



**Anne Brooke**

# Entertaining The Delaneys



## ENTERTAINING THE DELANEYS

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Then he winked at me, I could have sworn it, though the gesture had gone as soon as I thought I’d seen it. Whether it was real or not, it had the effect, strangely, of making me feel safe, God knows why. After all, the Delaneys were the most dangerous people I knew, but, when I mulled it over a little more, I hadn’t come to much harm whilst in their care, and had indeed had a hell of a lot of fun. If I was going to be part of their business package for this hotshot client, then so be it. More than anything, I liked the idea of the twins watching this Mr. Buchanan and me together. Hell, I *loved* the idea. Bring it on.

I turned ’round, spread my arms and legs and leant against the wall as instructed. A moment later, I felt a finger ease down my back.

“You were right,” Mr. Buchanan whispered. “He is very beautiful. And sparky, too, if I’m not mistaken. I like that. And I can do whatever I want with him?”

“Use a condom and lube,” Johnny said with a growl. “And you can’t hurt him.”

That was the most impassioned sentence I thought I’d ever heard from Johnny, and it made me smile.

“My brother’s right,” Mark warned. “Injury is out of the question and if that happens, all bets are off. Liam belongs to us.”

“Agreed,” said Mr. Buchanan. “Besides, punishment isn’t my thing.”

After that, he didn’t do any more talking and had no need to...

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# ENTERTAINING THE DELANEYS

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BY

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ENTERTAINING THE DELANEYS  
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# ENTERTAINING THE DELANEYS

Call me Liam. Not because I'm chasing a whale, but mainly because it's my name, so it makes sense if you need to attract my attention. But also call me Liam because these days, only a few short weeks after being fixed up, fooled and generally fabulously fucked by the Delaneys, I suddenly found people 'round here didn't seem to need to ask what my surname was.

This was both a bad and a good thing. By nature, I preferred to keep my head down, in all senses of the phrase, but since I'd found myself in the spotlight of those Delaney twins, keeping a low profile hadn't been a viable option on any level.

Take last night for instance. What a night. I don't think I'll ever

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forget it. I'd worked late at the gallery and didn't get home till gone seven, my head spinning with picture orders and the new invoice system. An artistic life is so glamorous, you know. Letting myself into the flat, I realized, not for the first time, how empty it was and glanced at the phone. *No messages, damn it.*

Shrugging off the disappointment and in an effort to prevent my memory from dwelling over matters it was probably wisest to leave behind, I started heating up the stew I'd made the day before. I opened the fridge to see if I had any lager left. I hadn't. I swore softly and was calculating if I had the energy to nip to the supermarket to get some when my mobile rang.

I was so eager to get to the damn thing to see who might be calling—and more importantly if it might be *them*—that it slipped out of my grasp and spun across the kitchen floor. Never one to let dignity get in the way of desire, I leapt after it, banging my elbow on the nearest cupboard, and sliding to a halt near the oven.

I answered it on the third ring. "Hello?"

"Ah, Liam."

The voice of Mark Delaney entered my ear like a warm breeze on a summer day, or would have done if I'd been at all poetical. As it was, I found myself blushing and remembering the shape of his cock inside me. His brother's, too. "Mr. Delaney, sir."

"I trust you have a free evening tonight?"

Sitting up, I leant against the oven. Thankfully, it wasn't on. "For you, Mr. Delaney, my evening is whatever you want it to be."

I thought he gasped, but I couldn't be sure, and when he spoke, his tone was crisp. "Good. There's a car outside your flat. Get into it."

"Yes, Mr. Delaney," I started to say, but he'd already ended the call.



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Heart beating fast and cock not that far behind, I switched off the stew, shoved a lid on it and sprinted out into the hallway. Did I have time for a shower or shave? Probably not, as when the Delaneys said jump, you jumped. Don't even bother asking how high—if it's wrong, they'll tell you. I did manage a quick check in the mirror, though, and allocated myself no more than two seconds to smooth down my hair and give myself a thumbs-up. *Yes*. My evening had definitely taken a turn for the better.

Outside, a black car lurked, glimmering under the streetlight and, when the driver saw me, he got out and waved at the passenger seat. No words needed. I opened the door and slid in, breathing in the smell of leather and money. The driver got back in, still silent, and clicked his seatbelt into place. I didn't recognize him from before.

"Hello," I said. "I'm Liam—"

"I know who you are." The man cut across my attempts at the kind of social niceties I was sure my mother would be proud of. "I'm not here to talk. The bosses want you there like yesterday, so I'm going to have to put my foot down. I'm glad you were quick, though, as any more messing around and I would have had to come in and get you."

For a man who didn't talk, he got a lot across. One swift glance over at him showed me the shape of the gun under his jacket, so I was glad he hadn't had to make that house call. Thank God my responses were pretty sharpish.

