respond, the door swung open, almost toppling him on his ass.

"Whoa there," Hannah called out as she buffered him from his fall.

"Nice timing," he said as he righted himself.

"I'd say," she laughed.

Happy for the interruption, Ethan turned and look at Hannah, who stood framed in the doorway. Despite the situation he'd been discussing with Benjamin, Ethan couldn't help but smile at the sight of the beautiful woman. She looked as she did the first time he saw her at a photo shoot seven years ago, sexy and a tad bit nervous. "You planning on putting the *hot* in hot tub?"

"Do you like?" Hannah placed her hand on her hip and posed. "A little something I picked up last summer."

"Little is the key word. Turn around for me and give me the three sixty."

Hannah slapped her hands on her bottom, a frown crossing her face. "No."

"Why not?"

"I haven't dropped all my winter weight and it doesn't fit in the ass department as it should. Be dazzled with the front part and let me be."

As if the few pounds she *might* have put on would make any difference to him. She was gorgeous, inside and out. "I want to be dazzled with the whole package."

"People in hell want ice water, but that doesn't mean they're going to get it."

Ethan cocked an eyebrow. "You know you just dared me to come see for myself, don't you?"

"I did not." Her eyes widened and she took a step backward into the living room. "In fact, I did the exact opposite."

"What's this I hear?" Ethan took a step toward her and smiled in his most devious way. "*Come look at my ass, please?* Sure, Hannah, it will be my *pleasure*."

"Ethan, stop it. I'm not joking." Hannah took another step back then another. Glancing over Ethan's shoulder at her husband, she called out, "Benjamin. Help!"

Benjamin's voice drifted inside. "You're on your own, my love."

"Bastard."

Ethan chuckled. "Hey now, that's my mother you're talking about too."

"You know what I mean. Now stop it." Although her words held conviction, she continued to slowly back into the living room.

"No." Ethan took a menacing step forward then another.

Hannah glanced around and he could almost hear the wheels in her head spinning. "Ethan, you're not playing fair."

"I never said I was." He circled the living room, cutting off her escape to any other part of the house. "Now show me your ass."

"Ha-ha, very funny." Hannah's gaze darted about.

Ethan wasn't feeling amused, however. He didn't know why, but her retreat made him crave the chase all the more. "I've trapped you now."

"Says you." Hannah scrambled around the coffee table to evade his grab and hightailed it for the patio door. Although she'd been adamant about him not seeing her ass, her escape from him exposed her curvy backside, barely covered by the black scrap of material. If she'd put on any weight he was the Queen of England.

"Not so fast." She might have thrown him off guard for a moment, but she wasn't going to be able to outrun him. Ethan wasn't the only one tracking her escape. Just as he caught up with Hannah at the French doors, Benjamin stopped her from the other side, his hands coming up to grasp the doorjambs to keep her from entering the patio. They had her trapped between them. Ethan suddenly realized this was the very situation he'd been trying to avoid, but somehow it felt right.

"Move, you bullies," she tried to push past Benjamin.

It was a futile effort at best, his brother was as stubborn as he was and neither one of them seemed to be in a hurry to move. "No, I like you where you are."

Benjamin wasn't the only one. "Me too." *A little too much.* Her sexy-clad figure was playing havoc on his libido.

So much for his noble attempt not to cuckold his brother. Ethan met Benjamin's knowing gaze over Hannah's head. He couldn't deny his feelings any longer, especially

after receiving permission from his own brother. The only barrier left was Hannah. Somehow though, he doubted she would be as willing to agree to Benjamin's plan.

Chapter Two

Benjamin couldn't allow a perfect opportunity such as this to pass him by. He took a step forward, forcing Hannah to step back and against Ethan. The sudden movement caused her to lose her balance but, as Benjamin knew he would, Ethan was there to catch her. With a feral look on his face, his twin wrapped an arm around her waist to pull her into his embrace. "Steady, brown eyes."

"I...I'm fine. You can let me go now." There was a hint of huskiness in her voice, but despite her comment, she seemed far from ready to be released.

"I like you here, in my arms," Ethan admitted, much to Benjamin's surprise and delight. "You feel good against me."

Benjamin smiled down at her, trying his best to reassure her. "She does, doesn't she?"

"I..." Hannah's raised her gaze to meet Benjamin's. The light brown orbs were clouded with confusion, an emotion he didn't feel at all. This was right.

In normal circumstances, if Benjamin found his wife in another man's arms, he would have been jealous or upset. But he didn't feel resentful of the closeness between his twin and his wife. Instead, there was a sense of rightness about it. Next to Hannah, his brother was the one person he was closest with. And because they were identical in looks as well as personalities, it didn't seem odd she would be attracted to Ethan.

There was no doubt in Benjamin's mind Ethan was in love with his wife, and he was more than sure Hannah had similar feelings for Ethan. The only real surprise about the whole situation was the unexpected but intense desire he felt seeing his brother with Hannah. It was something he hadn't counted on.

"I have to say, brother, you're a lucky man."

"Tell me something I don't know." Benjamin leaned down and brushed his lips across Hannah's. "Very, very lucky."

"That lucky, huh?"

"Oh yeah." Benjamin went to kiss her again, but was waylaid by Hannah, who turned her head and avoided his lips, laughing nervously as she did.

"All right, guys. Let this lucky lady loose before I overdose on testosterone and pass out."

Taking her joke for the "back off, give me some space" sign it was, Benjamin stepped away. "We wouldn't want that to happen, now would we?"

"No. We wouldn't." With obvious reluctance Ethan released her and stepped back as well. His stubble-covered cheeks were flushed with desire; a look Benjamin knew had to be mirrored on his own face.

They had been so close and even though there was nothing Benjamin wanted to do more than force the issue, he knew he had to handle the situation with kid gloves or risk ruining things for all of them.

As if on the same accord, Ethan spoke. "So what's the plan?"

"Drinks?" When all else failed, getting drunk always seemed like a good solution. "Do you want another glass of wine, honey, or did you want something else?"

"Wine is fine." From the shell-shocked look of her, she needed another glass and fast.

Perfect. He wanted to keep her off guard. "You want to do the honors?" he asked Ethan.

"Sure."

"Great, I'll have another beer." Wait, who was he kidding? One wasn't going to do it. "Hell, bring out the rest of the pack with the wine bottle."

With the earlier tension broken, Ethan chuckled. "When you go off the wagon, you go off the wagon."

"Nah, I want to relax and have a good time." Benjamin looked down at Hannah, who seemed finally at ease with his casual demeanor. "What about you?"

"As usual, I like the way you think."

That made two of them. Smiling, he looked over at his brother. "Do you have all of that, *garcon*?"

"Yes. One rip-roaring hangover on the way." Ethan gave a mock salute, turned on his heel and walked to the kitchen.

Laughing, Benjamin and Hannah headed through the entrance to the enclosed deck. He left the French door cocked open as they made their way over to the hot tub. Benjamin climbed in first then held his hand out to Hannah, who stepped in carefully, moaning as the near-scalding water enclosed her.

"Nice, huh?" After helping her in, Benjamin sat back against the wall then pulled her onto his lap.

Hannah leaned back against his chest and let out a contented sigh. "Very."

The two of them lounged in silence for a bit, each a prisoner of their own thoughts. Although he couldn't tell what Hannah was thinking, he'd been with her long enough to recognize a good rumination when he saw one. Her body posture was limp but she was biting on her thumbnail, much in the way she did whenever there was a problem she was contemplating.

On his end, Benjamin's mind was filled with the possibility of "what ifs" and for the first time since his doctor appointment, he actually felt hope once more. The peaceful silence was soon interrupted by the bumbling sound of Ethan coming out to join them. He kicked the door closed with a pleased grin and made his way over to the two of them.

"Ah-ha." Ethan sat the beer within arm's reach of Benjamin before pouring Hannah a glass of wine and handing it to her. "Madam."

"Thank you, kind sir."

"You're more than welcome." After recorking the wine, Ethan extracted two beer bottles and handed one to his brother before climbing in with them.

It wasn't an overly large tub, and Ethan's presence made the spa a whole lot cozier. Seating himself opposite the couple, he opened his bottle then took a large swallow from his beer. "What did I miss?"

"Not much, we've been enjoying the jets."

"Nice." Ethan closed his eyes and leaned back. "Hannah, I was going to ask you how your school program ended up. I remember you said the children were struggling with learning all the songs."

Hannah chuckled. "It all came together. They were adorable in their costumes and sang like angels."

Ethan opened his eyes and shot Benjamin a knowing smile. "Surprise, surprise."

Benjamin snorted. "Every year she's a nervous wreck and every year it all works out."

"Why do I feel as if I'm getting beaten up here?"

"Sorry, baby." Benjamin pressed a kiss to her shoulder. "You know we love you." He watched Ethan's reaction, but his brother's face remained impassive.

"I know." Hannah's voice was slightly husky as she responded. Clearing her throat, she asked Ethan, "What are your plans now that you'll be joining the ranks of the unemployed?"

"Selfish as it seems, I'm going to enjoy a little time off. I didn't realize how stressed and exhausted I was until I made it official and turned in my resignation. All of a sudden I felt as if the weight of the world had been lifted off my shoulders, and it was a relaxing feeling. One I want to enjoy for a while longer."

Benjamin was sincerely pleased for his brother. As much as Ethan had loved his job at the beginning of his career, it was obvious now a change was needed. "Any thoughts as to what you want to do next?"

"I've put a couple of feelers out, but I'm not worried. I've made good money over the years and really haven't spent it, so I can afford to take the time to find the right job."

"And what does the right job consist of?" Benjamin tipped the bottle back, taking a swig of beer.

"Something that would require me to take lots of pictures of naked women for obscene amounts of cash."

"Nice." Laughing, the two brothers reached out simultaneously and clinked their bottles together.

"You guys are too much." Hannah rolled her head from side to side. The ponytail she wore high on her head slapped Benjamin in the face.

"Hey now." Benjamin pulled his head back in an attempt to avoid danger. "Watch it, woman."

"Sorry, baby." She glanced over her shoulder. "I'm trying to get a kink out."

"Get a kink out? Forget that." Benjamin finished off the rest of his ale and set the empty bottle on the side of the hot tub. "No getting rid of kinks on my watch. We need all the kinks we can get. Let me give you a little massage."

Hannah set her empty glass down as well. "Hmm, sounds lovely."

"Scoot down here." Benjamin spread his thighs, moving Hannah from his lap so she was sitting between his legs. It was a bit uncomfortable and not an ideal position for Benjamin to get his massage on, but it would do in a pinch. He cracked his knuckles before getting to work on the tense muscles of her shoulders. With school and the doctor appointments, he knew she'd been under a lot of pressure, the kind that built up into knots.

Silence descended on the deck as he worked to relieve her tension. Little by little Benjamin could feel Hannah relaxing, the tightness seeping from her shoulders. "Feel good, baby?"

“Uh-huh.”

Benjamin glanced across the tub to see Ethan finishing off his beer. “Want another?”

“Sounds good.” Benjamin picked up Hannah’s empty glass and dangled it in the air. “I think Hannah could use a refill as well.”

“Yes, I could. Juice me.”

Ethan nodded. “Sure thing.” Rising from the water, he reached across the expanse and snagged the bottle of wine. Tilting the vintage, he topped off her glass, set the bottle back and took his spot across from them.

Hannah took a sip and then another. “Thanks, I don’t know why, but this tastes divine.”

“That’s because you haven’t had any in awhile. Abstinence and all that jazz.”

“You know, you’re right. What else have I been denying myself the last few months?”

“Anal sex,” Benjamin offered, in case she didn’t have an answer off the top of her head.

This caused his brother to roar with laughter. “Oh God, not that.”

“No, it’s true.” Hannah nodded as she took another sip. “Anal went on the no-no list, as did a lot of fun things.”

“Like head,” Benjamin said.

Hannah nodded. “And having sex in the water.”

“And head,” Benjamin reiterated, just in case she didn’t hear him the first time.

“Yes, honey,” Hannah reached up and patted his face lovingly. “And head. I promise you, sometime this weekend, I’ll do my best to deep throat all eight inches of your cock.”

“And swallow.” If he was shooting for the moon, he might as well grab a few stars along the way.

“Yes, honey. I’ll swallow too.”

Benjamin looked over at his brother and smiled. "I love vacations."

"I would too if I were you." Ethan revved his eyebrows.

"Hey now, don't pout." Hannah kicked her foot out, causing the water to splash in Ethan's face. "We've been on plenty of vacations with you and your flavor of the month. You've received plenty of head in your day, my friend."

Benjamin wrapped his arm around Hannah. "But I'm sure none of them can hold a candle to you."

"Aww...sweet-talker. You just want in my pants."

"Is that all it takes?" Ethan asked, his tone flirtatious yet serious all at the same time. "Someone being sweet to you."

"For the right man, it doesn't take much."

"Lucky for my brother, he's the right man."

"I'm lucky all right." Benjamin didn't think he was going to be the only one who would get lucky with Hannah before this weekend was over, and the thought did nothing but please him.

Hannah couldn't remember when she felt so relaxed or so at home. All the tension she'd carried with her for the last few months dissolved the second she slipped into the spa. Putting the baby-making plans on the back burner was the best idea she'd had in ages. She couldn't recall the last time Benjamin was this stress free. Hell, she couldn't recollect the last time he smiled prior to this evening. Seeing his twin was definitely good for him. And for her too, if she were to be a hundred-percent honest.

She and Ethan laughed and joked around with each other all the time, although there had been something about the way he held her this evening that went over the line of simple ribbing. It also sent her pulse dancing and made her body tingle. Everything about it felt right, especially when she looked into her husband's eyes and didn't see disapproval. If she wasn't mistaken, Hannah would even swear she saw

something akin to lust and hunger swimming in his baby blues, but that made no more sense than her unquenchable desire for Ethan did.

