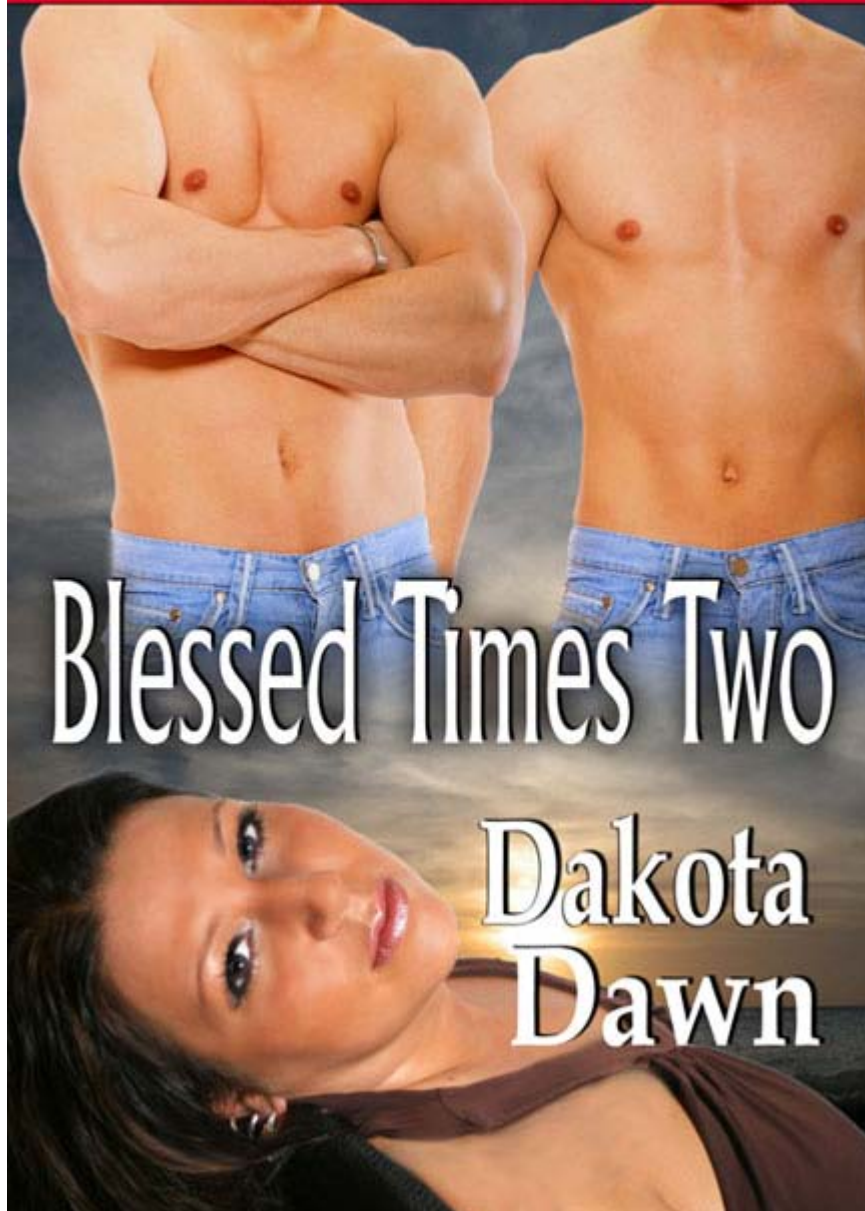


Siren Publishing

Ménage Àmour



Blessed Times Two

Branda McFalls always comes up swinging.

When twins Troy and Trey Cortino come into her life claiming she belongs to them, that she is their true love, she thinks they must have more than one loose screw. Why do these hot guys have to be crazy?

They are persistent, and the heat that blazes between Branda and the twins is irresistible. Branda's friend assures her they are good men. Deciding it is time to make some good sexual memories, she gives in to the unusual feelings of lust and contentment she feels around both of them.

Troy and Trey love how sassy their true love is.

She needs their love to heal her, even if she doesn't know it. The blessing on their family gave her to them, and they will never let her go. A lifetime of love and pleasure is in Branda's future, and Troy and Trey plan to see she gets it.

Genre: Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Paranormal

Length: 82,900 words

BLESSED TIMES TWO

Dakota Dawn

MENAGE AMOUR



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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

BLESSED TIMES TWO

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E-book ISBN: 1-61034-300-X

First E-book Publication: May 2011

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

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DEDICATION

To my family for all their wonderful support. Jesse and Kara for all their critiquing. Hunter and Kristin for keeping a low profile while I typed.

To all the people who love a good romance—I'm with ya!

BLESSED TIMES TWO

DAKOTA DAWN

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Chapter One

What a find!

Branda McFalls stepped into the bookstore she'd just recently discovered. It was only two blocks from her new loaner home in Naples, Florida. Dang, she loved bookstores. You never knew what you'd find. Taking in a deep breath, she smelled cinnamon. She loved cinnamon. In cookies, in hot chocolate, in candle form. It awakened her senses and calmed her nerves all at the same time.

Scanning the store, she caught a movement by the register. Her heart stopped beating, then started pounding. It was a wonder she didn't pass out. Standing behind the counter was the most handsome man she'd ever laid eyes on. His shining black hair almost touched his shoulders, and he had the greenest eyes she'd ever seen. Those outstanding eyes were trimmed in thick black lashes. Her pulse kept its alarming pace. Talk about finding something special.

His lips turned up in a predatory smile. "Can I help you find something?"

Deep dimples bracketed sensual lips. Her knees went weak. Shaking her head, she said, "No, no, I'm just looking."

"Let me know if you need anything at all. I'll be here at the counter." His eyes slowly lowered down the length of her body.

Feeling her face heat up, she turned and dashed behind a row of bookshelves. After getting her breathing under control, she peered around the row to get another peek at the hunk organizing books into neat piles on the long counter close to the cash register. He glanced up, and she hurriedly moved out of his sight. He must have felt her staring at him. It was more like ogling and wishing men were really like the ones she read about. Knowing that was a crock of lies, she moved on through the bookstore until she found the romance section. It was loaded. She was in heaven.

Choosing the less crowded aisle, she looked for her favorite author on the shelves. Jackpot. Two new books she hadn't read. Glancing around, she looked at the other shoppers. Not wanting to fight with any of the other customers, she pulled both books off the shelf as a protective measure. Flipping one over, she read the back.

Feeling someone moving in close to her, she stepped a little closer to the shelf, never taking her eyes off the book. She felt body heat. Looking up slowly to the left, she saw a strong, tanned hand resting on the shelf. Her senses went on high-alert, but she let her gaze travel from the finely-shaped hand, up and over a well-defined forearm, across bulging biceps, and on to a broad shoulder. Neck muscles screaming, she knew what she had to do if she wanted to see who was in her personal space.

Slowly, she turned her body and looked up. Oh, god! It was the hunk from behind the counter. He smelled just as good as he looked—fresh, clean scent mixed with pure, wild, hot male.

He held up another book by the author she had in her hand. Leaning in close to her ear, he whispered, "I see you're interested in this author. This book looks like it's going to be very interesting. Would you like me to hand it to you or would you rather I put it on the shelf?"

Even his voice was sexy as sin. Her body was going into sensory overload. Unexpected moisture dampened her panties.

He backed up slightly and stared hungrily into her eyes, a knowing grin on his handsome face. He was reading her like he would a girly magazine.

She knew bright pink was creeping up her chest and over her cheeks. Forcing her eyes away from his, she looked at the book. Oh, another one she hadn't read. She'd definitely been away from the bookstore for way too long. One year and she'd missed three books. Glancing down the aisle, she saw another woman looking for a book. The picture of a circling vulture popped into her head. There was no way she was giving that book up.

Cutting her eyes back to him, she quickly stated, "I'll take it." As she took the book from him she made sure their fingers didn't touch.

Grinning wolfishly, he added, "If there is anything I can help you with just let me know."

Her lungs deflated the second his fine ass was out of sight. Turning over the book he'd handed her, she blushed even brighter. Ménage. She hated him knowing she loved to read ménage stories, but there was no way in hell she was going to leave this book or the others behind. It's not like she was going to see him very often, if ever again.

An hour later, she placed five books on the counter. The hunk looked up and smiled. Butterflies fluttered around in her stomach, doing crazy dance moves. She wished they'd stop. Real men are never as good as the men in romance stories. She'd stick to her books, thank you very much.

"Did you find everything you need?" His green eyes held her captive as he asked the question.

She was certain one of the authors she loved to read must have met this man. He was perfect. So tall, strong, and handsome. Yes, he was just like the ones in the stories. Hell, he even had a job. That alone made him better than her last date. Realizing she was ogling him again, she dropped her gaze to her books and pushed them closer to him. "Yes, thank you."

“You must be new around here. I haven’t seen you in the store before,” he said as he totaled up her purchases and bagged her books.

Her cheeks felt even hotter than before, and she knew she must be the most awful shade of red. Damn her light complexion. “I moved into the neighborhood a few months ago. I just noticed your store two weeks ago. You have a wonderful selection. The store smells great. I love the smell of cinnamon.” Seeing the amount she owed on the register, she quickly pulled out a couple of bills and handed them to him. She really needed to get away from him. She was blabbing like an idiot, and her heart wouldn’t stop racing.

“Welcome to the neighborhood.” His eyes briefly scanned the store. “I am happy the store pleases you. My name is Troy Cortino. What’s your name?”

“Branda. Branda McFalls.” Her voice quivered slightly. Reaching out for her change, she started when he captured her hand in his much larger one. Standing there like a doe mesmerized by a spotlight at midnight, she watched him bring her hand, palm side up, closer and closer to his full lips. Adding a little pressure, he moved her hand downward, exposing her wrist to his lips. The firmness of his lips touched her wrist first, and then his tongue darted out and licked her flesh. Sinfully wicked.

A wild shudder charged through her arm and raced violently down her spine. Twin hard peaks made a sudden appearance in the front of her soft sweater. What the hell? Her nipples felt hard enough to cut glass. She looked down to see if they were visible. Yep. Just what she needed, a blaring sign of her arousal. Her reaction to him was an enigma. No other man had ever stirred her heart and body the way he did. Closing her eyes, she tried not to blush any brighter. Remembering why she no longer dated, she let her mantra run through her mind: *Men are players not lovers. Men are players not lovers.*

Feeling her change being placed in her hand, Branda opened her eyes. His heated hand still held hers. Green eyes bore into hers. Not

able to handle his intense gaze, she lowered hers to gaze at the counter.

"I'm sorry if I embarrassed you, but your beauty forced me to act on instinct." His voice was as silky as his kiss had been.

When his words registered in her brain, her brows drew together and she questioned him. "Instinct?"

His lips curled up in a sensual smile. "Yes, instinct. Something about you draws me to you."

Her brows shot straight up. Did he just say what she thought he said? "You're drawn to me?"

"Very much."

"Oh!" Shock slowed her brain down but not her feet. Scooping up her bag of treasured books, she rushed out the door.

* * * *

Upon returning home, Branda placed her books on the table and plopped into her favorite chair. *Whoa, that was a close one.* Her heart still hadn't slowed down from its hunk-induced, fast-beating adrenaline rush. If she didn't really know how painful sex was, how egotistical men were, and how mean men could be, she would most likely have let Troy do whatever he wanted to her. But she knew the truth, and there was no way she was going to do it again.

Besides, he was probably just being nice. No man that looked like him would ever want a size sixteen like her. They all wanted size-two women. She was just a whopping fourteen sizes too large for any hunk to really want.

A smile crossed her lips. It had been nice to hold his attention even if it was just out of niceness. For a moment, she'd felt like the heroine in a love novel. No man had ever looked at her the way he did, and she had never been as drawn to another man the way she had been to him. Most likely, every woman who walked into the bookstore was just as attracted to him as she was. She'd bet her last

dollar the bookstore was booming. Every desperate female within a hundred miles probably shopped there just to be treated so lovingly by such a hot and out-of-reach male like him. The owner had been smart to hire Troy Cortino.

What was the name of that store? Looking through her bag, she found the receipt. Cortinos' Body Oils and Books. Cortino. Body oils. *Lord have mercy.* Troy owned the store. *Handsome and smart.* Everyone loved a great-smelling store. His had smelled deliciously like cinnamon. Where had the body oils been? She'd have to go back and check those out. Not today, of course. Her heart couldn't handle seeing him twice in one day. *Men are players not lovers.* And some are downright mean. Her eyes lowered to the receipt. Body oils.

A shudder raced through her body as a wicked thought slashed through her mind—Troy rubbing scented oil all over her rounded curves. Her silky panties caught her slick juices at the thought of his tanned hands rubbing cinnamon oil between her thighs then licking it off. She doubted men really did that, but damn, it was a hot thought.

A loud ringing sound jerked her from her fantasy. Glancing around, she realized it was her phone. Picking it up and not recognizing the number, she answered, "Branda's Edible Bouquets. How may I help you?"

"Hi, Branda. I'm Gaven Walker. I just recently opened a sports pub, and I need some fruit bowls for a party that's going to take place here in two weeks. Can you cut some of the fruit into the shape of a football? My customer loves anything related to football, and his wife wants to throw him a party he'll never forget."

"That won't be a problem at all." Pulling out a notepad, she added, "Give me all the details."

* * * *

Pushing a speed dial number on his cell phone, Troy waited impatiently for his brother to pick up. Four rings later, he finally

answered. "Trey, I found her, and she is so sweet. I could get lost in her big brown eyes. I can't wait to see those eyes dazed with passion."

"Found who?"

"The woman of my dreams, of course. My true love." Pictures of Trey and him sharing different women in the past eased into his head. He loved the sight of a woman writhing in pleasure. "Maybe she's the woman of *our* dreams."

Trey's voice was filled with excitement. "Why do you think she'd be interested in both of us? Did you lick her wrist? I told you to stop doing that. It could be just a fluke that it happened to a few generations of our family." Trey paused for a nanosecond then asked, "How did she react?"

"Just like Nonno said. You should have seen her. Her whole body shuddered then the most tempting nipples you've ever seen made perfect round spots on the front of her sweater. When my tongue touched her wrist her emotions poured into me. The feeling was indescribable. I could feel a bond link us together. It was so incredible. When her emotions are elevated she turns the prettiest shade of pink. You are going to love her."

"What makes you think she'd want both of us?" Trey questioned.

"She was buying ménage books. That means she has an open mind and is not totally against it."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"No," Troy said, "I figured I'd get her address the next time she comes to the store. She paid in cash so what could I do? If you're up front when she comes back, you can get it. No problem."

Trey's voice rose. "What if she never comes back? You should have gotten her address."

"Stop sounding so desperate."

"Stop sounding so unconcerned," Trey fired back.

"If you must know, I wrote down her plate number just in case she's too shy to come back to the store," Troy admitted.

“I should kick your ass for yanking my chain,” Trey said with a growl.

Troy laughed. “You shouldn’t be such an easy mark.”

“I’m coming over. Pull her up on the security feed. If she’s the one, we need to make plans on how we are going to claim her.”

“Yes. I know she’s the one for me. Now all we have to do is find out if she is the one for you, too. See you in a minute.” Troy hung up, and flashes of Branda whipped through his mind. He’d known she was special the second he’d looked up and caught her staring at him. Something had zapped his heart. Those big, brown eyes with their sparks of gold had held him in a trance he would have happily stayed in for the rest of his life.

Luck had been on his side today. A ménage book by an author she liked was in his pile of books that needed to be shelved. He wondered if the family blessing his Nonno talked about had gone into play today. It sure seemed odd that his true love was interested in the writer of a ménage book he still needed to put on the shelf, giving him an opportunity to see how she felt about ménage. Could she be his and Trey’s woman? His dick grew hard at the thought. If they shared her, they could bring her to nirvana’s door over and over again with the greatest of ease.

A customer walked up, and he was glad the counter was solid. He didn’t want to advertise his hard-on to the world. Another customer walked up just as the last one was leaving. Dealing with a few customers was good for him because it took his mind temporarily off Branda McFalls. His *vero amore*. Soon he would see her again. Soon he would hold her in his arms all night long—forever.

Chapter Two

After waving her latest happy customer away, Branda headed for the massive kitchen. Time to clean up. The dark marble countertops were back to their shining beauty in no time at all. When the bowls and cookie sheets were cleaned, she poured herself a glass of wine and toasted the beautiful kitchen. “Once again we’ve satisfied another customer. We make a great team.” Team. Gaven Walker’s call a few days ago had her thinking of the sports arrangements she’d be doing soon. The excitement of a new challenge was exhilarating.

A thumping noise to her right had her jumping back and squealing in fright. The sound of water running had her sagging with relief. That damn ice maker was surely going to be the death of her. Maybe within the next few weeks she would get used to all the normal noises the house made. All she had to do was put off a heart attack until then. Too bad the house she had rented for two years had been put up for sale. She knew where all the sounds in that house came from. A clicking noise came from somewhere deep within the house.

Goosebumps covered her skin as she remembered being attacked outside her old apartment over two years ago. She’d heard strange noises that night, too. Then, out of nowhere, a tall figure had emerged from the darkness and shoved her to the ground.

Cold metal pressed against her throat. One wrong move and she knew she’d be dead. The stench of alcohol invaded her nose the second he spoke. His voice had been graveled with lust. The words replayed in her mind.

You’ve been teasing me for a long time, you little slut. Those long skirts you wear, I know why you wear them. It’s not to cover up your

sexy legs. You wear them to tempt a man. Make him crazy wanting to see what you're hiding under them. That's way more of a tease than girls who go around in short shorts showing off every inch of what they've got. You've teased me for the last time. Tonight you're going to get what you've been begging for.

Opening her mouth to scream, she'd felt pain radiate through the side of her face before she could get any sound out. He'd backhanded her so quickly all she could do was stare at him in dazed horror. Blood trickled into her mouth. Her lip instantly started to swell.

Try that again and I'll kill you, little slut.

The tone of his voice had made her believe every word he said.

His free hand started tugging her skirt up over her knees. Her mind swirled. She had to get away from him. Her breath was coming out in loud, harsh, gasping sounds. He'd slapped her hard.

Shut the fuck up. You know you want this, little slut. Now shut up before you draw attention.

The knife had pressed deeper into her throat.

I'll kill you if I have to. If you want to live to tease again, you better shut up."

She'd tried as hard as she could but she just couldn't stop her harsh breathing. The reeking smell of alcohol surrounded her, making it even harder to breathe. His weight shifted as he went back to pulling on her skirt.

Survival instincts had finally kicked in. Twisting her arm free from its trapped position between her body and his leg, she raked her nails down his face. He howled in rage then snatched both of her arms up over her head.

That was a big mistake, little slut. Now I'm not going to be nice to you when I fuck you. You have only yourself to blame.

Reaching into his pocket, he'd withdrawn a handkerchief. She watched as he brought it to her bleeding lip then shoved it into her mouth. She'd started gagging as soon as the material was shoved to

the back of her throat. Tears started running down the sides of her face.

Where were all of her neighbors? Realizing she'd left a customer's home way later than normal, it dawned on her that most of her neighbors were sound asleep in their safe, cozy beds. No help was coming. She was all alone with a psycho.

As hysteria set in, she started struggling harder. The hand holding her wrists also held the knife. It was a long, wickedly bladed knife. As she moved and thrashed beneath him, the blade sliced into her arm. She didn't care. All she cared about was getting away. He'd finally pushed her skirt all the way up and struggled to get her panties over her hips. Thank goodness she had big hips. Otherwise he would have had her panties off faster.

With every movement, she felt the knife rip into her flesh. Her mind was pulled away from the pain when he'd gotten her panties off her hips and was steadily pushing them down her legs. She screamed behind the gag and bucked, trying to get him off her.

Rearing back, he'd punched her hard in the face. Darkness descended. Time stood still. Then she felt like she was floating, weightless. No more pressure. No more pain. No more hysteria.

Someone was weeping, and the sound penetrated the fog surrounding her mind.

A familiar male voice was trying to soothe the weeping woman. She was certain it was a woman. Who was she? Someone close to her touched her shoulder. She flinched. Why was her nervous system on alert? It only did that when she was in pain. Why was her mouth so dry?

"Pete, it looks like she's coming to. Where's that damn ambulance?" The voice was female and filled with worry.

A low male voice answered, "It's en route. Should be here any minute."

"What's her name?" the low voice asked a moment later.

“Branda. Oh god, I can’t remember her last name. Is she going to be all right? Please tell me she’s going to be all right.”

Before the man could answer, the kneeling woman beside her called out, “Branda. Branda please wake up. Please don’t die.”

Branda opened her eyes as wide as she could, which was barely. The blow to her nose had broken it and it had swelled. “Sandy?”

“Thank god. Thank god you’re alive. When Pete and I rounded the corner and saw that man attacking you, I thought I’d die myself. Pete tackled the guy and pinned him while I dialed 911. The police are here, and we’re waiting on the ambulance. Hang in there.”

Her vision started to blur again. Sandy’s voice turned high and shrill. “Branda, Branda.”

“Branda, Branda!”

The voice sounded so real. So close. A touch to her shoulder had her flinching and backing away.

“God dammit, Branda. If you don’t come out of it right now, I’m calling fucking 911.”

Her vision cleared as the fog in her brain faded. One of her best friends, Sienna, stood next to her, staring at her like she’d grown an extra head. “I’m all right. I was just thinking about something.”

“Thinking about something? More like you were having a daymare. I didn’t know you were having those. How long has this been going on?” Sienna demanded, as only a truly outraged friend could.

Trying to brush her off, Branda responded offhandedly, “Daymare. Really? I think you just made that up. It was nothing. I was just thinking.”

Sienna touched her cheek then pulled her hand back and looked at her damp finger.

“Just thinking, huh? How often do you just think with tears running down your cheeks? Damn, girl, this is serious,” Sienna said with a shake of her head.

Brushing her cheeks, Branda was surprised to feel that they were damp. Quickly wiping the moisture away, she took a sip of her wine. "I'm fine, really. Let me get you a glass of wine. What brings you by?"

As Sienna watched her pour the glass of wine, Branda realized her hand was shaking.

"You know you're safe here, right? My parents have one of the best security systems money can buy. All the neighbors have great security systems, too. Criminals hate that. They steer clear of this neighborhood. That's why we insisted you move in while my parents are out of the country for the next year. It's good for them and you. A house should never sit for that long without someone living in it. Teddy and I have the ranch, so we can't live here. Plus, this place is perfect for your business. Can't find a bigger kitchen than this one." Sienna looked thoughtful for a moment then added, "I'm babbling. What I need to know is do you feel safe here?"

"Yes, of course. You just caught me at a bad time, that's all. I'm still getting used to being in a different home. You know I hate moving. The trauma to my system usually lasts at least six months." Trying to liven up the mood, Branda asked, "You want some cookies? I just finished a job, and you know that means I have a stash." She patted her hip. "You don't get hips like these without eating cookies."

A smile played across Sienna's lips. "For your cookies, I'm willing to be sidetracked. At least for a little while."

Four cookies later, Sienna obviously remembered why she'd come by. "Hey, tomorrow night you want to go to that new sports pub that recently opened? I hear it's karaoke night. You know how much I love karaoke night. I relieve so much tension when I sing like a crazy fool in front of strangers I'm not likely to see again."

Branda shook her head. "No way. I'm in business now. I can't be seen acting all crazy in public. It would be bad for my professional image."

With raised brows, Sienna smirked. “Professional image? We’re talking about one Saturday night here for heaven’s sake. The place is new. It can’t be that packed. Give it six months and karaoke night will be on Wednesdays like it is at other places. Besides, who would be there to see you? Come on. Let’s break loose and have fun for a little while. Just say yes. You know you need this. Come on. Say yes. You haven’t been out in a very long time.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll go, but I’m not going to sing if anybody is in the pub. Besides, I need to check the place out anyway. The owner called the other day and asked me to do some arrangements for eight tables for a party going on next weekend.” Branda went into deep thought for a moment. “I’ll go, but if the owner is there, I won’t be able to sing. I’ll just encourage you and Rain. Rain is going, isn’t she?”

“You know it. That’s one girlfriend who never misses a party. I’ll pick you up at seven tomorrow evening.” Sienna looked at her watch. “I’ve got to go meet Teddy for an early dinner.” Sienna’s face turned serious. “Those daymares...you’ll let me know if they continue? I know a really good psychologist who could help you out. Or you could cry on my shoulder anytime. Sometimes it helps just to talk about things. Clears the air, ya know? Makes you able to breathe again. Let me know if you need me, I’m here for you.” With that said, Sienna hugged Branda then hurried out the door.

Branda stared after her friend as she left. A part of her was unhappy about going out and another part of her knew she needed to go out and get her feet wet again. She hadn’t gone out since her latest date disaster four months ago.

If she didn’t stop thinking about Troy Cortino, every date for the rest of her life was going to be a disaster. It would be lovely if she could feel that same chemistry for someone less hot. Someone not so out of reach.

* * * *

They had just entered Gaven's Sports Pub. Looking down, Branda smoothed her hands over her wide-leg khaki pants. She worried about the pants being a little too tight across her butt. She never wore skirts anymore. They made it too easy for an attacker to rape a woman. That was one lesson she would remember for the rest of her life. Wide-leg pants provided the best protection, and for the most part, they hid her figure and were hard to get off in a hurry. These would be a little less revealing if she'd slow down on the cookies. Fat chance of that happening. Maybe she'd start exercising. Maybe walking. Really slow walking. Yes, that's what she'd do as soon as she got a chance.

Forcing her attention off her flaws and onto her surroundings, she let her eyes take in the pub. Good lighting, not too bright, not too dark. There were a good fifteen tables in the large room, a small stage for karaoke, and a long, sturdy, polished bar with ten barstools. Large-screened TVs hung all around the place. No getting a crick in your neck trying to watch a game in this place. It was perfect for sports lovers. Sports paraphernalia covered almost every inch of the walls not filled with TVs. Most definitely a sports junkie heaven. Seeing the place gave her a good idea of what she wanted to do. Shapes and color themes for cookies. Shapes for fruit. It was all coming together.