Seeing I probably wasn't going to get any more conversation, I relaxed back into the leather, closed my eyes and tried not to get too excited about what the Delaneys might have in store for me. In truth, I hadn't been entirely sure they would even bother contacting me again after they'd given me their unique brand of personal

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punishment, no matter what Mark had said when he'd left in the morning, but I was bloody glad they had.

Something inside told me that, even though we'd only had one night of sex, whatever it was we'd started wasn't over yet. Neither had I any idea how long this whole threesome thing might last and, if it did, just how the hell I was ever going to broach it with my parents, but I was determined to enjoy whatever happened while I could. Never say never, eh?

All these deep philosophical thoughts drifted through my gay-guy head as Mr. Silent drove, completely speechless now, through the town centre and out toward where the posh, rich and/or criminal people lived. Completely the other side of town from me. I gazed out the window and watched the shapes of the houses in the darkness become taller and grander, gaining front lawns, gates and lines of trees as we drove on. I swear, even the way the people walked out here was different, more measured and more in control. I wondered what they'd think of me.

Finally, my wordless chauffeur turned into the massive gates of the Delaney residence, and no there wasn't any other way to describe it. They were both living proof of the indisputable fact that crime paid. I knew very well I was playing with fire, but hell who doesn't like to live dangerously every now and again. Anyway, I had no choice: the twins had called, and I'd jumped to it. Bearing in mind our last encounter, I'd be a hundred times more of an idiot than I actually was if I didn't jump to it.

The car glided to a halt, and the chauffeur leapt out. Assuming this was a sign I was supposed to be super-fast, I leapt out, too. Too damn quickly as it happened because the handle of my door caught the unfortunate driver right in the gut and he fell to the ground with a groan.

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The next second, two men rose from the undergrowth and hunkered down on the driveway next to the car, brandishing what had to be guns in my direction. “Freeze!”

I froze, from instinct putting my hands up in the air and from terror gabbling like a child. “Hello, you must be security. Nice work. I’m not doing anything. I just got out of the car, that’s all. I didn’t mean to hurt anyone, please believe me.”

“Shut up and turn around. Put your hands behind your head and lean against the car.”

I obeyed at once, hoping I wasn’t going to be killed before I managed to see even one twin. They wouldn’t be happy about that, I could tell. One of the security team frisked me down, finding nothing, of course, apart from a cock the size of a walnut—well, I was more than nervous by then—as the driver staggered to his feet.

“I don’t think he meant it, guys. He just got out of the car, that’s all.”

“I don’t know,” the nearest guard snapped, giving me a quick push and placing the gun next to my cheek. What was it with the Delaneys and guns anyway? “He looked pretty mean to me.”

“What’s going on here?” A soft voice from the direction of the house made everyone stop what he was doing instantly. The chauffeur stood up straight and might even have saluted, but I couldn’t be sure, and the two security guards half turned so they were facing the voice, but still covering me. Just in case I did something stupid, I guess, which, on recent experience, was probably a wise move. The one with the gun pressed against my cheek shuffled his feet.

“Your visitor tried to attack Benjy, Mr. Delaney, sir,” the guard mumbled.

Benjy must be the chauffeur. It wasn’t a name I would have

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associated with him, but I thought it best not to laugh.

The Delaney twin, whichever one it was, sighed. "I think that's highly unlikely. Let him go. Turn 'round, Liam."

The gun disappeared, an act that went partway to steadying my breathing, and I slowly turned to face the man I'd come to see, or one of them anyway. I didn't expect to recognize which it was, but I knew at once it was Johnny. This made sense, of course, as if Mark had heard a disturbance, he was too important to investigate himself; he'd send Johnny. But I couldn't be sure of that until I'd seen him. Now I had, I wanted nothing more than to wrap myself round those lean but muscular legs, undo his zipper and bury my nose deep into his groin, and maybe hope Mark might come out to see *that* kind of disturbance anyway. God knows what that would do to the chauffeur and the ultra-keen guards, but what did I care? Johnny was here, and I was safe.

"Hello, Mr. Delaney," I whispered as he took the two or three paces needed to come face to face with me. "I came as quickly as I could. I was so keen to see you and your brother, in fact, that I accidentally knocked over your driver with the door. Sorry about that."

He shrugged. "No need. Come in."

Then, with no more words and a mere couple of jerks of his head, he dismissed the guards, propelled the unfortunately named Benjy back into the kick-ass car and began to lead me up into the house. It must be nice, I thought, to have so much personal power that you didn't even need to speak. Would I could learn some of that talent, which would at the very least please my father.

On the way up to the mansion, as we passed a water feature, a summer house and a half-naked statue of some Greek god or other, I couldn't help but check out Johnny's arse. I hadn't really had the

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opportunity before and, believe me, it was well worth the checking. So much so when he stopped at the front door, I careened into him and all but knocked him over, too. God, I was classy tonight. Same as any other night then.

"Sorry, Mr. Delaney," I stammered as he grabbed at the doorframe in order to stay upright. "I wasn't looking where I was going. I was too busy checking you out and..."