It was all too much to think about. Instead, she was going to concentrate on floating and having a good time with the two people she loved most in the world. Closing her eyes, she let the heat seep into her bones. This was the way things were supposed to be, and as far as she was concerned, it really didn't get much better than this—alone with her two guys.

"A lady could become used to this."

"Think so?" Benjamin's softly spoken words tickled her ear, causing her to squirm on his lap. Her actions brought his fast-growing erection to her attention, causing her to smile.

Oh yes, she could definitely become used to this. "Mm-hmm."

"Let's see if we can kick this up a notch."

Before Hannah could decipher the meaning of Ethan's comment, she felt the water move then his hand on the back of her calf, pulling her leg up toward him. Startled, she opened her eyes and stared in surprise at her brother-in-law. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing you won't benefit from."

Hannah furrowed her brow. That could be code for anything he chose to do to her. "Wh—"

"Shh..." Benjamin said from behind her. "Just relax and enjoy."

Enjoying was simple, relaxing was a different ballgame altogether. "I'll try."

"Don't try. Do." Benjamin whispered the words against her ear. "We have you."

Ethan choose that exact moment to rub the ball of his thumb against the arch in her foot, convincing her in ways no words could to shut up and take pleasure in their attention. Hannah leaned back against her husband and rested her head on his shoulder. With Benjamin's arms around her and the absolutely divine foot massage she

was receiving from Ethan, Hannah was in heaven, but she was also in hell and Benjamin wasn't doing anything to save her.

Under the water, her husband was slowly moving his hand against her lower abdomen, his fingers riding the waistband of her bikini bottom. Every now and then, he would dip his fingertips a few centimeters inside the black swimsuit. Just enough to make her catch her breath and wonder at his attempts, and then he moved them out once more.

The problem, of course, was she was facing away from Benjamin so she couldn't shoot him a warning glare without half turning around and thus giving away to Ethan something was going on under the water. She was caught between a rock and her husband's hard place, and the bastard knew it.

Hannah could feel her cheeks warming, and it had nothing to do with the bubbling water.

"Is the temperature too high in here?" Ethan glided his hand from her foot up to the back of her leg. "You're looking...overheated."

"No." She tried to keep her voice level as she spoke, praying against all hope she didn't sound as flustered as she felt. "No, it's fine."

"I'd say," Benjamin murmured in her ear as he slipped his hand down to gently cup her aching pussy through her bikini for a brief moment.

She was going to kill him. But before she could spin around and act on her homicidal thoughts, Ethan did something with his fingers against the back of her calf that had her moaning in delight. "Feels so good."

"What, this?" Ethan danced his fingers against her taut muscle as he swept his hand back down her legs, alternating between the pressure-filled caresses and soft, fleeting strokes.

"Or this," Benjamin chimed in as he brushed his thumb over her nipple, bringing it to life. Grasping the sensitive distended bud, he rolled it between his thumb and finger.

"Oh..." Hannah could feel the pull of desire between her legs as if there were a connection between her breasts and pussy. She readjusted herself in his lap, but there wasn't much room for her to move. Every infinitesimal shift made her more than aware how much this was affecting Benjamin as well.

"Oh, huh? What exactly are you doing over there, little brother?" Ethan's question caused her to flush with mortification, as did the knowing look in his eyes. If he was clueless to his brother's efforts, then she was the Queen of Sheba.

"Massaging, big brother. Same as you."

"Somehow," Ethan released her foot and grasped the other, "I don't quite believe it's the same."

"Oh God," Hannah mumbled. She was going to die. Simply die of embarrassment, and she was going to take her husband with her. In an effort to distract herself, she reached over to her glass of wine, only to remember she'd already emptied it. Neither man seemed to notice her mistake though. They were both too busy teasing and torturing her with pleasure.

At least Ethan was keeping it purely innocent, where Benjamin was hell-bent on being naughty. He'd switched hands to manipulate the cloth-covered nipple of her other breast while moving his free hand to her thigh and pulling gently to open her legs wider.

Hannah was startled by his actions. Did Benjamin really expect her to spread her legs? Here, with Ethan sitting just inches away from them, cognizant of his brother's roaming hands, even though he couldn't see beneath the bubbly water. Was this really what Benjamin wanted?

Oh, why overthink it? You know you want it too.

To be honest, she did. There was no reason to fight what she wanted. What could a little fooling around hurt? It wasn't as if Ethan would see anything other than her expression. She would play it cool and not spread her legs too wide. She didn't want to lose contact with Ethan's hand on her foot. If that was all the touching from him she

was able to get while Benjamin intimately caressed her, then she would enjoy it to the fullest.

Trying to be subtle, she shifted to allow Benjamin access to her sex and accidentally brushed her free foot over Ethan's lap, across his bulging erection.

The second she touched him, Ethan released her foot and, in one fluid motion, stood. Hannah hardly had time to process what she'd discovered before he was up and out of the spa. "I think it's time I hit the sack." His back was to them as he spoke—for very obvious reasons—and Hannah could only hope Benjamin didn't catch a glimpse of his brother's involuntary reaction. She wasn't so sure her husband's goodwill would stretch that far.

Hannah pressed her lips together and studiously looked away. "Are you sure? You haven't had anything to eat yet." She knew why he was leaving and felt guilty her inadvertent discovery caused his departure.

Ethan grabbed a towel off the shelf, covered the lower half of his body and turned around to face them with a fake smile painted on his face. "I'm not hungry. I got something on the road on the way up." Although she and Benjamin also stopped for dinner, she had been hoping the three of them could spend some more time together.

"Oh."

"You guys stay and enjoy the water. It looks as if it's doing you some good."

"Night, bro," Benjamin moved his hands away from her body and casually laid them back on the rim of the spa as if he hadn't been up to no good only seconds earlier. He waited until his brother disappeared back into the cabin and closed the French doors behind him before speaking again. "That was odd, don't you think?"

Hannah stood and turned to face him. Then clambering onto his lap, she straddled him so they could talk. "Not really," she lied. "I believe he thinks we want to be alone."

"And why would he think that?"

"Maybe because I gave him the 'get out so I can have my wicked way with your brother' sign while you weren't looking."

"Wow, that was a heck of a sign."

"I know, but I decided you deserved a special treat tonight."

"Really? Sounds intriguing." Benjamin reached out and slipped a hand behind her neck, pulling her head toward his to capture her lips. She moaned and wrapped her arms around his neck as he slipped his tongue into her mouth.

With her legs spread wide, Hannah could feel Benjamin's cock pressed against her pussy. And even though she was there with her husband, exactly where she wanted to be, she couldn't help but think about Ethan's erection as well. Knowing she was the cause of his reaction made her wonder about Ethan's feelings for her and what they might mean. But those thoughts had no place here, not right now, at least.

When Benjamin finally released her, Hannah sat back for a moment, her breathing hitched and rapid. "Are you up to breaking three rules? We've been drinking alcohol and you're already sitting in boiling-hot water, how about we add sex in the water into the mix?"

"Three rules. You're such a rebel."

"That's me, baby. I'm bad to the bone."

"I have a bone for you all right."

Hannah undulated her hips, rubbing herself against the appendage in question. "So I see...or should I say *feel*."

"Oh trust me..." Benjamin reached behind her neck and untied the strings that held her top secure then lowered the material to expose her breasts to his hungry gaze. "You haven't felt anything yet."

"Promises, promises," she said as he made quick work of untying the string riding high on the middle of her back and moved up to grasp her shoulders from behind. Unfettered, the bikini top floated away under the force of the jets as he pulled her so she

was leaning away from him and bent his head down to take one of her nipples into his mouth.

Moaning, Hannah closed her eyes and gave herself up to the pleasure of his teasing, talented mouth. After years together, Benjamin knew how to play havoc with her body and make her come. And with him, it didn't take much. The man had mad foreplay skills.

After showing both breasts equal and delicious attention, Benjamin released his hold on her. "Stand up," he ordered. "And take off the bottoms."

Noodle-legged, Hannah rose and did as he requested, watching through lowered lids as he divested himself of his boxers. As soon as the red material floated to the surface of the water, she pushed him backward and climbed onto his lap again.

Laughing, Benjamin grabbed hold of her hips and helped her straddle him. "Impatient, my love?"

"Very."

"The only question I have then is," he slid his hand between her thighs and fingered her erect clit, "why?"

"I...I always want you," she said between moans.

"And I you." He slipped his hand lower and pressed two fingers against her slick opening. "But something tells me this sweet, sticky dew isn't only for me, isn't just about me."

"Of course it is." She didn't like where his questions seemed to be going.

"Liar," he said with a thrust from his questing digits. "You enjoyed me playing with you while Ethan watched."

Oh God, it was as if he'd read her mind. "I...I..."

"If he hadn't left, you would have let me finger your tight cunt while he looked on." Benjamin fingered her pussy as he filled her mind with his dirty words. "Admit it. You

would have loved to come for me as he watched. You would have loved knowing your sweet cries would drive us both mad with desire."

Hannah could never confess those things to him, especially when she was loath to acknowledge them to herself.

"You know most men wouldn't want their wives to say those things."

"Lucky for you," Benjamin pulled his hand free, "I'm not most men."

Truer words had never been spoken. Groaning, Hannah rose to her knees, reached down and grasped his erect cock in her hand. From the feel of him, she could tell she wasn't the only one turned-on by his words.

She lined him up against her slick opening and slowly lowered herself, sinking his shaft into the depths of her pussy. She moaned at the feel of his thick hardness filling her. It had been a very long time since they'd had sex on the spur-of-the-moment like this. So long since she'd experienced the joy of lovemaking for the simple sake of making love she almost didn't know how to act. Combining that heady feeling with the picture Benjamin's dirty words about Ethan painted in her head, had Hannah ready to combust before they'd even really begun.

"Damn, you feel so good. I'd almost forgotten." Wonder filled Benjamin's words as well.

"I need..."

"I know, baby. I'll give you everything you need." He rocked his hips, thrusting into her as she rose and fell to meet his every move.

"Yes." The word hissed from between her lips and she held on to his shoulders for dear life as she took him over and over into her aching sex. It was a frantic ride, one she hadn't experienced in a quite awhile and it took her breath away. Never one to let her simmer, Benjamin moved his hands to cup her breasts, teasing her to even further heights. "Ooooh," she cried. Her head spun as her body surrendered to the pleasure. "Benjamin, I can't..."

"Hold on, baby." He moved one of his hands down to grip her hip, stilling her movements. "Don't you want this to last?"

"Yes...no... I want to come."

"Admit it then. Tell me what I want to hear and I'll let you come."

She didn't need to ask him what he was talking about. It was more than obvious. Nevertheless, her mind and body warred with one another. Benjamin was never one to play fair. Reaching between them, his fingers stroked over her erect clit, causing her body to quiver with desire.

"Oh God, yes."

"Say it."

"I would have let you do anything while Ethan watched." Her words came out in a gasp, quickly followed by one of the most powerful orgasms she'd experienced of late. And through her body-quaking, head-spinning release all Hannah could think was, she was in trouble.

* * * * *

Staring at the bathroom mirror, Ethan realized he didn't know the man looking back at him as well as he thought he did. He never thought he'd be the type to covet his brother's wife, but that was exactly what he was doing. Even though he hated himself for it, he knew his feelings for Hannah were never going to go away, especially seeing how Benjamin seemed intent on having Ethan join them in bed.

Groaning, Ethan ran a shaky hand through his hair. This evening had been an emotional roller coaster. One minute he was up, the next he was down. At this moment he was very much up, but it had nothing to do with emotions and everything to do with his wayward cock. The damn thing was going to be the death of him. It was getting him into nothing but trouble.

Despite how sexy Hannah looked in her bikini, Ethan had been able to keep his hormones in check—until she moaned. Her unconscious sound of pleasure had every

single platonic thought he had slipping away, and it wasn't Hannah his sister-in-law he saw, it was Hannah—drop-dead gorgeous woman of his dreams. At that moment, he wanted to press her hand against him so she would know and understand just how much she affected him. Unfortunately for him, with a slip of her foot, she found out for herself.

What the hell was he going to do? Doing what Benjamin wanted wasn't the worst thing in the world. In fact, it was the very thing Ethan wanted himself. There was a small thought Hannah might even desire the situation as well, especially if it gave her the child she wanted.

But Ethan couldn't help but worry about the long-term. Having Hannah for this brief time would do nothing to help dissipate his feelings for her. Being around her and not being able to have her in the future would only make it worse. He'd put himself in a no-win situation, because as much as he knew it would screw him over, eventually he knew he was going to do what Benjamin asked of him. If only for his own selfish reasons.

Ethan gave his reflection one more parting glance of disgust, snagged the towel he'd used earlier and headed out of the bathroom. On his way to the utility room to drop off the towel to be washed, Ethan walked through the living room. As he crossed in front of the French doors, he glanced out to the deck and froze. From where he was standing, he had a perfect side view of the couple in the spa. A topless Hannah was turned around, facing Benjamin, gyrating in his lap.

He had no idea when she'd lost her bikini top and at this point he didn't much care. Instead, he stared in rapture as Hannah gripped Benjamin's shoulders and threw her head back, eyes closed in obvious pleasure. Never before had Ethan wanted to be in his brother's place more than at this very moment. Without thought, he pushed his trunks down over his hips, past his hard cock.

Taking his erection in hand, he squeezed himself tight, imagining his hand was Hannah's tight pussy, milking his cock dry. Aroused, Ethan gathered the pre-come

collecting on the head of his erection, using his own homemade lube, he began to stroke himself as he watched Hannah fuck his brother.

In his imagination, he didn't take his brother's place, he joined them, touching Hannah as Benjamin looked on with approval. Working his thick shaft, Ethan envisioned all the ways they could take Hannah together, all the different positions they could fuck while sharing in the delight of her body.