Plopping down onto a barstool next to Sienna, she pulled out her pad and started writing down some notes.

"You're here to have fun, not work," Sienna grumbled.

"Wrong," Branda retorted. "I'm here for both. I'm just jotting down a few notes then I'll start having fun."

Hearing the bartender walk up, Branda looked up from her notepad and asked, "Is the owner in?"

"No, ma'am. You missed him by about thirty minutes. He'll be back in at ten in the morning. Do you want to leave a message for him?"

"No thanks, I'll call him tomorrow. Can I get a Coke, please?"

Rain piped in at that. "Add rum to that."

The bartender looked at Branda for confirmation.

She gave Rain the evil eye then nodded her agreement to the waiting bartender. He nodded then moved off to get their drinks.

“You’re here to loosen up, remember?” Rain reminded Branda.

The bartender came back with their drinks, and the three friends moved to a table so they could see each other better while talking.

The second they sat down, Sienna squealed, then gushed, “Teddy asked me to marry him, and I said *yes*.”

Branda got up and hugged her excited friend. “I’m so happy for you. When’s the big day going to be?”

“Six months. I can’t wait. My parents are flipping out and already talking about grandchildren.”

Rain looked concerned. “Are you sure you want to marry him? He seems great now, but what about a year from now? Will you still love him five years from now? If you marry him, he’ll be harder to get rid of. Don’t get me started on how possessive cowboys can be.”

At Branda’s disapproving glare, Rain grumbled, “What? I’m just being honest. Everyone splits up these days. Why make it expensive and difficult to get rid of him? No marriage, no messy paperwork.”

“They’ve been dating for two years. I’m sure their marriage will be strong enough to make it,” Branda said as she patted Sienna’s hand in a comforting way.

Sienna looked appreciatively at Branda.

Remorse was written all over Rain’s face. “Look, I didn’t mean to bring you down. Marriage just isn’t for me. I hope yours makes it, and that you and Teddy have lots of little cowboys and cowgirls. Now let’s get this party started. That poor karaoke attendant looks bored out of her mind. What do you guys want me to sing?”

Sienna was quick to answer. “‘New Tattoo.’ I love it when you sing it and show off one of your tattoos.”

Branda and Sienna called out encouragements as Rain stepped up on stage.

Sienna looked at Branda and said, “It always amazes me how she can do that with only one drink down. It’ll take me at least three, then

I'll have to stop and drink water so I'll be able to drive us all home, but by the time I'm on water, I'll be bold enough from just listening to you two cheering me on. You're going to sing tonight, right? The owner's not here, and the place is not packed."

Branda glanced around the room as Rain started singing. The room was empty except for two other couples who seemed not to be paying attention at all. "Sure. It seems like we hit this place on a good night. Not too crowded."

Sienna smiled. "That's probably because word hasn't gotten out far enough yet. Give it a few months and this place will be packed every night."

Three drinks later, Branda stepped up on the stage and sang "Wanted Dead or Alive." It was her song. She could hit every note. Singing some songs made her feel alive and free. This one was her favorite. Thank god, no one except her friends was paying attention. She hated to draw attention to herself. When the final beat sounded, she glided back to the table and encouraged Sienna to go up and sing another one. She knew Sienna loved karaoke night. She and Rain were okay with it, but Sienna loved it. Her voice was pretty good, too, which was great since they had to listen to her sing karaoke every chance she got. Branda wondered if she'd have karaoke at her wedding reception. She'd best not bring it up or Teddy would most likely kill her.

Damn, she was thirsty. No more rum and Coke though. She needed a water.

"I'm going to get a water. You need anything?" Branda asked Rain.

"No, I'm good."

"Be back in a minute."

Chapter Three

Standing at the bar, she watched Sienna sing as she waited for her water on the rocks. The bartender came back quickly with her drink. “One water on the rocks.” His lips quirked up in a grin. “You girls having fun?”

“Yeah, this is a great place,” she responded before taking a sip.

“Glad to hear it. I’ll be here if you need anything else. We have killer stuffed jalapenos and mushrooms if you get hungry.”

“Thanks, that’s good to know.”

Returning to her friends, she downed half her water then realized she needed a potty break badly. Before going, though, she told them about the stuffed jalapenos and mushrooms. They both jumped on the idea of food and agreed to order while she went to the restroom.

Dang, even the restrooms had TVs. This place was serious about sports. She also noted how clean the place was. Doing her business quickly, she washed her hands then headed out the door.

Now that she knew they served some food here, a thought struck her for the party food she’d be making. Stopping a few feet from the restrooms, she dug out her notepad and started jotting down a few more ideas to run by Gaven.

Feeling someone invading her personal space, she glanced forward then up. Heat rushed to her cheeks, and her jaw dropped down as if all of her facial muscles had forgotten how to do their job. No freaking way. What was he doing here? How long had he been here?

Forcing her jaw muscles back into action, she stammered, “Mr. Cortino. I—I didn’t know you were here. Did you just show up?”

Please say yes, please say yes. She would die if he'd seen her singing. Damn, he was fine.

"Yes. Finding you here makes it worth the trip," Trey responded.

Relief washed over her from the tips of her toes to the roots of her hair. Thank god he hadn't seen her on stage. Fumbling with her notepad, she looked down long enough to put it back in her purse then slowly let her eyes travel up his lean waist, over nice, broad shoulders, along a muscular neck, strong chin, and firm but full lips that, right before her eyes, formed a knowing smile. Heat cranking up another notch, she knew she was turning a bright shade of red. Jerking her eyes away from his kissable lips, she took an unsteady breath. If she didn't stop ogling him, she'd never be able to go back to his bookstore. Maybe he had an online site. Or maybe she could just stop staring at him.

Not able to look him in the eye, she mumbled, "It was nice to see you again. I better get back to my friends." A boldness she'd never had before suddenly took hold of her. "If we bump into each other again maybe we could have a drink together or something."

As she turned to scurry away like a leery rabbit, she felt a warm hand wrap lightly around her wrist. Turning back to him, she made the mistake of looking directly into his eyes. Dark green with light green strands that looked like a never-ending fireworks display. New Year's Day fireworks sparked in his eyes every day. Her breath caught in her throat. She couldn't look away to save her own life. It was like she was being drawn in by an invisible force. Those dang butterflies in her belly started their crazy dance again just like they'd done the last time she'd been near him.

Rapt eyes continued to hold her as his husky voice slid smoothly across her skin. "That is a wonderful idea. I'll have to make sure we bump into each other again and again."

Clit throbbing, panties getting wetter by the second, she swallowed hard as he brought the inside of her wrist closer to his lips. Her lids fluttered shut just as his lips made contact with her sensitive

flesh. The touch of his silky tongue darting out for a taste of her sent shudders lashing through her whole body. Nipples hard as diamonds poked painfully against her shirt for all to see.

She wobbled. Why did that happen every time he kissed her wrist? Did her body crave something her mind didn't know about? After her first sexual experience, the attack, and two blah dates she'd gone on in the last year, she had no desire to be with a man. Building her company was her only desire. So why was her body reacting this way to his touch?

He must have sensed her confusion because he moved a strong hand under her elbow and guided her back to her friends' table. Once she was safely seated, he leaned down to her ear and whispered, "I'll be dreaming of you until we meet again. I'll see you very soon. Goodnight, my lovely little treasure, *tesoro mio*." His tongue lightly teased her earlobe, sending a shiver of desire straight between her legs. Easing away, he stood. With a slight nod of his head, he looked at her friends. "Ladies."

They all three stared after him as he smoothly strolled away.

As soon as he was out of sight, Sienna and Rain pounced. "Who was that?"

Trying to be nonchalant, she shrugged one shoulder. "Just a man I met at a bookstore."

Sienna and Rain smiled at each other.

Rain obviously couldn't help herself. "When you're done with him, let me know. I don't mind seconds. Not when the guy is as hot as him."

"It's not like that. He's just nice to me...to all women." Branda tried to correct her words. All the while she could feel that her cheeks kept a tight hold on their bright color.

Sienna pursed her lips. "It didn't look that way to me. That sinfully handsome devil has the hots for you. With a body like his, I'd eat him up. And that hair. I could run my fingers through it for hours.

You should go for it. He obviously likes you. What are you going to do about it?"

After counting to ten out loud, Branda eyed them both before she continued, "Nothing. Not a thing. He was just being nice. Guys like him don't go for big girls like me. Besides, great sex and love are just a fantasy. They're not real. Men are players not lovers." Seeing Sienna's sad face, she amended her statement, "Except for what you and Teddy have together. I'm sure you two will have it all. And I'm very happy for you. Hey, we're here to party, remember? Rain, go sing us another one. Make it lively."

Watching Rain step onto the stage, Sienna said in a thoughtful tone, "You know he looked kind of familiar. I just can't place him."

"Did you shop at his bookstore?"

"Possibly. I can't put my finger on it right now, but I'm sure I have seen him before. Oh well, I'm sure it'll come to me later. Have another pepper, they're great."

Chomping on the stuffed jalapenos, they both laughed at the crazy moves Rain was making. This was just what they'd all needed.

* * * *

Trey slipped back up the stairs unnoticed. Helping their buddy, Gaven, out in the evenings paid off big-time tonight. He couldn't have been shorthanded at a better time. Opening the office door, he moved through the room to stand next to Troy, who was steadily reading Branda's lips through the two-way mirror that overlooked the pub. They had been watching the girls for the last couple of hours and had learned a lot about Branda.

Troy never took his eyes off Branda. "She told her inquiring friends that you were nice to all women. She thinks she's too fat for us to be interested in her. She believes great sex and love are just fantasies. She thinks all men are players, not lovers. Now she's trying

to soothe her friend's ruffled feathers, and she is doing a great job of it."

Finally taking his eyes off her, he turned to Trey. "I saw how she responded to your kiss. Just like Nonno said. Hell, even Papa and Uncle Gabriel said it happened to them when they met Mom and Aunt Bellina. Now do you believe Nonno?"

"The verdict is still out. We haven't claimed her yet. But I must confess I'm leaning toward Nonno's story." Trey sighed loudly like a man in love. "You were right. She's perfect. I couldn't take my eyes off her. Something about her drew me to her. It was more than sexual attraction, although her body has it all. Beauty. Stacked frame, so curvy and soft. Sweetly scented. I could lap her body up all day. And when she blushed, I thought I was going to come in my pants like a teenager after his first girl. Damn, that blush turned me on. I can't believe she responds to both our touches. That's never happened in the family before."

"No, it hasn't," Troy said, "but the blessing is only four generations old. We are the first set of twins in the family since the blessing was bestowed. Maybe us being twins has something to do with it."

Trey watched her as he spoke. "Words can't describe the way it feels to touch her emotions. She was nervous, sexually aroused, and embarrassed all at the same time. I actually needed to calm her. We have to find out everything we can about her. Did you call in a favor and find out where she lives yet?"

"No," Troy responded as he watched her as well.

"Good. Now that she's come to us there's no need to call in any favors. I'll follow her home tonight." A smile flitted across Trey's lips. "Her cheeks colored so prettily when she saw me. I believe she was embarrassed at the thought that I might have seen her singing. I don't understand it, but I could sense her distress before I even kissed her. Not wanting to scare her away, I lied to her. I didn't like it, but it

was well worth it. Her relief was so strong I swear I felt it personally.”

Troy nodded. “That’s what Nonno said would happen. We Cortino men are supposed to be able to read our true love’s feelings. After the bonding kiss she’s not supposed to be able to lie to us even to save herself from embarrassment.”

“Our bond must be extremely strong because she hit on me with the pinkest cheeks I’ve ever seen. Like she couldn’t help herself, and that happened right before I kissed her.”

A large smile crossed Troy’s face. “This is just more proof that she belongs to us. When I met her at the bookstore, I could feel her attraction to me instantly. It was weird in a wonderful way. And I was just as attracted to her even though she was dressed a lot like tonight, in clothes that cover her curves as much as possible. I need her as desperately as I need my next breath.”

Brows drawn together, Trey said, “The more I think about it the more I believe Nonno’s story could be true. Great-grandfather must have truly saved a witch in Italy. And it looks like the blessing she cast on him and all his descendants is true. Not that I thought they were lying. It’s just that I’ve never seen the blessing in action, so I wasn’t sure, you know. How did it go...

“To your true love’s inner wrist

“you must place a licking kiss.

“If she’s yours, you will not miss

“the shudders of her bliss.

“Her nipples will come to a hard peak.

“You can have her within a week.

“Her emotions you can feel

“which shows you that your love is real.”

Troy nodded in agreement. “That’s right, Nonno repeated it all the time. Tonight we found out she belongs to both of us. It’s time to step

up our claiming of her. She's responded to both of us, and we can read her emotions. Even from here, I can feel her confusion, hope, and fear."

They watched hungrily as Branda cheered Sienna on.

Trey couldn't help but smile. "I'm glad she hasn't gone back on stage. I don't think I could handle hearing her sexy voice again without getting a hard-on from hell. You think she sings around the house? I hope so. I love it when women sing as they move through the house."

"Maybe if we give her something to sing about, she will, eh?" Troy replied softly, his eyes watching her closely. "Head out the back way. She just asked Sienna and Rain if they were ready to leave, and they said yes. Call me as soon as you have her address. I can't wait to start making her ours."

* * * *

Trey watched in horror as the three piled into Sienna's car and sat there talking for at least fifteen minutes. Had they been taught nothing? Sitting in a car in a parking lot was a dangerous thing to do. Any psycho could come up and kill them. What were they doing in there, for heaven's sake?

Trey's phone rang, and before he could say anything, he heard Troy ask, "Where does she live? Why didn't you call me?"

Disgust filled Trey's voice. "I didn't call you yet because I'm still sitting in the damn parking lot waiting for them to pull out."

"You're kidding me, right?" Troy asked.

"I wish I were. From what she told you, I gather she must live close enough that we could have made several trips to and from her house by now."

Concern colored Troy's voice. "Do you think something is wrong? Should you go check on them?"

"I don't think that will be necessary. They just started the car. I'll call you as soon as I know something." Trey hung up, heart pounding with excitement. Tonight they'd find out where their true love lived. She was the part missing in their lives, and now she'd been found. From the moment she'd responded to his kiss, their lives had all changed. She belonged to the two of them, and they belonged to her.

With each turn of his truck, Trey was led closer to home. Branda or Rain must live very close to them. Heart pounding, he watched as Sienna's car pulled into the drive of his neighbor's house. His neighbor!

Whipping out his phone, he called Troy. At the sound of Troy's voice he asked, "What was the name of the little girl who lived next door to us? For the life of me, I can't remember."

"You know, if you hadn't asked me I could have told you. Let me think. Sylvia. No. Sina. No. Sienna. That's it. Sienna. We haven't seen her for at least fifteen years. Why do you ask?" Troy questioned suspiciously.

"That name sounds right. My mind went blank, but I believe you're right. Guess what, Sienna just pulled into our neighbor's driveway. Branda's Sienna is the De Pescinas' daughter. They all three just went into the house. This could take some time if they're checking on the house for her parents then heading out to Rain's and Branda's houses. For Branda, I'll be patient." Every part of his body wanted to burst in and take her straight to his house. Straight to his extra large bed.

"Sienna didn't move back home, did she?" Troy asked. "Last I heard, Mom said she lives in some little town an hour from here on some cattle ranch. Of course, Mom calls her Carisa's daughter, which is why it was hard for us to remember her name."

"I don't know if she moved back or not," Trey said. "All I know is that she just pulled into her parents' house. Last I heard, her parents were out of the country. Mom did say they were going to get someone

to house-sit for them if they could find someone. Branda may be their house sitter.”

“She could be. If not, they’re probably just picking up mail and checking the alarm. They shouldn’t be long,” Troy stated.

“Sienna’s coming out now, followed by Rain and Branda.” Trey paused as he watched. A minute later he added, “You’re not going to believe this. Branda is waving them away.”

“No shit. You’re telling me our mate is living next door? This couldn’t get any better.” Troy’s voice boomed with excitement.

Trey cringed. “It looks like it. Sienna and Rain just drove off, and Branda went back inside the house. Heads up, bro. I wouldn’t call her our mate to her face. It sounds a little barbaric.”

“Noted. I won’t tell her that, but it is the truth. Our need for each other is barbaric. The word mate feels right to me because she is now bonded to me,” Troy responded.

“I can understand that. If you don’t need me back at the pub, I’ll go inside and call Mom. I’ll bet she knows a lot about Branda. You know how close Mom and Carisa De Pescina are. I’m sure they’ve talked about our new neighbor.”

Troy was quick to respond. “I won’t need you here. Go ahead and call Mom. I’ll be home in a couple of hours. We can talk about what you find out and what our next move will be. See you in two.”

“Yeah, in two.” Trey hung up and immediately started dialing their mom’s number. He knew she would know at least a little information about his *vero amore*. Most likely she knew a lot.

* * * *

Two hours later, Troy walked through the door. Seeing Trey’s stricken face, he felt his gut twist into a tight knot. “What’s wrong?”

Trey wiped a shaky hand across his face. “She was attacked a little over two years ago in front of her apartment. A rapist, Roy Smyth broke her nose and cut her left forearm so bad it took well over

a hundred stitches to close up all the wounds. He was in the process of taking her panties off when her neighbors rounded the corner, tackled the guy, and called the police.

“Roy was sentenced to five years in prison. The police know him well. He has a long criminal record. They are hoping to prove he was involved in a few other crimes, so they can keep him in prison for a few more years.” Trey’s voice shook with anger.

Troy poured them both a drink and handed Trey his before he said, “That disturbing bit of information makes me remember that she seemed unsure of herself when we met. Now we know at least part of the reason why.”

Trey groaned and closed his eyes in misery.

“That means we will have to proceed with caution. I felt her pain. I don’t think she’s ever felt the pleasure of a loving, giving touch.” Two deep breaths later, Troy continued, “Did you tell Mom she’s ours?”

Looking even more miserable Trey answered. “Yes. I didn’t have a choice. You know Mom. She wouldn’t give me the information I needed until I told her about Branda’s reaction to us. You know Mom doesn’t gossip.”

“That means the family will descend upon us in two weeks,” Troy remarked.

Trey nodded. “Mom said they’d all be coming to meet her two weeks from now. I tried to put her off, but she said that wouldn’t be necessary, that the blessing will make sure we have her within a week. That will give us one week alone with her before the family shows up to meet her.”

Excitement laced Troy’s words. “We’ll have to move fast. I know she likes cinnamon. We’ll bring her a large cinnamon candle. One from Ella’s shop. She sells the best ones. We can act like we’re welcoming a new neighbor to the neighborhood. She’ll, of course, be shocked that there are two of us and that she knows us. We have to get her to invite us in so we can get to know her better and start

making her comfortable around both of us. So we can test her response to us a little more.”

Trey was looking more excited by the minute. “Let’s do it. Let’s make her ours.”

The twins bumped fists then started fine-tuning their plan.

Chapter Four

Branda had just seen out another happy customer then returned to the kitchen to start cleaning up when she heard the doorbell. *Darn*. She hoped nothing had happened to the cookie bouquet in such a short time. She had some cookies left over, but not enough to start over.

She opened the door without looking out the peephole, so sure she knew who it was. As she opened the door, she asked, “Is every—”

It was the hunk from the bookstore and the pub, standing there looking back at her in surprise. Switching her gaze to the other person standing next to him, she felt her knees go weak. There were two of them. *Holy shit*. Her nipples hardened painfully at the mere sight of them. Crimson stained her chest and cheeks as she knew it always did when they were around. They probably thought she had some kind of skin problem or that she constantly had a sunburn.

What were they doing at her front door? Which one had she met? Why was she so hot for them?

Before she could overcome her shock, one of them smiled, showing off his dimples.

Her panties dampened. She loved his dimples. God, he was gorgeous. Correction, they were *both* panty-wettingly gorgeous.

The other one smiled and handed her the largest candle she’d ever seen. “You’re Branda, right? What a pleasant surprise to see you here. We just found out someone had moved in, so we brought a candle over to welcome you to the neighborhood. The world sure is a small place.”

She nodded as she took the candle. "Small." Unable to resist, she raised the candle to her nose. The smell of strong cinnamon greeted her senses. Mmmm. "Thanks for the candle. I love it. It smells great."

One of the hunks stepped closer to her.

"We're glad you like it. Seeing you here is quite a surprise. Karma must be putting us together. Maybe it's *good witch karma!*"

One of them smiled and asked, "Mind if we come in? I can't believe you live next door to us. How do you know the De Pescinas? Our mom and Carisa are very close friends."

Relaxing a little, Branda stepped back. "Come on in. You mind if we talk in the kitchen? I just finished a job and need to clean up. It'll drive me crazy if I don't get on it."

The one to the right quickly stepped into the house as he answered her. "Sure, sounds great. We can help you clean up."

"No, you don't have to. It won't take me long," she said as she led them to the kitchen. Once in the kitchen, she took one more whiff of the candle then put it on the counter. After pouring them ice water, she placed a plate of fresh cookies in front of them. "Which one of you have I met?"

They looked at each other then answered, "Both of us."

The one of the left took over. "You met me at the bookstore. My full name is Massimo Troyson Cortino. Please call me Troy. This is my twin, Fortino Treyson Cortino. We call him Trey. You met Trey at Gaven's Sports Pub. I was upstairs working and couldn't get down to talk to you. I told Trey about meeting you." He paused for a second and searched her eyes. "We've been helping Gaven out at night until he gets fully staffed. I was happy to see you at the pub, and now I'm even happier to find that you live next door."

Still a little dumbstruck, Branda nodded. "Run your names by me again."

Their names slid smoothly off Troy's tongue. "I'm Massimo Troyson Cortino, and he's Fortino Treyson Cortino."

“Wow, those are unique names.” She wondered if their parents loved them or hated them.

“Yeah, Massimo means greatest, and my name, Fortino, means fortunate. Our papa wanted us to have strong Italian names. Please call us Troy and Trey. It’s less of a mouthful,” Trey said with a wink.

“Troy and Trey it is.” Love. Their parents probably picked strong names because they loved them. Love. Her heart tattooed a wild beat. It was strange, but she already loved being around them and felt right in their presence.

“These cookies are great by the way,” Trey mumbled around his last bite.

Branda smiled. “Thanks. They’re how I make my living. I make edible bouquets. Speaking of your friend, Gaven, I’m making some fruit and cookie bouquets for him next weekend.”

“The Kirkland party?” Troy inquired.

“Yeah, that’s the one.”

“We’ll be there, too. Helping out wherever we’re needed,” Troy said as he picked up another cookie.

“Do either of you need a cup of coffee? Coffee goes well with sugar cookies. I love coffee,” Branda said a little nervously. The sexual tension shooting through her body was driving her crazy.

They both said, “Sounds great,” at the same time.

Laughter bubbled out of her. “Do the two of you do that very often?”

Trey answered. “Yes, but we seem to do it even more when we both want to please a woman like yourself.”

Her hand trembled when she added water to the coffeepot. “Trust me, I’m not worth pleasing. Besides, I don’t really believe in that.”

“By *that* do you mean a woman experiencing great pleasure from two men who adore her soft, curvaceous body?” Trey asked while staring into her eyes with a burning passion she’d never seen directed her way by any other man, except Troy. She loved the way they looked at her.

Remembering all of her dating experiences, she answered, “You can stop looking at me like I’m a meal. Trust me. You wouldn’t like it. I don’t do the sex thing.” With a shrug she tried to look nonchalant. “I’ve tried it twice, and been on a few dates. Sex is just not for me. Sorry guys.” She wished she was the type of woman that could please them and receive pleasure from them.

Both twins advanced on her.

Her body released a flood of liquid into her panties.

Troy leaned down and whispered into her ear, “I think you’d make a perfect meal. Don’t you think so, Trey?” Guiding his hand lightly across the tops of her breasts, he added huskily, “So curvy and delicious.”

Trey followed Troy’s lead and ran his hand across her other breast. “I do believe you are right. She’s perfect for us. Look how her nipples are responding to our touch. Such a lovely sight.”

Troy nipped at her ear. “Trey loves a woman who blushes. Right now you are blushing beautifully. I love a hot woman. You are perfect for both of us. Hot, responsive to our touch, and shy. Perfect.”

Senses reeling, Branda couldn’t believe these two gorgeous men were interested in her. A fire started building deep in her pelvis. An involuntary shiver shook her body when they both leaned down and nibbled at her earlobes. This couldn’t be happening to her. Why was she on fire for them? She’d never felt this way for any other man, or men, in this case, and deep down she loved it. Could she make them happy?

A flashback of the two times she had sex replayed in her mind. The painful invasion of his penis pushing into her dry body. His words when it was over the second time haunted her. *I won’t be calling your fat ass back. You have the driest hole I’ve ever seen.* She’d been a fool to let him have sex with her a second time. The only reason she’d done it a second time was because she had heard it got better every time you did it. Hah. She didn’t think so.

Trey murmured into her ear, “What’s the matter, honey? We’d never hurt you. We only want to please you.”

It was true her body responded to them, but she was sure they wouldn’t be happy with her performance in bed. Something clicked inside her and she spilled her thoughts. “I–I’m sure you wouldn’t like me. I’ve been told I have a dry hole.” Warmth licked at her cheeks. Why had she said that out loud? What was wrong with her?

“Never feel embarrassed about telling us your true feelings, Branda. Look how scrumptious she is when she blushes, Troy.” Trey’s raspy voice floated into her ear, sending a shiver down her spine.

“I don’t think you understood me. I won’t be able to make you happy in bed. I’m frigid. I have a dry hole, remember? Trust me. I’m a waste of time. I could never make you happy.” If she could have stopped her wild tongue, she would have.

Guiding her to the living room, they laid her down on the cushioned chaise lounge. Troy knelt down on one side, Trey knelt on the other.

“W–What are you doing?” Whatever they had planned she hoped it was wonderful. Maybe with them sex would be different.

“Proving you wrong. Is that okay with you?” Trey responded.

“Yes.” It was time she tried to advance sexually, and with these two everything felt right.

They both took a wrist and brought it to their lips then placed a licking kiss to her soft flesh.