I shut up. Even I knew when I'd gone too far and was busy digging my own grave with the nearest spade.

"Sorry," I squeaked again, head bowed.

To my surprise, Johnny didn't lash out or call the guards back, guns at the ready for some serious whipping. Instead, I felt the coolness of his finger under my chin as he lifted up my head.

"Always nice to be checked out," he said. "You nervous?"

Unable to say anything at all, I swallowed and nodded.

"Good," he said. "Mark likes that. But there's no need. Just stay calm."

With that, he let me go, swung around and strode into the house. I followed him, unwilling to let him out of my sight in case anything worse happened to me. I found myself in a hallway you could put two of my flats in and still have room for a neighborhood party. The walls were lined with antique mirrors and pictures of reclining nudes, some male and some female. The carpet was a deep blue and the walls the softest yellow. I was outclassed by some miles here. If I hadn't known it before, it was obvious now that being a professional criminal was definitely a good career choice; they should offer it in schools.

A click of the fingers told me Johnny was waiting and I hurried to catch up. He stopped at one of the doorways, which was decorated in carved gold creatures that might have been serpents or

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dolphins, but I didn't have time for an accurate identification, and then he announced me as if I were a local dignitary expected for a late supper. As if.

"Liam has arrived," he said.

Telling myself I was a good Irish lad way back somewhere and therefore had no need to be overawed by anything, I stepped into the elegant living room when Johnny waved me on. It was at least three times the length of mine and twice as wide. Instead of my half-price paint mahogany walls and thin cotton curtains, the Delaneys' place was all cream with gold accessories and the curtains were the richest velvet I'd ever seen. Gold, of course. The whole effect was as if I'd stumbled upon royalty at play, an effect they no doubt wanted to achieve. If the Delaneys had set out to overawe me, hell, it was working.

I could see someone I didn't know sitting on one of the cream leather armchairs...a tall man in his late forties, I reckoned, with receding brown hair and long, elegant fingers. He was dressed in a suit and looking hopeful but wary. I couldn't really blame him. Next to him, Mark had his back to me and was busy mixing drinks—whisky and soda I thought.

The moment I saw him with his brother, the effect of both of them together made my cock twitch into action. It was Pavlov's dogs all over again, except I was taller and trying not to pant. If I *had* been a dog, I would have been yelping, rubbing his ankles and rolling over for a tickle. Not a good look all around really.

Mark turned and nodded when he saw me. "Liam, good you could come quickly. We were in need of your company."

"Yes, sir," I replied, my eyes fixed on him as Johnny took one of the drinks from his brother and handed it to me. The touch of his hand on mine made me feel warm inside and less out of place.

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“Thank you, sir.”

“Because what we need more than anything is an evening’s entertainment,” Mark continued. “Our business associate here, Mr. Buchanan, is keen to see what we can offer to interest him, and we thought of you at once. Do you think you can do that, Liam? Can you entertain us?”

Well, I was no Jude Law, but I could probably out-drama-queen Graham Norton on a good day. I stretched out so everyone could get a good view of the shape of me, especially what I kept in my trousers, and gave them a slow smile. “Oh, yes, Mr. Delaney, sir. I’ve got an A-star in entertainment and I’ve had no complaints up until now. What would you like?”

His eyes clouded over, and I saw him swallow. “We’d like you to undress.”

As before, when he’d last given me this command, I obeyed. This time, Johnny took each of my discarded items and placed them with care on a nearby table. When I handed him my briefs, he smiled, let them fall onto the table and ran one finger down my chest. I gasped as he tweaked my nipple, and my cock stiffened in response. I hoped whatever happened and whatever sort of entertainment they wanted for their guest tonight, it would end with Johnny and Mark both fucking me. It’s what I wanted more than anything. It was why I’d come. I didn’t much mind right now who else joined in, but that’s how I wanted to end the evening. Then again, class and me had never really mixed. I never knew how to do stylish.

When Johnny stepped away, I missed his touch like crazy, but blinked and stared at Mark. Was he going to touch me, too? God, I hoped so, as I knew I needed it. Having Johnny without Mark, or Mark without Johnny just didn’t seem right, which probably only

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showed what a confused moralist I was turning out to be. They didn't teach you this kind of thing in citizenship lessons at school. Perhaps they should.

Keeping my gaze on Mark, I stroked my cock slowly and watched a droplet of sweat ease down his face.

"God, that feels good," I whispered. "Wish it was you doing it, though, Mr. Delaney. Wouldn't you like to touch me like your brother has?"

To my surprise, Mark didn't respond in the way I thought he would. Instead, he glanced at his visitor, who surely must have been getting an eyeful of my prized assets 'round about now, and strode again to the drinks cabinet. There he poured a whisky and downed it in one. I knew better than to comment on that and simply waited.

"No, that isn't the question. The actual question is this," said Mark after he'd wiped his mouth dry. "Do you think you can keep us all entertained, Liam? Because none of us like to be bored."