Ethan rubbed his cock faster as he thought about Hannah, locked in his embrace, pressed between him and Benjamin. He would finally be allowed to touch her body as freely as he liked, knowing both Hannah and Benjamin wanted him there with them.

He pumped his fist up and down, the image of Hannah begging him to take her in his mind. He'd be more than happy to oblige her in every way possible. If she wanted him to go down on her for hours, he would. If she craved him kneeling over her, feeding her his cock as she opened wide to take him into her mouth, he would gladly do her bidding. If it pleased her, it pleased him.

The erotic thoughts were coming fast and furious now. Together he and Benjamin would slowly strip the clothes from her body, caressing her to a fevered pitch. Always teasing and tempting her, but not allowing her satisfaction until they decreed it time. Then, while his brother was buried deep inside her pussy, Ethan could slowly open her ass for his own cock. He'd spread and stretch her, easing in oh so slow until she was filled with them both.

Ethan stroked his shaft for all he was worth. His eyes nearly rolled back in his head as he sped up his fist. His slippery, swollen cock struggled in his hand as he pulled on it harder, faster and stronger. He fought the need to come, holding off the final moment so he could capture for a second longer the image of Hannah filled with him and Benjamin both in his mind.

As much as he wanted to prolong his pleasure, his body would not be denied. Ethan's balls drew tight against his body as his orgasm washed over him. He bit back a groan and came, coating his hand with creamy semen.

Ethan breathed in deep, trying to still his racing heart as he slowly stroked himself to completion. Once he was calm and satiated, he leaned over, picked up his discarded towel off the floor, wiped himself clean and pulled up his trunks. As good as his fantasy had been, he craved more.

With the towel balled up his hands, Ethan glanced outside once more and, to his utter embarrassment, locked gazes with his brother.

Chapter Three

Benjamin watched as Ethan turned and stepped away from the French doors. He wasn't sure how much his brother had seen of him and Hannah making love, but the look of desire and longing on Ethan's face was more than evident. If there was ever a time to press the advantage, it was now. But first he needed to get his brother alone.

"Hey, sleepyhead—"

"I'm not sleeping, just resting my eyes for a minute." Hannah's husky voice belied her tiredness.

"Uh-huh. Come on." Benjamin roused her enough so they could stand and exit the hot tub. Once they were out, he grabbed one of the large fluffy towels from the rack. "Come here."

Hannah arched a brow. "Going to dry me off?"

"I figured it's the least I could do after getting you wet."

"Right you are, sir." Hannah smiled as he enveloped the linen around her before snagging another for himself and wrapping it around his waist.

"Good and warm now."

"Yes."

"I think we're leaving right on time." Benjamin glanced around. The chill in the air was beginning to dissipate the warmth of the spa and the sky had turned gray. "It looks as if it's going to rain."

"Oh, I hope so."

Hannah loved the rain, especially thunderstorms. The loud crashing and lightning never failed to turn her on. If he was right, he knew before the night was over she would drag the blankets into the living room and beg to make love in front of the

fireplace. For some reason, the ferocity of the storm turned her into a wild woman with few inhibitions. Something he was really banking on to make their little getaway even more memorable.

“Me too.” He revved his eyebrows suggestively.

“Pervert,” she laughed as they walked over to the French doors and entered the living room.

The room was silent. Ethan was nowhere to be seen as they made their way into their bedroom. Once inside, Hannah unwrapped her towel, giving Benjamin another look at her succulent light brown body. Even though they had made love only seconds ago, he could feel his cock stirring again.

“I’m going to go hop in the shower.” She draped the damp linen over her arm. “Want to join me?”

“As nice as that sounds, I’m going to have to say no.”

“Why?” she pouted.

“Because as romantic as you’re making it out in your head, in reality, as you suds up, I’m in the back of the shower, freezing my dick off.” Benjamin leaned down and kissed his laughing wife on her forehead. “Enjoy your shower, babe. I’ll take mine when you’re out.”

“Fine, be that way.” Hannah stuck out her tongue then headed into the bathroom. As she started the water, Benjamin dug through the drawers and found a pair of sweatpants. He slipped them on and went in search of his brother.

It didn’t take him long to find Ethan. His twin was exactly where he would have been if the situation had been reversed, sitting at the small, round dining room table, having a drink. Like Benjamin, Ethan had changed into sweats but refrained from putting on a shirt, proving once again that great minds think alike. Clearing his throat, he garnished his twin’s attention and offered him a halfhearted, “Hey.”

Ethan looked up from his beer, his eyes a tortured mess. “Done soaking already?”

Oh. They were going to play the “nothing happened” game. *Great.* “Yes. We were pruning up. You were smart to get out when you did.”

“Smart.” Ethan snorted. “Right.”

Benjamin didn’t reply, instead he walked over to the fridge, opened it and grabbed a beer for himself before joining his brother at the table. Making a show of it, Ethan glanced around. “Where’s Hannah?”

“Showering. She’ll probably head to bed when she’s finished.”

“Tired from the trip?”

“And from other things,” he said with a cocky grin, for a moment resorting to their former antics. But as soon as he saw his brother’s hollowed gaze, Benjamin gave a mental groan.

Sensitive, real sensitive.

Ethan tightened his hand around his beer. “Good to know.”

“Is it?” Benjamin twisted off the bottle top and flicked it onto the table.

“Of course, why wouldn’t I be pleased your sex life is coma-inducing?”

Benjamin paused and eyed his brother speculatively. “You mean coma in a good way, right? Not in the bad ‘I’m so boring I put her to sleep’ way.”

A quick smile flashed across Ethan’s lips. “Former.”

“Good.” Benjamin took a swig of the pale ale. And as quickly as the conversation started it ended, leaving the brothers to sit in a silence so thick the air seemed difficult to breathe. After a few painful minutes, Benjamin gave in. “So are we going to talk about this or not?”

“Which part?” Ethan asked. “The fact you caught me watching you, or the fact you didn’t seem all too surprised or upset about it?”

Seeing his brother watching them hadn’t troubled him at all. Quite the opposite. It only drove home Benjamin’s certainty about Ethan’s feeling for Hannah. But if things

were going to work between the three of them, everything had to be out in the open. "Why would I be upset?"

"Because I was spying on a private moment between the two of you."

"I don't feel as if it was spying."

"Don't you think Hannah might?"

Benjamin paused prior to answering. He wanted to be as truthful as possible, even though he knew it wasn't what his brother was ready to hear. Over the years both Ethan and Hannah's love for one another had grown, not dissipated, and the more the two of them came to care for one another, the more complete Benjamin felt. The three of them were meant to be. Of this he was sure. "I don't think she would have minded at all."

Wide-eyed, Ethan sat back and stared at his brother, shock clearly written across the all-too-familiar face. "Look, I know you want me to do this, but you don't have to lie to me to gain my agreement. I already said yes. All that's left is for you to convince Hannah."

"It may not be as difficult a thing to do as you seem to believe. Hannah isn't as immune to you as you'd like to think. In fact, I would say she's far from it. She loves you."

"You're crazy." Ethan's voice was gruff and filled with denial. "Hannah loves you. She has from day one."

"I know. But then she fell in love with you. I can't say when it happened or even when I knew, all I can say is I've never felt threatened by her feelings for you."

"Threatened?" Benjamin noted a flush infuse his brother's cheeks. "The only reason I'm doing this is because you asked me to. I would never—"

"Of course you wouldn't." Benjamin never worried Ethan would try to steal Hannah away from him. Just the opposite, in fact. Ethan would deny himself and his

feelings if it meant happiness for Benjamin and Hannah. His brother was a self-sacrificing bastard that way. "You've refused to admit your feelings for her for years."

"Yeah, well, there's a reason for that."

"What if I were to tell you there didn't have to be one?" Benjamin knew what he was suggesting was radical, but he also knew it was the right thing for the three of them. "No reason you and she have to pretend any longer the only thing you feel for one another is familial love."

Ethan stared at him in shock. "What are you saying?"

"That's what I want to know." Both men turned to see a freshly showered and dressed Hannah standing in the kitchen doorway, arms crossed over her breasts. From the look of anger on her face, Benjamin could tell she wasn't bursting at the seams to bring his idea to life.

"I thought you were going to head to bed." Benjamin hoped to have things worked out with Ethan before he approached her. He certainly didn't need to fight this battle on two fronts. Although, why it had to be a battle he had no idea since he was sure this was something they all wanted, needed even.

"You thought wrong."

Well, that was more than obvious.

Hannah had to admit she'd only heard the end of the conversation between the two men, but it wasn't hard to comprehend the gist of it. Her husband wanted to share her with his twin brother. She heard all she needed to. "What the hell is going on here?"

Benjamin stood, looking contrite yet determined at the same time. It was an interesting mixture for certain. "Hannah, I was going to talk to you about this."

For some reason his words didn't offer her much comfort. "Really, when exactly? After you decided how you were going to split me up?"

"That wasn't what I intended at all."

"Then, pray tell, what was?"

"First let me ask this, is there any way I can get out of this conversation without coming off as the world's biggest asshole?"

"No." Hannah placed her hands on her hips and shook her head. "I don't think so."

"Yeah, neither did I."

The hint of amusement in his voice aggravated her more. There was absolutely nothing funny about this. *Nothing*. "Then why even go there in the first place?"

"Because I'm tired of living a lie." His flat statement caught her off guard.

"Wha...what do you mean?"

"I mean the dirty little secret we all keep out of fear of upsetting the status quo."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Ethan stood and looked uneasily back and forth between the two of them. "Maybe I should –"

"No, you shouldn't." Benjamin spared his brother a quick glance before turning his full attention back to Hannah. "You know precisely what I'm talking about. As does he." Benjamin motioned to his brother with a nod of his head. "He's in love with you and you're in love with him."

Hannah could feel her face heating at his words. She thought she'd been able to hide her growing feelings, but it was obvious that wasn't the case. "I love *you*," she said in a firm voice, neither denying nor acknowledging his previous statement. "You're my husband, you're the one I want to be with."

"But I'm not the *only* one you love, or the only one you want to be with." Benjamin tilted his head to the side in an inquisitive manner. "Am I?"

Hannah was lost. She didn't know how to respond to his question. It didn't seem as if there was a right answer, an honest answer that could sum up her feelings in a clean and perfect manner.

"Ben...I..."

"Tell me what I'm saying isn't true and I'll never mention it again. Tell me, Hannah."

She couldn't, not even if she wanted to. Ashamed, she lowered her gaze and waited for the floor to split open to sink her into a hell of her own making.

"That's what I thought," Benjamin said softly as he walked over to Hannah and took her hand in his. "You two have been dancing around this for a while now, and I think it's time we put it out in the open so we can deal with it."

"Deal with it how, baby brother?" Ethan's voice was hoarse. "By breaking up your marriage, ruining our family? I don't think so."

Ethan's words mirrored her own thoughts. It was one of the reasons she never admitted, even to herself most of the time, how she felt about Ethan. Even though she hadn't lied to Benjamin when she said she loved him, she hadn't been honest either, and somehow her husband knew it.

"I disagree." Benjamin's words broke into her thoughts. "I think the three of us being together can be something good." Hannah didn't understand how Benjamin could sound so emphatic.

Lifting her gaze, she looked her husband in the eyes. "How? Because, honestly, I can't see it being anything other than a total disaste."

Benjamin raised her hand to his lips and kissed her knuckles. "Never, baby. I love you as much as you love me. That's not going to change, no matter what happens here."

"What do you expect to happen?" Hannah asked.

"I have no expectations at this point. Can't we just talk about it?"

Ethan sat, shaking his head as if he wasn't quite sure how they had arrived at this place. "I thought this was about helping with the infertility. When did it get to this point?"

"Infertility?" Now she was really confused. "Okay, one of you needs to start talking right now. What the hell is going on?"

"I can explain, or at least can try to," Benjamin said. "But I need you both to hear me out."

Hannah crossed her arms over her breasts. "So talk."

"Okay, come here, baby." Benjamin sat back down and tried to pull her into his lap, but she shook her head, too emotional to give in to him.

"If we're going to talk about..." Hannah swallowed hard, not realizing how difficult this was going to be. "Us, all three of us, I mean, then I need my own chair."

Benjamin nodded and pushed out a chair for her. "First, I guess I need to tell you both, I'm not upset by this situation. I've always known there were feelings between you. It's only recently I've started to recognize how deep they run."

Hannah looked over at Ethan, wondering if he was going to say anything. She had met him first, but Benjamin was the one to ask her out and ultimately commit to her. Nevertheless, she always knew something could have developed between her and Ethan. But that was then and this was now, and she was confused as fuck.

"How can it not bother you?"

"Because I know you and I know Ethan. Neither of you would ever do anything in the world to hurt me."

"I don't get how you're so calm. Let's just say for the sake of argument what you say is true. How can you not hate us?"

"How can I hate the fact my brother, the person who is most like me in the world, is the person you love?" Benjamin asked.

"Because he's not you?"

"But he is, or near enough." Benjamin reached out as if he wanted to touch her, but then drew his hand back. "If I felt for a second this was an itch either of you wanted to scratch for the mere sake of fucking alone, then this conversation wouldn't be taking place. But I know the feelings you two share aren't just sexual in nature. This is more than sex, and we all know it."

"Knowing it and doing something about it are two separate things," Ethan reminded him.

"It doesn't have to be."

Hannah frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I think we should make this a weekend none of us ever forget." Benjamin smiled as he spoke, but his reply and his calm demeanor had a negative impact on Hannah, who couldn't decide if she was having a dream come to life or was in the midst of a horrible nightmare.

Affronted, she uncrossed her arms and pushed her chair back from the table. "I'm not going to act out some kinky fantasy of yours just because you've decided to pursue this."

"That's not what I'm saying." Benjamin voice was filled with exasperation. "Or you're both hearing it wrong on purpose."

"Why would we do that?" Ethan sounded as confused as she felt.