A convulsing shudder shook her entire body. More liquid heat soaked her panties. Nipples became taut, and her clit throbbed. Flames streaked out from her core, heating her whole body. A moan escaped her throat. They were stroking her body, bringing it onto an unknown plane, a plane she’d stay in forever if she could.

Feeling her shirt being unbuttoned, she knew she should protest, but the only sound she could push past her lips was a soft mewling.

Cool air caressed her skin just before the men sucked lace-covered nipples deep into the erotic heat of their mouths. A cry came out of nowhere. Lost in the moment, it took her a bit to realize the sound had come from her. She'd never felt like this in her life, and it was glorious.

Through a cloud of passion, she felt them unhook the front clasp of her bra. More cool air rushed across her bare breasts. Their hands gently cupped and kneaded them. A pair of full, firm lips brushed tenderly over hers. Her body jerked at the feel of another set of equally full, firm lips nuzzling her ear and whispering incoherent words. Although she couldn't make out the words, she knew they were words of encouragement and reverence.

Soul shaken, all she could do was lay there and let them touch her. She never wanted it to end. The strong hands on her breasts stroked and explored the lush swells thoroughly. The rough texture of their hands was a sharp contrast to her silky curves, a thrilling contrast. Pleasure pulsed through her as their hands circled then slid up the tender underside of her breasts and stopped on top. Thumbs brushed back and forth across her breasts.

Another cry escaped her lips when their stroking fingers stopped and plucked at her nipples. The lips kissing hers changed, becoming more impatient. His tongue swiped along the seam of her lips, parting them then swooping in for a taste. A moan came from deep in his chest, giving her a boldness she didn't know she had. Swirling her tongue around his, she had him groaning again. Growing even bolder, she thrust her tongue into his mouth and groaned herself as the flavor of cookies and hot male invaded her senses. Surprise stunned her for a moment as the mouth she wasn't finished exploring pulled away from her to be replaced by new lips, the lips that had been murmuring into her ear. These lips tasted just as good, slightly different, but just as good. Plunging her tongue into his mouth, she swiped her tongue across his until he groaned and took over the kiss. His lips and teeth

nipped at hers then licked the sting away. These lips were demanding, taking what they wanted.

More of her juices dripped out of her body as his rough kiss continued to heighten her arousal. Her body was in an itchy state of heat. She needed more. Much more. To her relief, she felt their hands travel down across her stomach, lightly pass over her hot center, and on to her inner thighs. She wanted to scream at them to touch her pussy. She needed them to touch her there, to put out the fire in her loins.

The wonderful lips devouring hers stopped, moved to her ear, and whispered a few more words she couldn't quite make out. Branda closed her eyes and let her other senses take over. Slowly the hands on her inner thighs started moving upward. Her legs parted naturally for them. One hand cupped her mound, forcing another moan from her. She could feel the other one unfastening her jeans. A quiver raced down her spine at the feel of warm fingers sliding under her panties and heading straight toward her wet folds of flesh.

The twins' roving lips moved to her aching nipples. Gasping out loud, her breathing was out of control. The sensation of both their mouths suckling at her nipples at the same time was too much. The hand cupping her jean-covered mound moved, and the one inside her panties scored. Her legs parted farther for the calloused fingers. His middle finger slid from tip to base across her supersensitive bundle of nerves. A long wail was released from her lips when his long finger curved and entered her dripping canal.

Her brain barely registered the words being spoken.

"Slide your finger under mine, Trey, and tell me if you find a dry hole." Troy's voice was heavily laden with desire.

Trey's hand followed the direct path that Troy's had, rubbing along her clit before delving under Troy's finger still buried deep in her tight, wet pussy. His added finger stretched her more, sending sparks back up to her clit where Trey's palm was rubbing the little nub in a circular motion.

Trey spoke softly into her ear. “You know what I feel? I feel a silky, wet pussy.” At his words, more liquid released into her vagina, coating their fingers. “That’s it, babe. You just got a lot wetter. Let loose. Come for us, babe.”

Lips returned to her nipples, sucking hard while fingers slid in and out of her now-tingling pussy. The palm rubbing her clit added more pressure just as they nipped at her tender breasts. A feeling of desperation clawed at her pelvis, making her body shudder as new sensations coursed through her. Lights flashed before her eyes and her body erupted in a cataclysm of pleasure then flew apart. A loud wail filled the room as wave after wave of ecstasy claimed her.

Floating in a happy daze, she marveled at the wonderful feeling of a warm tongue lapping at her nipple while her other lover moved to her ear and whispered incoherent words into it. Trey left his palm resting lightly on her pulsating nub. Their fingers moved gently inside her, slowly bringing her down.

When her clit slowed its pulse and her breathing returned to normal, the twins withdrew their middle fingers from her hot core. Holding their fingers up for her to see, Troy remarked, “Do these look like fingers that have come from a dry hole?”

Trey played along. “Most definitely not. Her sweet little hole was exceedingly wet. Shall we test the sweetness level?”

“Excellent idea,” Troy replied.

Her eyes widened in shock at the sight of the twins slipping their dripping middle fingers into their mouths. Two sets of green eyes closed as if savoring the best gourmet meal and not wanting any visual stimuli to hinder their sense of taste.

Opening his eyes, Trey spoke with relish. “Hands down the sweetest honey I’ve ever tasted. How about you, Troy?”

With a wicked grin, Troy agreed. “Indeed. The sweetest honey from the sweetest honey pot. I can’t wait to lap up more of that deliciousness straight from the source.”

Branda almost blacked out just listening to them. Surely they weren't talking about licking her pussy. Her clit started to throb again at just the thought of that.

As she heated up, Trey spoke huskily into her ear. "That's right, babe. One day soon we're going to lick that sweet flesh between your lovely thighs. But for today I believe we've done enough. You did a great job today, babe."

Feeling a blush rising from the tops of her breasts to her cheeks, she let them help her sit up and straighten her clothes. "Great? I didn't do anything. I told you I wasn't any good." She felt bad about receiving all that ecstasy but not giving them any.

Troy defended her quickly. "You were awesome. Us giving you pleasure brings us pleasure. You are so beautiful when you come. Your body gushed your release and twisted in ecstasy. When you wailed as you came, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. I've never seen such a pretty sight."

Trey's eyes took on a seriously hungry look. "He's telling you the truth. I could watch you come daily and never get bored of the sight. Your beauty sparks a fire in my blood. A fire so powerful it will last a lifetime."

Not knowing what to do after experiencing the most unexpectedly awesome orgasm of her life, Branda's mind scrambled to find some stable ground. She couldn't believe these two finer-than-fine men would both be interested in her and her sexual gratification. She'd always thought *all* men were only interested in their own pleasure. How could this be? Thinking back, she remembered how happy Sienna was with Teddy. Was Teddy doing to Sienna what the twins had just done to her? If so, she could see why Sienna was so happy all the time. She'd have to call Sienna and ask her about the twins. The twins. Oh god. Sienna had told her about the hot twins that lived next door when she was a little girl.

“The hot twins.” Looking from one to the other, she blurted out, “You two are the twins Sienna told me about when we were teenagers.”

Each twin took one of her hands and raised her from the chaise lounge.

Smelling the forgotten coffee, Branda grabbed hold of her hostess side. “I need some coffee. How about you two?”

“Yes,” they said in sync.

When they were all seated at the table with coffee and cookies, Troy asked, “What all did Sienna tell you about us?”

“You sound concerned. Why?” she countered.

Trey answered. “Because he tied her pigtails together and made her cry.”

Branda choked on her coffee. When she was able to speak she replied, “That’s interesting, but not what she told me. Actually, what she told me was that when she was a little girl, the hottest twins ever lived next door. And that she cried for two days when you both went away to school. Hot, nice, and brave was how she described you two.”

Trey grinned. “That sounds about right.”

Branda couldn’t hold back a snort. “Not very humble are you, Trey?”

Surprised, she wondered how she knew he was Trey. It’s not like they were wearing name tags. They were both wearing hip-hugging black jeans and tight black T-shirts that left nothing to the imagination. The muscles in their arms made her long to touch and taste them. Realizing she was openly staring at them, she felt heat creep into her cheeks again.

Taking her hand in his and looking deeply into her eyes, Trey spoke in a soft tone. “I love it when you blush. What I’d like to know is what brought that blush on.”

Swallowing hard, more color flooded her cheeks. “N–n–nothing. It’s probably just the heat of the kitchen.”

Trey shook his head. “The only heat in this kitchen is your hot body. Were you thinking about all the things we are going to do to you after we kiss and lick your sweet pussy?”

At the widening of her eyes, Troy interjected, “Not tonight, but soon we will show you the many delights we can give you. Tonight was just a small demonstration of what we can do to you. If you’ll shave that sweet little pussy of yours, you will be even more sensitive to our touch, to our licks.” Taking her other hand, Troy kissed the palm and smiled as a shiver raced through her body. “You enjoyed what we did to you, no?”

Unable to lie to them for some strange reason, she answered them honestly even though she was extremely embarrassed. “Yes.”

Trey kissed her other palm, and she responded the same as it did to Troy’s kiss. As he looked into her eyes, Trey’s voice came out huskily. “See how you respond to our touch? This is very special, what we have together. We will cherish you always.”

A painful knot formed in her stomach. “I don’t think I understand. You sound so serious. No one ever seriously wants me. I’m a big girl with a fat ass, remember? I like cookies a lot.”

Troy’s eyes flamed in anger. “You are never to talk about yourself like that again, do you understand me? You are a gorgeous, curvy, silky woman. You are our woman.”

She stumbled over her words. “Y–your woman? I d–don’t understand.”

His green eyes kind, Trey spoke softly. “We know this is strange to you, but Cortino men know when they find their true love. You are the missing part of us. The last piece of the puzzle that makes us complete.”

Rubbing her wrists in light circular motions, the twins watched her for a minute, then Trey broke the silence. “We can tell you need to be alone to think on what we’ve told you tonight, so we will leave.” Bending down, he brought his lips to hers in a sweet brushing of lips.

As soon as he backed away, Troy leaned down and took her lips in a quick, hungry kiss that weakened every muscle in her body, making her glad she was still sitting down. As he backed away, she looked at them both, feeling dazed. How could they make her feel so loved? Why did she already trust them? This was crazy, but it felt so right.

Troy drew her from her thoughts. He helped her out of her chair and guided her to the front door. "What time do you get up?"

"Seven."

"We'll be back at ten minutes after seven to bring you coffee and chocolate-dipped cannoli. Sleep well, little angel." He placed a tender kiss to her lips then stepped through the door.

Trey stepped up to her and brushed his full lips across hers before running his tongue along her bottom lip. "See you in the morning. Close the door, lock up, and set the alarm, *vero amore*. We won't leave until we hear the door lock."

Blinking in shock, Branda closed and locked the door. Stepping over to the window, she stood there watching them walk away until they disappeared into the darkness. By rote, she set the alarm. What had he just called her? *Vero amore*? She'd have to ask him later what that meant.

Unable to digest all this on her own, Branda picked up her phone and called Sienna. She needed more information about the "hot twins," as Sienna called them.

Sienna picked up on the second ring. "Hi, Branda. Are you all right? I couldn't believe it when I saw your name pop up on my phone this late at night. I thought you went to bed by nine."

"Funny, but no. I usually don't go to bed until ten or eleven depending on how good the book I'm reading is." Pausing, she tried to get her nerves under control. "What all do you know about the twins that live next door to your parents?"

"Why? Did you meet them? Are they still hot?"

“Hello, I’m the one asking the questions. But to appease your curiosity, yes, I did meet them, and you met one of them last night.”

“Holy cow. The fine guy at the pub was one of the twins? I knew he looked familiar for some reason. I couldn’t place him because I’ve never seen just one of them. That and the fact that he’s at least a foot taller than the last time I saw him, and his hair is longer. Oh, and to top it off he’s even finer than the last time I saw him.”

“Back to my question. What do you know about them? Tell me everything.”

“Not a lot, really. Just that their parents are nice, and my mom is really good friends with their mom. Why? What happened?”

“This is going to sound extremely crazy, but they said I’m the missing puzzle piece that completes them. What do you think of that? They must be crazy. I’m way too fat for them.”

“Quit talking like that. You are not fat. You are curv-y-licious. And it’s obvious from what you’re telling me that that’s exactly what they see when they look at you. Wait a minute, did you say *they* as in both of them. Not just one?”

“That’s what makes it more insane. How could they both want me? Do you think they are playing some cruel joke on me?”

“Rewind. You said they said you complete them, right?”

“Yes.”

“I just remembered a conversation our moms had. Their mom said that the Cortino men in her family always fell fast and hard for their true love. I remember that because I’d wished I was their true love. Or even the true love of one on them. Did they show any other signs that they are falling for you besides saying that you complete them?”

“They, uh, they, uh,” Branda mumbled in embarrassment.

“They uh, what? What happened? What did they do to you?” Sienna demanded.

“I can’t say it out loud. All I can say is that they showed me how they felt.”

“Oh my god. Did you have sex with both of them? Give me all the details.” Sienna’s voice was riddled with excitement.

“I—they— I didn’t have sex with them. They touched me...down there.”

“Oh my god. Did they make you come?”

“Yes. It was *so* good I still can’t believe it. I didn’t think men really did that. I’m so confused. They told me they’d be back in the morning with coffee and chocolate-dipped cannoli. What do you think I should do?”

“For heaven’s sake, let them in. They sound like they’ve fallen for you. Rain is going to be so excited. We have to do lunch tomorrow so you can fill us in on how breakfast went. Chocolate-dipped cannoli. They are *so* courting you. I would’ve given my right arm to have been a fly on the wall at the house tonight. Where did they make you come? In the kitchen?”

“In the living room, on the chaise lounge.”

“That’s so hot. The chaise is a great choice. With cushions to make you comfortable and open sides, they’d both be able to have access to you. Their choice shows that they were thinking of your comfort. That’s *so* hot. Meet me at Sally’s Subs tomorrow at noon. Right now I’ve got to go jump Teddy’s bones.”

The line went dead. Branda looked at the phone in her hand in surprise. She couldn’t believe Sienna had ditched her to jump Teddy. In retrospect, now that she knew what a man could do to a woman, she didn’t blame her friend at all. Troy had said she should shave her nether hair for greater enjoyment. She wasn’t sure how much more enjoyment she could handle, but to please them, she was going to have to consider doing what they wanted. Deep in her soul, she wanted—no, needed—to please them.

Leaving the living room, she headed for the kitchen. After cleaning it up, she poured herself a glass of wine and let it ease the tension in her shoulders. Moving back into the living room, she sat on the chaise lounge and tried to focus on her book, not on what Trey

and Troy had done to her on this lounge, or on why she was so attracted to both of them, or why in such a short amount of time she was starting to tell them apart. Why she trusted them and couldn't wait to see them again she didn't know. Deep down, a part of her was beginning not to care about the whys. All she was starting to care about was them.

Flipping the book over to see what it was about, she trembled when she realized it was the one Troy had handed her in the bookstore. He'd said it looked interesting. Two brothers chasing the same woman. In love with the same woman. Opening the book, she started excitedly reading the pages.

Chapter Five

Stepping into Sally's Subs, Branda looked around and found Sienna and Rain watching her with wide grins. Groaning, she moved to their table. Looking down, she found that they had bought her favorite sub, chips, and drink. She looked at the food then at her friends as she sat down.

Rain looked innocent, but the words out of her mouth revealed that she wasn't. "We got here a little early so we could have lunch ready for you." She waved a hand at the food. "Lunch is ready, now spill. What have you been up to with a certain set of super-sexy twins?"

"She already knows about Sunday night. Tell us what happened this morning. Did they show up?" Sienna asked Branda.

"Yes. They showed up with—"

"Hold up," Rain said. "I have a few questions about Sunday night. They pleased you on the chaise lounge, right?"

A bright blush raced across Branda's cheeks. "Yes."

Rain's eyes danced with delight. "You didn't go all the way with them, did you?"

"No."

"Did they take their clothes off?" Rain asked with a devilish gleam in her eyes.

Branda coughed then sputtered, "No, they did not."

Rain's shoulders sagged. "Damn, I wanted to know what they looked like naked. They made sure you orgasmed, right?"

Branda chewed a chip. "Yes, Miss Nosy-pants. Why are you so interested in what they look like naked?"

“Good question. The problem is that I don’t know the answer to that. Usually I don’t care about what friends’ lovers look like naked, but my curiosity is piqued this time. Maybe it’s because they are twins. No worries, I promise to keep my hands to myself as long as you are with them. Back to the real subject.” Rain paused and Sienna leaned in closer to hear Branda’s answer. “How hot was it?”

A shiver skated up Branda’s spine as she remembered their touch. “It was burning hot. I still can’t get over how they made me feel.”

Rain’s blue eyes had an approving gleam. “I’m glad they showed you that not all lovers are selfish. Some men love to make a woman climax. Were they nice to you this morning?”

“Yes. I got up early so I wouldn’t look like I’d just rolled out of bed. You know I usually don’t get dressed that early, but for them, it was worth it. They brought over the best coffee and cannolis I’ve ever had. The sweet creamy filling had the perfect texture and the right amount of cinnamon and cream.”

“Cannolis and coffee first thing in the morning. They are definitely after you. What happened after you ate?” Sienna queried.

Branda said evasively, “Not a lot. We talked, mostly about my job, and they promised to come back tonight.”

Sienna and Rain looked at each other skeptically.

Rain looked closely at Branda. “What did you leave out? We can tell you didn’t tell us something. Did they kiss you before they left?”

Sienna’s eyes sparkled as she said, “I do believe they did. Look at how bright her cheeks are. Spill it. What happened when they were leaving?”

Branda looked over her shoulder then turned back to her friends. “They each took turns kissing me before they left. There. Are you happy now?”

Sienna ate a chip, eyeing Branda the whole time. “No. Was it a light peck like you give your relatives or was tongue involved?”

“Yeah, was tongue involved?” Rain couldn’t contain her excitement.

“As a matter of a fact, it was. And, since you two bulldogs aren’t going to let go of this issue, I’ll tell you it was awesome. Damn, they can kiss. My knees were trembling so bad I had to sit down the second they left. I wanted to jump their bones so badly.”

“Hot damn, I knew it. I knew they’d be good. I’m so happy for you.” Rain’s voice was filled with sincerity.

“I second that. The twins couldn’t go after a better woman than you. You deserve all the orgasms they can give you.” Sienna sounded truly happy for her friend.

Rain looked at Sienna. “Try to remember everything you can about the twins. I’m sure Branda wants to know everything about them.”

“I remember them loving cookies. Every time our moms made cookies, they would eat the whole batch.” A smile crossed Sienna’s face. “They were nice, too. When they’d sneak in for more cookies they’d always bring me a few. Their younger brother, Trent, was almost always with them. During cookie-sneaking time, he usually took the position of lookout. Our moms always knew what was going on, because the cookies were gone, and Trent and I always had crumbs on our faces and shirts. Troy and Trey were smooth. They never had any signs of cookie crumbs on them.” Sienna paused for a moment and waved her manicured hand nonchalantly. “Our moms didn’t care. I think they thought it was sweet that they’d sneak cookies for all of us.”

“They sound like they were something else as kids. I feel a little sorry for their mother. Can you imagine trying to keep up with them? What else did they do?” Rain asked then took a bite of her food.

Sienna looked thoughtful for a moment. “Once I was real thirsty and a bug flew into my drink. I wanted a drink badly, but I just couldn’t drink my own because of the bug. Troy let me have his instead.”

“That was so nice of him. I can picture him giving you his drink. What did he drink after that?” Branda asked.

Sienna shuddered. "You don't want to know."

"Oh yes she does. Spill it. What did he drink?" Rain demanded.

"This is gross, but in his defense, we were at a picnic and all the other drinks were gone." Sienna made a disgusted face then blurted out, "He picked the bug out of my drink and drank it."

"I knew you were going to say that. Little boys don't care about things like bugs. I remember a little boy in kindergarten picking a bug out of his drink and then drinking it down as if nothing had happened. At least Troy had a good reason for doing it," Rain said then checked her drink to make sure nothing had flown into it.

"That was gross, but sweet. What else do you remember about them?" Branda asked as she looked into her own drink.

"We used to go swimming a lot. One day I had a friend from school over and she fell head over heels in love with Trent. I told her she couldn't have him because all the brothers belonged to me." Sienna blushed and shrugged. "Hey, I was young. They were at my house a lot. As far as I was concerned, they belonged to me. Anyway, she got mad at me and untied my swimming suit top. I could have died when it floated away. Troy saw how embarrassed I was and quickly retrieved it for me. They all three told my fast-becoming-ex-friend that she'd done a bad thing and that she'd better not do it again. Needless to say, she was never invited back."

"That was very big-brotherly of them. I'm glad they came to your rescue," Branda commented. With every story Sienna told, Branda felt better and better about Troy and Trey. Now they didn't feel like total strangers.

"You have some juicy stories. What else did they do?" Rain asked then leaned back and ate another chip.

"Once a bully was being mean to me at school and Trent found me crying in my backyard. He demanded I tell him what was wrong. When I did, he told me not to worry about it anymore, that he and his brothers would make sure it never happened again." Sienna stopped and took a sip of her drink.

“What happened? Did the bully ever come after you again?” Branda inquired.

“No. As a matter of fact I never had that problem ever again. I think they talked to him and most likely threatened to beat him up if he ever bothered me again.” A thoughtful expression crossed Sienna’s face. “Before they all left for private school, Trey told me to let them know if anyone ever messed with me while they were gone. He said they could still handle the situation. They must have handled it well the first time, because I never had any more problems, ever.”

“Girl, it looks like you got the cream of the crop,” Rain told Branda.

“She definitely did. Their family is one of the best, and they believe in men taking care of their women and families. One gets into trouble and they all jump in to help,” Sienna added seriously.

“Do you think they are really serious about me?” Branda asked Sienna.

“I’d say so. All you can do is see if they come by tonight. But I believe they will. The men in both our families don’t toy with women,” Sienna answered.

Rain’s phone blared out a rock song. Looking at it, she frowned.

“What’s up?” Branda asked.

“My cousin Eloise recently started working for our clothing stores. She doesn’t have a clue so she texts me all the time. Looks like I need to go.” Rain got up and Sienna and Branda stood up as well. Rain hugged Sienna then turned to Branda. “I’m happy for you, girl. Have fun with them. Let them teach you to fly.” She hugged a stunned Branda then bounded out of the sandwich shop.

Sienna stared after her then looked at Branda. “Take her advice. It was some of the best I’ve heard in a long time. Let them spread your wings. You couldn’t ask for better guys than them to do it.”

They both sat back down to finish their food. Branda felt bad that Rain had to leave, but she wasn’t going to waste her food because of it.

Three bites later, Sienna asked, “How’s the business going?”

“Good. I’m staying pretty busy. I guess word of mouth is finally starting to spread. I’ve got two small jobs this week and a party this weekend. How’s the house going? Do you like living in Golden Gate?”

“I’ll get to your questions in just a second. First I want you to know I’m glad to hear your business is doing so well. One of these days your cookies will be in stores.”

Branda snorted.

“What? You know it could happen. Your cookies are good.” Sienna took another drink. “Now on to your questions. Golden Gate is a little small, but Teddy and I like it. It’s cozy, you know. The ranch is doing well, the cattle are thriving. The house remodel is another matter. Nothing is going right. It looks like it could take another three months to finish.”

“I’m sure it’s rough now, but I bet the house is going to be nice when it’s all done,” Branda said.

“I’m sure you’re right, but I can’t wait for it to be over.” Sienna looked at her watch then over at Branda. “I hate to be a party pooper, but I have to leave. I’m needed back at the house.”

“It’s all right. I need to get back, too. I need to make up some more dough. I’m glad you and Rain came today. You helped me out a lot. I was desperate to find out about the twins. I didn’t know if I could trust them or not. Talking to you has made me feel a lot better.” Branda stood up.

Branda felt lighthearted as she hugged Sienna then headed home.

Chapter Six

Head swimming, Branda couldn't believe all that had happened this week. The twins had just left with the reminder that they would come back to walk her over to their house at eight that night. She pinched herself to see if she was dreaming. "Ouch." No, she was not dreaming.

The past week had been like living a fantasy. Just as Sienna had said, the twins showed up Monday night.

Every night that week they had come back with a bottle of wine and a movie. Troy would put the movie in and then join her and Trey on the couch. Feeling both their hard bodies pressed against hers always had her nipples and clit throbbing long before the movie was over. When the movie ended, they'd stroke her body and kiss her senseless, but they didn't take it any farther than that. Much to her great sorrow.

Every morning they had shown up with breakfast. Tuesday morning they'd shown up with that same splendid coffee. They ended up bringing it every day. For breakfast, they brought struffoli instead of cannoli. The struffoli had melted in her mouth. The small balls of fried dough covered with honey, caramel, and chopped pine nuts had been so good.

Wednesday, their offering had had the cutest name, "My Sweet Italian Angel." It turned out to be slices of angel food cake covered with an Italian cream and sprinkled with mixed berries. If they were trying to win her heart through her stomach, they were succeeding.

Thursday dawned with them presenting a panini with chocolate and brie. The grilled slices of sourdough bread were warm and crisp,

and the brie and chocolate countered the crisp bread by being warm and gooey. Every bite was a bursting, flavorful experience. So was the tongue they both gave her before they left for work.

Today, berry strata had been on the menu. She wasn't sure how they'd pulled off the buttery, berry-licious offering, but she was glad they had. The kissing this morning had left them all panting. Sienna was right. They were courting her. She still couldn't believe they'd want her. All week she'd felt the evidence of their wanting her, so she knew they did. Both of them had pressed their swollen cocks into the cushion of her belly while they kissed her.

Branda forced herself to stop thinking about them or else she'd have to go change her wet panties, again. She'd gone through more panties this past week than she ever could have imagined possible. Thomas what's-his-name had lied to her. She didn't have a dry hole. He just hadn't been man enough to get her wet. Knowing that made every minute she spent with Trey and Troy worth it. Even if they didn't last forever, they'd shown her not all men were just players and not lovers. These two were definitely lovers. The mere sight of them turned her on. Her strong attraction to them was crazy, but she didn't care. She planned on enjoying them as long as they'd let her.