"Oh, yes, sir, no question about it. Entertainment is my middle name, if I had one."

Johnny snorted and a flicker passed across Mark's face that might have been amusement, or might have been wind. I couldn't be sure, though, of course, all of us had passed beyond childhood. Way beyond.

"All right, then turn 'round to the wall and spread your legs. As I've already said, Mr. Buchanan here would like to be entertained as part of the deal we've just shaken on. So, Liam, show us what you can do."

Then he winked at me, I could have sworn it, though the gesture had gone as soon as I thought I'd seen it. Whether it was real or not, it had the effect, strangely, of making me feel safe, God



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knows why. After all, the Delaneys were the most dangerous people I knew, but, when I mulled it over a little more, I hadn't come to much harm whilst in their care, and had indeed had a hell of a lot of fun. If I was going to be part of their business package for this hotshot client, then so be it. More than anything, I liked the idea of the twins watching this Mr. Buchanan and me together. Hell, I *loved* the idea. Bring it on.

I turned 'round, spread my arms and legs and leant against the wall as instructed. A moment later, I felt a finger ease down my back.

"You were right," Mr. Buchanan whispered. "He is very beautiful. And sparky, too, if I'm not mistaken. I like that. And I can do whatever I want with him?"

"Use a condom and lube," Johnny said with a growl. "And you can't hurt him."

That was the most impassioned sentence I thought I'd ever heard from Johnny, and it made me smile.

"My brother's right," Mark warned. "Injury is out of the question and if that happens, all bets are off. Liam belongs to us."

"Agreed," said Mr. Buchanan. "Besides, punishment isn't my thing."

After that, he didn't do any more talking and had no need to. He massaged my shoulders and bit me, gently, on the back of my neck, sucking and nibbling at my skin there. One of the twins, I wasn't sure which, gasped and I heard the distinct sound of a zipper being undone. Someone was keen to see Mr. Buchanan get his rocks off, or to see me fucked. One of the two, maybe both.

Slowly Mr. Buchanan ran his fingers down my spine, and I found myself relaxing into his touch. My cock was at half-mast and my enthusiasm for group sex, and now voyeurism was starting

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to amaze me. I'd never realized I was, at heart, quite so modern and I thanked God I'd argued so publicly with my ex, the Delaneys' cousin, if it ultimately brought me this much sheer fun.

I closed my eyes as Mr. Buchanan followed up his massage of my back with the warmth of his tongue on my skin, and I spread my legs a little more widely to allow him access to all areas. He licked and nibbled his blissful way down my spine, pausing to pay attention to each vertebra. He felt like a lover rather than a one-night stand; it was nice. What felt even better was the fact I was letting him kiss and suck me in obedience to Mark's command and not because I'd chosen to let him. I wasn't sure what that made me, but now wasn't the time to mull it over, particularly as 'round about then my brain disappeared entirely into my balls and I couldn't have recited my two times table if someone had paid me to do it.

After a while, he started to knead my buttocks and slip his fingers through to my balls, and I couldn't help but groan. My eyes flashed open and I turned my head to catch sight of Mark sitting, legs wide, on the nearest cream leather chair. His zipper was open and his cock fully erect. He was stroking it whilst watching me and, for some reason, this was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen in my life. My cock lurched upward and a few drops of cum spilt from my tip. I began to pant.

"Liam..."

It was only a whisper, from the other side of me, but when I turned to the sound of my name, I saw Johnny, closer than I'd imagined him. He wasn't undressed, but I could see through his cotton trousers how hard he was. I longed to touch him, but I was afraid of losing my balance and, besides, I didn't want to touch one twin without touching the other, too. That felt wrong, as somehow

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I needed them both.

“Liam,” Johnny said again in nothing more than a whisper, “you’re beautiful.”

He trailed his hand down my face as he spoke, and I took his finger inside my mouth and kissed and licked it. Not wanting Mark to be left out, I turned my head so I could gaze at him as I wrapped my tongue round his brother’s finger, and I tried to show him with my eyes exactly how hot he was. It seemed to work, too, as he increased the speed of his strokes to his cock. God, I could be good sometimes, especially when thrown in at the deep end, as it were.

Speaking of which, Mr. Buchanan had now reached the bottom of my spine, and I heard the soft thud of his knees as he landed on the carpet. I wasn’t quite sure what I’d anticipated him doing, but I felt my cheeks being opened and then the warmth and wetness of his tongue circling my hole.

Crying out, I lost my balance and almost fell, but Johnny held me in his grip. I was shaking with the ripples of pleasure spreading out from my arse and all through my body. At the same time, my cock was so hard it actually hurt. It had been so long since anyone had done this to me and, in fact, it had only ever been twice. The first time was with my second boyfriend and it took me precisely three seconds to come, and the last time, I was so drunk I fell asleep and the boyfriend (the same one) dumped me. Really, I should be ashamed.