"To avoid facing reality." Benjamin let out a heavy sigh and ran his hand through his hair. "Look, I know I'm not saying this the right way. Maybe if I tried real hard I could think of a better way to explain it."

"Maybe you shouldn't try," she said in a soft tone. Maybe if the words remained unspoken things could return to how things used to be. But even as the thought passed through her mind, Hannah had to wonder if she really wanted things to go back to the way they were, even though she was afraid of what could happen next.

Benjamin's chin was set in a stubborn line that didn't bode well for hopes of him letting any of this go. "I can't pretend any longer and I don't want to," he said, sealing all their fates. "I'm sure if we sat here long enough we could come up with a million and one reasons why this would never work, but I can come up with one reason for us to go forward that would trump all of those."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Love."

"It's in the name of love you're offering me your wife?" Ethan asked. "And here I thought I was the one you were offering up like a sacrificial lamb."

"I'm not offering you up, and I'm not trying to give her away. Hannah isn't a pair of shoes and you're not a victim. Let's be real, Ethan. You weren't so up in arms when I first approached you with this idea. Admit it, you want her and you were willing to do whatever it took to have her."

"I agreed to do you a favor and somehow you make this my fault."

"It's not anyone's fault. It is what it is. I've given this a lot of thought—"

"That's good to hear," she interrupted with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. "I'd hate to think you'd loan me out to just anyone in the name of love."

"Not anyone," Benjamin said firmly, his gaze centered on her. "And not a loan."

"Then what?"

"I mean I want this to be a permanent thing. The three of us."

Just when Hannah didn't think Benjamin could surprise her any more, he did. "Permanent?"

"Yes."

"Whoa." Ethan sat back in his chair, obviously as stunned as she was.

Hannah wasn't sure the exact moment when Benjamin lost his mind, but she was willing to bet she knew what one of the major catalysts to the event was. "Benjamin, I can't help but think this has more to do with our fertility issues than your sudden desire for a plural relationship. It's as if you're suggesting I swap out one brother for the other."

"If only it were that simple."

"You think that would be simple?" Ethan asked in an incredulous tone.

"Sure. If it was only a case of fertility we'd ask for your sperm, go through the artificial insemination process, and it would be a done deal."

"Don't you think I would have a say in this matter?" Hannah asked, although the thought of having a child who looked like the men she loved appealed to her in a way nothing else did.

"Of course. I'm just making a point. If fertility were the only issue, it would be a lot simpler. But there's more going on here. Ethan is a part of us, and I know you don't want to lose him."

"Yes, but I don't want to sleep with him in order to make him stay." There were lots of reasons she wanted to have sex with Ethan, but that wasn't one of them.

"Then sleep with him because you love him and you can't imagine your life without him."

Hannah opened her mouth to respond, but words escaped her. Benjamin had hit the nail right on the head. "I... I..." Hannah felt torn. Her feelings for Ethan and her desire to accept the outrageous proposal warred with the part of her that told her no matter what Benjamin said this was a no-win situation.

Just when Ethan thought their situation couldn't have gotten any more complicated Benjamin took it up another notch. He had almost wrapped his mind around the idea of sleeping with Hannah with the consent of his brother, and now Benjamin was talking about love and making things permanent. It was enough to make a saint drink. Shaken, Ethan pushed back from the table, needing a little space and time. "This is too heavy for one night."

Not one to let anything go, Benjamin rose as well. "Don't run away. Let's talk about this."

"I think we've all said a little too much, don't you?"

"I don't know," Hannah pointed out. "You haven't said much at all."

"I don't feel as if it's my place. This is between you and Benjamin."

"The hell it is," Benjamin grouched. "Admit it, man. You didn't merely say yes to do me a favor. You said yes because you want to sleep with her."

"It wasn't like that," Ethan denied. He refused to let his brother make it something sordid and squalid.

"Then tell me how it was?" Hannah persisted. "If you don't love me the way Benjamin thinks you do and you weren't doing it to get in my pants, then why did you say yes?"

"Because this was the one thing..." Ethan thought of the crassness of his words and stopped. He didn't want to hurt his brother any more than Benjamin had already been hurt.

But Hannah wouldn't let it go. "The one thing what? Tell me."

Ethan exhaled and continued. "The one thing I could give you. Stability, faithfulness, love—Benjamin can give you all those things a million times over, but a baby was the one thing I could give you." Ethan glanced over at his twin. "For the both of you. A gift."

"If your act was so noble, then why didn't anyone mention artificial insemination?" Hannah asked.

"Because I'm not a saint," he admitted ruefully. To his amusement, Hannah's cheeks reddened and she looked away.

"Then why start acting like one now?" Benjamin asked. "Don't be so pious. Tell Hannah the truth. Hell, tell yourself the truth and let's move forward. I want you to. You want to." Benjamin looked down at his wife. "And she wants you to."

"You think you have it all figured out?"

"No." Benjamin was quick to deny. "But I'm not afraid to try, and I'm not afraid of what could be, because I already know what is. We can make this work."

"This really isn't just about a baby." Ethan couldn't believe he didn't see this until now. "You're serious about this. Serious about the three of us together."

"Yes."

"And the idea of sharing Hannah doesn't bother you at all." Ethan couldn't envision his luck being that good.

"Honestly?"

"Yes." He could take it, even if it meant he would never be allowed to touch Hannah again.

"Not at all. The very idea of sharing Hannah with you, of having her spread between us, makes my cock ache."

Said in that manner, Ethan wasn't surprised at all by his brother's reaction. It was one more thing they had in common. "Little narcissistic of you, isn't it?"

"Takes one to know one," Benjamin volleyed back. "You can't fool me for a second. Tell me when you jerked off watching us making love in the spa you didn't crave to join us. To slide up behind her and slip your cock in her —"

"Okay," Hannah broke in. "I think we all get the picture. No need to be so graphic."

"You mean the way I was in the spa after I made you admit how you wanted to fuck in front of Ethan."

Hannah stood, her face flushed with shame. "If you're trying to win me over by embarrassing me with something I said in the heat of the moment, I can assure you you're going about it the wrong way."

Ethan wouldn't necessarily say that. In fact, he wanted to hear more about this moment.

"Then how can I win you over?" Benjamin asked. "Because I'm willing to try anything."

Hannah gave a shaky laugh and shook her head. "God, Benjamin, I don't know. This is so far from the realm of anything I've ever considered, I feel as if I don't know whether I'm coming or going at this point."

"I'm not saying it would be easy."

Ethan snorted. "That's for damn sure."

Benjamin continued as if his brother hadn't spoken. "I believe this is right, for all of us, and I'm going to fight for it, for us."

Ethan could never question his brother's courage or determination. When he wanted something, he went after it. It was a quality in Benjamin Ethan had always admired. He worried though what would happen to Benjamin's overriding resolve should Hannah decide against this plan.

Ethan could see how the need to make an instant decision was tearing her apart and, as much as he loved his brother, he wasn't going to allow Benjamin to ride roughshod over Hannah to get what he wanted. "Come on, bro, can't you see you've thrown her for a loop? I know you want to talk this out, but this isn't something we can decide on a whim. She needs time. We all do."

Benjamin looked as if he was going to protest, but then nodded. He reached out to stroke over Hannah's back and surprisingly she turned and allowed him to pull her into his arms. Ethan stood there, watching, wondering if they moved forward with this crazy scheme if this was how things would always be. Hannah turning to Benjamin because he was her husband, her first and true love. It was a sobering thought.

"Why don't we all sleep on this? There is a whole weekend ahead of us to make a decision. No need to stay up all night, rehashing everything over and over again."

Hannah stepped away from Benjamin. "I think that sounds like an excellent idea. I'm exhausted."

"Why don't you head off to bed," Benjamin suggested.

Hannah stole a quick glance at Ethan and then turned her attention back to Benjamin. "Are you coming?"

"I'll be there in a minute."

"All right." She took another step back and regarded the men apprehensively for a second before finally muttering, "Good night."

Head down, she walked from the kitchen without any further contact with either of them. The break from her usual routine of hugs and kisses before bed was more telling than anything she'd said. It left Ethan feeling even more confused. If he couldn't have her as his woman, he at least wanted her as his friend. He couldn't risk losing her friendship, but then again, he didn't think he could walk away from this opportunity either.

Fuck, he was torn. Torn and feeling worse than he did prior to Benjamin coming into the kitchen. Speaking of his brother, Ethan knew he had one more thing he needed to address before they called it a night. "I'm sorry about what I said earlier. It wasn't meant to hurt you."

Benjamin frowned. "What are you talking about?"

"You know, about me being able to give Hannah a child."

"Ahh." Benjamin walked over to the cabinet, grabbed a glass and filled it with water. Ethan couldn't help but wonder if his brother was wasting time to avoid addressing the issue. When Benjamin turned back around to face him, however, his expression was far from that of someone who was hurt. In fact, he looked more determined than he had a few moments earlier. "You realize I already know I won't be the one to father Hannah's child. It's not as if you brought up something I wasn't aware of."

Ethan shrugged. "Maybe, but you still..."

"Come on, Ethan, there are going to be things I can give Hannah and things you can give her. That's one of the reasons this idea is so perfect. She can have everything she wants and needs."

Ethan had to admit it was an invigorating thought, something he'd always wanted. Benjamin had offered him the world and Ethan was selfish enough to want to take it. "But what are you getting out of this? Hannah gets the child she's always wanted, I get the woman I've always wanted, and you get, what?"

"I get to finally feel complete," Benjamin answered without missing a beat.

"Complete?" Ethan wondered exactly where his brother was going with this. "What are you talking about?"

"This child wouldn't just be Hannah's and yours. Much in the way Hannah wouldn't be my wife alone. I'm talking about family, Ethan. Making our family whole the way it should have been. If we lived in a society where people were more open-minded, this issue between the three of us would have been addressed from day one. You and I used to say we were a half person and together a full. I don't know if that's just because we're twins or because we're close—all I know is in order to be complete and truly happy, the three of us should be together."

"You know no one will ever stand for it. Society *isn't* open-minded. Hell, most of the country won't even approve gay marriage, and that's between two people."

"We don't need anyone to approve of us. Our family is our business."

Ethan snorted. "You make it seem so easy."

"You're not such a hard sell."

"But Hannah is. What do you think she'll need from us to persuade her?"

Benjamin tilted his head. "Are you telling me you're in agreement about this?"

"Did you ever doubt I wouldn't be?"

"For a moment there, yes."

Ethan could understand his twin's concern. He'd been reluctant, but ultimately he was in agreement with his brother. "As I pointed out earlier, I'm no saint. If you're willing to try..."

"I am."

"Then I'd be a fool to walk away." Ethan could only hope Hannah felt the same way.

Chapter Four

Benjamin wasn't surprised to find Hannah waiting for him when he walked into the bedroom. She was sitting in the middle of the bed, dressed in a large, oversized t-shirt with pillows propped up behind her. Even though she claimed exhaustion, it was obvious she still had a few things to discuss with him. And from the look on her face, he knew neither one of them were going to bed anytime soon.

"Did Ethan go to bed?"

"I'm not sure." Benjamin shut the door behind him and made his way over to the bed. "I left him in the kitchen."

The second he sat next to her, Hannah pulled her legs up and wrapped her arms around her knees. If there was a clearer sign for hands-off, he'd never seen it. He knew she had a right to her anger and her questions. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"I only have about a million questions."

"Ask away."

"How long have you been planning this?"

Benjamin knew his answer wouldn't endear her to him, but he wanted to be honest. "I approached Ethan around the holidays."

"The holidays?" She gasped.

"Yes. Right after we received the first test results back. I wasn't as optimistic as you were about those methods they wanted us to try. So I approached him and asked him to consider fathering a child for us."

"Just fathering a child?"

"Yes. At first. But the more we talked about it, the more clinical it sounded, and the more I realized how wrong it would be for all of us. Ethan especially. He loves you and

it wouldn't have been fair to use his feelings for you and his love for me to make him do something so self-sacrificing. It also wouldn't have been fair to you, considering the way I knew you felt about him. After lengthy soul-searching, I finally admitted to myself the right thing to do was to make our family the way it should have been from the beginning."

"From the beginning?" She laid her cheek on her knees and peered up at him with troubled eyes. "Can I ask you another question?"

"Of course you can." He appreciated the fact she was talking to him and didn't seem to want to remove his head from his shoulders.

"How long have you suspected—known—how I felt about Ethan?"

He reached out to smooth the lock of hair that had fallen over her face back behind her ear. "In some ways I've always known. When we dated, I knew Ethan was interested in you, and over the years I knew neither of your feelings had lessened. If anything they'd grown deeper."

"I never meant for you to know. I never meant to hurt you."

"Oh baby. Don't you get it?" Benjamin scooted closer and laid his hand on her leg. "I'm not upset by the fact you love him. It's what makes this so right and special between us."

"You understand why this is hard for me, right? In some ways I feel as if I must be betraying you if I love you both and worried you'd hate me if you ever knew."

"Honey, I could never feel that way about you."

Hannah lifted her head. "I wish I could believe you."

Benjamin knew only time would be able to prove his claims to her. Until then, he was going to do everything in his power to ensure she never had a reason to doubt him or his feelings for her. "Believe it. I will *never* hate you."

"Do you...do you really think it can work?"

"Yes," he answered without hesitation.

“What about the future? What if...”

“What, baby?” Benjamin was willing to talk this to death if it helped. “What are you troubled about?”

“What if Ethan finds someone else, someone he really cares about and wants to be with for the rest of his life? What if you change your mind and decide you can’t handle this? I’m concerned we’ll lose our family.”

“There’re no guarantees in life, you know that. All I can say is, I know my own heart and I think I know Ethan’s as well.” She sighed heavily and Benjamin wished he could take all the weight of the world off her shoulders at this moment. “Come on, we don’t need to solve everything tonight. Let’s go to sleep.”

“Okay.”