After walking into the kitchen, she made herself start pulling out all the ingredients she needed to make her fast-becoming-famous cookies. Who would have ever thought her recipe would take off the way it had? It had taken her about a year to get it just right. Now she was able to make three variations from the basic dough—sugar, chocolate chip, and oatmeal. Today she would make up the dough. Tomorrow morning she'd shape and bake the cookies for the party at Gaven's Pub tomorrow night. Getting to it, she started mixing the ingredients.

* * * *

Nighttime was coming fast. Twisting around, Branda tried to see what her black skirt looked like from the back. It seemed to hug nicely to her curves. Not too loose, not too tight. It was a little short, stopping just above her knees, but Sienna told her she looked super in it. She felt very nervous about wearing skirts or dresses after the attack by Roy, but tonight was different. Tonight she wasn't going out in public. She was going to Troy and Trey's house. Nobody would see her except them. The thought of them seeing her reminded her of her smoothly shaven pussy. Doing what Troy wanted, she had removed her pubic hair. At first it had felt funny, but now she was getting used to the smooth feel. In their defense, it would be easier to lick and kiss her down there if the area wasn't covered in hair. The thought of them licking and kissing her pussy had her clitoris throbbing. Easy, girl, she chastised her wayward clit. The night was young, and she was already wanting to get them in bed. It struck her anew how safe she felt with them. Taking a cleansing breath, she knew she could do this. They were a balm to her inner wounds.

Picking up her old habit, she started rolling up the sleeve of her thin, white blouse. The sight of pink, puckered scar tissue on her left arm had her chiding herself and rolling her sleeve back down. She used to love to roll her sleeves back, but that was no longer an option. The scar tissue on her left arm looked bad enough to scare off small children. The cuts had been too jagged for the doctors to stitch up smoothly. Sighing softly, she knew it already looked better, but to her it still looked bad. Until she could accept the scar, she'd just wear long sleeves.

Sienna's parents had been a real blessing. Without hesitation they had paid the best surgeon to fix her broken nose. Looking in the mirror, she ran a finger down its length. Not even a small bump to give away what had happened. One day, when she became a parent, she wanted to act like Sienna's parents—kind, loving, and caring. She wanted to be nothing like her cold, uncaring parents who only cared about saving money to the extreme that they didn't buy presents, ever.

Hell, they wouldn't even go out to eat on their anniversary. From the looks of them, you'd never know they were quite wealthy. No, she would never be like her parents. When she had a child, she would love it wholeheartedly. She would never treat it as an unwanted expense.

Shaking off thoughts of her cold, selfish parents, she gave herself another once-over in the mirror. The black skirt did look cute with its two inch split on the right thigh. It showed a little skin, but not too much. Her silky, white blouse hugged her breasts nicely and dipped in at the waist before flaring out slightly and stopping a few inches below the waistband of her skirt. Strappy three-inch heels adorned her feet, showing off dark red toenails. She'd applied light makeup and brushed her brown hair till it shone, letting it fall around her shoulders in soft waves.

Knowing she had done all she could do, and thinking she didn't look too bad at all, Branda headed to the living room. She jumped when the doorbell rang. Looking at the clock, she saw it was ten minutes to eight. They were a little early, but she didn't mind. Might as well get this over with. She was excited and nervous at the same time. Would they make love to her? If so, how would it feel? Would a wet hole make a lot of difference? Sex had been painful before. Would they stop if she asked them to? Yes, she knew they would. That thought settled her nervous stomach. They were good guys. Everything would be all right.

After opening the door, she was rewarded with a heart-melting smile from both men. Green sparks shone in their eyes, showing her just how much they wanted her.

From his expression, she could tell Trey was the one wearing the tan, formfitting, long-sleeved shirt. His eyes scorched her as they roved down her body, slowing at every curve to take it all in.

The left corner of Troy's lips curled when he was turned on. It was a very promising grin. He was wearing a shirt similar to Trey's, but in dark brown. Their shirts stretched enticingly over chiseled

muscles. Damn, they hadn't even touched her and her panties were already wet.

Trey stepped closer and took her hand. "You look lovelier than the most brilliant sunset. The sparkle in your eyes makes me think of golden stars captured in shiny chocolate-colored silk."

Hot color stole across her cheeks. What could she say to that? No one had ever spoken to her with the passion Trey did. She was blown away every time he did it. Finding her voice, she responded, "Thanks. You both look handsome this evening." Good enough to eat, the little devil on her shoulder added.

Trey guided her a step away from the door while Troy closed it behind her then stepped beside her and tucked her other hand in his. They escorted her to their house at a leisurely pace.

Stepping through the door of their house, Branda noted it was just as beautiful as the De Pescinas' house with large, open, airy rooms painted in earth tones and decorated with crown molding. The kitchen had granite countertops, two convection ovens, and two large refrigerators. A breakfast nook snared her attention. It looked so cozy with its highly polished, round, wooden table and its deep-burgundy leather, semi-circular seating. It looked like it would be as soft as warm butter. Her gaze moved on and traveled over tons of cabinets, an island with a sink, and a professional cooktop. One of the two dishwashers was making a slight humming sound, indicating it was running. Sweet, they knew how to clean up after themselves. She was in kitchen heaven with two hunks who knew how to work it. What more could she ask for?

"From the look on your face, I take it you like our kitchen." Looking over at Trey, Troy continued, "Maybe more than us, Trey."

In a teasing tone, Branda responded, "I could never love this kitchen more than you two. Maybe equally, but never more."

At their mock pained expressions, Branda laughed openly.

Trey's stomach growled loudly. "I believe that is our signal to eat."

Leading her to the semi-circular breakfast nook, they had her slide in. She nearly groaned. It was just as soft as it looked. Trey and Troy pulled three hot plates of lasagna from one of the ovens and placed them on the table. Next, they pulled out warm buttered bread and chilled wine. The delicious aroma of the food floated around her, tempting her.

“Go ahead, try it,” Troy encouraged.

Trey picked up his fork and took a bite, groaning when the food hit his tongue.

Following suit, she took a bite and closed her eyes as the flavor swirled around her taste buds. Opening her eyes, she grinned and nodded at them. “This is the best lasagna I’ve ever had.”

“Our only goal is to make you happy,” Troy said, right before he took a bite.

Contentment filled the air as they ate, relishing each bite. Looking around, she wondered why they were eating such exquisite food in a breakfast nook, a luxurious nook, but still a nook. Her question was answered after she took her next bite of food.

Cheese and sauce clung to her chin, and before she could wipe it away, the twins leaned toward her and licked it off. Two tongues licked her chin clean then moved upward to her lips where they lapped at her mouth before pushing past her lips. Their tongues touched hers. Her heart picked up its pace. No longer able to sit up, she leaned back. They followed her and took turns tasting her mouth. She moaned and opened wider for them. Going in deeper, the twins worshiped her mouth with each of theirs. They could never have leaned in and done that at a regular table.

Her vaginal muscles clenched with need. Trey backed away slightly. Troy covered her lips with his, running his tongue over her lips. Delving his tongue into her mouth, he deepened the kiss until she whimpered and clutched at his shoulders. He tasted and felt so good she couldn’t get enough of him. His mouth explored hers completely, sampling every nook and cranny.

When he pulled back, Trey brushed his lips across hers then nibbled and licked at her lower lip before his mouth demanded more. Tongues intertwined, they ate each other up. She wanted to purr when she felt his hands boldly caressing her curves. They were both panting by the time he pulled back.

“I’m ready to get this meal over with. What about you two?” Troy asked in a rough voice.

“I’m with you. We can eat the cannolis after we eat her,” Trey growled as he got up and helped Branda out of the pillow-soft nook.

Trey led her to the back of the house and into the largest bedroom she’d ever seen. It was breathtaking. The bed drew her attention first. It was a four-poster king, carved from thick hardwood, protected with gleaming polish. She wanted to touch it. It looked so strong, yet soft with all the pillows piled up on it.

Trey pulled her away from her thoughts when he took her in his arms and kissed her hungrily. His taste and smell dominated her senses. Needing to touch him, she let her hands slide over his muscular chest and shoulders. A touch on her lower back sent sparks shooting to the apex of her thighs. Troy ran his hands up her back as his lips slid up and down her neck.

She felt like she was floating, with four hands caressing her body and two sets of lips kissing her. Cool air touching her whole body brought her out of her dazed state long enough for her to realize that they had stripped her clothes from her body. Heat replaced cool as Troy took over kissing her lips. She felt skin on skin. Looking down, her fuzzy brain registered Troy’s nakedness and the sound of more clothes being shed behind her.

Strong fingers plucked at her nipples, causing her knees to give out. Troy scooped her up and gently laid her down in the middle of the bed. The mattress dipped as both men climbed on and pressed their bodies against hers on both sides. Kissing lips caressed from her shoulders to her ears. Hands caressed her skin, sending her nervous

system into a tailspin. Her brain couldn't keep up. Sensations of pure arousal engulfed her, readying her for their lovemaking.

Whispered words soothed her. Some she could understand some she couldn't.

"Beautiful. Vero amore. Angel. Tesoro." Trey couldn't seem to hold back the words.

Troy's lips took hers in a rough heated kiss. His hands fondled her breasts, making them heavy with desire.

Feeling her legs being parted, she stiffened. Knowing her sex was wet, she relaxed a little and whispered against Troy's lips, "I'm ready."

Chuckling faintly, Troy whispered back, "Not yet, but soon, my little angel. I see you shaved for us. I'm glad you did. Your body is totally smooth and sleek. All of us will experience even more pleasure tonight."

Trey separated her legs a little more. She tried not to wince, but didn't succeed.

"We will not hurt you. Relax, let us love you." Troy breathed into her ear.

Instead of a penis pushing into her pussy, she felt lips kiss her clitoris. Her hips jerked in response. "I love how responsive she is to a mere kiss," Trey stated in a low, aroused tone. Spreading her labia, he rained light kisses all over her entrance and dampened folds. Moving upward, he leisurely ran his tongue across her extended bundle of nerves. Her body tightened.

"Get ready. She's going to come," Trey warned then took her swollen clit into his warm mouth and sucked and lapped at it as her body convulsed in orgasm.

Troy's lips latched on to her nipple and suckled it while his arms encircled her quivering body.

Crying out loudly, all she could do was hold on to Troy as her world grew dim and she floated in a state of nirvana. Four hands

gently stroked her body, encouraging her to stay in her euphoric state as long as possible.

Her eyes opened, taking in two muscular male bodies, fully aroused and ready to go where she'd just been. Troy was at her side, propped on an elbow and looking at her with hungry green eyes while his fingers ran through her hair, tenderly caressing her.

Troy was kneeling between her legs, running his hands gently from her belly to the tops of her thighs. Up and down. On the up stroke, he'd let his fingers softly graze her inner thighs, but he didn't touch the damp flesh between her legs.

Her mind and body seemed to separate. Never having felt this way, she let herself be swept away as they stoked the fire in her again. Sucking and moaning sounds filled the air as they kissed, stroked and sucked her most sensitive parts.

"That's it, baby. Relax. Let us take you to heaven again." Troy's husky voice continued to murmur into her ear, bringing out the need in her again.

Troy played with her nipples as he instructed her. "Open your pretty legs wider, baby." Her legs immediately spread. "A little wider." She complied again. "Excellent. Open your body to Trey. He's going to bring you much pleasure."

Relaxing even more, she felt the blunt head of his cock stretch her opening wide. Trey groaned as he slipped his cock inside her slick canal. His hips moved back and forth, going a little deeper with each thrust.

His cock felt so good, mewling sounds vibrated from her throat. He didn't hurt her at all. Her wet channel welcomed his every thrust.

With a hard plunge, he buried himself fully into her dripping channel. He groaned loudly. "Jesus, she's so hot and tight. The sweetest little pussy I've ever had. I have to take her. God, I can't wait." Gripping her hips tightly, he pumped quickly in and out of the sweet haven of her body. With a harsh growl, he thrust deep one more time, staying fully seated in her body. He cried out as his body jerked

hard, and his semen spilled from him. Taking her in his arms, Trey breathed roughly for a minute into her shoulder. The heat of his breath made her skin tingle. Gliding her hands up and down his back, she reveled in the feel of his muscular body.

His solid form pressed deliciously against hers. Dick moving tenderly in and out, he moaned, "*Tesoro mio. Ti amo.*"

Not understanding his words, but hearing adoration and feeling loved, she moved her hips upward in response to him.

Groaning softly he pulled his softening cock out of her heavenly sheath. Troy handed him a clean, soft, hand towel. After wiping their fluids from her thighs, Trey leaned down and kissed her clit then gave it a long lick. A smile curled his lips up when her body shuddered at his touch. Branda stared passionately at Trey as he ran his hands tenderly along her body.

Moving to her side, Trey kissed her lips and stroked her heated body.

Her body was so hot and bothered she didn't even know how to express what she needed. Trey had already made her come, but then when he'd entered her, he had stoked the fire in her again.

When Trey moved off her, she wanted to call him back, she needed more. She watched through heavy-lidded eyes as Troy took Trey's place between her legs. When he spread her legs wider, a tremor raced to her clitoris, rekindling the fire and making it rage hotter. Her hips jerked in need.

* * * *

Troy knelt between her thighs, spread them wider, then pressed his cock into her slick pussy. With one smooth stroke, he pushed his straining shaft all the way home. She gasped and moaned into Trey's mouth.

"Oh god, she's so tight and wet." Staying still, Troy let the feel of her velvety walls enclose him in their wet warmth. The way she

quivered and squirmed under him and the way her pussy pulsed around his cock brought out the possessive beast in him. As of tonight, she would be with no other men. Trey's dick would be the only other one to ever enter her tiny, heavenly passage.

As he watched, she moaned and hunched her hips, urging him on. No other woman compared to her. She touched him all the way to his soul.

With slow, measured thrusts of his hips, he continued to raise her arousal level. He wanted her so hot she couldn't see straight. God, he loved the way she looked when she fell apart in their arms. Her body squirmed, a blush stained her breasts and cheeks, and she whimpered and cried out so wonderfully. He'd never seen anything so beautiful as her screaming as she came.

Troy could hear his blood pounding in his ears as he watched Trey kiss Branda while his hand played with her nipples. She moaned and started thrusting her hips hard against his. Thrusting deeper and harder, he gave in to her body's demands.

Their pelvises grinding into each other drove their undulating bodies closer to the edge. Branda's back arched, and she cried out. Her pussy held his dick with the power of a clenched fist. His balls tightened, commanding him to move faster and deeper.

Desperately needing release, Troy guided her legs up higher and open wider. "Come with me, baby. Scream for me."

Troy whispered words of love and passion into her ear.

Troy moaned and surged in and out of her yielding cunt. The pleasure her body brought him was beyond expression. He wanted to return that pleasure every day for the rest of his life.

At the intense look on her face, Troy knew the pressure was building again. Knowing what was coming, he encouraged her to let herself be taken away by pleasure. His thick cock stretched her, filling her to capacity. Hips pumping ignited the fire. With each downstroke, he pressed against her clit. Her muscles tightened. He pressed harder. She convulsed, and he could tell her world had just exploded.

Euphoria was back, and it was blissful. She screamed as wave after wave washed over her.

Branda's inner muscles contracted hard and milked Troy's dick. Her body's release washed over his cock. Her pussy sucked him in deeper and deeper. Head thrown back, Troy shouted her name as he released his cum into her quaking flesh. Easing down, he gathered her into his arms, breathing in her soft scent and the delicious scent of sex.

Sweet, sated lethargy closed over them. It had been a long, tiring week. Holding back had been hell on them all. Tonight's trip to nirvana had been worth the hellish wait.

Groaning, Troy moved off Branda. He so didn't want to move because she felt so good. Retrieving the towel, he gently cleaned them both up. A smile crossed his lips as he stared down at Branda's sprawled body. She looked so satisfied he couldn't help but smile even wider.

Trey got up and turned off the lights then headed back to the bed.

Not wanting to break the spell that held them all, Troy looked over at Trey and motioned for them to cover up and go to sleep.

In total agreement, Trey grabbed his side of the covers while Troy grabbed his and they both pulled the soft covers over the three of them, sandwiching Branda between them. Her body felt heavenly next to his. Within minutes the three cuddling bodies were drifting off to sleep.

* * * *

The ringing of the doorbell woke Trey.

Looking around, he grinned at the sight of Branda on her back, sound asleep. His hand was cupping her breast, and Troy's arm was resting on her stomach. Each of them had a leg thrown across hers. The scent of sex and warm skin mixed with her flowery smelling hair

made his dick stand at attention. He could most definitely get addicted to waking up like this every day.

The doorbell sounded again, reminding him of what had awakened him in the first place. Groaning inwardly, he carefully removed his body from hers. Drawing on his jeans, he left the room and headed for the door.

Peering through the peephole, he sighed and opened the door. Standing there in her housecoat and rollers was his eighty-year-old neighbor, Mrs. Overhand.

“Hello, Mrs. Overhand, what can I do for you?”

Clutching a time-wrinkled hand to her throat, she said, “I’m so glad to see you’re all right, young man. I waited until a decent hour to come by just in case you boys were all right, and it looks like you are. You are, aren’t you? I’ll call the cops if need be.”

Confusion drew his brows together. “I’m sorry, I’m not following you. Why did you think something was wrong?”

“Because, dear, your living room light was on at three in the morning and still on at six this morning. You boys never leave your inside lights on at night. I know these things because I always peek out the window to make sure the neighborhood is all right when I get up to do my business in the middle of the night. Weak bladder, you know.” She nodded then reached up to adjust a roller.

At her words, the memory of him and Troy rushing Branda to the bedroom popped into his mind. “No need to worry, ma’am. We just forgot to turn them off. Thanks for noticing. We won’t be so forgetful again. Sorry to have worried you.”

She gave him a serious look. “It’s my duty to look after you boys. I gave your mother my word that I’d watch over you three when she moved out. When is Trent coming back?”

“He’s still doing some traveling, but he should be back in a couple of months, if not sooner.”

A whimsical expression took over her features. “I used to love to travel. You boys make sure you do some of that yourselves while

you're still young enough to do it. Good memories keep you sane in your old age."

"I'll remember that, ma'am."

"Very good. Now that I know all is well, I'll be going home. Tell Troy I said hello." With a nod, she turned and headed home.

Closing the door, Trey wondered how she always knew the difference between him and Troy. Most of his family didn't even know.

Perusing the rooms as he walked through them, he noted and turned off the living room lights. In the kitchen, the lights were still on, and dirty dishes were on the table, and in the bedroom, clothes were strewn all over the floor. Watching the sleeping couple, he noticed that Troy's hand had moved and now cupped a luscious breast. One of Branda's arms was trapped between their bodies, and the other was up over her head. A picture of her hands tied overhead to the headboard with a strip of silk flashed in his mind.

Turning from the sight of her naked body did little to erase the thought from his mind. Soon they'd do that to her, but not now. They had a lifetime to explore all the wonders of sex. For now, they'd break her in easily.

Returning to the kitchen, he put the dishes in the dishwasher, wiped down the table, and put on coffee. While it was brewing, he went back into the bedroom and slipped into the bathroom. Stripping off his jeans, he stepped into the shower. Excitement coursed through his veins. Today was the first day of their new lives. Now that they had found their *vero amore* and claimed her, their lives had changed forever. Next weekend, his family would come over and celebrate with them. That is, they'd celebrate after they'd seen proof that Branda belong to them. One licking kiss to her wrist from both of them and the celebration would begin. They would have to handle her with care until she understood that she was now a part of their family.

Turning off the water, he quickly dried off and put on a clean pair of jeans. Bringing her breakfast in bed would be the perfect beginning

for their new life. When she was finished eating, they would eat her. Smiling to himself, he headed back to the kitchen.

Chapter Seven

Sitting at a corner table, Branda watched the people at the party having a good time. Her cookie and fruit bouquets were a big hit and the partygoers loved Gaven's Pub. What was not to love? It was a great place. The atmosphere was very welcoming. Troy and Trey were helping Gaven out tonight and insisted she stay. She didn't mind. It gave her a chance to watch the twins interact with others.

Taking a sip of her drink, she watched them from across the room. Women were flirting with the twins every time one of them turned around. But, to their credit, they never flirted back. They were nice, but they didn't give false hope to any of the women. At least she hoped it would have been false hope. She wanted to keep them to herself for as long as possible.

Recalling the moment she'd awakened this morning, Branda couldn't stop the satisfied grin that split her lips. Troy had one leg over hers and his large hand cupped her breast. He had looked so handsome and relaxed in sleep, black hair tousled, dark lashes touching his upper cheeks. Unable to stop herself, she lightly kissed his lips. His hand had flexed, squeezing her breast for a split second then he relaxed back into sleep. After that she had kept her lips to herself, not wanting to wake him. Instead, she contented herself with looking at his gorgeous body. Her gaze traveled up his thigh and dipped down to peek at his relaxed penis. Damn, even in sleep, it looked impressive, thick and beautifully shaped with a beckoning, plum-shaped head. Licking her lips she knew soon she would have to taste it. She loved it when they tasted her. Surely they would love her to taste them, too. Closing her eyes, she had to stop herself before she

woke him and begged him to take her. Opening her eyes, she found the sheet and pulled it up over them.

They had taught her a lot the night before. Now she knew that sex with the right lover could draw out a hedonistic side of her she hadn't known she had until last night. Now she craved their touch and could only hope they didn't tire of her too quickly. She wanted to learn everything they could teach her. Feel things she'd never felt before. Explore her wild and wicked side.

It had been touch and go for a little while when Troy awakened. One side of his mouth had turned up in a smile then he'd tossed the covers off them and explored her body with a hot green gaze. A small frown had wrinkled his brow when his eyes landed on the pink scar on her left arm. She had turned her arm over so most of the scar tissue wasn't visible then tried to scoot out of the bed. A scowl had crossed his handsome face, and he'd pulled her back to his side. Taking her arm he'd kissed the scar then told her never to hide any part of her body from him or Trey.

Much to her embarrassment, he told her he knew what had happened to her. She'd wondered how he had found out, but the light bulb had come on pretty quickly. Sienna's mom must have talked to his mom. They were friends and had been for years.

His eyes had turned stormy just before he told her he would have done way more than pinned the man that had attacked her if he'd been the one to catch him in the act. From the venomous tone he'd used, she had easily been able to picture Roy beaten to within an inch of his life. Kissing her arm again, he'd told her he and Trey would do everything in their power to make sure nothing like that happened to her again.

The heat of his words melted her heart even more. Something in his voice calmed her and made her believe him. As she cuddled in bed next to him, she realized she felt safer with the two of them than she ever had in her life.

Rain plopping down in a chair next to her startled her so bad she sloshed her drink onto the table. Grabbing some napkins, she mopped it up.

“Damn, you were further away than I thought. Want to tell me about it?” Rain asked with a raised brow.

Branda could feel herself blushing. Damn, with her skin she couldn’t get away with anything.

With a knowing chuckle, Rain leaned toward Branda. “I take it you’re still doing the twins. You are absolutely glowing with sexual satisfaction. When you get tired of them, I want to be the first to know.”

Cutting her eyes to the bar, she found them standing by Gaven. Those butterflies in her stomach did their crazy dance again. Would that ever stop? Part of her hoped so, but another part of her hoped not.

“You look so lust-sick I have to have details. Did they both have sex with you in the same bed or are they shy and take you in different bedrooms one-on-one?” A playful gleam entered Rain’s eyes.

Branda tapped her fingers nervously on the table. “I don’t know if they’d like it if I talked about what we did.”

Rain took a sip of her drink and eyed Branda thoughtfully. “Your loyalty to them this early in the game is disgusting, interesting, but still disgusting. And it could lead to heartbreak. Remember who your friends are. I would never tell anyone what you tell me, except for maybe Sienna if I thought it was necessary. Now give over all the juicy details, so I can see how much schooling I need to give you.”

Sighing loudly Branda gave in, but only because she could use some help. She really didn’t know what to do to make both men happy at the same time. This whole sex-is-great thing was new to her. “All right, but you better not tell anyone. All you’re getting is the basics. Not a blow-by-blow, got it?”

Bringing her fingers to her lips, Rain made a twisting motion to say she was locking her lips, then, with a turn of her wrist and with an outward flick of her fingers, she mimicked throwing the key away.

Grinning at her friend's actions, Branda looked around then leaned in closer to Rain. "They had sex with me in the same bed. They worked me until I orgasmed then one of them took me, and when he was done, the other one took me and made me orgasm again. Twice in one lovemaking session. I couldn't believe it."

"Damn, girl! That sounds hot. What happened after that?"

"Nothing. They pulled the covers up over us, and we went to sleep with me wedged between the two of them."

"Did you have sex again this morning when you woke up?"

"No. When I woke Troy was cuddled to me, but Trey was already up and making breakfast. Which he served in bed."

"No way, you lucky dog. Why didn't you have sex with them after that to pay him back?" Rain asked in surprise.

Guilt pierced Branda's heart. "I would have, but I had to go home and get started fixing the bouquets for this party. I must confess I do feel guilty for just laying there letting them do all the work. As you know, my sexual experiences were a disaster before them, so I have no idea how to please them. How do I pleasure them?"

Grinning sinfully, Rain said, "You need to give one a blowjob while the other one is taking you. That way all three of you can come at around the same time. No waiting in line. Something else you can do is caress them. That will show them that you're interested in their bodies, and it will also make them hot and horny for you. Oh, and you can give them a morning wake-up blowjob. Guys love to wake up to a wet mouth sucking them off." Spotting one of them heading toward their table, Rain added, "Remember to let me know when you've had your fill of them."

Looking at Rain, she said in a dreamy voice she didn't recognize as her own, "I don't know if I'll ever get tired of them. They're so sexy and sweet. I'm sure I'll mope for weeks when they get tired of me."

A rough voice came from behind Branda, making her jerk. "Never. We'll never get tired of you. You belong with us. To us." Troy's hand caressed her shoulder.