Anyway, in the here and now, I was sure I was going to come at any moment, and Mr. Buchanan hadn’t even stuck his tongue inside; he was only licking my rim. If the Delaneys were hell-bent on making me into some kind of hooker for their favored business associates, I certainly wasn’t acting in any way near professional, but, thank God, they didn’t seem to mind.

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Johnny grabbed my chin and turned me to face him. By this time, I was gasping and moaning and couldn't even speak, had I wanted to. Especially as Mr. Buchanan had just pushed his tongue inside me. Really, it was a miracle I was still conscious. The Delaneys certainly knew how to party.

"You're so sexy," Johnny whispered, "when you're out of control like this."

With that, he pushed me away from the wall a little and then, like Mr. Buchanan, he slid to his knees, but this time in front of me and took my cock slowly into his mouth. It felt beyond incredible. At the same time, from the side where I couldn't see him, Mark cried out, and I felt the splatter of his cum at my waist. It wasn't going to take me long to join him, I could see that.

Just as I did, shooting my load between his twin's lips, Mark stood up and twisted around so he was almost in front of me. Without a word, he kissed me, thrusting his tongue deep inside my mouth in much the same way as Mr. Buchanan was thrusting his tongue deep inside my arse. I'd always loved being filled up and being tongue-fucked twice was definitely going to be high on my list of Must-Do-Again positions. I hoped Mr. Buchanan would be suitably inspired to do more business with the twins, as often as possible. As long as they were there. I didn't much fancy it without them.

At last, when I'd finished, and the three men had stopped their delicious usage of my body, I sank to my knees, trembling. The Delaneys were nothing if not unpredictable, that was for sure.

So was their guest. Mr. Buchanan recovered first and eased me onto all fours in front of the chair Mark had just vacated.

"You taste wonderful," he whispered, his voice throaty and low. "Now let's see what the main course is like."

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It was pretty damn good, all in all, and I was starting to think of myself as a type of connoisseur, at least in matters involving those tantalizing twins. Mr. Buchanan fucked me twice, the first time quick and rough, but not too rough, though I was glad Mark and Johnny were there to see fair play. Play being the operative word. The second time was longer and more enjoyable, for all of us. Mr. Buchanan filled up my arse, while I sucked at both the twins' dicks as if I couldn't get enough of them. Which really I couldn't. It was just a shame that I couldn't quite manage to suck both of them at the same time, but I made every effort trying, which they seemed to appreciate. Who wouldn't have?

Afterward, Johnny fetched more drinks, including a beer for me, which I thought was a nice touch especially as I hadn't had a chance to taste the first drink and I preferred beer anyway. Then again the Delaneys didn't seem to be men to forgo the little courtesies under any circumstances. Criminal masterminds or not. I noticed it was Finnegan's, my favorite, and wondered how the hell he'd known and also how the hell he'd got hold of some.

"Thank you, sir," I said, and he smiled.

While everyone else put their clothes back on—though, actually, Mr. Buchanan hadn't removed many of his in the first place—I waited to see what the next instruction might be. Odd how that didn't feel as strange as I thought it would.

Finally, the Delaneys and their guest sat down in the leather chairs. I took up a standing position between Mark and Johnny, and gasped as Mark reached out and gave my cock a firm stroke.

"You're certainly entertaining, Liam," he said. "I think our guest found that most satisfactory."

"Thank you," I managed to stutter, as Mr. Buchanan nodded his approval.

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“Good,” Mark said, continuing to play with my cock, almost absently. “Then I think we can come to some sensible arrangement in terms of our business, don’t you? You supply us with what we want on a fortnightly basis and, if it’s top quality merchandise, you can have Liam to play with on a monthly basis for an evening, though he can’t stay overnight with you. However, Johnny, or one of our other close associates, will accompany him to ensure you treat our boy well and that he gets home safely. Agreed?”

“Agreed,” said Mr. Buchanan, licking his lips and casting me lascivious glances over his whisky and soda. “It’s been a pleasure doing business with you, Mark, and will, I anticipate, continue to be so.”

“But, Mr. Delaney, sir...” I began to protest, letting my mouth run away with me before my brain was fully alert, as usual. I stopped at once when I saw Mark’s frown.

“What is it?” he said with a growl, dropping my more-than-half-erect cock. “Did I give you permission to speak?”

“No, sir,” I said, still holding his gaze, “but you didn’t give me orders not to, sir.”

To my left, Johnny made a noise that might have been a chuckle, swiftly stifled, but I couldn’t be sure. “He’s right, Mark. Let him speak.”

My eyes widened as I caught the look Mark gave his twin, but after a couple of heart-stopping moments, he shrugged. “All right, if that’s what you suggest. I’m not a cruel man, after all. Say what you want to, Liam, but make it quick.”

I gave Johnny a grateful look. “Yes, sir, thank you, sir. You know I want to make you happy in any way I can, but if I’m going to be your whore, I want to be *your* whore and not just anyone’s. I-I really love being at your command, both of you, I mean, and

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that's all I wanted to say, Mr. Delaney, sir."