Benjamin stood and began to strip off his sweatpants while Hannah slipped beneath the comforter. Joining her in bed, he reached over and switched off the light, plunging the room into darkness. The second he was under the sheets, Hannah pasted herself to his side.

“I love you.” Hannah laid her head on his chest and rested her arm around his midsection. “Promise me you’ll always love me, no matter what.”

“I promise, baby. I’ll love you ‘til the end of time.” Benjamin wrapped his arm around her and she gave a contented sigh. After a few minutes her steady breathing told him she’d fallen asleep. He closed his eyes and was soon asleep as well.

A large clap of thunder woke him from a sound sleep a few hours later. Disoriented, Benjamin rolled over onto his back, just as a shot of lightning illuminated the room for a moment. Although it was brief, it enabled him to see Hannah clearly, staring at him as if she’d been awake for hours. Without saying a word, he turned his head toward his nightstand and grabbed the remote from off the table. He fiddled with it for a second before he was able to turn the overhead light on to its lowest setting and

started the fan. He didn't want to make the room too bright, but he did want to see Hannah clearer.

Although it hadn't started raining yet, the fan began to circulate the air around the room and he could smell the metallic aroma in the air. He breathed in deep, taking in the earthy fragrance, and then turned back to face Hannah with a smile. "Storm's coming."

"Umm, I know." Her voice was husky and there was feral look in her eyes. "No wonder I've been antsy all night."

"What time is it?"

"No idea." She propped her head on her hand and peered at him intently. Benjamin couldn't help but wonder what she was thinking. "It's been a weird night, huh?"

"That's one way of putting it." Benjamin stroked his hand along her arm and she shivered in reaction. But she didn't reach for him as she usually did. Nor did she try to pull him toward her for a kiss or stroke him back. Instead, she sat up and stretched her arms above her head.

"I'm thirsty."

Benjamin sat up as well. "I'll get you something to drink. What do you want?"

Hannah shook her head. "No, I'm too restless. I'll get it myself." Benjamin knew exactly how they could ease her antsiness. He reached for her to do just that, but was waylaid by her twisting around and swinging her legs off the bed. She was up and halfway across the room before the next burst of lightning flashed. The storm was moving ever closer and Hannah seemed to be moving farther and farther away from him. "I'll be back."

"Will you?" he wondered softly aloud as she closed the door behind her. This weekend was far from going the way he expected, but he'd be damned if he'd sit back and let everything fall apart.

* * * * *

As Hannah closed the door behind her, she took a deep, calming breath and then headed off to the kitchen. A glass of water would cool her off and maybe, just maybe get her mind off all the craziness of the night. The storm wasn't helping though. She had an odd desire to strip off all her clothes and run naked through the rain, but not away from this madding situation, instead toward it.

Benjamin was offering her everything she'd ever dreamed of, but Hannah was too chicken shit to reach out and take it in hand. She kept looking for the catch, for the downside, for anything to give her ample reason to say no, but she couldn't come up with a solid one that would stick. Yes, people would look down on their relationship, and if anyone found out about it at the school she worked, there was a chance she might lose her job. But at the end of the day, when she was snuggled up between the two men she loved, did that really matter? Then there was the fact it may not last, but no relationship came with a guarantee. Love was about risks and taking a giant leap of faith. Despite knowing that all, Hannah still felt frozen with fear.

Which was why, instead of lying in Benjamin's arms right now, she was padding into the kitchen to get a drink of water. Instead of filling it, however, she stared outside and watched as the rain began to fall and pound onto the glass.

Out the corner of her eye, Hannah saw Benjamin enter the room. He was standing in the doorway, too far away for her to see him clearly, but close enough for her to make out his form. Instead of feeling irritated he followed her, she felt comforted by his presence.

"It finally started." Closing her eyes, she leaned forward and rested her head against the cool pane.

"Yes." His whispered voice stole over her skin at the same time as his large hands settled on her waist and pulled her away from the window and back against his taut frame. She could feel the outline of his erection pressing into her and she pushed back against him. All the warning signs that had been going off inside her since his announcement earlier slipped away as the warmth in his arms stole over her.

"Touch me," she begged, needing him to make her world right once more.

He moved as if she were made of glass, working his hand slowly up from her waist until it settled right below the curve of her breast. Cupping her breast, he brushed his thumb across her budding nipple. Hannah moaned at the slight touch. It felt good, but she needed more. "Harder, please."

He took her at her word and captured her erect tip between his fingers and squeezed it tight. The firm contact she craved had her sex flooding with cream. Hannah reached behind her, grabbed hold of his hips and pulled him tighter against her.

"Yes. Don't stop," she begged.

"Never." Tugging at her t-shirt, he bunched the thin material around her waist, exposing her wet pussy to the air and his exploring hand. She parted her legs with eagerness as he trailed his hand over her mound and lightly brushed her slit.

"Don't tease me."

He growled at her command but parted her slick folds just the same and stroked his thumb against her clit. Her hips jerked and she moaned. Reaching down between her thighs, she grabbed his hand and pressed it against her.

"You want this bad, don't you?"

The husky words caused her to open her eyes and meet the gaze of her lover in the window. His voice was so much like Benjamin's, low and rough, but it wasn't her husband caressing her, making her feel so out of control. It was the other man she was in love with. His touch was everything she imagined and more, but she still couldn't help but feel as if it were wrong.

"Oh God, Ethan." She trembled in his arms. "We shouldn't..."

Before she could finish her sentence, the overhead light came on. "No, don't stop."

Hannah turned her head to see Benjamin standing in the doorway of the kitchen. He'd pulled on his sweatpants, but even from this distance she could see his erection

jutting from the fleece. She gasped and tried to jerk away from Ethan, but he held her fast. "You heard him. He wants this. We want this."

Her mind was a whirlwind, unable to comprehend what was happening. Benjamin said he wanted them all to be together, but until this point it was only a theory that he wouldn't care. This, however, was reality. "Benjamin, I...we..."

"Stop thinking so hard," her husband urged. "Just act."

Could it really be so simple? "But..."

"Take what you want," Ethan commanded from behind her. He strummed his thumb against her clit once more, sealing their fates with the simple touch.

"What do you want, Hannah?" Benjamin asked.

"I want you." She looked up at Ethan. "I want both of you."

"Then come out to the living room. I've started the fireplace." Benjamin turned and walked from the doorway, leaving them to follow in his wake.

After a final stroke over her sensitive nub, Ethan finally released her and stepped back. Hannah felt as if she would collapse without the support of his arms around her. Her t-shirt fell over her hips when he moved away from her, but Hannah's pussy was still throbbing from his touch.

"For a second there, I thought you'd back out," Ethan said.

"For a second I almost did."

"What made you decide to give in to us?"

Hannah thought about his question for a moment, wondering what really changed her mind. Ultimately she couldn't question the love she felt for the both of them any longer. "I decided to stop running. From myself. And from you." Hannah turned around and faced him. "I love you. I think I always have."

Ethan reached out to caress her cheek. "I love you too. There's no more running for either of us." Ethan took her hand and together they walked into the living room where

the fire was beginning to roar to life. Benjamin sat in front of the hearth, surrounded by the blankets and pillows from their bed.

Seeing her husband, willing and ready to take their relationship to the next level, quenched any lingering doubts she had about what they were doing. With a newfound purpose, she released Ethan's hand, walked over to Benjamin and knelt at his side. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him toward her. With all the passion and love she felt for him, she kissed him. But just as he started to draw her closer to deepen the kiss, she drew away and looked over her shoulder at Ethan and gestured for him to come over to her. When he joined them on the quilt, she moved into his arms and picked up with him where she'd left off with Benjamin, arms around his neck, her lips against his.

Ethan was hesitant at first, but then he boldly took over. His tongue slipped between her lips, giving Hannah her first taste of her new lover and an exciting glimpse of what was to come. If Ethan was as skilled with lovemaking as he was with kissing, she was in for a hell of a ride. Benjamin was not one to be left standing at the starting gate. As she and Ethan became acquainted with one another, Benjamin moved behind her and brushed her hair to the side so it all fell over one shoulder, leaving the other bare to his touch.

He lowered his mouth to her neck and began to kiss his way from the shell of her ear to the soft hollow of her nape, pausing every now and then to gently nip at her exposed flesh. The dual sensations were almost more than she could bear. Hannah reached behind her, grasped the back of her husband's head and surrendered herself to the unadulterated pleasure of their touch.

Sandwiched between the two of them she felt a sense of fulfillment she never had before. For a brief second she wondered what it said about her marriage, but the notion was quickly squashed by the realization it said less about her relationship with Benjamin, and more about her relationship with Benjamin and Ethan. Things were good between the two of them, but they would be even better between the three of them.

With that thought in mind, Hannah released her hold on Benjamin, placed her hands between herself and Ethan and pushed him back, breaking their kiss in the process. "Wait," she panted.

Benjamin lifted his head. "What? What's wrong?"

Ethan sat back on his haunches and stared up at her. Even though Ethan didn't say a word, the question was in his eyes. Was she calling an end to things?

Hell no.

Hannah licked her lips then flashed a seductive smile. "I think we all have way too many clothes on." She glanced over her shoulder at her husband. "Don't you agree?"

"Without a doubt." Benjamin's voice was filled with pleasure. "Way too many."

She looked back at Ethan and quirked an eyebrow. "What do you think?"

"I think I'm dreaming."

Hannah grabbed hold of the hem of her shirt and pulled it up and over her head. She tossed the cotton material away from them, leaving her wearing nothing but a smile. "Still think you're dreaming?"

"More than ever." His heated gaze swept over her body in an appreciative manner that let Hannah know without words how much he desired her.

"Do you want her to pinch you to prove you're awake?" Benjamin questioned from behind her.

"If she's going to touch me," Ethan looked up and met his brother's gaze over her shoulder, "the last thing I want her to do is pinch me."

Hannah laid her hands against Ethan's bare shoulders before moving her fingers down and brushing them against his pebbled nipples. "What do you mean *if*?"

Oh yeah, he was awake. No dream had ever felt this good in his life. "When, definitely when."

"Is now good for you?" Hannah leaned forward and swiped her tongue across his nipple, all the while looking up at him with her doe-like eyes.

She was a temptress.

She was a seductress.

She was all theirs.

"Very."

"Good." Hannah drew back up. "Then take those sweats off." She looked over her shoulder at Benjamin. "Both of you. It's not nice to keep a lady waiting."

She didn't have to ask him twice. Ethan rose to his feet and slipped his sweats down past his erection to the floor. He stood unashamed in front of her, cock hard, body willing, ready for whatever was to come. He wasn't the only one. Benjamin stood a few feet away from him, also nude now, both men facing her, waiting for her to make the next move.

As much as he wanted nothing more than to ease her onto her back, spread her legs wide and slip his cock balls-deep inside her, Ethan knew this was really her call. No matter how much he wanted or needed her, this would go at her pace or not at all. Hannah's comfort, both mentally and physically, was the thing that mattered the most. And even though he and his brother hadn't spoken about this, Ethan knew by the way they both hung back and waited they were of the same accord.

But if there was any indecision or hesitation on Hannah's part, he couldn't tell. Her gaze ran rapidly over first him then his brother, taking in their similarities and their differences with a bold gaze. For Ethan it was as if he were looking at a mirror from the neck down. If there were many differences he didn't see them, but at the same time, he wasn't about to catalogue his brother's scars or cock size to make sure they were matching bookends. He'd leave that to the woman kneeling naked before them. And by the way she eyed them, he was sure she'd be better at the job anyway.

"Like what you see?" he asked, unable to help himself.

"I do." Hannah reached out and grasped their erections, one in each hand. She explored their hard, heated flesh, learning the length and breadth of them both. Ethan watched through hooded eyes as she stroked their cocks, her brown skin an erotic contrast against his lighter one. "But I stand by my boast. I could tell you two apart in the dark. Identical twins, my ass," she said in her teasing way as she worked their cocks. "Hmm...but I do have to say, there are some very telling similarities."

"Such as?" Benjamin asked.

"Like this," she said with a gentle tug on their cocks. "Feels the same." Before either of them could comment, she leaned forward and took Benjamin between her lips. She worked his cock in and out of her mouth, all the while fisting Ethan's erection like a pro.

Damn, she was beautiful. On a normal day she made his heart skip a beat, but today, with her cheeks hollowed, her lips damp with saliva and pre-cum, she made his heart feel as if at any minute it would pound out of his chest. She was that damn sexy.

Truth be told, Ethan didn't know what was more arousing, watching her suck Benjamin off or the feel of her hand stroking his cock in her tight grip. Either way, he knew he was done for. He couldn't imagine anything better than this.

With a moan, Hannah released Benjamin's cock with a plop of her lips then quickly replaced it with Ethan's, sinking his shaft into the heated haven of her mouth.

His earlier assessment was wrong. This was better. Much, much better.

If this were any other woman, giving just any standard blowjob, Ethan would have closed his eyes so he could sink into the moment more. With his eyes closed, he could and had imagined the lips and tongue pleasuring him belonged to another. But since his fantasy girl was the one on her knees before him, Ethan didn't dare close his eyes. This was a moment he'd dreamed of for so many years. There was no way in hell he wasn't going to look his fill.

He hadn't been aware he let out a low hum of approval until he heard the sound of his brother's deep chuckle. "She's good, huh?"

Ethan spared Benjamin a glance, but just a glance because he didn't want to miss too much of the show. "Yes. You're a very, *very*," the second very was almost completely buried by a moan as he felt the crown of his cock slip just shy of the back of her throat, causing Ethan to lose his train of thought for a second or two, "lucky man."

"No. *We're* very lucky men," Benjamin corrected.

Much to his regret, Hannah released him from her mouth, looked up at them and licked her lips in a seductive, cock-hardening manner. "I'm the fortunate one."

Benjamin joined her on the blanket. "I think we could argue back and forth all night and never agree which of us is coming out on top, but as long as we're all happy, nothing else matters."