Branda scowled at Troy. "You're going to have to quit sneaking up on me. It could bring on heart failure, you know."

"Our bond is too tight. Your body will always know mine. Your passionate response will never cause heart failure, only total bliss," Troy answered in a sexy drawl.

"You're talking sex, I'm talking startled. You could startle me into heart failure," Branda said in a frustrated tone.

Troy sighed loudly. "Very well. I'll try not to startle you again. But I do expect you to respond to my every touch." His voice dripped with sin and promise.

"If you two don't stop, I'm going to have to find a man to release my sexual tension on. You wouldn't happen to have a brother, would you?" Rain asked Troy with a teasing grin.

Brow raised he looked Rain over. "Actually, we do have a little brother. He likes all types of women. I'm pretty sure he'd like your blonde hair and blue eyes. Unfortunately, he's not in town right now."

"If he looks anything like you two, he would definitely be worth getting naked with," Rain purred.

Choking on her drink, Branda coughed and Troy patted her on the back.

Minutes later, Branda glared at Rain. "We really need some kind of silent signal to alert me when you're about to say something outrageous."

"Give me a few more drinks and I'm sure I'll come up with something." Switching her gaze to Troy, Rain added in a sultry tone, "Be sure to let me know the minute your brother comes to town."

"Rain, stop," Branda pleaded.

"You know you love it." Before she could say anything else, her phone blared out a rock song. Glancing down at it, she sighed sadly after reading the text.

“Got to go. Ms. Pain-In-My-Ass needs me,” Rain said in an aggravated tone.

“Ignore her,” Branda suggested with a wicked smile.

“I can’t. I did that the last two times she called me. She whined to her mother that I’m not helping her enough then I got the third degree from my mom. She wouldn’t even have her job if it weren’t for her parents. Maybe I’ll get lucky and she will find Prince Charming soon. Then he can go to work and she can stay home. Until then I’m on call.” Blowing her hair out of her eyes, Rain got up, hugged Branda, then winked at Troy. “Call me when your brother comes to town.” Waving at Trey and Gaven, she bounded out of the pub.

“Is she always so forward about taking lovers?” Troy asked.

Laughter burst from her lips. “Yes. But in her defense, she is very picky. It sounded like she takes lots of lovers, but the truth is she only has sex a couple of times a year and some years less than that. Her relationships are quite short.” Looking at Troy, she pursed her lips and thoughtfully added, “She did surprise me at her persistence to meet your brother, though. Usually she won’t sleep with anyone her friends are interested in or even their brothers or cousins. She says all her friends’ lovers and their kin are off limits for life. She means it, too. Two of Sienna’s exes have tried to go out with her, and she flatly refused. I guess she was just joking around with you tonight.”

“Probably. Who did she have to go see?”

Taking a deep breath, Branda explained. “Eloise, her cousin. Eloise and Rain’s dads are brothers. They own a couple of businesses with a friend. Rain has a master’s in business, and Eloise has her looks. Her parents want her to get married, so they are making her work for one of the companies. Nothing too difficult, of course. Mostly she just goes to dinners and events in the company’s name. Her parents are hoping she’ll start looking harder for a husband if she has to go to work instead of just pampering herself all day. They told her as soon as she finds a good husband she can go back to her old

life. In the meantime, Rain is stuck babysitting her and fixing everything she does wrong. Rain's tough though. She can handle it."

"You two sound pretty close."

"We are. She and Sienna are my best friends. Always there when I need them. We've been friends since the seventh grade. Rain even decked a boy once for calling me fat." Branda's lips curled up at the memory. "She's always been just a little smaller than me, so I think she was just as much offended for herself as for me."

"I'm liking her more by the minute. I would deck any man that called you fat." Sincerity oozed from his voice.

"That's sweet, but in case you haven't noticed, I am a little fat." She was immediately sorry she'd said that. What if he took a good look at her now? Would he want her anymore? She really wanted to continue her relationship with him and Trey for as long as they would have her. But now her big mouth might have stopped this relationship before it could get good and started.

"You are not fat. You are lusciously soft. Perfectly curvy. I don't want to hear you say you're fat ever again." Tenderness softened his eyes. "Trey and I think you're beautiful. We've been drawn to you from the first moment we laid eyes on you."

"Look, I'm going to be honest. I don't see how two men who look like you two could be interested in me." Placing a finger on his lips, she stopped him from commenting. "I don't expect your infatuation with me to continue. I just want to enjoy your attention while I can. I don't want either of you to think I believe this is leading anywhere permanent. I'll always have the fondest memories of you two, and for that, I can't thank you enough."

Her stomach flip-flopped as his scowl darkened. He should have been relieved. What had she said wrong? The answer came quite quickly.

With a low growl, he leapt to his feet, took her hand, pulled her from her chair, and guided her to an inconspicuous stairway. At the top of the stairs, he opened a door and motioned her in. A fast glance

around proved it to be an office. He didn't give her a chance to look around long. After following her in, he twirled her around to face him.

The inclemency in his expression revealed his stormy emotions. "I believe you misunderstand how strongly Trey and I feel about you. You belong to us. You are our *vero amore*, our true love. You must never leave us."

"That sounds intense. I'm not sure I like that."

A noise from the doorway drew their attention. Trey stood there, watching them both. Closing the door behind him, he walked over to Branda. "What my barbaric brother is trying to tell you is that we have a special bond, the three of us. This bond is very strong. We couldn't be happy without you and you couldn't be happy without us. We need each other. *Forever.*"

Taking her hand, Trey brought the inside of her wrist to his lips. He placed a licking kiss on it. Her body shuddered wildly, and her nipples hardened instantly just like they had every other time he'd done that. "See how your body reacts to my touch? It does the same thing when Troy does that. No other woman reacts to our kiss the way you do. Your involuntary reaction lets us know you are our *vero amore.*"

Leading her to the couch, Trey sat down and pulled her into his lap. Turning her sideways in his lap, he kissed her lips gently.

Troy came over and sat down as well. When Trey pulled back, he leaned in and took her lips in a hungry, but brief, kiss. Easing back, he placed his hand possessively on her thigh. The passion in his eyes was all consuming.

Trey wrapped her hair around his index finger and toyed with it.

How could they so totally make her melt in their arms? They had too much power over her heart. And what was up with her body's reaction to their lips on her wrist? That was just plain bizarre. Looking from one set of anxious, green eyes to the other, she felt a stone settle in the pit of her stomach. She was ready to bolt from the room by the time Trey started talking.

“The way your body responds to us is caused by a blessing placed on our great-grandfather in his youth. You see, he saved an unconscious witch from drowning. When she came to in his boat, she asked how she got there and he told her about his finding her and pulling her into his boat then doing a few pumps on her breastbone until she coughed up the water from her lungs. She was so happy, she blessed him and all his descendants with a way to know who their true love is. The blessing goes:

*“To your true love’s inner wrist
you must place a licking kiss.
If she’s yours you will not miss
the shudders of her bliss.
Her nipples will come to a hard peak.
You can have her within a week.
Her emotions you can feel
which shows you that your love is real.”*

Trey paused for a moment. “Your body responds as the blessing said it would. Troy and I weren’t positive if the blessing was real—until we met you. You are our true love, our *vero amore*.”

Troy reiterated, “You are our future. We can’t be happy without you. No other woman could replace you. You belong with us. Do you see how important you are to us?”

Emotions running rampant, all she could do was nod that she understood, but deep down she wasn’t sure. She hoped they were telling the truth, but what if they weren’t? Was the story about their family true? Could she live through the heartache of loving and losing both of them? That stone in her stomach just got heavier.

Trey leaned closer. “The blessing bestowed upon us also lets us feel your passion, hope, confusion, doubt, anger, and fear. With time you’ll know we are telling the truth. Until then we will take it one day at a time.”

He started nibbling at her ear. The stone in her belly got lighter as she moaned at his touch.

Troy bent to her and took her lips in an all-consuming kiss. The two worked her body, making her forget all her troubling thoughts. Feelings of peace, safety, love, and arousal licked at her heart and body. She knew she never wanted these feelings to go away. Both men moaned as she kissed Troy back and squirmed in Trey's lap. Maybe they did have feelings for her. Hope unfurled in her chest like the petals of a flower opening to the sun's life-giving rays.

With obvious effort, Troy pulled back. Standing, he held a hand out to her. She took it, and he pulled her to her feet. Trey stood and they headed for the door. At the door Troy said in a low growl, "Let's go talk to Gaven and prove our story is true."

Not sure what he was talking about, but trusting him, she allowed him to guide her down the stairway.

At the bottom of the stairs, Trey motioned Gaven over.

Watching the six-and-a-half-foot-tall male come closer, she couldn't help but smile at the boyish grin on his face. Cotton-top was the description her mom would have given his curly hair. It curled around his ears and the top of his collar. Light-brown eyes danced in amusement as he stopped in front of them.

"Did you kids resolve your problems?" Gaven asked with a humor-filled voice.

Troy looked sullen for a moment. "You're one year older than we are, so we're not kids. And, no, we did not totally resolve our problem. That's why we called you over."

"Uh-oh, that doesn't sound good for me."

Troy's smile returned. "Maybe not, but we need your help."

Turning to Branda, Troy murmured in a low tone, "Remember how your body responds to our kiss on your wrist?"

She hesitated for a moment. "Yes."

Taking her hand in his, Troy held it out to Gaven. "We need you to place a licking kiss upon her wrist."

"Oh no, that's your family thing, not mine," Gaven protested.

“We know that, but we still need you to do it to prove a point. Come on. Man up. She won’t hurt you.” At Gaven’s doubtful look, Troy added, “Nonno made you part of the family so that means you have to do it. Please. This is important to us.”

With a loud sigh, Gaven bent over her wrist and placed a licking kiss on it.

Nothing happened.

The twins grinned.

Branda stared at them in shock.

Gaven chuckled. “Looks like you need a drink, Branda. Let’s all head to the bar and toast to proven points and a successful pub party.”

At the bar, Gaven pointed at each one of them, needing their drink order.

“Sweet, red wine.”

“Beer.”

“Beer.”

Moving fluidly behind the bar, Gaven returned shortly with three beers and a glass of wine. Raising his beer, Gaven beamed. “Let’s toast to proven points, successful parties, and—” He turned his brown gaze toward Branda. “—successful new business relationships.”

Cheers rang out and glasses clanked.

After sipping her wine, Branda pursed her lips. “It just occurred to me that your point may not have been proven.”

A growling Trey asked, “What are you talking about? You know you don’t react to Gaven the way you do to us.”

“That’s true, but what if all women respond to you two that way? Do they?” *Please say no, please say no*, Branda chanted in her mind. She truly didn’t want to have to give them up. They were special to her. She wanted them to belong to her and her alone.

Troy’s eyes darted around the pub. “Give me a minute to find a test subject. Preferably one without a male in tow. I’d hate to go to work with a black eye tomorrow.”

Arms slid around Gaven's waist, and a squeal sounded behind him. With a big grin, he turned in the arms that held him then thoroughly kissed the redhead that had him trapped in her embrace.

Trey uttered, "Subject found."

Troy agreed. "It seems to be so. What do you think, Gaven?"

Hearing his name, Gaven pulled back. "What?"

"Troy needs a female wrist to prove the point to Branda. Mind if he uses your little lady?" Trey asked with an amused tone.

Gaven looked at the redhead. "Marla, do you mind doing my buddies a small favor? All he wants to do is kiss the inside of your wrist to prove a point to his girlfriend. Are you game?"

"I guess. When do you want to do it?" Marla questioned.

Taking her wrist, Gaven handed it to Troy. "Right now."

Troy bent over her wrist and put a licking kiss on it.

Nothing physically happened.

Branda wanted to jump for joy.

Trey smirked at Branda. "Point proven, *amore mio*."

Troy dipped his head slightly toward Marla. "Thanks for the help. It is much appreciated."

"No problem," Marla answered, but looked at Gaven questioningly.

He just smiled. "Trust me, you don't want to know." He placed a quick kiss on her lips. "Now let's celebrate."

Their group of five moved to a round table after Gaven got Marla a drink.

At the table, Branda watched Trey and Troy razz Gaven unmercifully. She suspected they championed sports teams he disliked on purpose. At one point, Gaven asked where Trent was. When Troy said his little brother was out of the country, Gaven grumbled about his ally being too damned far away. Troy explained that Trent almost always agreed with Gaven when it came to sports.

Taking pity on the blond giant, Branda changed the subject. "I love your place. It looks like business is going well."

Grabbing onto her lifeline, with a last glare at Trey and Troy, who smiled at him in return, Gaven answered, "Business is great." Looking at Troy and Trey, he added, "By the way, you guys are officially off the hook. The staff did a great job tonight, and Marshall, the assistant manager, has now put in enough training hours that I believe he can just about handle anything. Thanks for helping out."

A ruckus broke out at the bar.

Gaven calmly got up. "Please continue to enjoy yourselves. I'll be back in a moment." He strode from the table.

All eyes watched him.

Two men were fighting over keys with what seemed to be a drunken friend. The drunken man was starting to get out of control.

Without a word, Gaven quietly slipped up behind the drunk, slid his arm around the man's neck, and applied pressure. Within a minute the man slumped against Gaven. A not-so-handsome man stepped in and retrieved the man's car keys and handed them to one of the man's friends.

Gaven motioned one of his bouncers over to help them get the unconscious man out of the pub and into one of his friends' car.

Gaven watched them drag the man out of the pub then turned to the slightly ugly man and signaled for him to follow. Both men headed for the table.

Seeing all eyes on him, he apologized. "Sorry about that. It happens occasionally anywhere you serve alcohol. Branda, Marla, I'd like you to meet Marshall, my assistant manager. Now where were we? Oh yes, business is good." Looking at Branda, Gaven continued, "Your centerpieces went over very well. Would you be interested in working with me on a party I have booked in three weeks? Your centerpieces would be great."

Still a little shocked over how quickly and calmly he'd taken the drunk out, it took her a moment to find her tongue. "Sure, that sounds wonderful. Just let me know the theme and I'll come up with something."

“It’s a deal. We can discuss it on Monday if that’s good for you?”

“It’s good for me.”

“I’ll be here. Anytime in the future, though, if I’m not here, Marshall will be. You can ask him any business questions. He always knows what’s going on.”

Marshall smiled at Branda. “I’ll be happy to answer any questions you may have.” His eyes panned the people at the table. “Ladies, it was nice to meet you. If you’ll excuse me, I’m needed in the back.” He turned fluidly and walked away.

He was almost out of sight when they heard a loud female voice say, “That man must have been dropped on his face a lot as an infant. He sure was ugly.”

After her attack, Branda couldn’t stand to see anyone being picked on. He didn’t look that bad. To Branda, kindness trumped looks any day of the week. A strong desire to defend Marshall came over her. She was moving her chair back to stand when Gaven’s hand reached across the small table and halted her. “Where are you going?”

“To tell that woman a thing or two, of course.”

Gaven released her. “That’s what I thought. Let it go. Marshall hears those kinds of comments everywhere he goes. He has developed a very thick skin. Idiots no longer bother him. Trust me, he’d rather we ignore it than fight endless fights for him. He chooses his fights carefully. He can defend himself extremely well.”

“All right. I’ll let it go. I don’t like it, but I’ll let it go.”

“Awesome. I’m glad you feel sympathy for the underdogs in life. You are a definite keeper. Now who wants to try to beat me at darts?” Gaven asked in a playful tone.

They all tried, but failed. He was damn good at throwing darts. Troy came close to beating him several times, but close didn’t cut it with Gaven. He was too good. Troy and Trey had each bet him twenty dollars they’d beat him, so after admitting defeat, they each handed him twenty. Branda was glad she’d been smart enough not to bet. Her dart throwing skills were almost zilch.

Marla had bet, too, but when Gaven held his hand out to her, she raised his hand to her mouth and sucked the tip of his index finger. Releasing his finger, she boldly stated, "I'll pay you back in the bedroom."

Gaven looked at Troy, Trey, and Branda. "Sorry, party's over. I have a debt to collect." Switching his gaze to Marla, he spoke in a sexy drawl. "And what a pleasurable collection it will be."

Trey cried out in mock horror. "You would leave us hanging high and dry, just to collect a debt?"

Light brown eyes traveled slowly up and down Branda's body. "I don't feel like I'm leaving you two high and dry at all. More like I'm encouraging you to go home and finish celebrating in private."

Two sets of green eyes caressed Branda with a lusty glow.

Taking Branda's hand, Troy started leading her to the door, Trey following closely behind. Over his shoulder, Troy said, "Just this once, I must agree with Gaven."

Gaven's laughing voice floated over to them. "I knew you would concede to my superior knowledge."

Chapter Eight

Waking to the smell of bacon, Branda opened her eyes. Her body was tucked against Troy's side, her head lay on his shoulder, and her face was turned into his neck. His dark hair tickled her nose. One of his arms was around her and the other thrown up over his head. Her right arm was cradled next to his warm body, and her left arm rested on his chest. And what a chest it was. Muscles rippled with every move he made. She had explored both their muscular physiques the night before.

The firmness of their smooth flesh was a miracle. The dips and grooves of their sculptured muscles fascinated her. The most miraculous things of all were their penises, so thick and long. It amazed her how quickly their male organs could go from soft and velvety to hard and velvety. Watching and feeling them grow under her exploring fingers had been an awe-inspiring moment for her. She still couldn't believe she had the power to arouse these two wickedly handsome men.

In her mind they should have been only aroused by some athletic female, not a cookie eater like herself. Breathing in deeply, Branda relished Troy's distinct scent. Delicious. Troy and Trey each had their own personal aroma. If she could come up with a cookie recipe that tasted like them, she would be a millionaire within a week. On the down side though, if anyone ever found out the taste was a mere imitation for the real thing and that the real thing was Troy and Trey, she'd have to beat the women away with a big stick. A very big stick. Not happening. The money wouldn't be worth it, nor would the hours

she would have to spend in the gym working out just so she'd be strong enough to defend her territory.

Chuckling at her own fanciful thoughts, she couldn't resist taking in his scent again. Her wayward tongue dashed out and tasted Troy's chest. Forget making Troy- and Trey-flavored cookies, eating *them* would be much more satisfying. They had taken control again last night, leaving her limp and in a cloud of happiness. Soon she was going to have to take Rain's advice and get her mouth around one of those fine cocks. It was true she'd touched their hard bodies last night, but she hadn't tasted their cocks. A burning desire was building inside her to give as much ecstasy as she received.

Scanning his well-defined chest, she realized she was close to his nipple. If she licked it, would he like it as much as she liked it when he licked hers? Only one way to find out. Moving slowly, she positioned herself over his flat, brown nipple. Glancing up, she noted that he was still asleep. Would he sleep through her experiment, her deeper exploration of his body? Drawing up some bravado from deep within, she lowered her lips to his nipple. Traveling down nature's course, her tongue lapped naturally at the small nub. It hardened and pebbled beneath her questing touch. Needing to learn more, she sucked it into her mouth. He groaned and held her tighter.

Nipple still in her mouth, she looked up and was snared by his heavy-lidded, smoldering, green gaze. Pulling back, she released his nubbin with a light popping sound. While growling from deep in his chest, he used strong arms to shift her body on top of his and positioned her between his legs. Her mouth captured his other nipple and sucked it in. He stroked her hair as his cock grew and pressed into her stomach. Swirling her tongue around his taut nipple, she circled it then flicked it.

Thrusting his hips, he groaned. "Ooh dang, baby. This is the best wake-up call I've ever had."

She released him. "You like?"

"I love."

His arousal was firing her own, making her want to finish what she had started. Kissing her way to his neck, she paused over his heavily beating pulse. Pressing into the pounding spot with her tongue, she felt almost dizzy from the giddy feeling of power that surged through her. Is this what they felt when they were on top of her, driving her mad with need? If so, no wonder they took so much pleasure from it.

Staking her claim on him, she sucked hard at his pulsating flesh.

His hands glided over her naked back, urging her on.

She nipped at his neck then sucked the spot again. She could not seem to control herself. An animalistic desire to mark him ruled her actions. Lacing her fingers in his silky hair, she pulled. His head turned, opening his neck up even more for her, making it easier for her to mark this powerful male. Her mouth moved over the spot she had been sucking and started again. She sucked and licked, marking him for all to see.

She yelped in surprise when he pulled her off his neck and drew her lips to his. Kissing her with scorching heat, he let his desire for her show. Pride flamed in her heart. Who would have guessed she was capable of bringing him to such a wild state of sexual craving?

The flame she had sparked in him now took her over with a vengeance. Pushing her tongue into his mouth, she dueled with him. Tongues tangled, bodies squirmed, and hands stroked. They couldn't get enough of each other.

Breathing harshly, Branda put her hands on his chest and pushed herself up. Craving the feel of him deep inside her, she moved her legs from between his and straddled his hips.

"That's it, baby. Ride me. Take us to heaven."

Troy's hands gripped her hips as she positioned her wet entrance over his engorged cockhead. Unable to go easy, she dropped herself down on him, burying his whole length inside her slick, silky haven.

Their loud groans mingled and floated through the room.

“As much as I hate to stop such an exciting show, especially one I would love to join in on, I fear I must inform you both that Branda’s friends are here.”

Eyes wide, Branda whipped around to see Trey standing in the doorway, green eyes on fire and a bulge in his jeans. His words replaying in her passion-muddled mind. Friends. Here.

Troy bucked beneath her. A moan escaped her lips, and her hips rocked over his. The feel of his hard cock filling her drew her attention back to him. She ground her body into his, needing the sexual relief he could give her.

“Branda, get your lazy butt out here,” Sienna’s voice bellowed from somewhere within the house. Rain’s laughter followed shortly.

Squeaking loudly, Branda jumped off Troy and rushed for the closet, grabbing her jeans from the floor on the way.

* * * *

Troy scowled at Trey. “Why didn’t you send them away?”

“I couldn’t. The second they found out Branda was here they invited themselves in. It’s not like I knew you two were in here going at it like rabbits. And going at it you were. I was watching long enough to see her boldly try new things. Damn that was hot. I can’t wait to get her back in bed.”

Rolling off the bed, Troy stood there with Branda’s juices glistening on his hard cock. “I’m going to take a cold shower.”

While Troy headed for the bathroom, Trey went back to the living room to see if their unwanted guests needed anything to drink.

* * * *

Rushing from the closet, Branda emerged wearing her jeans and one of the guys’ T-shirts that had a dragon blowing out flames.

Smoothing her hair, she tried to walk calmly down the hall toward the voices she heard coming from the kitchen.

Three pairs of eyes looked her over.

Trey's green eyes were glowing, and his nostrils flared. Leaning down to her ear, he whispered, "Mmmm, you smell like hot lovin' and flowers."

Sienna's and Rain's eyes stared at her with unconcealed interest, and knowing smiles curled their lips.

Rain looked her up and down. With a naughty grin plastered on her face, Rain remarked, "I take it you had a sleep over with the twins." Turning to look at Sienna, Rain smirked playfully. "Now more than ever we have to take her shopping."

Sienna tried to hide her smile, but did a poor job. "Indeed. A woman having romantic relations always needs new lingerie."

At the mention of lingerie, a sexy grin passed over Trey's handsome features. He rushed away, and before the girls could figure out what caused him to bound out of the room, he was back with a credit card in his hand.

Sienna and Rain bubbled with laughter.

"I like him a lot. He's a keeper. Which one is he?" Rain asked.

"This one is Trey." Running her hand down his arm, Branda added, "I believe they are both keepers."

A voice from behind her sent a shiver down her spine. "I'm glad to hear that, babe." Stepping around her, Troy nodded at Rain and Sienna while he buttoned his shirt. "Ladies."

Their eyes roamed his chest then zoned in on his neck. Their mouths went slack, and their gazes flew to Branda with an appreciative gleam.

Turning away from the gawking women, Troy made up two cups of coffee. He handed one to Branda and took a sip from the other one. Turning back to her friends he asked, "To what do we owe the honor of your visit?"

Sienna piped up. "Shopping."

At that reminder, Trey placed his credit card in Branda's hand and curled her fingers around it. He murmured in her ear, "I like thongs. Troy likes lacy matching bras and panties. Some ass-hugging jeans would be nice, too."

While Branda was busy trying to mentally cool down the heat in her cheeks, Sienna asked Rain, "Did you get all that?"

"Sure did. Now we know just what we're looking for." Focusing on Branda, Rain ordered, "Hurry up already. I'm dying to remake you. Go brush your hair and slip on your shoes so we can go."

* * * *

Coming out of the dressing room stall for the fifth time, Branda turned around as Rain indicated.

"I believe we have found her brand," Rain told Sienna then asked Branda, "How do they feel on? They look great."

"They actually feel really good. Let me try to sit down in them first, though." Taking a seat next to Rain, she commented, "Still feel fine. No pinching. I hate it when jeans pinch my stomach when I sit down."

"Awesome. This brand has several pocket designs to choose from. You'll need to try them all on. You can never have too many comfortable, curve-showing-off jeans. These jeans show off your assets extremely well. Go take those off and I'll be right back." In a flash, Rain was heading out of the fitting room.

Facing Sienna, she sulked. "She's going to make me try them all on, isn't she?" Branda hated trying on clothes for hours.

With no pity in her voice, Sienna replied, "Damn straight. You look hot in that brand. Go ahead and take those off. I'm going to go belt hunting. Accessories make the outfit, you know."

In the dressing room, Branda had to admit that although it had been a real trial finding and trying on all those different brands, she

was glad now she found some that fit her so well. The guys were going to love them.

Thinking back to the lingerie store, she knew they would love her in those purchases even more. Sienna and Rain were extremely helpful in guiding her toward clothing that enhanced her body. Not big on thongs, she only bought three of them. The store had a lot of matching panty and bra sets. With her friends' help, she'd picked out five sets, all lacy and sexy. Two in red, one in black, one in emerald green, and one in a blue floral print. She was pretty sure the twins were going to love them.

She had felt funny about using Trey's credit card, but Sienna had insisted he had plenty of money. Another deciding point Sienna had made was that Trey would be mad and his pride would be hurt if she didn't use it. Sienna also said she'd been taught a man should dress his woman, and she knew Trey had been taught the same thing. He would be insulted if she didn't let him dress his woman. The men in both their families were old-school in the matter of men taking care of women.