Mark said nothing for a long moment. Too long really, as I wanted nothing more than to collapse to my knees and beg him to forgive me or run from the room entirely to avoid his evident displeasure. However, a light touch on my left leg and the feel of gentle fingers on my skin told me that Johnny, at least, might be minded to protect me. Up to a point, of course.

Mr. Buchanan gave a sudden snort of laughter. "You certainly know how to pick your toys, Mark! I like a whore with attitude. It's far more entertaining than one without."

Without warning, Mark shot to his feet and strode over to where his guest sat. He leant over the unfortunate Mr. Buchanan and, with a jerky movement, grabbed his whisky and soda and slammed it down on the table.

"Liam is *not* a whore," he said, his tone nothing but whispers and menace, "whatever he may say about himself. And, if you wish to have a long and healthy life, then you'll never say that word about him again, in my hearing or outside it. Do you understand?"

Sweat dripping down his face, Mr. Buchanan nodded. I saw he was trembling, but couldn't in any way blame him. Frankly, so was I.

"Good," Mark spoke after a tense silence. "And, by the way, until we've known each other for a while and you've acted nice and polite as I've said, then it's 'Mr. Delaney' to you. Understood?"

Again, the unfortunate Mr. Buchanan nodded. Even I was almost feeling sorry for him by now...*almost* being the operative word. He'd had his fun, after all.

Mr. Buchanan stayed for another half-hour or so while the

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Delaneys finished their business. Occasionally, he would risk the odd glance at me, but I didn't respond in any way. I simply stayed exactly where I was and kept my attention on the twins. I knew what was good for me. I was still mulling over their offer of me as entertainment to their new business associate and wondering where that left me.

Finally, their guest departed and, as they were seeing him off the premises, I gathered the dirty glasses and slotted them into the dishwasher. I had no idea whether that was what the twins wanted, but I thought I might as well make myself useful while I waited.

There was still something to say about my planned encounters with Mr. Buchanan. I just had to make some kind of sense out of it all. Funny how everything since I'd met the Delaneys seemed to be rushing ahead at the speed of sound, but I was, on the whole, enjoying the ride too much to want to get off or at least not for long. Never mind how entertaining *I* might be, the Delaneys were pretty entertaining all by themselves.

A few moments later, the twins returned. Mark nodded approvingly when he saw what I was up to.

"Nice work," he said. "I'm sure your support helped seal us the deal, too, Liam. I knew you'd be the clincher."

This was it then; time for me to make my stand. I coughed. "Mr. Delaney, sir."

"Yes?" Mark ran his hand casually over my arse as he leaned across me to switch the kettle on. The fact the contact made my cock stiffen again wasn't going to make the next few moments any easier, but, hell, it couldn't be helped.

"Like I said, I don't want to be your man-whore, sir," I said in double-quick time, the words spilling out of my mouth like I was spitting bullets. I hoped it wouldn't actually come to that. "I mean,



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actually I do, if you're asking. I want to be *your* man-whore, yours and the other Mr. Delaney's, sir. I don't want to be anyone else's. Not even if it's your best business associate ever because it just wouldn't feel right, sir.

"I don't mind the odd one-off, like tonight, not if you stay in the same room, and someone else doing it to me gets you both going, too. That's not what I mean. I just want to be your fuck-toy exclusively. I don't like the thought of anyone else's cocks but yours, not on a regular basis. Hope you don't mind me saying so, but I thought you ought to know. Seeing as I belong to you, sirs."

Around about then I ran out of words, which was probably a good thing, as Mark was staring at me as if he was about to rip me apart with his teeth and use my skin to line his curtains. Though he didn't really strike me as a man who cared much about curtains. I did the only thing I could think of to do. I sank to my knees in front of him and bowed my head.

"Forgive me for speaking out of turn, Mr. Delaney, sir," I whispered, "but I wanted you to know the truth."

His shadow loomed over me, and I began to tremble.

"You dare question my decisions?" he said, his voice a quiet dagger-point of warning that didn't make my trembling any less. "You think you might actually have *any* kind of say about what we do in our business?"

"Mark..."

Johnny's calm tones cut through Mark's rising anger and the scene being played out between us.

Mark cursed. "What?"

"You're in charge, you know that," Johnny said, softly so I had to concentrate to hear at all. "You've always been the decision-maker, but I don't think that's what Liam meant. He's not

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questioning your rule. Nobody is.”

“Oh, really? Just what the hell *is* he doing then?”

With my head bowed, I couldn’t see what was going on, but a shadow moved, and I felt a hand on my shoulder. I knew it was Johnny’s and felt my eyes well up. God, that would be embarrassing, so I tried my best to blink the tears away.

When Johnny spoke, it was with a slight quaver in his voice, but I couldn’t blame him as Mark could be scary. “Actually, I think Liam has just given us both a nice compliment, hasn’t he?”

A short pause, during which I could swear I heard Mark’s thought processes working.