"I don't know about you," Hannah reached out and took Benjamin's cock in her hand and began to stroke him anew, "but I'm feeling very happy."

"God, baby. You're killing me."

If that was what death was at her hands, Ethan was ready to give up the ghost. Her touch caused his brother to clench his teeth and close his eyes for a brief second. The pleasure that washed over Benjamin's face had Ethan stepping toward them. He wanted her to touch him too, but before he could request his equal due, Benjamin grabbed hold of Hannah's wrist to halt her movements then looked up at Ethan and asked, "Do you have any condoms with you?"

Ethan stared down at his brother in shock. Despite being iffy earlier about the prospect of helping them get pregnant, he was onboard now. "I thought the whole idea was to impregnate Hannah."

"It was. But don't forget—this is forever, big brother, not just for tonight. I think we need a little time to explore this burgeoning relationship before Hannah is expecting our child."

Benjamin's words caused Ethan's cock to jerk in reaction. This wasn't a mirage he'd concocted in his head. She was going to be *theirs* and the idea of waiting a little longer

to see her grow heavy with their child was one he could, without a doubt, get onboard with. "I might in my camera bag."

"Good." Benjamin rose on his haunches and nudged Hannah back until she lay flat on her back. Then he maneuvered himself until he was kneeling between her widespread legs. "Go get them. I'll keep her company while you look." With a wicked grin, Benjamin lowered his head between her thighs and buried his face in her sex.

Bastard.

With the echo of Hannah's stimulating sounds filling the air, Ethan took off toward his bedroom, going as fast as he could without actually breaking into a full run. He made short work of locating his camera bag. To his extreme pleasure, he found a three-box package of condoms buried under rolls of undeveloped film. He knew the latexes weren't going to make it through the night, but desperation was the mother of invention. Between the three of them, he was sure they could come up with a workable solution for later.

When he returned to the living room, the sight that greeted him took his breath away. His brother was where he left him, head down and hard at work. It was Hannah though, whose back was bowed and whose fingers were busy teasing her nipples, who made the scene worthwhile to him. She looked good enough to eat, a fact his brother was taking sweet advantage of.

If anyone had told him this was how the night was going to end, with him not only making love to Hannah but with her and Benjamin inviting him into their bed on a permanent basis, he would have said they were mad. Yet here they were, and the enormity of what was about to take place had his cock aching for more.

He wanted to sink himself into her warmth. To finally have her the way he always craved and never thought he could. This was the moment he'd been waiting a lifetime for and he refused to sit on the sidelines a moment longer now that he had Benjamin's blessing.

As Ethan made his way over to them, Hannah turned her head and looked at him. Her eyes were half lidded, her lips slightly parted, her face was flushed with pleasure. Never had she looked as beautiful as she did now.

When he reached their side, his brother raised his head. "Question."

"Answer."

"Do you want to take my place?" He paused to lower his head once more and lap at Hannah's pussy. A move that caused her to quiver. From the smile beaming from Benjamin's face as he raised his head once more, Ethan could tell her reaction pleased his brother. "Or would you prefer to pick up where you left off?"

"Decisions. Decisions." He teased as he glanced from her luscious mouth to her tempting sex. Oh yeah, it wasn't much of a question at all. "Your place. I want to see if Hannah tastes as good as she looks."

"Trust me." Benjamin rose. "She does."

"As much as I value your opinion, I think I'll find out for myself."

"Oh, will you two shut up." Hannah eased up on her elbows and tossed her thick dark tresses over one shoulder. "And will one of you come over here and eat me?"

"Bossy little thing, isn't she?"

"Yes." Ethan eased between her legs. "I think you should make sure her mouth is too filled to utter another word."

Benjamin grinned. "I could not agree more."

Chapter Five

Benjamin was more than happy to take Ethan's suggestion and turn it into reality, but first he wanted to watch the two of them together for a while. It was definitely a sight worth seeing. They were beautiful together, much in the way he had to assume he and she were when they were making love. Ethan was an extension of himself in a way, loving and touching Hannah in every way Benjamin had already done. And as he did then, Benjamin found it exciting as hell.

Hannah's eyes fluttered closed and she let out a husky moan as his brother began to feast on her sex. The sound of sheer bliss that escaped from her sent a shiver of lust racing down Benjamin's spine. Even though this had been his idea, the reality was ten times better than he could have ever imagined.

Watching his woman — *no* — their woman as she reveled in her pleasure was more arousing than anything he'd ever seen. An overwhelming sense of rightness filled him as he watched the way she blossomed. She was meant for this. Meant for them.

Despite his need, Benjamin didn't hurry over to sink his cock in her mouth. He didn't want to rush things, and he didn't want to miss out on taking everything in either. This was a moment to be relished and enjoyed.

He took his time going over to her and lying next to her on his side so he could watch her face more clearly as Ethan pleased her. He wanted to see every expression and he wanted to be there when she came undone before them.

As if finally sensing his presence, Hannah turned her head toward him. Although her eyes were glazed with desire, there was hunger reflected there as well. "What are —" She paused and closed her eyes for a brief second, gasping as Ethan did something obviously pleasing to her. When she was able to focus again, she opened her eyes once more. "Waiting for. Give me your cock. I want to suck you."

"Later, baby."

"No, Benjamin. I want you both."

"And you'll have us both. But first I want you put on a show for me. Let me see how much you're enjoying what Ethan is doing to you. Paint me a picture with your words, baby. Let me know how he makes you feel."

"Good. Oh so good."

That's exactly what he wanted to hear. "What's he's doing, baby?" Benjamin brushed his thumb over her full bottom lip. "Tell me."

"He...he...slipped two fingers inside my..."

"Your what?"

Hannah licked her lip before answering. "My pussy."

"Hmm..." Benjamin could picture it in his head. "Does it feel good to be finger-fucked while he's kissing that pretty clit of yours?"

"Yes. God, yes."

Benjamin moved his hand down her chin then her neck, past her collarbone to the plush flesh of her breasts. The heavy mounds were tipped with the darkest, most-sensitive nipples he'd ever had the pleasure of touching. The slightest contact could turn them as hard as pebbles much in the way they were now. Entranced by the brown beauties, he took one of her nipples between his fingers and squeezed it tightly. Hannah gasped as he rolled her hard bud between his thumb and forefinger, tugging and teasing one nipple before moving to the other. He alternated his touch, tormenting her in the nicest of ways.

"Ben." Hannah reached up and grabbed him by the back of the head. She pulled him to her and hungrily kissed him. She delved her tongue between his parted lips and feasted on his mouth just as Benjamin imagined his brother was feasting between her thighs.

Before he could get lost in her kiss, Hannah broke from him.

"I can't... I need..." Hannah's words tumbled over each other, a jumbled mess of sounds.

"That's right, baby. Fuck his face while he eats your juicy pussy. Come for us. Come," Benjamin encouraged, dipping his head down and taking her peaked tip between his lips. He suckled her nipple the way he knew she liked, firm with a hint of teeth.

"Yes, yes, Ethan..." The combined stimulation proved to be too much for his sexy little wife to handle. In seconds her back was bowed and she was trembling as she came. Her cries of pleasure rang out around them, filling his heart with warmth and happiness. With a shaky breath, Hannah released her hold on Ethan.

Instead of her climax satisfying her, however, it only seemed to make her more urgent. "I want you. Both of you."

"We'll give you what you need, baby. Don't worry." He looked between her thighs at Ethan, who raised his head. "I want you to fuck our girl."

Ethan blinked and then smiled. "With pleasure."

"Both." Hannah reached for him again, stroking his cock. "For real this time."

"Yes, both." He pulled her up to a sitting position and then arranged her on her hands and knees. Ethan caught on to his plans quickly and moved behind her, stroking her back and ass. "I want you to suck me while he fucks you."

Staring up at Benjamin, she licked her lips. Then, leaning forward, she kissed his chest, tonguing each of his nipples before moving down his abdomen to his more-than-ready cock.

So intent on the feel of her mouth, Benjamin almost missed the sound of the foil package ripping. However, he didn't miss the way she gasped as his brother filled her. "Benjamin." She begged him with her mouth as well as her gaze. "In me. I want you in me. Now."

"Anything for you, my love." He took his cock in hand and guided it toward her lips, groaning when she snaked her tongue out and licked at the pre-cum gathered on his crown. "No more teasing. Suck me."

Without a word of complaint, Hannah took him into the warm cavern of her mouth. "God, Hannah, you are —" His words were cut off as she deep-throated his shaft.

Ethan chuckled. "That good, little brother?"

"Oh...oh yeah." A sharp hiss escaped him as her velvet tongue worked along his cock, driving him to distraction. He threaded his fingers through her silken brown locks and held her steady as he sawed into her mouth.

The back of her throat caressed him as she mewled her pleasure. The vibrations along his cock felt too good to describe. He knew he wouldn't last long.

"Fuck, Benjamin...she's..." Ethan groaned. "She's killing me. She's so fucking tight. So hot. So..."

"I know." God, did he know. It was taking everything out of Benjamin not to come right then and there. But he wanted it to last. The moment. The experience. The whole damn thing. Gritting his teeth, he powered through the gut-clenching need to come and kept pumping.

The sounds of their lovemaking filled the room as the two men worked in tandem with one another. Benjamin's hips moved in time to the slapping of Ethan's groin against the flesh of Hannah's ass. Benjamin had never seen anything more erotic than the sight of their woman sandwiched between the two of them. This was everything he'd ever hoped for, dreamed of, and it was wonderful.

Closing his eyes, he surrendered to the onslaught of pleasure. He rocked into Hannah again and again, fucking her face as Ethan fucked her pussy.

Hannah was the first of them to go over. She released Benjamin's cock and she grabbed hold of his leg, digging her nails into his flesh as Ethan powered into her from behind. Her eyes were filled with desire, her lips swollen and wet from Benjamin's cock. "Yes, yes, right there. I...I...I can't..."

Hannah began to tremble as the force of her orgasm washed through her and she dropped her torso to the floor but that didn't stop his brother from continuing to propel forward. His hips never stopped until, with a roar of pleasure, Ethan thrust forward one last time and groaned out his own climax.

Benjamin was mere seconds behind them. Stroking his cock, he came in a torrent of moans in an arch of milky seed, inches away from Hannah's bowed body. With a guttural groan, Benjamin dropped to his ass on the floor. His release had never been so intense, nor felt so right.

He looked over to see Hannah lying on her side, eyes closed, back rising and falling with every haggard breath. Ethan was sitting next to her with an expression of wonder on his face. Benjamin knew how he felt. Hannah had made him see lovemaking in a whole new light. It was much more tremendous knowing this was the woman he was going to spend the rest of his life with. And now his brother was having the same experience.

"You okay over there?" Benjamin asked with a shaky laugh.

"More than okay." Ethan shook his head as if the motion would clear his mind.

"I...I don't know even... Wow."

Benjamin knew exactly what his brother meant. "Unbelievable, huh?"

"Utterly," Ethan replied.

"More than ever I'm sure this is how things should have been between us since the beginning. We might have wasted the time up to this point, but that doesn't mean we have to continue along that path."

"I could not agree more." Ethan took a deep breath and slowly made his way to his feet. He cast a look down at his waning condom-covered erection and grimaced. "Let me go take care of myself. I'll be right back."

Benjamin nodded and grabbed hold of his sweats to clean up his own release then tossed them to the side. He lay next to Hannah and pulled her into his arms, smiling to himself as she snuggled into his embrace. "You know you're half right, don't you?"

"Half?"

"Yes." She looked up at him and frowned. "Our time together wasn't wasted. We're a strong, committed couple because of it. Things happen for a reason, and this was the right time for Ethan to be with us."

"Right you are, my love." Benjamin brushed his lips across her forehead. "Have I ever told you how smart you are?"

She chuckled. "Many times, but I don't mind hearing it."

"Good Lord I'm tired." Ethan walked back into the living room.

Hannah raised her head and arched an eyebrow. "Oh please. What are you complaining about? I did all the work."

"And you loved every second of it," Ethan said teasingly as he joined them on the blanket. As soon as he was situated, he playfully smacked Hannah on her ass. "Get in the middle, woman, where you belong."

"Where I belong. Ha." Hannah grumbled, but did as she was told.

Once she was settled between the two men, with Ethan spooning her from behind, Ethan spoke again. "What'd I miss?"

"Benjamin telling me I'm a genius. Of course I already knew that."

Ethan brushed her hair off her shoulder and dropped a kiss on the nape of her neck. "You are Mensa material, that's for sure."

"But pretty too, right? I mean, I don't want to be the girl with just the good personality."

"Beautiful."

"Gorgeous."

Both men rushed to assure her and she laughed. "Oh yeah. Two men to heap praise on me. I'm going to enjoy this."

Benjamin and Ethan's gazes met over the top of her head. Benjamin knew he had no problem pampering his wife and neither would Ethan. For the rest of their lives.

* * * * *

The soft sound of rain tapping down onto the rooftop woke Hannah a few hours later. She opened her eyes and glanced around the bedroom, noting the murky sky through the bare window. She didn't remember when they moved to the other room, but she was happy they did. The sun had yet to rise, which meant she could still catch a few more hours of sleep. Closing her eyes, she snuggled into the downy mattress, content to be nestled between her two men and sighed. Life was good.

"You awake?"

"Yes." She reached out blindly to caress Benjamin's arm.

"Do you trust me?"

After everything that had happened in the last twenty-four hours, she wasn't sure how he could ask. "Of course I do."

"Then put this on." He pressed a silky object into her hands. She played with it for a few seconds before she recognized what it was. An eye mask.

Hmm...interesting.

"Okay, hold on a second." Hannah sat up in the bed, facing Benjamin, and brushed her hair back. Once her face was clear, she lifted the mask over her head and secured it into place over her eyes. "It's on."

"Can you see anything?" Ethan asked from behind her.

"No, nothing."