By the time she used his card a second time, it had gotten easier, but it still made her uncomfortable. The only way she could continue was with the knowledge that she would take good care of what she bought, so they'd all be able to get years of pleasure from her purchases.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she knew she had to be totally truthful with herself. The main reason she had for letting him buy her clothes was because of the look in his eyes before she left. It had been intense, passionate, and possessive. He had kissed her tenderly then crooned in a husky timbre, "Do as I ask, *tesoro mio*. It's my duty to take care of you. I would have it no other way. It is a privilege to take care of one's *vero amore*. Use the card I gave you. Get whatever you like. Plus I want you to use it to pay for lunch for all of you." Pulling her tightly to him, he kissed her passionately, leaving no doubt about how he felt about her.

As soon as he released her, Troy pulled her into his arms and kissed her until she melted into him. The way their tongues stroked and plundered her mouth always lit a fire in her blood.

Sienna honking her car horn had brought her out of her sexual haze. Troy brushed his lips lightly once more across hers then said, "Don't forget the matching bras and panties." Releasing her, he turned her toward the door and ushered her out. "Have a good time, babe. We'll see you when you get back."

Jeans and a few tops were tossed over the dressing room bar. The clanking of hangers brought her back to reality. Part of that reality was that Trey and Troy expected her to come home with clothes. Bringing the clothes into the tiny room, she tried on another outfit. Let the fashion show continue. Her elbow hit the wall, and she winced in pain. Why did they have to make these stalls so small?

"Are you okay in there? What was that noise?" Rain asked.

"I'm fine. I just hit my elbow on the wall. These damn stalls are too small." Branda walked out, rubbing her elbow.

Rain scrutinized the clothes. "We'll take them. That outfit looks great on you. Next."

"All right, already. I'll be glad when we're done, I'm getting hungry." Branda's growling stomach had her moving quickly to the tiny stall. The sooner this was over, the better.

* * * *

Branda dipped a bite of bread in the restaurant's seasoned oil and wondered what all was in it. She'd love to be able to make it at home.

Swallowing a bite of lasagna, Rain said, "Great pick on the restaurant. This is the best lasagna and garlic bread I've had in a long time."

Sienna agreed. "Yeah, I love it. Teddy and I are going to have to come here. Oh, and that's so sweet of Trey to pay for it. I'll have to

tell my mom, then she'll tell his mom, and his mom will proudly tell his dad how well he turned out."

"Wow, does it really work like that in your families?" Rain asked incredulously.

Taking a sip of her drink, Sienna rolled her eyes. "You better believe it. These people are major old-school. The whole family knows what everybody does."

Rain's brow furrowed. "That sounds horrible."

"Oh, it's not that bad. On the upside, every time a family member needs help, twenty people jump in to lend a hand," Sienna answered proudly.

"How is the job going for your dad in Paris?" Branda asked Sienna.

"Actually it's going way smoother than planned. He's amazed at how much progress has been made." Sienna took a bite of her food, closing her eyes to relish the flavor.

"How is Tamrisk?" Branda asked Rain.

"My sister is doing good, real good. Two weeks ago she called and told me she'd sent me a scarf in the mail. I received it this week. It was a damn red feather boa. When she comes back to town, I swear I'm going to wear it when I pick her up at the airport. All I need now is a T-shirt that reads: *My sister made me wear it.*" Rain smiled.

"I love your little sister, she's a hoot. Is she still a fashion reporter?" Branda questioned.

"Yes. She seems to love it, and it does help out the family business sometimes. All we have to do is ask her if we are iffy about some clothing line. If she doesn't know the answer, she will dig it up." Rain's tone was filled with pride.

"Speaking of clothes, I love your new clothes. You don't know how happy I am to see you in clothes that show off your curvaceous bod," Sienna replied, ending with a happy squeal.

"Yeah, you look great. I'm glad you went along with us and bagged your old droopy jeans for those kicking jeans. The new belt

even makes that dragon shirt look good. See, accessories make the clothes,” Rain complemented as she looked around the restaurant.

Hawk-eyed, Sienna noticed. “What are you looking for, Rain?”

“Any hot guys to buy us drinks. I figured with Branda’s new look she would probably draw at least a few in. Why not let them? Who knows? Maybe I’ll find a regular love-fest partner,” Rain replied in a sultry voice.

Branda burst out laughing. “Did you take your meds today? There is no way I’d draw any attention. I just got lucky with Trey and Troy. I hope they never come down from the cloud they are on.”

“You two stop. We’ll say we’re all hot. Maybe not to all males, but we surely are to some of them. Branda and I are taken. Now all we have to do is find the right man for you, Rain.”

Rain was fast in her retort. “You can stop it right there. I have no intention of ever settling down with a man. They are sooo high-maintenance. Once the quintessential rush of lust wears off, the woman is left with a broken heart while the man happily moves on to his next conquest.”

Sienna took Rain’s hand and looked her in the eyes. “It’s not always like that. When the right one comes along, he won’t leave.” Sienna must have seen the disbelief in Rain’s blue eyes, because she sighed. “I know you don’t believe it right now, but please don’t discount all men. It would break my heart if you never settled down at all because you refused to give a man chasing you a fair chance. Promise me you’ll give a man a chance if you feel a bond between the two of you.”

With a disgruntled expression, Rain agreed. “All right, already. If such a wonderful man comes along I’ll give him a chance.”

Feeling a need to retrieve her friend from the fire, Branda changed the subject. “How’s it going with Eloise? Is she doing better on the job?”

Rain latched onto the subject change with both hands. “She’s starting to get the hang of it, thank goodness. You know how many

times I wanted to strangle her. To top it all off, she's been looking all lovesick at one of the smarter managers in the company. Unfortunately, the dum-dum hasn't noticed."

"That's terrible. Do you think he doesn't like her?" Sienna asked, her voice full of concern.

"No, no. Nothing like that. He's just extremely dedicated to his job. I don't think he even realizes she's interested in him. He's no head turner, not bad, but no head turner. He's not used to a lot of attention from the ladies, so he pours his heart into his work, and he's damn good at his job."

"I can understand where he's coming from," Branda said with sympathy.

"You've got to do something, Rain." Distress colored Sienna's words. "What if they're meant for one another and he doesn't know it because he quit looking a long time ago?"

"Already on it, my little match-making friend. You know I can see that optimistic look in your eyes. Don't get your hopes up. I still have no intention of looking for Mr. Right."

"If you say so. You said you were already on it. What do you plan to do?" Sienna asked, a look of hope in her eyes.

Rain scowled at that look, but went on and answered her question, "I've set up a few luncheons for them this upcoming week. Work related, of course. Otherwise he'd never go. If it's meant to be, Eloise will snag him."

It was Branda's turn to question Rain. "Is Eloise in on it? She does know what you're doing, right?"

Rain rolled her eyes. "Of course not. I have a reputation to maintain. Especially with people like Eloise. If she thought I cared about her at all, she'd try to dominate all of my time with things like pedicures and luncheons. I don't have time for that every day, so instead of misleading her, which would hurt her feelings in the long run, I'm just going to give her the opportunity to win her man. Subject change. Branda, does your mom know about the hot twins?"

Now it was Branda's turn to scowl. "She thinks I'm dating Troy. Yesterday, after I'd finished getting the party bouquets done, we lay down and took a nap. My phone rang, and Troy groggily answered it, not realizing it was mine. From the sound of our voices, my mom knew I'd been napping with a man. So, I had to come up with something, and that something was that I am dating Troy. Of course, she gave me the fifth degree about being in a strange man's house instead of the one I was supposed to be staying at. She droned on, giving me a guilt trip until Troy hung up on her."

"Holy cow. He hung up on her?" Shock was evident on Sienna's face.

Branda nodded. "Yep. Click. Just that fast. I couldn't believe it. The mean part of me wished I could have seen her face when she realized she'd been hung up on."

"Hell yeah." Rain's voice boomed with excitement. "I would have bought a ticket to see that."

Branda knew Rain had never liked her mom. Shelia McFalls was too self-absorbed, and she was hateful to Branda most of the time. Shelia's flaws had always made Rain and Sienna mad.

"How did she know you weren't home?" Sienna asked in confusion.

"She called your parents' house, and when I didn't pick up, she called my cell. She knows I always pick up the home phone if I'm home. I feel really sick about all this. My parents are never going to understand my living with two men. I'm pretty sure they'll disown me when they find out," Branda answered glumly.

The ever straight-shooting Rain told it like it was. "I hate to state the obvious, especially when the obvious is so painful, but the truth is your parents are not very supportive of you. We all know they never have been. I'm sure they love you in their own twisted way, but you can't let them block your path to happiness. And, girl, you've been happy ever since the twins entered your life. Don't let your parents take that happiness from you."

Nodding seriously, Sienna added, “She’s right, you know. If I had to pick between the twins and your parents, I’d pick the twins in half a heartbeat. Even if your parents disown you now, most likely they’ll change their minds and re-own you in the future. Although, with the twins’ money and your business, you won’t need any inheritance from them anyway, so even if they do disown you for life, it won’t matter. And it’s not like they ever help you out emotionally or financially when you need it. I’m still mad at them for not helping you with your college tuition or getting your car or helping you start your business.”

“Point taken. I just feel weird going against their wishes. It’s hard for me to kick my childhood habit of trying to please them. Trying to get them to love me,” Branda muttered.

Taking the bull by the horns, Rain stated, “I know it’s hard, but for your own happiness you have to do it. Your mom has a miserable personality, and we all know that misery loves company. You are way more like your grandmother, thank god. Now she was a good woman. If she were alive, she’d be on your side. I’m beginning to think that maybe she paid for your private school just to get you away from home. If she’d lived, she would have helped you through college, although you did fine on your own. You’re like her. Full of life and meeting challenges head on. She was a happy woman, and I know that’s what she’d want for you. Tell your parents you are in love with the twins and that they love you. Don’t stew over it. That will only make you sick.”

Branda felt a little ill. “Okay, let’s say I tell my mom I love the twins and they love me. What happens if we split up? She’ll drone on and on about how she was right and I was wrong.”

Rain perked up. “If that were to happen, and I highly doubt it would, all you have to do is hang up. One perk of your parents being too cheap to travel is that you don’t have to listen to them nag. Just push End Call.”

“I don’t think you have to worry about Trey and Troy getting tired of you,” Sienna said. “Once the men in our families settle on a

woman, they never divorce. They make sure she's the right one for them then they give it their all to make sure their woman never wants to leave. You said the Cortino family is coming to meet you next weekend, right?"

"Yes."

"That means you're in. They would never invite their family from Italy to come meet you if they didn't plan on keeping you." Sienna was so excited her hands were waving through the air with every word she said.

Branda's hands flew to her cheeks. "Keep me! That sounds like I'm their pet or something."

Laughing, Sienna tried to smooth Branda's ruffled feathers. "You know I didn't mean it that way. Listen, I know these people. Our families go all the way back to Italy. The men in their family don't invite the family to meet any woman except the one they've chosen to live out their life with. In your case *lives* with. You are blessed times two!"

Branda's heart softened even more towards her men. "Blessed times two has a nice ring to it. I hope you're right. Otherwise, I'm afraid my heart will be broken forever."

Trying to lighten the mood, Rain piped in with a glitzy smile. "Subject change. Let's get that waiter over here. I think we need to share at least four of the desserts on the menu."

They all looked at each other then raised their glasses and touched them over the center of the table. "Agreed," they chimed in sync.

Chapter Nine

Music floated around the kitchen.

Branda sang along as she mixed the cookie dough ingredients together.

Lost in her own world, she stiffened for a nanosecond when strong hands caressed her cheeks. “Please remove your hands from my butt.”

Leaving them there, Trey griped, “I can’t. You’re so hot, and you were singing. You know I love it when you sing. I had to touch you. Your new clothes are driving me mad with lust. You’re so fucking hot. I don’t think I can allow you to go out in public ever again.”

“Quit being so dramatic. I’m just wearing a pair of jeans that actually fit.” Turning in his arms, Branda kissed him lightly on the lips. “There, you’ve had some lovin’. Now go to work. How is the bookstore going to make it if you don’t ever go there?”

Heavy-lidded eyes roamed her body. “Matt and Marly do a fine job of taking care of the store when we are otherwise busy. Make me busy, baby. Make me busy.”

“Go away. I’m working. I promise to make you busy tonight. Now go away. Your family is coming in tonight.” A frown wrinkled her brow. “Come to think of it, I better stay at Sienna’s parents’ tonight and every night until your family goes back home. I’m supposed to be living there anyway.”

“No, baby, that’s a terrible idea. I think you should move in here with us. Yes, that’s it. We need to move you in immediately.” Trey’s voice went from alarmed to resolute.

"You're crazy as hell. There is no way I'm moving in here with your family coming to visit tonight." Men, sometimes they had no sense at all.

"Come on, baby. We can't live without you. Move in with us. My parents won't care. They are going to love you," His tone turned cajoling, and his hands ran up and down her arms in slow smooth strokes.

"If I slept in your bed, they would know we were having sex. How could I face them the next morning?"

"My parents don't think anything bad about having sex. They are all for it. They have sex you know." Trey held up three fingers. "Three boys prove it. Scouts honor."

"Were you ever a scout?" Branda questioned with narrowed eyes.

"Not technically, but I'm one on the inside. Move in permanently with us. We need you here with us." His voice and eyes pleaded for her to give in.

"You know I can't do that. What would your family think of me? I would look like some homeless, desperate woman who couldn't take care of herself. Is that the kind of woman your mother would want for her sons?" Her nerves tingled in agitation.

"My family won't think anything about it. They know we are together. You are the reason they are all coming." Frustration slashed across his face.

Branda felt tears in her eyes. "I don't think you understand. First impressions are important. I can't have your family think poorly of me. You two mean too much to me. Please don't make this any harder for me than it already is. I've made up my mind. I refuse to look poorly in front of your family."

Seeing and feeling her distress, he gave in, "All right. We'll respect your wishes. Troy is going to have a conniption when he finds out."

A low, concerned voice came from behind them. "Troy's going to have a conniption about what?"

Trey and Branda turned to see Troy standing in the doorway, a few shopping bags in his hands. He'd gone to get a few things Branda needed for tonight. His return timing was bad for her. Why couldn't he come in five minutes from now?

"I won't be having anymore sleepovers with you two until your family goes back home," Branda said with conviction.

As he dropped the bags on the table, a scowl darkened Troy's features. "The hell you aren't. You belong wherever we are. End of discussion." Spreading his arms out, he added, "See? No conniption." Eyeing Trey, he changed topics. "I thought you were going to check on the store. We have a large shipment coming in today."

Jaw dropped, she felt angry fire race through her.

Jaw snapped shut, the fire was smoking hot now.

Branda moved between the two men. Hands on hips, she looked angrily up at Troy. "Look here, mister. You don't own me. Do I look like your wife?" Raising her left hand, she wiggled her ring finger. "I don't see a ring. So that means you can't tell me what to do, not that I'd let you anyway. You don't get to come in here, give out orders, then tell *me* the discussion is over. For your information, the discussion was over before *Your Highness* ever walked into the room."

Hungry green eyes raked her flushed face then ran down her curvy body. "You are wrong, my little angel. I do own you. A blessing has put us together. You will be mine forever."

A gasp hitched in her throat. "If you're trying to piss me off, you're doing an excellent job. Don't think for a minute that I'm staying here with your family visiting. *If* I decide to stay with you forever, I need your family to like me. First impressions are important. I will not have them thinking I'm a loose woman who moves in with every man that will have sex with her. Chubby people are not that desperate for attention, trust me."

Troy's eyes revealed his arousal. "First off there is no *if* you stay forever. You belong to us. Of course you'll stay forever. Second, our

family already knows all about you. They know you are a good person. So your first impression is not necessary because it has already happened. They know all about you. Let's go pack your stuff and bring it over here. We need to make this final. This is where you belong."

Anger had her eyebrows snapping together. Holding up two fingers, Branda snarled, "Second time around. You cannot tell me what to do. I'm not some drooling, mindless bunny that's fallen for your handsome face. I have a mind of my own, and I've made it up. I'm not moving in with you two. Not now and not ever if you don't stop treating me like a mindless twit."

"You are no mindless twit, but you do belong to us. Deep down you know it." The rough timbre to Troy's voice and his flared nostrils proved his arousal was growing.

Taking a step back, she bumped into Trey. He put his arms around Branda and fondled her breasts.

She twisted in his grip and tried to push him away. "Stop it, Trey. I'm serious. I'm extremely pissed at Troy."

Voice low with lust, Troy cajoled, "Ah, come on, darling, let's kiss and make up. You are so smokin' hot when you get mad. I'm so hard for you. What do you say? Are we going to kiss and make up?"

The rough purr of his voice assuaged some of her anger, but not all of it. Trey had stopped fondling her breasts, but he still held her, his strong hands sparking small fires in her taut nipples.

"No."

"Don't be like that, darling. You got me all hot and now you don't want to help me out?" Troy took a step closer.

Standing her ground, she looked up just in time to see him pass a look at Trey. "What? What was that look you just sent Trey?"

Troy's passion-filled gaze swept over her body lovingly.

He stepped closer.

She stiffened. She couldn't let them see their lust was starting to rub off on her.

Troy bent and covered her lips with his. He cradled her face gently as he devoured her mouth.

She twisted and moved to push him away.

Troy brushed a light kiss at the base of her neck as he pulled her hands back behind her and locked them at the small of her back with one of his own.

She tried not to like it. She wanted to stay mad. When Trey started kissing her ear and Troy deepened the kiss to her lips, she caved in a New York minute. Trey's free hand slowly inched its way up her ribcage. She wanted to yell at him to hurry up, but she couldn't because Troy was still kissing her.

Trey's hand slowly reached its goal, cupped her breast, and kneaded it. The desire that sparked in her breasts set off a roaring fire in the junction of her legs. Melting between them, she let them work her body until she was begging for them to take her. "Please."

"Are you sure, my little fiery angel?" Troy asked as he nipped at her ear.

The fire grew hotter in the niche between her thighs. "Yes. But don't think we are finished with this discussion yet. We'll finish it later. Right now you will put out this fire you started in me. Both of you will."

"Anything for you, my love." Troy unbuttoned her blouse while Trey unfastened her jeans. They stripped her then themselves in record time.

She watched them hungrily, loving the way their muscles moved under their skin as they shed their clothes. Deep down, she was mad at herself for giving in to them, but she couldn't stop herself. What Troy said was true. She did belong to them. Body, heart, mind, and soul.

Trey took the bags off the table.

Troy lifted her up and put her bottom on the table, close to the edge. Easing her back, he bent and spread her thighs wide. "That's it, baby. Let me make you feel better. Let me show you how much I love

you. How much I love your curvy body.” Kneeling, he ran his tongue from the opening of her honey-sweet canal to her fold-covered pearl of pleasure.

She shuddered and moaned when he repeatedly licked her. Each lick had her nerves jumping with joy. His tongue felt so good her body quivered in delight. The rasp of his tongue lapped at the damp flesh between her legs, never staying on her clit long enough for her to come. She was in heaven and hell all at the same time.

Trey took a nipple deep into his mouth. Sucking and licking at the pebbled hardness, she thought she would pass out if they kept this up much longer. How could they drive her so crazy then make her want to jump both of them? Before them, she hadn’t believed any man could make her feel like she was flying apart, unable to stop her feelings of love, lust, and satisfaction. They were a drug she couldn’t refuse. She needed it with every fiber of her being.

Troy’s tongue swirled and swirled between her thighs, though not staying on her little bundle of nerves long enough for her to take a wild ride to nirvana. Her need grew. Trey continued to suckle at her breasts, causing lightning bolts of sexual electricity to burn a fiery path to her pussy.

The pressure spiraled higher. With a loud cry, she bucked her hips.

Troy chuckled and applied more pressure to her thighs. “Hold still, my little angel.” Moving to her little pink opening, he thrust his tongue inside. In and out. In and out. “She tastes so good. You want a taste, Trey?”

“Damn straight.”

Kissing her nipple one last time, Trey moved between her silky thighs. Spreading them wider, he ran his tongue all around her sweet love canal then plunged in.

She cried out and thrashed on the table.

They held her down and continued to bring her to new heights. Troy covered her lips, drinking in all her mewling sounds. Dazed with

arousal, she felt something strange. Was the table moving? No, it was her. Her body wouldn't stop quaking. The ecstasy was too great.

"Take her now, Trey. Her body's convulsing with need."

His whispered words joined her on her journey to paradise. She felt the blunt head of Trey's cock pushing its way into her body, stretching it, filling it. Lights danced in front of her eyes. His thick cock imbedded itself deeply into her over and over, caressing her inner walls. The pressure built and built. Her hips couldn't stay still. Bucking under Trey, she screamed when he rammed into her then stiffened, releasing his seed as well as a low guttural cry.

Wave after wave of intense pleasure rocked her body.

As she came down, she realized Troy had replaced Trey between her thighs, and he was bringing her back up with him. Each caressing plunge of his dick into her body stoked the fire a little more.

"That's it, baby. Let loose. Feel my hardness stroking your softness. It feels *so* good. Suck her harder, Trey. Harder."

As Trey drew harder on her tender nipples, his ministrations caused a fiery trail to burn a path to her pussy. Need licked through her veins. She had to have more. "Faster, Troy. Faster. Ooooh."

Doing as she demanded, Troy drove his cock into her at a fervid pace.

Within seconds they both felt a rush of heat then an explosion of immeasurable, body-rocking bliss. She screamed. He emitted a growling howl.

Breathing roughly, Troy relaxed his body down onto hers. Not able to move, they both lay there united, glorying in the last pulses of their orgasm.

Lifting his head, Troy looked over at Trey. "God, I love a screamer."

With a wicked gleam in his eyes, Trey agreed. "I'll second that. And what a beautiful screamer we have."

What could she say to that? Nothing. So she just lay there and smiled, liking it that they loved the way she naturally responded to

them. They were pros at bringing out her wild side, which made her love them even more. Love them! Troy nuzzled her neck. Yes, love them. Somehow they had totally broken down all her defenses and stolen her heart completely. She loved them. Both of them.

A phone rang, startling them all.

Troy found and retrieved it from his pants pocket. As he answered it, he slid back into his jeans.

Troy groaned and moved off Branda. Helping her up, he took her to the bathroom and cleaned her up with a warm washcloth. When he was finished, he placed a light kiss on her clit then stood and took her into his arms. Holding her tightly to him, he stated huskily, "I love you, Branda."

Her voice quivered with emotion. "Oh god, I love you, too. But, I love Trey, too. This is so messed up. What are we going to do?"

"We are going to do the only thing we can. We are going to live happily ever after." His tone was full of confidence.

"You make it sound so easy, but I don't think it will be easy at all. What are our parents and friends going to think? What are your parents going to say? Are they going to think I'm some kind of slut?" Branda took three deep breaths, then added, "They are going to think I'm a kinky slut. I can't meet them."

"Take it easy, baby. They are going to love you as much as we love you," Troy soothed.

Trey stepped into the bathroom. "What's wrong? Why does she look like she's about to run naked from the house?"

She gave a pitiful laugh. "Be serious. I don't think I can meet your parents. They are going to hate me. I'm fat, and they are going to think I'm a slut for having sex with both of you—at the same time. I can't meet them. Tell them I'm sick, okay? They'll never know I'm not. I promise to stay next door. I won't go outside for any reason until they are gone."

Trey held up a hand to halt her rambling. "You *will* be here, and you *will* meet our family."

Pursing her lips, she mumbled, “You don’t have to act like Troy. You’re supposed to be the nice one.”

That brought an outright laugh from Trey. “I am the nice one, *tesoro mio*. *Ti amo*. But I can’t let you have your way this time. Our family has to meet you. Some of them have come a long way to meet you. You wouldn’t let them down, would you?”

“I guess not, but if they don’t like me, I’m leaving.” After a short pause, she asked, “What does *tesoro mio* and *ti amo* mean?”

Trey smiled so big both his dimples made an appearance in his cheeks. “*Tesoro* means treasure or darling. *Mio* means my. I’m calling you my treasure when I call you *tesoro mio*. *Ti amo* means I love you.”

Heart bursting with love, she looked up at him. “I love you calling me your treasure. *Ti amo* is nice, too. I love you, Trey.”

“I love you, too. And I’m glad you like me calling you my treasure. Now get ready, *tesoro mio*. And stop worrying about our family loving you. How could they not love you? Especially if you make them cookies. Our family loves good food.” Turning to Troy, he said, “I’m going to check on that shipment then I’ll come right back.”

Branda watched as Trey turned to her then leaned down to lightly kiss her. Cupping her head with his hand, he deepened the kiss for a moment then stepped back and stared at her with a passion that made her shiver. Love pierced her heart and made her long to call him back as she watched him turn and walk away.

Chapter Ten

The doorbell chimed right after Branda took her last sip of wine. Troy had been right. The wine had calmed her nerves. That chime indicated more of the guests' arrival. It was tradition for all the family to show up within minutes of each other then all meet the new addition to the family all at once. Another tradition was for all of the family to stay in one house for at least a week when a new member was being added. This helped the family to bond with the new member and the old members to reconnect with each other.

Smoothing trembling hands over her blouse and skirt, she looked down at herself. The twins had taken her shopping a few days ago and picked out her outfit. The skirt was black, thank goodness, and a little tighter than she liked, but the material was stretchy so it didn't feel as tight as it looked. It stopped at her knees and had a cute three-inch ruffle at the bottom. Very tasteful.

The blouse was another matter altogether. It was so sheer you could see her thin, lacy bra underneath. The print on it thankfully helped to hide her bra, but if you looked close enough, you could make it out with no real problem. The lacy bra was extremely pretty, but way too thin for her D-cup boobs. If anyone said anything, the twins were going to get an earful.

Trey took her hands in his then let his eyes travel down the length of her. Bringing his eyes back to hers, he murmured huskily, "You are breathtakingly beautiful, *tesoro mio*. It's time to introduce you to the family."