“A compliment?” he growled, but I could tell he was listening, rather than simply being angry with me.

Thank God for that, as the last thing I wanted to do was to rile him. He might be tempted to bring a real gun to our next encounter, and I wasn’t sure I could handle that; I’d already been a complete wimp with a make-believe gun, though, of course, I hadn’t known it wasn’t real at the time.

“Yes,” said Johnny, batting on my side with rather more confidence now, and thank God someone was. “Liam’s just told us how much he likes us both and that he’d like to entertain us on an exclusive basis. Isn’t that what you’ve always been after, Mark? You’ve been telling me for a while how fed up you are with all the casual boyfriends you have.”

*He was?* This time, I couldn’t help it. My head jerked up and I stared directly up at Mark, who was looking distinctly uncomfortable.

He flicked a glance at me and then gave his twin a stare that could have been counted as a weapon of mass destruction, should any of those still be in existence at all.

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“That was a *secret*,” he hissed, and I could sense his temper rising again.

I didn’t want him to lash out at Johnny, who appeared to be the only person standing between me and an unpleasant punishment. Besides, if the Delaneys fought amongst themselves, it would be a disaster; nobody else in our town was strong enough to keep the rest of the criminals under control. They had to keep their united front if we law-abiding citizens were to sleep easy in our beds.

With all that in mind, I stumbled forth into the fray again. Once an idiot, always an idiot, eh?

“It still is a secret, Mr. Delaney, sir,” I stuttered. “Telling me is like telling yourself. I belong to you, don’t I? Or I’d like to, if you let me. Anyway, someone who looks like you or the other Mr. Delaney is always going to have a queue of blokes lining up between here and the next town just for a chance of you getting into their pants, so you were definitely doing those casual boyfriends a favor, no question. Sorry if I’m speaking out of turn, sir.”

Then I shut up. My mother always said it would be a miracle if I learnt to keep my mouth closed, so maybe I was learning something after all. She might even be proud, though less so if she knew I was kneeling naked at the feet of a man who had the power to make me disappear if he wanted to.

“Is that so, Liam?” Mark’s tone was calmer now, and I felt my shoulders relax just a little. “You reckon there’s a line of men out there eager to leap into the clutches of a pair of criminals like us?”

“If they’ve got any sense, sir. I mean look at the two of you: you’re seriously hot. And you’re twins, too. God, it’s like gay heaven. And, hey, everyone loves a bad boy, don’t they?”

A strange noise assaulted my ears and I glanced up, wondering

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what on earth was happening. To my surprise, Mark's face was screwed up and a peculiar hissing sound was coming out of his lips. My first assumption was he was having some kind of fit, and I wondered how up-to-date my first aid skills might be, but then I realized he was laughing.

Johnny patted my arm and moved off to lean against one of the kitchen cupboards. It looked like the danger was over for the time being. I waited, still kneeling, until Mark wiped his hand over his face and gained the equilibrium I was used to again.

"Get up, Liam," he said at last.

I obeyed at once, making a mental note to practice my kneeling-to-standing skills so I might look less clumsy one day. Then, head bowed—my, but how I was learning—I waited for whatever Mark would do next.

It shouldn't have surprised me, but it did. He grabbed my head in both hands and kissed me. Instinctively, I opened my mouth wide and sucked in his tongue, grinding my now definitely awake cock against his abdomen. God, but he was seriously sexy, him and Johnny both, and I couldn't help but moan in appreciation of his touch.

Behind me, I felt Johnny's lips nibbling at my neck and groaned again. Without warning, Mark broke the contact and spun me around, lurching me against the sink.

"Lean over and spread your legs," he commanded, and I was obeying before he'd even finished his sentence.

"Yes, sir."

"You're a challenge, Liam, but an interesting one," Mark said, as Johnny slipped his finger into my mouth.

"Yes, sir," I mumbled, forming the words around Johnny's finger. With his other hand, he began stroking my hair.

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“Now you know you need punishment, don’t you, for speaking out of turn?”

“Yes, sir, I need to be punished for that, sir.”

“Good. I’m glad you understand, but because your heart’s somehow in the right place, I’ll make sure it doesn’t hurt as much as it could do. Agreed?”

“Yes, sir, anything you say, sir. Always.”

“Okay.”

From behind, I heard the sound of a zip being undone and then a condom being opened. God knows where he got it from, but then I suppose gangsters have to be ready for any circumstances. This time there was no spitting, however, and no question of lube. A few seconds later, Mark’s sheathed cock was poking at my arsehole. Thank goodness, there was still some lube left in my arse from earlier on, but it was still going to be one hell of an almost dry fuck. If anything was going to teach me a lesson, this would.

“Easy, baby,” Johnny murmured. “Relax yourself; it’s going to happen anyway.”

Soothed by the touch of Johnny’s hand stroking my hair, I tried to obey him and breathe normally as Mark pushed his way determinedly inside me. It was certainly painful, beyond what I’d imagined, though not as bad as it could have been and maybe Mark knew that. Who could tell? I cried out, even as Johnny hushed me.