Benjamin moved and she heard the switch of the bedside table lamp. "How about now?"

She tried to open her eyes, but the cloth prevented even the slightest of movements. "Nope. Still dark."

"Good."

The bed dipped again and she felt alone. Reaching out behind her, she realized Ethan had also moved away. What the heck was going on here? "Umm...boys..."

"Yes."

Hannah couldn't say for sure who'd spoken. She was still a little foggy and not entirely awake. "What's going on?"

"We're putting your boast to the test."

"What boast?" Hannah's mind began to race. She was a big smack talker, and she had a feeling it was coming back to bite her in the ass.

"The one where you said you can tell us apart." This time she was able to recognize Ethan's voice by the cocky lilt of it. "Blindfolded, I believe you claimed."

Ohhhh, that was their plan. Hannah smiled. Two, or in this case three, could play this kinky game.

"The truth *is* what the truth *is*, Ethan." Hannah turned her head in her lover's direction. "I can't help it if the two of you are interchangeable. So many differences, so little time."

"You hear that, big brother?" Benjamin asked in a humor-filled voice. "Differences."

"Now what could those be?"

"We can start with the fact you two look nothing alike," she lied. "All I'd have to do is look at the two of you to tell the difference."

"Then let's try something different," Ethan suggested.

"Such as?"

"See with your hands and not with your eyes, then tell me how easy it is."

"What's that supposed to mean?" she questioned, confused as fuck.

There was a rustling noise at the foot of the bed, as if people were walking about, but then the bed dipped again, this time on both sides at the same time.

Her hands were picked up in a mirrored fashion and raised higher to brush against a matching pair of smoothly shaven cheeks.

Bastards.

Acting quickly, Hannah tried to raise her hands even higher to finger their blond locks. It was apparent they'd had time to shave, but she doubted Ethan would have cut his hair in order to prove a point.

"Ah, ah, ah." They *tsked* in stereo, blocking her futile attempt.

"Come on, guys."

They chuckled and the sound was identical. She had no idea which man sat on either side of her. She took a deep breath and tried to discern if either one of them had a unique smell, but once again they'd thwarted her. Along with shaving they must have showered, using the same soap.

As far as Hannah was concerned, the old tale, which asserted when one of the senses was gone or impaired the other ones kicked in, was bullshit. Much in the way her claim about being able to tell them apart was proving to be. And she had a feeling her two men were going to make her eat her words pretty damn quickly.

"So, is this some kind of game?"

"You could consider it a game if you want."

Nope, nothing. She had no idea if Ethan or Benjamin had spoken. Fine, but if they thought she was giving up without a fight, they had another think coming.

"Games have rules," she reminded them.

"Rule number one." The speaker's voice was deeper than both men's normally were.

They were playing her.

Trying their best to win.

They weren't the only ones. "I'm listening."

"We can touch you in any way we want."

That sounded good to her. In fact, Hannah was willing to believe it was going to be her favorite rule by far. "Okay. I agree."

"Rule number two." The bed eased up on one side as the speaker rose. "You can only touch us when and where we say."

She sat back, affronted. "That doesn't sound fair."

"It's the rules of the game."

"Your rules suck."

"But it should be easy for you," the other twin reminded her as he stood. "This was your call, princess, and we can stop at any time. All you have to do is admit you were wrong."

"Wrong." *Oh hell no.* "I. Don't. Think. So."

"So, are you in?"

"Damn skippy I am." Her surly attitude had them both chuckling. And for a brief second she thought she might have recognized Benjamin's voice on the right, but then the shuffling noise happened again and she was no longer certain who was who. But she wasn't going to admit it. "Bring it on, boys."

"Don't worry, baby," someone growled close to her ear. "We will. Now carefully turn to the side and scoot over so your feet are resting above the floor."

Talk about awkward. Clumsy by nature, Hannah shuffled about as she prayed not to fall off the side of the bed. When she was in the position she assumed they wanted her in, she waited quietly for the next instruction.

She couldn't help but feel as if they were standing in front of her, staring. A fact that made her uncomfortable but strangely aroused all at the same time. She could feel her nipples bead and her pulse picked up. "So...so now what?"

"Hannah." The speaker was still using the same dark tone that hid his identity from her, but it didn't stop her from trying to listen for any other telltale signs there might have been. So far though, she'd come up with nada. "Give me your hands."

"My hands?"

"Yes."

Hannah didn't hesitate. She trusted them with her life. Without thought, she thrust her hands out straight in front of her and waited for what she thought might be some sort of silk or cord to bind her wrist. "Okay, now what?"

"Move them to the sides and down just a bit." Hannah did as instructed and dropped them down a few inches. "Take our cocks in your hands and let me know if you can say who's who."

Once more she wanted to protest the unfairness of this game, but then quickly nixed the idea. She'd be a fool to complain about having two nice, hard cocks to toy with. Reaching out, she found first one and then the other with ease. She circled her hands around the two erections, but checking their size wasn't going to help her in this contest. In that respect they both measured up equally.

Instead, she tried to get a feel for them. Running her fingers over the burgeoning stalks, she felt the hard ridges, veiny textures and silky mushroom tips. She stroked up and down their lengths, eliciting groans from both men. A smile danced over her lips, but she couldn't bask in her satisfaction for too long. She was a woman on a mission. Moving lower, she handled their balls, weighing the heavy sacs and delicately fingering the soft skin.

"I don't know, boys, this is tough. I think I'd do better if I could use my sense of taste instead."

"If you think that would help..." The voice of the man who answered was low and strained.

"Oh yes, I do." Without being asked, both men stepped closer. While keeping hold of the man on her left, Hannah leaned down to her right to find her prize. Circling her tongue over the crown of the cock, she lapped at the faint bit of moisture gathered there. "Hmmm, tastes good. But it's not quite enough for me to make my decision. I need to compare."

She turned back to the other man and gave his cock the same treatment while pumping the other brother. The salty, musky taste was similar to the one before and

unfortunately she couldn't for the life of her tell the two of them apart. On the plus side, tasting them awakened her own desires. Hannah was soaking wet.

Sitting up straight, she took a deep breath. She still held on to both cocks, but they were much larger and harder than when she'd started. And even after all her diligent work she couldn't tell the difference between the two men. Never in a million years did Hannah think it would be this hard to figure it out.

She'd been with Benjamin so long she knew his body almost as intimately as she knew her own. She figured their tastes would have been different but, to her utter surprise, they weren't. Their shafts, although fun to hold, weren't much help either. She hadn't had enough face time with them side by side to discern one from the other.

"Time's up. Release the cocks."

"Aww," she pouted. Game or no game, she enjoyed touching them.

"Can you tell who was who?"

She shook her head with regret. Damn, she hated losing. "No, I suppose I could lie and venture a guess. I mean, I do have a fifty-fifty chance of being right, but I really don't know."

"Then it's time for round two."

"Which is?" she asked, instantly intrigued.

"You lie back on the bed," said the second voice. "And we get to touch *you* this time."

"Lord, I love this game." She immediately lay down, and once again the two men sat next to her, one on either side.

"Clasp your fingers together and place them behind your head. We don't want any accidental touching."

They didn't, but she did. Sighing, she did as she was told. She waited patiently for them to begin but, to her dismay, they didn't touch her right away. The lack of

movement from them was unnerving and she struggled not to squirm, knowing they were watching her. "Are you going to start?"

"All in good time."

A few moments later she was assailed by the sensation of two tongues licking her turgid nipples. A soft moan escaped from her lips and she arched her back, wordlessly begging for more. Both men were happy to comply.

The man on her left began to nibble at the tender flesh of her breast, touching everything but her aching nipple. Her hands itched to move, to pull his head to her and urge him on. Instead, her attention was diverted by the man on her right, who drew her nipple into his mouth and sucked hard on the brown berry.

All she could feel were their mouths on her, one soft, one hard, both driving her crazy with need. Then, to complicate matters, they switched things up. The one tormenting her nipple released it with a plop and softly blew over the wet tip. On her other side, the brother who steadfastly ignored her aching nipple finally sucked it into the warm, wet cavern of his mouth. She was spiraling in a whirlwind of sensation and her body writhed under the dual attention.

"Ethan, Benjamin, please..."

Her lover released her nipple from his mouth to ask, "Please stop?"

"Or please don't stop?" asked the other.

"Yes, yes, yes..." She didn't know what she wanted. She only knew she needed more. Disappointment flooded her when they both drew away, causing her to whimper at the loss.

"Do you know which of us is which now?"

"Wha—" It took her a moment to comprehend the question. "Are you kidding me? I wasn't even thinking about who was who." She'd just been enjoying the attention. A mistake she was sure they knew she'd make.

Damn it. If ever there was a time Hannah wished she could take back her words, it was now. Never again would she tease them about their resemblance, or at least not until she was able to learn a few tricks to tell them apart blindfolded. To make matters worse, neither of them was touching her now. A fact her body could not tolerate. Restless and unappeased, she shifted her legs, aching to be stroked and filled.

"What were you thinking about, baby?" the mysterious voiced asked. The familiar endearment, said even in the dark, raspy tone, gave Hannah a hint at which tormentor was speaking. But before she could utter her guess, a thick finger parted her swollen folds and penetrated her tender flesh. "This maybe?"

Her hips jerked in reflex and she opened her legs to give him better access to her. "Ooooh, oh yes, yes..." This was what she'd been craving.

He withdrew his finger from her pussy and moved it lower, brushing it across her rosette. "Or this maybe?"

Hannah gasped and clenched her fingers tightly together, forcing herself to hold her position. Anal play was in no way a novelty to her. She and Benjamin had a very active sex life. When they began their quest for a baby, however, everything but conventional intercourse had been thrown out the window. Hannah hadn't realized how much she missed unconventional. "Definitely that."

The fingers touching her disappeared at her admission, and the mattress rocked as one of her lovers rose. The space between her legs was immediately occupied by whoever stood. She could feel his hands on her thighs, rubbing and caressing her as he made his way up to her heated sex.

Hannah expected to feel the touch of a mouth against her wet pussy, but she was surprised when her legs were spread even farther and chilled, wet fingers circled her rosette.

"Jeez!" she exclaimed, freezing up at the icy touch.

"Just a little lube to help ease the way," he remarked.

"Warn a girl next time."

"But half the fun is the unknown, don't you agree?"

Hannah couldn't argue with that. She had no idea who was touching her, or what the guys planned for her next, but she was having a great time.

"Ye—" Before she could finish answering, the tip of his slick finger pushed past her defenses into her tight opening. The slight burning sensation caused her to suck in her breath as she tried to reacquaint herself with being toyed back there. The uncomfortable feeling ebbed quickly, filling her with a sense of fullness and anticipation. "Oh my."

"Feel good?" The words brushed over the sensitive shell of her ear, causing her to tremble in anticipation.

"Yes. God, yes."

"Good." The twin lying next to her delved his hand between her neither lips and circled her swollen clit with sure, deft strokes while her other lover finger-fucked her ass.

The dual sensations had Hannah panting and undulating her hips frantically. She enjoyed the press of fingers against the sensitive bundle of nerves while a thick finger drove into her ass. Then, when she didn't think she could take another second of the twin attention, a second finger was added into the devilish delight. The simultaneous stimulation had her hips surging.

The man touching her clitoris slid his hand down and sank his fingers into her snug box while rubbing the heel of his palm firmly against her clit. The movements added more pressure against her sensitive nub while filling her pussy all at the same time, which, combined with the anal play, sent Hannah soaring. Her orgasm rode over her at the speed of a freight train, leaving her wiped out and short of breath.

Her hidden lover gently pulled his finger free of her ass, leaving her feeling rather empty. Win or not, there was no way she was going to let things finish this way. It was time for the games to come to an end. Feeling spent but in no way fully satisfied, Hannah turned her head toward the man lying next to her and spoke, "For a moment there, I knew who was who."

"You did?" Surprise laced his question.

She nodded her head. "Yes."

"Then what happened?"

"You two touched me and I realized something."

"What?" said the twin between her thighs.

"I didn't care which was which. I wanted to love you both."

"Baby." A hand gently lifted the silken mask from her eyes and then pulled it over and off her head, revealing her husband's tender gaze. "You don't play fair."

"Does this mean you're both going to finally give me what I want?"

"And what's that?" Ethan rose from his kneeling position and lay on the bed next to her.

"Both of you fucking me, together."

Ethan looked over at his brother and gave him a wry grin. "Since she asked so nicely."

"We couldn't possibly say no," Benjamin agreed.

"Exactly."

Ethan leaned over to brush his lips over Hannah's. However, she wrapped an arm around his neck to pull him closer, and he deepened the kiss, his tongue delving into her mouth to explore. When he finally released her, they were both breathing heavily, skin flushed. The quick kiss he planned turned into something much more. "Are you sure you want us both in you...at the same time?" Ethan asked. He wanted this, he really did, but her comfort and pleasure were more important than anything else.

"Yes." Hannah looked uncertain for a second. "I mean, if that's okay with you. If you're fine with doing it that wa —"

"Baby," Ethan pressed his finger over her lips to silence her. "I'm more than fine with it. Having you sandwiched between us has been my top fantasy since the day I met you. I just don't want to hurt you."

Hannah moved his hand away. "Loving the two of you could never hurt."

"Since you put it like that." Ethan looked over at his brother. "How are we going to do this? Do you have a preference?"

"Normally no, but it's been a while since I fucked her luscious ass." Benjamin smiled down at Hannah. "Is that good with you, baby?"

"Very," she murmured, leaning up and gifting his brother with a slow, sensual kiss. Ethan watched the two of them, so obviously in love, and waited for a hint of jealousy to nip at him as it usually did when the two of them embraced. For the first time though, the feeling didn't come. No longer did he feel as if he were an interloper, but a participant, waiting for his turn to love her again.

When the kiss ended, Hannah looked over at him. "Condom?"