Taking her hand, he guided her to the living room.

A knot formed in her belly. Breathing deeply, she plastered on a smile and hoped she didn't look as nervous as she felt.

Perusing the room, she saw a lot of unfamiliar smiling faces. Then her gaze landed on a face she recognized—Gaven. Tall, tanned, light brown-eyed, curly blond-haired Gaven. He raised his glass to her. She smiled back. All the sudden, she didn't feel totally alone.

Trey walked her over to Troy, who stood in the middle of the living room. Troy took her other hand. She stood between the two men, each holding a hand. Everyone was watching them in silence. Sweat dripped down her back.

Troy raised her wrist to his lips.

No! Surely he wasn't going to...

He did.

His tongue lapped at her wrist. Shudders raced through her body, and her nipples hardened and looked like bullets coming through her thin bra and blouse. She tried to cover her breasts up, but Troy and Trey held tight to her hands.

Troy bent and whispered, "It won't be long now, babe. I promise you can hit me later tonight."

To her horror, Trey raised the wrist he'd been holding and did the same thing.

Once again, shudders convulsed her body, and her nipples extended even farther out.

Cheers rang through the room, and someone passed out glasses of pink champagne to all of them.

Trey whispered, "Our papa is going to welcome you to the family."

Their papa looked like an older version of the twins. His hair was still dark with only a small amount of gray, and his green eyes were bright and sharp. He was a touch shorter than them, possibly six feet tall to the twins' six-foot-two-inch frames.

"This is a very happy day for the Cortino family. As you have all seen, my sons have found their *vero amore*." He moved over to

Branda, and he brought her right hand to his lips and grazed it with a soft kiss. He looked into her eyes. "We are happy to have you in our family." Shifting his gaze, he made eye contact with all three of them in succession. "May you three live long, be healthy, have many babies, and prosper greatly."

Turning back to the family members, he raised his glass. "Let it be known Branda McFalls is now a part of the Cortino family." Everyone raised their glasses to the three lovers then drained their champagne.

Trey laughed when Branda tried to take only a sip. "You must drink it all, quickly now, *tesoro mio*."

Determined, she gulped it down.

Trey swept her up in his arms and hugged her tightly. "You did a great job, *piccolo tesoro mio*."

As soon as her feet touched the floor, Troy took her in his arms and hugged her just as tightly. "It's almost over, *mio piccolo innamorato*. My little sweetheart. All you have to do now is meet each one personally. I'll be holding your hand the whole time. No worries."

Putting her down, he introduced her to his grandparents. "Branda, I'd like you to meet my *Nonno* and *Nonna*. They have a home in Italy and one here in the U.S. so we get to see them often."

Nonno took her hand and kissed it. "Welcome to the family, *bella*." Looking at the twins he added, "*E molto carina*."

Showing both dimples, Troy answered, "*Si, Nonno. E molto carina*."

Before she could ask, Trey leaned down and whispered, "Nonno just said you are very pretty and Troy agreed."

"Oh. That was sweet. I am going to have to learn Italian. Will you teach me?"

"Of course, *tesoro mio*. Troy and I will both teach you," Trey answered in a pleased tone.

Both his grandparents hugged and kissed her then stepped aside to let the others do the same.

By the time it was over, she had been hugged and kissed more than she had been in her entire life. It was kind of nice. She decided she liked the Cortino family a lot. They were a happy group.

Glancing around the room, she put names to all the faces. Nonno and *Nonna* were the grandparents. *Nonna* was close to Branda's height with bright gray eyes that adoringly took in all of her family. Nonno was where the men in family got their looks. He looked like an older version of them all. His green eyes still gleamed, and he still stood tall and proud. Papa and Mom were Emilio and Trina. Trina's blue eyes were full of happiness. Her blonde hair was shoulder length and had just a touch of gray. She was dressed in tan slacks that looked like they were made just for her and a red blouse that hugged her bosom nicely. Long, red fingernails complemented her blouse perfectly. She looked very sophisticated.

Like the twins, Emilio's presence demanded attention. There was something about the Cortino men that just made people gravitate toward them. Emilio seemed to love his family very much, and Branda couldn't get over how often his eyes sought out his wife. His green eyes looked possessively at Trina. It struck Branda with the strength of a lightning bolt that his sons looked at her that very same way. A flash of them looking at her like that twenty years in the future warmed her heart.

Their papa's brother's name was Gabriel, and his wife's name was Bellina. They spent most of their time in Italy. The Italian words for uncle and aunt were *zio* and *zia*, which she would have to remember. Their son's names were Cason and Carlo. They had the Cortino black hair and green eyes, but their eyes were light instead of dark. Cason was twenty-eight, the same age as Trent, the twin's younger brother. Carlo was twenty-six. Cason, Carlo, and Trent had a look that screamed trouble, especially when you got them together.

Finding Gaven talking to Trent, she watched them for a moment. She'd found out that Gaven and Trent were good friends. Trent had touched a soft spot in her heart. Glancing down at her left arm, she couldn't help but envision the scar beneath the thin sleeve. She could hide hers. Trent couldn't hide his. A jagged scar slashed across his left cheek. He was almost a copy of Troy and Trey, tall and handsome. His black hair was shorter than the twins' but was still enough to run your fingers through. His green eyes were guarded. They still held a hint of laughter, but she could easily see the pain in them as well. Later she would ask Trey and Troy about him.

Moving her gaze, she saw *Nonno* and *Nonna* with their heads together and their hands moving quickly. Whatever they were talking about seemed important. She watched Nonno as he walked up to Trent and told him something in a hushed tone. Trent looked confused, but headed out of the room. Next, Nonno went up to Troy, who was talking to Cason. Troy left the room after hearing whatever Nonno told him. Turning toward them, Nonno headed in hers and Trey's direction.

In a low tone, he said, "I need you both to go into the master bedroom. It is most important." Without another word, he headed over to Trey's parents, Emilio and Trina.

Doing as he wished, they went to the massive bedroom.

Trey asked Troy, "Do you know what this is about?"

"No, I was hoping you did."

Nonno ushered Nonna in then closed the door behind him.

"Nonna and I acknowledge these are changing times. The blessing seems to be conforming to these changing times. We have never seen the blessing pick one woman for two men. It could be because they are twins. We do not know. All we know is that we are learning new things about the blessing. Since we do not know the extent of the change, we need to do one more test." With Nonno's last statement, he looked right at Trent. His sharp green eyes assessed Trent with compassion and determination.

Trent didn't look happy. "What did I do? I'm not part of this. I'm happy for them, but their getting together has nothing to do with me."

Troy growled. "What is this all about, Nonno?"

In a controlled tone, Nonno stated, "I need Branda and Trent to come to me."

Confusion swirled in Branda's head as she wondered where Nonno was going with this. On shaky legs, she walked over to him.

Trey and Troy looked sick as something seemed to be starting to sink in. She wished it would start to sink in to her as well.

Trent scowled.

Emilio ordered, "Trent, do as Nonno says."

"I don't want to. This is crazy," Trent grumbled.

Emilio spoke in a vexed tone. "I understand that you don't want to, but you don't have a choice. This is important. We have to know how Branda responds to you. Now take Branda's wrist and give it a licking kiss."

Understanding hit Branda with the force of speeding train. The tension in the room had become unbearable.

Gritting his teeth, Trent met Branda next to Nonno. Taking her wrist, he brought it close to his lips. Looking down at her, their gazes locked. Pain wrenched at her heart and stole her breath. Closing his pain-filled green eyes, Trent grazed her wrist with his lips then darted his tongue out in a hurried lick.

Nothing happened. Physically, at least. Deep down, though, she knew she'd never be able to forget the tormented look in his eyes. Never be able to forget the deep-seated sorrow.

Troy, Trey, Branda, and Trent all released the breath they'd been holding.

Nonno officially confirmed the family findings. "It is done. Proof has been shown. Branda has been matched to Troy and Trey. Does anyone disagree?"

All heads in the room shook—no.

Nonno nodded his approval. "Good. Once again I welcome you, Branda McFalls, to the Cortino family. Soon we will have a wedding, and your last name will be Cortino. We want the whole world to know you belong to the Cortino family." Cheers were yelled. "Now that all of our business has been concluded, I say we go celebrate." More cheers were given as they all filed out of the bedroom.

Troy and Trey pulled her into the bedroom they'd been sharing and closed the door.

Troy nuzzled her hair. "How are you doing, baby?"

Branda leaned against him tiredly. "All right, as long as you two don't have any other brothers. I don't think I could go through that again. You two are the only men I want." She paused for a moment, and a frown knitted her brow. "Don't think I don't know what you two did."

Trey came up behind her and pressed against her. "We didn't do anything, *tesoro mio*. And to answer your question, we don't have any more brothers. You don't know how happy I was to only have to share you with Troy. Trent is too young to see the things I plan on doing to you."

Troy snorted. "Now there's a lie if I ever heard one. You're just greedy."

"With a fine woman like her, you bet your ass I am. In this case, four's a crowd," Trey retorted.

"Ahem." Both twins turned to look at Branda. "Let's get back to Trey's statement 'We didn't do anything.' You didn't do anything? How about making me wear a super thin bra and blouse then kissing my wrists in front of all your family. You two knew my nipples would stand out for all to see." Anger laced her words.

"That was the point. The family needed to see all the proof of the blessing. Don't be angry, *tesoro mio*." Trey's voice was low and calming.

"Well, it was embarrassing. Don't do that ever again." Branda's words radiated her aggravation.

Troy kissed her cheek with the lightest touch. “We are sorry about embarrassing you, little angel. Now that the family knows you are ours and we are yours that will never happen again.”

Branda sighed, cooling down a little at the sincerity in Troy’s voice. “It’s too personal a reaction to share with a room full of people. Promise you won’t—”

A knock sounded at the door.

Troy groaned then called out, “Just a minute.”

Cason’s voice drifted through the door, “Your mom sent me to tell you three to quit hiding.”

“All right, all right. We’ll be there in a second,” Trey answered in a disgusted growl. His body tensed, showing how unhappy he was at the interruption.

Voice full of mirth, Cason added with delight, “Don’t shoot the messenger. I totally get why you two would want to be alone with Branda in a bedroom. If you need any pointers, just ask. I’ll even give a demonstration if you need me, too.”

“Shut up, Cason!” the twins yelled in sync.

Retreating footsteps and laughter could be heard coming from the hallway.

Troy looked deeply into her eyes. “We are sorry for embarrassing you. We didn’t tell you what would happen because we didn’t want you to stress over what had to be done. The family had to see your reaction to both of us. Now that they have, it will never have to happen again. Do you forgive us? We promise to make it up to you.”

“I forgive you.”

“Thank you, *tesoro mio*. We promise to show you later how grateful we are,” Trey’s voice purred into her ear.

After kissing her deliciously, they guided her out of the bedroom and into the dining room where most of the family was.

Sitting in the back, she watched her new family interact. Troy was listening to his papa tell a story about a fishing trip that had gone wrong a few months ago. The hilarity of it had him laughing

uncontrollably. Troy hung out mostly with his papa, Nonno and uncle. He seemed to really enjoy their company. Although he hung out with them, she noticed his eyes were drawn to her on a regular basis.

Trey had shown himself to be kind and giving. He was quick to get his mom, Nonna, aunt or Branda a drink or more food when needed. The perfect host, he walked around and visited with all the relatives. Most of the time when he made the rounds, he'd make Branda go along with him. Being honest with herself, she was glad he'd taken her with him. It made her get to know them, but with no awkward moments of being alone. Most of the time he stood listening to his family members with his arm draped lazily across her shoulders. That had been nice. She was beginning to feel more and more like she belonged with them.

Her parents would never have thrown a party like this. Truthfully, they never hosted any parties. They said it was a waste of hard-earned money. Looking around at all the happy people, she didn't think it was a waste at all. She would never forget Trey helping his Nonna while she chuckled about getting old or Troy laughing at his papa's story so hard he couldn't catch his breath for a good three minutes.

Spying Trent, she noted that he stayed close to Gaven, Cason, and Carlo. They were catching up and telling dirty jokes, she believed. At one point, Trent had gone into the kitchen and come back out with a handful of her cookies. Waving one around to get Troy's attention, he'd asked where they'd come from. Troy let him know she'd made them. He'd whipped his head around and looked at her then said, "Pretty, and you can bake. I'm likin' you more by the second."

Nonna, Trina, and Bellina sat at the table talking about any and all things. They seemed to know a little about almost everything.

Nonno walked into the dining room and stood behind Nonna. His sharp green eyes made contact with Branda. "It's time I tell the story of the blessing. It is important for you to know. We must always pass it on to our children." Nonno paused and waited as the rest of the family came into the dining room.

When everyone was comfortable, Nonno began. "Ettore Cortino is my father's name. He died a few years ago as well as my mother, Cara. God, bless their souls as much in death as in life." Nonno raised his glass, and everyone else followed. "Salute!"

Everyone drank, then Nonno continued. "Ettore loved to fish. He lived in Capri and fished all the waters around it. His papa told him never to enter Gradola. Gradola is a sea cave that is now called Blue Grotto. Gradola was rumored to be the home of witches and sea monsters." Nonno's eyes panned the room as he told his story. "Ettore didn't believe the stories, because in all the years he had fished the waters around Gradola, nothing bad had ever happened. So when he hooked a monster of a fish and it took off for the Gradola, he let it pull him into the notorious sea cave. Once inside the cave, he forgot all about the fish and didn't even care when the fish stole his fishing pole. The prettiest shade of blue reflected off the water and sparkled on the cave walls. He'd never seen a prettier sight. Rowing his boat farther into the cave, he saw a woman floating face down in the water."

Branda gasped. She knew her eyes were as round as saucers as she listened intently to his story. Nonno seemed to be happy to see her so enthralled by the story. She knew it was a true story, and it needed to be passed down from one generation to the next. Any children she had would need to know it.

Nonno continued his story in a low voice. "Rowing his boat quickly to her, he pulled her into his boat and pumped the water from her lungs. She didn't come to immediately, but he knew she was alive, so he guided the boat out of the sea cave and headed to Capri. While he was paddling, she woke up. Sitting up, she looked around and asked how she came to be in his boat. He told her what happened and that he was taking her to Capri to get medical attention. To Ettore's surprise, she smiled and put her hand to his chest. Heat like he'd never known spread throughout his body. When she pulled her hand back, she said, 'Your heart is pure. You just saved my life, a life

that an evil witch tried to take. For that and your pure heart, I am going to bless you and all your generations. You will marry this year. My blessing will guide you to her and all your offspring to their true loves.'

"She put her fingers on his temple then said,
*'To your true love's inner wrist
you must place a licking kiss.
If she's yours you will not miss
the shudders of her bliss.
Her nipples will come to a hard peak.
You can have her within a week.
Her emotions you can feel
which shows you that your love is real.'*

"The witch removed her fingers from his temple then added, 'Health, wealth, and love will bless you and your generations from this day forward.'" Nonno paused for a moment. "Ettore saw a bright blue light then nothing more. He woke to an empty boat."

When Nonno didn't continue, Branda asked, "What happened to the witch?"

Nonno shrugged his broad shoulders. "We don't know. Ettore never saw her again."

Brows drawn together, Branda asked, "How did Ettore know he hadn't dreamt the whole thing?"

Nonno smiled. "That's a good question. At first that is exactly what he thought, but that night when he undressed for bed, he looked down and saw a small hand print on his chest. It was located where she had placed her hand over his heart. He carried that mark until he found his *vero amore*. Once he claimed her with a licking kiss and the blessing came true, the hand print disappeared. The good witch was never seen again, but her blessing continues to this day."

A few bottles of champagne were passed around the table and everyone poured themselves a glass.

Once they all had a glass, Nonno raised his. “To the good witch who blessed our family. May she be happy and well. Salute!”

“Salute!” They all drank to that then slowly went their separate ways.

At eleven, Nonno and Nonna said goodnight and headed to the guest bedroom where they were staying.

Gaven and Trent came up to Trey, Troy, and Branda and said their goodnights. They planned on going to the pub to see how many hotties were there.

“We’re going hottie chasing. So many women, so little time,” Trent replied.

Gaven chuckled. “You said that right, brother. Anyway, it was a fun party. It’s been nice catching up with the family. We even talked Cason and Carlo into coming with us. You guys are welcome to come if you want.”

“Not tonight. We’ll catch you there soon,” Trey answered as he soothingly stroked Branda’s shoulder.

Looking at Branda, Gaven said, “Welcome to the family. It’s a good one and we’re glad to have you in it.”

“Thank you. I’m glad to be a part of it.” Glancing over at Troy and Trey she said, “I’m about to go home, so if you two want to go to the pub for awhile it’s fine with me.”

Troy scowled.

Bemusement crossed Trent’s features. “I’d love to stay and find out what that is all about, but alas, Gaven already has Kitrina waiting on him. So unfortunately, we’ve got to go.”

Branda frowned in confusion. “Kitrina? I thought Gaven was dating Marla.”

Gaven smiled rakishly. “Marla’s already had her two dates. Katrina’s my date for tonight. I never date exclusively. See you guys later.”

With that said, all four men headed for the door.

Cutting her eyes over to Troy, she saw he was still scowling at her.

Swallowing hard, she looked to Trey for support.

Darn, none was coming from that quarter.

She headed toward their mom. "It's been lovely meeting all of you. I'm afraid I have to be going. I have to work tomorrow."

Trina gave her a big hug. "Are you still staying next door at the De Pescinas'?"

"Yes. The plan was for me to stay there until they come back to town."

"That is good. At least you are not very far away. I enjoy their home almost as much as this one." Trina's blue eyes took on a happy shine. "Carisa and I use to spend hours by their pool practicing Italian while the children swam. She's the best friend I've ever had. She taught me a lot about how the De Pescina and Cortino men think. Tomorrow I will teach you some of the things she taught me."

"That sounds wonderful." Raising a brow at the twins, she added, "Right now I seem to be in the dark about a lot of things."

"Don't worry. Bellina and I will teach you all you need to know."

Troy groaned in chagrin. "Not Bellina. She'll teach Branda bad things."

Patting Troy's arm, Trina scolded, "Don't be ridiculous. Bellina has a heart of gold. She would never teach Branda anything bad, only what she needs to know to survive in a family full of men."

"Ahem," sounded from the doorway. Bellina stood in the doorway, arms crossed, looking ready to take on any challenge. "You know I'm right here, Troy. I'm not so old and deaf that I can't hear you. Keep talking. It gives me inspiration. Oh, the things I will teach your lovely mate."

Turning to look at his aunt, Troy said with great trepidation, "I was just joking, *la mia bella zia*."

Humor sparkled in her gray eyes. "Oh, I see how it is. I'm your *beautiful aunt* now that you are afraid I'm going to show Branda how

to handle you.” Seeing the concern on his face, she smiled and continued on in a mischievous voice. “Don’t worry, my handsome nephew, all will be well.”

Trey looked pained. “Branda is starting to look tired. I think we should take her next door.”

Taking his cue, Trina brushed a shiny, loose curl behind Branda’s ear. “We are very happy to have you in our family. We’ll talk about the wedding soon. You are coming for breakfast in the morning, no?”

Before Branda could answer, Troy spoke. “Yes. She’ll be here.”

Realizing Branda was about to leave, the men came over and started a round of hugs and kisses. Once the goodnights were all taken care of, Trina walked Branda to the door. Troy and Trey followed and said they’d walk her to the De Pescinas’.

As soon as they got into the house, the twins led her to the living room where they could all talk.

“That was a smooth move on your part, but don’t think this is over. You should be staying with us. Not over here,” Troy said gruffly.

“You’re so cute when you lose,” Branda observed.

“I didn’t lose. I’ve only had my plans delayed. You can move in tomorrow. We need to talk about the wedding anyway,” Troy replied smugly.

“I’m glad you brought this wedding up. Who is getting married?”

“We are, of course,” Troy answered. His expression said he didn’t understand how she could be confused at all.

Trey stepped in at that point. “I believe you forgot to ask her, dear brother.”

Troy continued to have an innocent appearance. “I don’t have to ask her. She’s our *vero amore*. Of course, she’ll marry into our family. It’s expected.”

“I know that, but you and Papa didn’t bring it to her attention before you announced it to the family. From the looks of her, I’d say you still need to ask her,” Trey advised.

Seeing Branda's "I'm waiting" look, Troy humbly asked, "Will you marry me, Branda?"

Trey slapped Troy on the back of the head. "I think what he's trying to say is that we need you more than the air we breathe." Trey took her hands in his. "Our hearts are in your hands. Without you, we will be dead inside. You fill us up and make us whole. Will you marry him and share your love with us as we share our love with you forever and ever, *tesoro mio*?"

Teary-eyed, Branda agreed. "Yes, yes, I'll marry Troy and share my love with the two of you forever and ever."

Trey and Troy stood then helped Branda up.

Wrapping his arms around her, Trey bent and kissed her with such hunger she felt weakened. Troy came up behind her. Pulling her hair back and exposing her neck, he leaned down and placed little sucking kisses on her sensitive flesh.

Goosebumps dotted her arms and legs. They could work her body into submission so easily. No man had ever been able to make her feel this way. How did they do it? Troy's hands moved slowly up her side then slid around and cupped her breasts. Before the haze of arousal totally took over, she wondered briefly how they had decided Troy would be the one to marry her.

Troy's tongue delved into her ear. She felt her shirt being removed. Her mind went blank. A fiery need to be filled took over. Nimble fingers moved to Trey's pants and worked them open. She purred in delight when she reached her hand in his pants and felt his velvety cock.

A husky chuckle sounded in her ear. "Let's get you to a soft bed, my hungry little kitten. I love you." Love radiated from Troy's voice.

The lioness inside her purred its approval.

Chapter Eleven

Sitting at the De Pescinass table, Trey laced his fingers through Branda's. Bringing them to his lips, he kissed her fingers. He was so happy they'd finally found her. She completed them. "You were great with our family this morning. They love you already."

"I like them a lot. I was scared they wouldn't like me."

Her response touched his heart. She was so precious to him. "How could they not love you, *tesoro mio*? Your smile lights up the sky."

"That's sweet, but not everyone feels that way." With a roll of her shoulder, she changed the subject. "You said Troy went to check on the hotel. What hotel? I thought you two owned the bookstore."

"We do, but in total, our family owns three luxury hotels and two bookstores. He's at the hotel today."

An *O* shaped her lips. Her eyes cut to her tea glass then back to Trey. "Are all of your hotels here in Naples?"

"No. We have one here in Naples, one in New York City, and one in Sorrento, Italy. We have the one bookstore here and one in Sorrento."

"You're kidding me, right?"

A smile quirked the corner of his mouth. He loved how expressive her face was. "Nope. I'm not kidding."

"You said luxury hotels, how so?"

"They have everything you could ask for. Businesses use them for conferences. People get married in them and hold their reception parties in them. That works out for everyone." At her questioning look, he answered, "No drunks driving home. People who get married at our hotels have their parties afterward there, and their families stay

overnight at the hotel. We also cater to the different functions held on our properties. All the hotels have internet, cable, a pool, and game rooms.”

“Wow. How large are the rooms? What do the rooms offer?”

The interest she showed in their businesses pleased him. Her business complemented theirs, which meant she needed to know all about theirs. “Different rooms offer different amenities. Some are purely focused on business with Internet, a desk with proper lighting to work at, all the things a person working away from home would need. Others are family oriented. We keep these rooms together in a separate wing. These rooms have gaming consoles, bean bag chairs, kid snacks, and they are decorated with kids in mind. We also have rooms for lovers. These rooms have extra-large beds, jet tubs big enough for four people, a mini-bar, low lighting, and plush carpet. All the things lovers need, including condoms.” At her look of surprise, he spread his arms and raised his shoulders. “Hey, people at parties and conferences unexpectedly get together at our hotels all the time. We try to make the experience as fun and safe as we can.”

“That makes sense. Actually I think it all sounds wonderful and very well thought out. How do you keep track of that many locations?” she queried with a slight frown.

“It’s a family business. We all have houses here and our parents and grandparents have houses in Italy as well. Papa keeps a close eye on the New York hotel and flies to Italy a lot. Nonno keeps a pretty close watch on the bookstore and hotel in Italy as well, because he lives there most of the year. Troy, Trent and I keep up with the bookstore and hotel here. Papa checks on the businesses here in town when he’s here as well. Sometimes we go to the other locations to check up on them. Trent also makes the rounds and keeps tabs on all the businesses.” His casual tone implied it was nothing at all.

“That sounds exhausting,” she replied in a shocked tone.

Thinking of other ways to get exhausted, he said softly, "I know many ways to exhaust you." Dropping his eyes, he stared at her cleavage.

Her breath hitched in her throat. "Which ways would those be?"

Standing, he took her hand and led her down the hallway. "I'll show you in the bedroom."

In her bedroom, he closed the door behind them then led her to the bed. He unbuttoned her blouse then slid her arms out of it, dropping it to the floor. He moved his hands to the waistband of her jeans and glided the material down her legs and helped her out of them.

Stepping back, he looked at her standing there with a shy smile and a beautiful blush that went from the tops of her lace-covered breasts all the way to her cheeks. God, he loved her. "Outstanding."

Moving to her, he cupped the back of her head in his hand and pulled her toward him. His lips came down and covered hers in a demanding kiss. The softness of her lips drove him crazy. Unleashing the beast within, he kissed her deeply, laving her lips with his tongue then nipping them with tender love bites.

Keeping her mouth busy with his, he moved his hands down her back and unhooked her bra. Peeling it off her, he dropped it to the floor. He glided his hands over her ribs and took the weight of her breasts. Their silky, firm weight begged for his attention. Feeling her legs tremble, Trey guided her to the bed. "Lay down in the middle, baby. Take your panties off slowly."

His dick hardened even more when she unquestioningly did as he asked. "Spread your legs wide for me, *tesoro mio*." He groaned when she did what he wanted. "That's good, baby. You have the prettiest little pussy."

Never taking his eyes off her, he shed his clothes then got up on the bed and knelt between her spread thighs. "Put your hands up over your head." As soon as her hands were overhead, he placed his hands on her inner thighs. She jerked at his touch and licked her lips.