“Please, *please*...” I begged them both, my heartbeat rising and crying out again.

Mark paused in his assault and, though my arse felt as if it was burning up or being split with the size of him, the relief of not being pushed to the sink with his thrusting cock brought fresh tears to my eyes. Johnny wiped my tears away, murmuring low words I couldn’t take in, as if he were soothing a child.

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A shape at the corner of my eye and then Mark was whispering in my ear. “Accept it, Liam. *Accept it* if you really want to belong to us alone.”

There were a few moments when all I could hear was my own harsh breathing and all I could feel was the burgeoning pain. Then I cleared my throat. The pain clarified what I wanted, that was for sure, and what I wanted was to be with them more than I wanted to be safe.

“Yes,” I panted out. “Yes, I accept it. I accept *you*, both of you. Fuck me, Mr. Delaney, sir. Fuck me good, but please, I want the other Mr. Delaney’s tongue in my mouth. I want to be touched by you both.”

Mark kissed my ear and began to grind his way into me again, just as Johnny’s tongue opened my lips and filled me there, too, taking some of the edge of pain away. I couldn’t help myself, though, and I made a hell of a lot of noise, all the time yelling and sobbing, my voice muffled from being filled with Johnny’s tongue. I have to admit, however, I loved it, too. I wanted to be punished by these two more than I wanted to be loved by anyone else in the whole damn world.

It didn’t take Mark long to come, which was probably a good thing as I had no idea how much more of the combination of pain and deep pleasure I could actually take. Hell, it had been a long day, and you never knew what the twins would get up to next. I’d try to be better prepared next time.

As Mark withdrew from my body, the pain of that making me cry out one more time, I started to collapse, but Johnny caught me and laid me gently on the floor, my legs akimbo and cock still shamefully erect. My whole body was shaking.

“Mark, cushions, please?” he said.

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Mark fetched them, which was possibly the first time I'd known him do what his brother suggested, and laid them under my arse, an act I was ridiculously grateful for.

"Thank you, thank you, sir," I mumbled, my head resting on Johnny's thigh.

Mark laid his hand on my belly, and my skittering heart began to ease its rapid pace. I was so glad he was here that I couldn't stop looking at him, could never get enough of them both, come what may.

"Do you understand why you've been punished?" he asked at last, but this time the anger had gone from his tone.

"Yes, sir," I said quietly. "I shouldn't have questioned you, no matter what. I'm truly sorry. Thank you for punishing me. I hope you still found me entertaining this evening, sirs, in spite of my mistakes."

"Always," Johnny said with a smile, his hand caressing my cheek. I smiled up at him, but it was Mark who drew my attention with his words.

"You, Liam," he said, "are one of the most entertaining men we've ever met, I have to say. So entertaining I think we might even take your suggestion and keep you to ourselves. We can find other forms of entertainment for Mr. Buchanan. After all, if you can accept you've been wrong with such grace, then so can we. In the meantime..."

"Somebody looks as if he still needs some relief," Johnny finished with a sly grin on his face, "and..."

"Never let it be said that the Delaney brothers can't give reward where it might be due."

With that, Mark leant down and wrapped his gloriously warm lips over my unexpectedly hard cock, swallowing me right down to

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the root. This time the cries that came from my mouth weren't anything to do with agony, and the Delaneys' reward was certainly—what can I say?—quick in coming. Gazing up into Johnny's face with joy while I shot my load down Mark's throat and knowing I was satisfactory entertainment for these fascinating and difficult twins was for now happiness enough for me.

And something told me there was much more to come. One thing I'd certainly learned was how much I was looking forward to our next encounter, and neither had I any intention of letting the twins leave it quite such a long time again.

Next time, I told myself, next time there'd be much more to play for, whether or not the Delaneys realized it yet. Oh, yes, I simply couldn't wait for them to see that entertainment, of whatever sort, was nothing more than the beginning for us all.



## ANNE BROOKE

Anne Brooke's fiction has been shortlisted for the Harry Bowling Novel Award, the Royal Literary Fund Awards, and the Asham Award for Women Writers. She has also twice been the winner of the DSJT Charitable Trust Open Poetry Competition. She loves reading dark and quirky crime novels and has a secret passion for bird watching and chocolate. Preferably at the same time. She once took a balloon flight in Egypt but spent most of the time screaming, and she hopes she never has to do it again.

To learn more about Anne and her writing, please visit her website at:

<http://www.annebrooke.com>

\* \* \*

**Don't miss *The Delaneys And Me*  
by Anne Brooke,  
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*When Liam makes a scene in the middle of a restaurant after his boyfriend, Brandon, dumps him, he knows Brandon's cousins, the Delaney twins, will be after him. The Delaneys head up the local gangster scene and are not to be messed with. Liam knows their retribution is imminent, especially since, in the heat of the moment,*

*he threatened to take what he knows (and, really, he doesn't know much) to the police.*

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