"Over here." Benjamin grabbed the silver foil wrapper from off the nightstand and the lube. "Want to do the honors on him, my love, while I take care of you?"

"Sounds good to me."

"I knew it would," Benjamin teased.

Grinning, Hannah took the condom from Benjamin's outstretched hand and sat up, allowing Ethan the room needed to get into the center of the bed. Once he was settled, Hannah knelt next to him while Benjamin stood watchfully next to the bed, oiling up his cock.

Ethan turned his attention back to Hannah, who ran her cool fingertips over his straining erection. He moaned at the contact and arched his hips toward her. Even after having her a few hours earlier, he felt as if he couldn't get enough. He jerked up into her hands and she stroked the length of him. "Are you ready for me?"

Although the game originally started as a way to tease Hannah, Ethan found he was as frantic for her as he had wanted her to be for them. "Yes. I can't wait to feel you around me again."

Releasing his cock, Hannah made quick work of ripping into the condom wrapper and sheathing his shaft. Hannah moved her legs to straddle him and grasped his cock in her hand. Then with a practiced ease, she lowered herself onto his erection. He groaned deep in his throat as he felt her begin to surround him.

Ethan heard her breath catch as she slowly descended on him, her pussy stretching to accommodate his thick cock once more. He grasped hold of her hips to steady her, but he allowed Hannah to take her time. As desperate as he was to thrust into her, he knew it was better for her to take him into her body at her own pace.

He looked to where their bodies joined. His pale flesh sinking into her darker one had to be the sexiest sight he ever had the pleasure of witnessing. The idea that in a few minutes his twin, his other half, would be joining them, linking them together in the hottest of ways, was enough to make him lightheaded. Ethan knew he would remember this moment forever.

Hannah dug her nails into his chest. "Oh God, it feels so good," she groaned. "Benjamin, come in me. Please."

To Ethan's surprise, his brother protested. "No. Ride him, baby. I want you as turned-on as possible before I sink into you. It's been awhile since you've used the plug. I don't want to hurt you."

"Plug?" Ethan bit out as she began to rise and fall on his straining erection.

"Oh yes, our baby girl here has a drawer full of goodies."

"Hmm..." Ethan would have said more but he was too busy having his world rocked by the tight suction of Hannah's pussy. He pushed up inside her, moaning as her body contracted around him.

They started a steady tempo soon pushing them both entirely too close to release. It took everything out of Ethan to tighten his grip on her hips and force her to a stop.

"Now, Benjamin. Fuck her now." Ethan knew if his brother didn't enter her soon, he and Hannah would finish without him.

"Are you ready, baby?" Benjamin asked.

"Yes. Please fuck me now."

"Okay. Lean forward then."

Hannah braced her hands on either side of Ethan's head and did as Benjamin instructed. He heard Benjamin flip open the bottle of lube. Seconds later, Ethan watched her face as she moaned. He knew exactly what his twin was up to, and from the looks of things, Hannah was enjoying the hell out of it. There was no pain in her expression, only desire.

"Does it feel good? Do you like the way it feels to have Benjamin finger-fuck your ass as you ride my cock."

"Yes," she moaned.

"I can tell. Your sweet cunt is milking me good."

Hannah's pussy clenched hard around his cock and he had to concentrate to avoid bringing this to an end too soon. He wanted her to be filled by the both of them when she came.

"Are you ready for me?" Benjamin asked.

"Yes...please don't make me wait."

"Can you hold her open for me?" Benjamin asked.

"Sure thing, little brother." Holding on to her ass, Ethan parted her cheeks as Benjamin pushed forward. Hannah froze, her mouth slightly open, but no words came out as Benjamin eased into her back passage.

Ethan had to grit his teeth to hold back his groan. The added presence of his brother caused Hannah's pussy to squeeze around his cock like a vise grip. If he thought she was tight before, the sensation of having her filled by the both of them was unimaginable. But his pleasure was second to hers.

Ethan reached up and brushed her hair back and away from her face so he could peer up at her. Hannah's eyes were closed, her teeth sunk into her bottom lip, and there was a look of pure rapture on her face. But still he needed the words. "How do you feel?"

Hannah slowly opened her eye and smiled. "Stuffed."

"Do you need a minute?" His brother's voice was strained, but Ethan knew Benjamin would stay as still as stone for as long Hannah needed him to.

"No, I need you to fuck me."

With his hands on her hips, Benjamin pulled back a bit before sinking into her depths once more. Ethan couldn't tell if his brother was going balls-deep yet, but from the look on Hannah's face, however many inches he was giving her was more than enough.

They found a natural rhythm between them. Benjamin pulled back slowly as Ethan pushed his hips up. Together they were both careful not to hurt Hannah but mindful of what it took to get their woman off.

It seemed as if they'd been doing this all their lives. They alternated between propelling forward and withdrawing, starting slow and steady. Ethan knew this wouldn't be the last time the three of them were together in this fashion, but it was the first time. He wanted it to last as long as possible. Keeping his gaze continually on Hannah's face, he watched her expressions as he and his brother took turns surging into her. After a few moments, she began to give as good as she received, rocking back against them like the wanton she was.

"Oh God, more, I need more of both of you." Hannah's cries spurred them on and their measured thrusts soon increased as they sped up their movements. No longer working in tandem, they both began to drive themselves into her body at the same time, pushing her harder and faster as they took her on an erotic ride.

Her cries of passion had his balls tightening and it took everything in him not to come right then and there. Ethan didn't know how much longer he was going to be able

hold out. His hands gripped Hannah's ass as he tried to wait so they could all come together. He could see her trembling with her own need. "Benjamin, I'm not going to last much longer."

"Is she ready?"

Hannah panted and nodded her head.

"She's more than ready."

"Yes, more than," Hannah agreed.

"Then come for us, baby, show us—" Before Benjamin could even finish his sentence, Hannah's body began to tremble under the force of her climax.

Pleasure shot through Ethan as Hannah screamed out her release, her body squeezed around his cock as the wave of her orgasm washed over her. As she came, her pussy contracted around him tighter, barely allowing him room to move. The sensation sent Ethan over the edge. Unable to hold out any longer, he pushed into her one last time, going as deep as he could as he came, filling the latex with the evidence of his desire.

Benjamin's hoarse shout announced his own release. His brother braced himself for a moment before he slid from Hannah's body and collapsed next to them on the blankets. He was the only one who moved though. Exhausted, Hannah lay trembling on top of Ethan, her pussy fluttering with gentle aftershocks around his cock.

Ethan stroked her back and then turned his head to look at his brother. The twins shared a brief smile of contentment.

"This is the good life," Benjamin said.

Ethan couldn't have agreed with him more. "It certainly is."

Hannah lifted her head and looked into his face. "I assume this means you *won't* be moving out at the end of the month as you threatened."

He shot her a sardonic grin. "You assume correctly."

“Good.” Hannah nodded her head. “Now we can move on to something much more important.”

“What’s that?” Ethan asked.

“It’s officially your birthday. How do you two want to celebrate?”

Once more, Ethan glanced at his brother. He didn’t know about Benjamin, but for him, the answer was simple. “As far as I’m concerned, we did. I’ve already received the best gift I ever could.”

“Amen, brother,” Benjamin added. “In fact, I think we should spend every birthday this way.”

“And holidays, foreign and domestic.”

“At that rate, we’d never get out of bed,” Hannah protested.

“Exactly,” Ethan said. She was his ideal birthday present, the gift that kept on giving.

Epilogue

"This is taking forever," Ethan grumbled as he did an about-face and stalked back toward Benjamin, who sat reclining on the couch, before turning and taking the trek once more. "What's taking so long?"

Benjamin glanced down at the home pregnancy test in his hand, although it wasn't necessary. He'd reread all the instructions so many times, the words were practically branded on the back of his eyelids. "It can take up to three minutes before the results show."

"She's been in there ten."

Benjamin knew how his brother felt, but they both couldn't freak out. And since he'd been through this before and Ethan hadn't, he was going to have to be the one with a cool head. Or at least pretend to be the one. "Maybe it took her a while to...you know...pee."

Ethan came to a dead stop and shot his brother a look filled with annoyance. "Seven minutes?"

"Maybe." Benjamin shrugged. It wasn't as if he could pee on demand either. "Calm down. She'll come out when she's ready."

"What if the test is broken and it gives her one of those false positive results?"

"Then she'll use the other one she took in there with her. And if it doesn't work we'll give her more water and have her take another one." Benjamin gestured to the coffee table littered with matching pink rectangular boxes. "We have enough of them."

Ethan had the grace to flush. "I got a little carried away, huh?"

"You think?" Benjamin teased.

"How on earth are you so calm?"

"This isn't my first rodeo, cowboy," Benjamin reminded his twin gently. "Hannah and I have been down this road many, many times." Although this time was different.

For the first time, Hannah was late. Even though the pregnancy test boasted the ability to detect the hCG hormone five days before a period was actually due, as a group they collectively decided to wait until there was cause to try the test. Looking back on their antics the last few days, Benjamin was surprised none of them had turned to the bottle.

It was pathetic. Never in his life had he monitored someone's bathroom habits as he had over the last few days. Every time Hannah returned from the restroom, he would look at her, expecting her to give a sad shake of her head, wordlessly telling him she started her period and their hopes were dashed again. After the second day of nothing, however, he'd begun to hope.

This journey had been a long but educational one. He'd learned more about himself and his capacity to love and give in the last six months than he had in a lifetime. The transition between his wife taking a lover to his wife taking another husband hadn't been seamless. Once they began living together as a committed trio, it had been a growing period for all three of them.

For one thing, sharing Hannah was a lot easier than sharing a bed with another snoring, cover-stealing person. Then there was, of course, the silly things such as dividing chores evenly and making sure Hannah wasn't overloaded with extra work now that there was an extra person to pick up after since Ethan was back full time in the house. But it had been as he always knew it would be. *Worth it.*

Life now was better than Benjamin could have ever imagined, and if the test didn't come back with a positive sign, there was always next month, or the month after. Their fertility doctor had even prescribed an experimental drug treatment in hopes of increasing Benjamin's sperm count, but Benjamin wasn't relying on miracle treatments because, unlike him, Ethan's sperm count was very high. High enough for two men, a fact Benjamin constantly teased his twin about. Ethan was blessed with the sperm and

Benjamin was gifted with the smarts. After all, it was his idea to bring the three of them together. Besides, at the end of the day, it didn't matter who fathered the baby, all that mattered was the love their child would be surrounded by.

Their family might be a unique one, but the child would never want for love or affection. Even Hannah's family, who had initially been resistant when she informed them of the change in their status, had come around. And any baby they had, no matter who the father was, would be welcomed with joy and celebration.

"Man," Ethan gave up his pointless race with himself and dropped into the recliner, "this is torture."

"I know," Benjamin agreed. "Just imagine though, if she's not pregnant now, we'll have to keep fucking her until she is."

His brother slowly smiled. "Now you're talking."

"Glad to see you're thinking positive." Benjamin glanced over to the hallway, willing Hannah to come and put them both out of their misery. Now that Ethan was sitting, he didn't have anything to concentrate on except the obvious. After a few trying seconds when she didn't appear at his mind's decree, he decided to try to move the conversation on. "Now, on another subject, how's your new assistant working out?"

After a lot of soul-searching, Ethan had decided to open his own photography studio. It had been slowgoing at first, but things had been on the upswing lately, much to all their delight.

"Pretty good. He's really hungry to learn and willing to work for peanuts, which of course is all I'm able to pay him right now."

"In a year or so you'll have them lining up and down the street for you to take their picture."

"From your mouth to God's ears."

"So..." Benjamin peeked again. "Do you think we should go check on her?"

Ethan gave a hearty laugh. "Thank you God."

"What?"

"For a moment there I thought it was just me."

Benjamin shot him a rueful glance. "Okay, maybe I'm a *little* anxious."

"Good, let's go find out what's keeping her in there."

Benjamin tossed the pregnancy test box onto the table with the rest of them and stood to join his brother, but before either man could make the first step toward the hallway, Hannah walked into the living room. A broad smile was on her face and in her hand she held one of the plastic pregnancy test sticks.

"Oh boy," Ethan whispered, his voice filled with awe and delight.

"Or oh girl," Hannah said, her eyes sparkling with joy.

The two men turned toward each other and smiled. A girl. A little girl just like Hannah was definitely the best gift imaginable.

About the Author

[Lena Matthews](#) spends her days dreaming about handsome heroes and her nights with her own personal hero. Married to her college sweetheart, she is the proud mother of an extremely smart toddler, three evil dogs and a mess of ants that she can't seem to get rid of.

When not writing, she can be found reading, watching movies, lifting up the cushions on the couch to look for batteries for the remote control and plotting different ways to bring Buffy back on the air.

[Liz Andrews](#) is a critically acclaimed, multi-published author who enjoys writing erotic romance almost as much as she enjoys reading it. A romantic at heart, Liz is a fierce believer in happily ever after and heroes who make the heart swoon. When not writing, the Ohio native enjoys reading, going to the movies and hosting dinner parties for her friends.

You can check out monthly updates on what's happening with Liz at her newsletter, <http://www.lizandrews.net/newsletter/current.htm>

Liz and Lena welcome comments from readers. You can find their websites and email addresses on their author bio pages at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Lena Matthews & Liz Andrews

Myth of Moonlight
Shadow of Moonlight

Also by Lena Matthews

Ellora's Cavemen: Dreams of the Oasis IV *anthology*
Friends with Benefits *with Maggie Casper*
Full Exposure *with Evangeline Anderson*
Georgia Peach
Naughty Games 1: Seven Minutes in Heaven
Naughty Games 2: I Never
Naughty Games 3: Double Dare
Maverick's Black Cat *with Maggie Casper*
Stud Muffin Wanted
When Angels Fall

Also by Liz Andrews

Hankie Pankie
Hotter Than the Fourth of July
VoyEx



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer ebooks or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com