His heart pounded at her response. “Do you know what I’m going to do to you?”

With a shake of her head, she whispered, “No.”

“I’m going to run my hands all over your body, and when your body quivers at my touch, I’m going to kiss you everywhere I touched you. Would you like that, *tesoro mio*?”

“Yes.” Her voice was low and soft.

Trey watched her eyelids flutter closed as his hands stroked up her inner thighs. Not touching the niche between her legs, he traversed her soft belly then on up to her ribcage and circled around her breasts. She had the most delicious breasts, full and round with perky nipples. With featherlight strokes, his hands repeated the path four more times. Her breathing was starting to quicken.

Leaning down he kissed a trail up one thigh, ending with a light licking kiss to her clit. She moaned and squirmed. Moving to her other thigh, he did the same. At her clit he pushed back her soft folds then gave her extended nubbin a long lick. She jerked beneath him and dug her hands in his hair, pressing him harder into her pussy.

Not letting her win, he backed an inch away from her. “Put your hands back up over your head, *tesoro mio*.”

She groaned, but did as he asked.

Chuckling, he kissed up her body to her nipples. “Good girl. Let me love you. I need to taste your creamy skin. It is prettier and more delicate than all the flowers in the world. When I’ve had my fill, I’m going to spread your thighs wide and slide my dick deep into your pretty pussy, stoking the fire that rages within you. My dick will caress your honeyed walls until you scream with pleasure.”

“Oh god, I’m going to come.”

He backed away from her and knelt on his haunches watching her.

“You will not come just yet. I want you to explode into a million pieces when I enter you. Breathe deeply for me.”

She took three deep breaths.

“Good job, *tesoro mio*.” Lowering his lips, he kissed each nipple then swirled his tongue around each one in turn. She squirmed beneath him. He loved it when she did that. She was more precious to him than all the gold in the world. Heart pounding with love, he watched her throw back her head in pure delight as he suckled her nipple.

Needing to taste her lips again, he kissed a path up her flushed chest, along her slender neck, over her jaw, and finally to her warm, welcoming mouth. She mewled engagingly when he pressed his hard rod into her soft pink cunt. Silky, wet walls clenched his cock in a tight embrace.

His lips devoured hers, catching all her sexy sounds of bliss.

“I love all the sounds you make when I make love to you. Your purring shoots fire through my veins.” As he ground his dick into her pussy, she shuddered and cried out.

“Ah, baby, you’ll never know how much I love that. So fucking sweet.”

The feel of her rounded body beneath his firm one drove him wild with the need to plunge over and over into her soft, wet channel. At war with this need was the desire to prolong the pleasure.

Branda hunched her hips erotically into his. She whimpered when he pulled out of her and kissed and licked his way to the peak of her breast. He loved the way she quivered when he raked his tongue across one nipple then the other, worshiping her soft, sensitive flesh.

“Please don’t make me wait, Trey. I need you back inside me.”

Not able to deny her or himself, he positioned his cockhead at her dripping opening and plunged in.

A wail burst from her lips then she demanded, “Harder, Trey. Harder. Pleeeeze.”

Taking her hands in his, he pinned her hands to the bed and thrust wildly into her tight little pussy, glorying in the feel of their bond growing stronger. She belonged to him.

“Ooooh. I love you pinning me down. Don’t stop. Ooooh . . .”

“That’s it, let loose. Come for me, *tesoro mio*.” Keeping her pinned, he leaned down and took a nipple into his mouth as he thrust deeply into her welcoming haven. Angling his cock so it slid harder across her clitoris, he drove into her and suckled her nipple at the same time.

She bowed beneath him and cried out as her body tightened in orgasm, squeezing his dick. He groaned and his cries mingled with hers as he jetted his seed deep into her clenching, silken sheath. Bringing them both down slowly, he lightly rocked his hips into hers, holding onto the pleasure for as long as possible.

He nuzzled her ear and felt a tremor shake her body. “I love you, *tesoro mio*.”

* * * *

Troy watched a refreshed Branda walk into the living room. She looked soft and rumpled from her nap. Emotionally and physically, she had been through a lot lately. The nap had been good for her. His lips curled when she stopped and stretched her arms high overhead. Seeing her breasts jut outward had his dick standing at attention. She was so damned perfect.

A smile lit her face when her gaze landed on him. Man, he loved that. She was the center of his world, and he wanted to be the center of hers. The brightness of her smile indicated he was.

“Come here, little angel.”

She ambled over and sat in his lap.

“How was your nap?”

Snuggling deeper into his embrace, she answered, “Good. I must have fallen asleep after Trey made love to me. I didn’t even know I’d taken a nap until I woke up alone in bed.” Branda looked around the room. “Where is Trey?”

“He’s at the hotel.”

“I like your family.”

“I’m glad. They like you, too. With time you’ll be able to tell when Cason and Carlo are just messing around. They do that a lot.”

“They are good actors. I really thought they were fighting over the last piece of bacon.”

Laughter rumbled through Troy’s chest. “I can still see the shocked look on your face when they wrestled each other to the floor, each holding an end of the last piece of bacon.”

“Now that I look back I should have known it was something they did on a regular basis because no one was worried at all.” Branda paused then smiled. “I loved it when their mom got a pair of scissors and cut the bacon in half. They looked so sad that she had ended their fun. I personally thought she handled it quite well.”

“Bellina does know how to handle those two wildcards.” As Troy talked, he inched his hand closer and closer to her breast. Damn, he loved the feel of her soft body.

Branda moaned when his hand cupped her breast.

“I know how to handle your needs, little darling.”

His dick twitched beneath her buttocks.

“How is that?”

“Take off your clothes and I’ll show you,” he murmured into her ear.

“In the living room in the middle of the day?” Her voice held a note of apprehension but more excitement.

“No one will see. It’s four thirty. No one will be looking for us for a least an hour. ” As he spoke, he started unbuttoning her shirt and kissing her neck.

Branda licked her lips as cool air blew across her bare belly. Leaning forward, she let him take off her shirt and undo her bra.

“You have the most delicious breasts. I could lick and suck them all day.” He breathed the words into her ear he stroked her nipples.

A moan slid passed her lips.

“That’s it, little angel. Let the good feelings wash over you.” Kissing her neck, he let his hands pluck lightly at her extended nipples, patiently stoking her fire.

Her pleasure was washing over him, making his need rise higher and higher.

Easing her down on the wide couch, he delved his tongue into her mouth as his hands unfastened her pants. Passion arced between them.

His need to taste her grew.

Kissing a trail down to her breasts, he stopped to pay homage to each nipple before crossing her soft belly. His tongue dipped into her belly button while his hands busied themselves tugging her pants and undies down her thighs. Leaning back, he pulled her pants and panties the rest of the way down her legs and tossed them aside.

Spreading her legs wide, he rested one on the back of the couch and the other he bent and placed close to the edge. Seeing her spread out this way made him want to drive into her. Controlling the urge, he leaned down and licked her pink opening. Her body jerked, and she moaned deep in her throat.

Knowing she was close, he lapped at her pussy until her womanly honey dripped out of her squirming body. Her hands fisted in his hair and pressed his face tightly to her clit. He allowed it for a moment, but he was not going to let her come yet. When she came, he wanted to be deep in her body. He wanted to feel every spasm of her inner muscles as she shattered into a million pieces.

Forcing his head away from her, he chuckled when she growled unhappily.

Her growl turned into a gasp of pleasure when he aligned his cockhead with her entrance and lunged forward. Grabbing her hips, he rode her hard. The more she writhed and moaned beneath him the harder he shafted his hard cock into her velvety sheath. The slap of his skin against hers echoed loudly in the room, pushing them both closer to the cusp of ecstasy. Sex scented the air.

All these sensations closed over them, placing them in a bubble where nothing mattered except the building need to pleasure each other. She tightened her vaginal muscles, squeezing him until a husky growl rumbled from his chest. He loved it when she clamped down on his dick like that.

Needing her to come with him, he pinched her swollen clit and rammed his cock deep into her sweet little pussy. She arched her back and cried out. Her orgasm forced his. Pressure built in his balls then rushed upward at the feel of her silky walls spasming around his throbbing dick. With one last lunge forward, his body spewed his creamy seed deep into her pulsating pussy. A cry of satisfaction pushed passed his lips. Damn, he loved her. She was the center of his world and she always would be.

“Holy crap!”

Branda shrieked.

Troy cursed as he dropped his body down to cover hers.

“Give a man warning the next time you plan on having sex in the living room. Put a sign out or something.”

“Get out, Trent.”

“Already gone. Don’t worry, Branda, I didn’t see anything except Troy’s white ass.”

“Out, before I kill you. And knock next time,” Troy snarled.

“In my defense, I did knock, but you two were obviously too into each other to notice.” Humor laced Trent’s words.

Troy threw a pillow in Trent’s direction. “Next time it will be something heavy. Now get out.”

“I’m already at the door. By the way, Mom sent me over to get you two. She made appetizers and wants you two to come on over. When you’re dressed, of course.”

“I’m warning you.”

“I’m leaving.” The click of the door let them know he’d gone.

Rising up, Troy looked in the direction of the door and relaxed when the doorway was empty. His eyes raked over Branda. She was

pure red. “He didn’t see you, little angel. Now let’s get you dressed and head home before mom sends him back.”

“I don’t think I can face him. He had to have heard us. I’m so embarrassed.”

“Trust me. He knows his way around the bedroom or living room in this case. Sex is natural. You should never be embarrassed about sharing pleasure with me and Trey. Trust me. He didn’t see you. Your delicious curves were hidden from his sight.”

As Troy spoke, he helped her into her clothes then slid into his. Taking her face in his hands, he lightly kissed each eyelid then brushed his lips lightly across hers. “You were wonderful, little angel.”

The stain on her cheeks hadn’t lessened. “You were wonderful too, but I can’t face Trent. Make an excuse for me, please.”

“No. You will come with me. You can’t avoid him forever. You might as well get it over with right now.” Seeing and feeling her stress, he kissed her mouth hungrily until her body trembled in his arms. “They all know we are having sex. They expect it. They would be sad if we weren’t. Shared pleasure between a man and his woman is one of the most beautiful gifts they can give each other. I insist that you not be embarrassed by the thought of Trent seeing us show each other how much we love one another. Our display of love is natural. Now let’s go.”

“You are crazy if you think you can insist I not be embarrassed and, poof, my embarrassment is gone. I wish it were that simple, but you are right. I do need to face Trent. Better now than two ulcers later.”

“That’s my girl.”

With a sigh, she let him tug her out the door. “I’ll go, but no more sex in the living room.”

“I’m glad you’re coming without a fight. I’ll reward you later. But don’t think sex in the living room is over. I still need to bend you over the couch and pump into you until you scream in ecstasy.”

Feeling her renewed arousal, Troy lightly squeezed her hand before leaning down to kiss the top of her head. “I love you, little angel.”

Chapter Twelve

Three days later, Branda found herself going shopping with Trina and Bellina. She didn't want to go, but knew she needed to bond with these vivacious women since she was now in their family. And what a family they were, so full of love and kindness.

Stepping into what she was told was one of Bellina's favorite stores, she looked around and saw tastefully revealing blouses. Her mother would never have shopped in this store. Number one: The prices were too high. Number two: She didn't believe women should wear figure-flattering clothes. Branda, on the other hand, was finding that she loved looking good for Troy and Trey. Her new jeans and lingerie were a big hit. Most of the time they couldn't keep their hands off her butt.

Bellina walked over to a deep-cut blouse and held it up. With a saucy wink, she stated, "This should keep those boys in line."

That one blouse was just the start. After trying on twenty-five blouses and camisoles, Branda found herself walking tiredly out of the store with fifteen blouses and five lacy camisoles that had fit Trina and Bellina's standard. These two were way more demanding shoppers than Rain and Sienna.

Perfumed air met her at the lingerie shop they took her to next. The place was nice, and it smelled great. Branda wished she could make her place smell like this. Then again, baking cookies sure did smell good.

Going straight over to what they wanted, Trina and Bellina started looking for Branda's size, 38D. In the dressing room, she realized they were masters at the art of seduction. The bras they picked out

were pretty, sturdy, lifting, and they showed off a lot of cleavage. Perfect to go under the new blouses they'd picked out.

Trina paid for the blouses and bras, although Branda tried to. "I insist. Think of it as a welcome to the family gift. Now take one of your new blouses and bras and put them on." At Branda's bewildered stare, Trina encouraged, "Go on, the salespeople know you are going to use the dressing room. Bellina and I will tell you in a bit why we need you to change."

Striding to the dressing room, Branda did as she was told. But she couldn't stop wondering what they were up to. After getting her new clothes on, she looked at herself in the mirror. Her jaw dropped and color flooded her cheeks. The bra had picked her breasts up and pushed them together. The low neckline of the emerald-green, double-layered, crinkled silk chiffon blouse showed off way too much creamy skin. The mounds of flesh were actually puffed up a little bit over the edge of the neckline, thanks to her new bra. Troy and Trey would never let her wear these blouses out in public.

Digging her cell phone out of her purse, she called Trina.

Trina answered on the second ring. "What is it, honey?"

Looking at herself in the mirror, Branda mumbled in a rush, "I can't wear this out in public. What am I going to do? I think we should take the blouses back. Oh lord, the twins are going to be mad."

"Calm yourself, honey," Trina said in a motherly tone. "We are on our way back. Don't change out of the blouse."

"Branda, where are you?" Trina called out when she walked into the dressing room.

Opening the stall door, Branda stood in the doorway.

Bellina hooted with glee. "That's my girl."

Trina smiled and nodded in approval. "There is no way we are taking those blouses back. You look beautiful. Troy and Trey are going to love you in them, and they'll look nice with the jeans you picked up recently."

Hope flowed through Branda. They seemed so confident. “You don’t think they will mind me wearing them in public?”

Holding up a finger, Bellina said, “Lesson number one: Don’t ask them if you can wear it. Just do it. You have to get the upper hand with these two. I know how virile the Cortino men are. They touch you, and you melt. Is that what the twins are doing to you?”

Branda’s eyes widened, and she nodded. “Yes.” It was amazing to her how much these women knew.

“Then you have to dress in such a way that they are at your mercy just as much as you are at theirs.” Bellina waved her hand down the length of Branda’s body. “We are not quite finished with your new look, but when we are, you will have them eating out of your hand.”

Trina gestured for Branda to get her purse. “Now that that is settled, let’s continue with our shopping.”

A shoe store was their next destination. Branda couldn’t help the blush that stained her cheeks. She was so embarrassed. The salesman couldn’t keep his eyes off her cleavage.

Bellina had him retrieve ten different styles of heels, then sent the drooling man away so they could decide which shoes she could wear with the most ease and comfort.

Watching her walk around and around the heel section and asking questions about the comfort and fit, they finally decided on four pairs.

Cocking her head, Bellina took in Branda’s new height. “Lesson number two: Show no fear. Lesson number three: Always wear heels. The Cortino men are tall. They have you at a disadvantage if you have to look way up at them. Now let’s go find that drooling man and pay for these height boosters.”

Once again they had her wear one of the new purchases from the store.

“Two more stores to go then we’ll go eat. I’m starved. How about you two?” Trina asked as she rubbed her belly.

Bellina and Branda both agreed that food sounded incredibly good at that moment. Shopping the way they did took a lot of energy.

Finding the car, they locked their purchases in the trunk then headed out to the next store.

In the parking lot, Branda curiously questioned, “A jewelry store? What do we need to get from here?”

Bellina rolled her eyes. “You are such an innocent. It is sweet, but you can’t stand your ground if you don’t change. Come let us show you.”

Five minutes after entering the store, Trina motioned Bellina over. “I think this one will do nicely.”

Grinning wolfishly, Bellina nodded in agreement. “I believe you are right. Now let’s see what else they have.”

Branda watch in amazement as they picked out four necklaces.

The saleswoman came over and pulled out the first one—a white gold necklace with a dangling floral designed cylinder with a solitary emerald in the center. The emerald reminded her of the twins’ eyes. Branda gasped when the saleswoman twisted the top of the cylinder and it opened. It was a locket necklace.

Twisting the locket closed, she then handed it to Trina. “This locket is perfect for keepsakes such as a lock of hair from a spouse or a baby. The artist also made sure it was large enough for a tiny note to be put inside if a person wanted to. Only thirty were made in that unique design.”

Making a turning sign with her finger, Trina waited for Branda to turn around. Putting the necklace around Branda’s neck, she closed the clasp.

Bellina gave her approval. “Perfect.” Getting a mirror from the counter, Bellina handed it to Branda.

Another gasp escaped from her mouth. It was beautiful. But, it hung down to the creamy crease of her bosom. What would the guys think?

Reading her mind, Bellina asked, “What was lesson number one?”

Branda thought for a moment. “Don’t ask if you can wear it. Just do it.”

“Good girl. Don’t forget it. One of the reasons we had you wear a new blouse was to make sure the necklaces draped just right on your bosom. This one fits you nicely,” Bellina said with conviction.

“You don’t think it draws too much attention to my breasts?” Branda asked.

“Good god, girl. That is exactly what we want it to do. In order to keep the upper hand, you have to distract them,” Bellina informed her in a knowledgeable tone.

Trina chimed in, “She’s right. Everything about your new image is planned out to give you at least equal footing with Troy and Trey. If you go back to your old image, they will have the upper hand. You got it?”

“Yes,” Branda answered with a more confident voice.

“Good. Now what are lessons number two and three?” Trina prompted.

“Show no fear and always wear heels,” Branda rattled off like a good soldier.

Shock flashed across the saleswoman’s face. “Wow! You ladies know your stuff. That is the best advice I’ve ever heard.” She smiled broadly then asked, “What else can I show you?”

Thirty minutes later, they walked out of the store with three necklaces in a bag and the first one resting on Branda’s bosom. It was taking some getting used to, but Branda was starting to get the hang of being stared at. The three of them were quite a lovely and shocking sight.

Entering the last store, Branda sniffed the air with relish. A perfume shop.

New information spilled from Trina’s lips. “Cortino men love women who smell like nature. Like a flower on a cool spring morning.”

Holding out a bottle of wild honeysuckle lotion, Trina went on, “Smell this one. It is sure to make the twins’ mouths water.” A smile crossed her full lips. “When the twins were young, we lived in a

house that had wild honeysuckle growing along the fence. They would stand by that fence for an hour pulling the stem from the center of the honeysuckle flower and licking the sweet honey off it. Yes, this is one buy we have to make. You'll need the lotion and the perfume. How do you like it?"

Branda brought the bottle back to her nose. "I love it. It smells so fresh and natural. The twins used to eat honeysuckle, huh?"

"It was one of their favorite things to do." Taking a tester bottle of the perfume, Trina sprayed Branda. "Now they will want to eat you."

Nodding in agreement, Bellina continued her lessons. "Lesson number four: A man can't resist a woman who smells good enough to eat."

Moving along, they picked out two more scents. Both smelled similar to the honeysuckle, but with a slight variation. All three smelled like nature at its best.

Stomachs growling, the ladies left the perfume shop, stored their purchases, and headed to the restaurant.

Male heads turned. Some stared, openly appreciative of the view, and others tried to hide their interest. A few women looked disgruntled while others showed approval.

Branda tried to be as cool about it as Trina and Bellina were. They didn't seem to even notice the attention.

Sitting down, Trina took in Branda's blush. "Get used to the attention. Cortino men love their women looking good enough to draw attention. It boosts their pride knowing they have what other men can't. A few times out with you in your new look and the twins will start jumping at the chance to show you off."

"Today they will be shocked to see you and probably demand you change. What is lesson number one?" Bellina asked as she looked over the menu.

Knowing it by heart now, Branda answered without hesitation. "Don't ask them if you can wear it. Just do it."

The waitress arrived and took their orders.

Ten minutes later, sipping a glass of white wine, Trina asked offhandedly, “Where would you like to marry Troy? Here or in Italy?”

Choking on her wine, Branda coughed for a full minute. “Whoa, that was out of the blue.”

Patting her hand, Bellina said without compunction, “It is not out of the blue for us. The wedding must be discussed. The family will be expecting it to happen within six months or less. So where would you like it to take place?”

“I don’t know,” Branda answered honestly. “This is so unreal to me. I can’t imagine the twins wanting to stay with me for a lifetime. I’d hate to get married then divorced a year later because some skinny girl catches their attention.”

Trina shook her head. “Oh, there will be no divorce. The blessing guarantees that. Their eyes will never stray from you—especially with how you look and smell now. I need you to remember that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. You are a beautiful woman. Everyone’s body shape is different. One shape is no better than another. Thin, curvy, short, tall. There is someone for everyone. Someone to love you as you are.”

The confidence in her tone had a surprisingly calming effect on Branda. Could she dare hope that she would be able to hold the twins’ attention for a lifetime? Trina and Bellina seemed certain that she could. Hope bloomed in her chest and spread throughout her body.

To have such handsome men for lovers was a dream come true, but to have a large loving family to go with them was the icing on top of the cake.

Every time her mother had to spend money on her, she always reminded Branda that she was a costly mistake. Shelia and Edward McFalls never wanted the expense of children and had planned not to have any. When Shelia turned up pregnant, they had grudgingly kept their baby out of fear of what their friends would think of them. Right

after Shelia had given birth to Branda, she'd had her tubes tied, making sure there would be no more unwanted children to pay for.

The Cortino family was the direct opposite of her family. They loved each other and life with an inconceivable passion. The whole family had accepted her the moment they met her. Troy and Trey had been lucky to be born into this family, and now, she was lucky because they had brought her into it as well.

A lump gathered in her throat, and tears threatened to spill over her lashes. At that moment, she knew she loved this family from the bottom of her soul. She would never do anything to hurt them. They were her real family. People who loved her unconditionally and whole-heartedly. She wasn't a burden to them, but an added member to be loved and cared for.

Their food being placed on the table brought Branda out of her thoughts.

Her voice filled with compassion, Trina asked, "You were in deep thought for a good ten minutes. What conclusion did you come to?"

Vocal cords quivering, Branda answered, "That I love all of you. And that your family is the best thing that ever happened to me."

Trina got up from her chair and hugged Branda in a tight embrace. "Ah, sweetie, we love you, too. You make my heart sing with happiness. The twins couldn't have been given a better *vero amore* than you. You are precious to us."

Wiping a tear from her eye, Bellina insisted, "Sit, sit, Trina. You are going to make me cry all over my food. How can I eat with happy tears running down my cheeks and dropping onto my plate?"

"You can't. So I promise to keep my love and happiness under control until we finish eating," Trina answered as she dabbed at her misty eyes.

Wiping away her own tears, Branda picked up her fork with trembling fingers and made an effort to eat.

The food was great, but she was a nervous wreck. A few people in the restaurant couldn't seem to take their eyes off them. Not liking the attention, Branda tugged at the neckline of her blouse.

Bellina leaned in close to her. "Quit pulling up your neckline. Do not let their stares bother you. Your nipples are not showing so they can't ticket you for indecent exposure in a public place."

Branda choked on her food.

Patting her on the back, Trina added, "Bellina is right. You shouldn't let other people bother you. If they want to look, let them look. Now, back to the subject of your marriage. You can get married here or in Italy. Italy is nice. We have a lovely luxury hotel there that would be excellent for a wedding. It is a wonderful place, the view is exquisite, and the food can't be beat."

"It sounds nice, but I need to ask the twins what they think. I think the three of us should make that decision together."

Trina smiled and patted Branda's hand. "That is a wise decision. You should get their feedback soon. Wedding preparations will need to be started as soon as possible."

Taking a sip of her wine, Branda nodded and tried to look calm and cool. On the inside, her stomach was twisted in a thousand knots. A wedding within six months. With her as the bride. Gulping the rest of her wine, she savored the calming effect it had on her frayed nerves. With the twins' help, she could get through this.

* * * *

Branda didn't get two steps into the house before the twins were all over her. Scowling faces looked down at her.

Shock—arousal—anger—arousal—frustration—arousal.

Troy unglued his tongue first. "Why the hell are you dressed like that? You were in public like that?" He glanced at the shopping bags in her hands. "If the clothes in those bags are anything like the ones you are wearing, they are all going back. Today!"

Stepping between Troy and Branda, Trina looked Troy in the eyes. “No, *restano i vestiti*.”

Branda put the bags down and watched Troy explode.

Stepping closer to Branda, Bellina whispered, “She just told him the clothes stay.”

“No, *loro non possono stare*.” Anger laced Troy’s words, and his eyes held a hostel glow.

Quickly Bellina translated. “He says they can’t stay.”

Seeing how upset her son was, Trina softened her voice, “*Loro possono staranno. Sembra belle quei vestiti. Guardi a lei*.”

Troy’s and Trey’s fiery green eyes devoured Branda.

“They are staring at you because Trina just told them the clothes are staying. That you look beautiful in them. She also told them to look at you,” Bellina translated again then stated, “Enough already with the Italian. You two are going to give Branda a headache.”

Nonno and Papa walked into the room.

Papa asked, “What is all the commotion out here? You are all standing at the front door making a lot of noise.” Papa caught sight of Branda. “I see what has happened. You came home looking beautiful, and the twins can’t handle it.” Moving his gaze to the twins, he asked, “Is that what happened?”

“Possibly,” Troy muttered.

“Why are you upset? A beautiful woman is a man’s pride and joy. You should want her to look her best. Her looking good is a reflection of how you take care of her.” Papa looked at Branda with loving approval. Turning to his wife and Bellina, he said, “You two did good today. Now let’s all hug and make up.”

To Branda’s surprise, everyone made their rounds hugging each other. When Troy hugged his mom, he apologized for letting his shock and jealousy make him say things he shouldn’t have. He even confessed he liked her new look, but that he thought he should lock her in a room with him for at least a week until he could get used to her new look.

Trina just laughed then hugged him again.

Damn, she loved their family, correction, *her family*.

Bellina came up to Branda and embraced her then handed her a card.

Opening it, Branda read the card. It was a “welcome to the family” card, and on the inside, Bellina had written the four lessons she’d taught her. With watery eyes, Branda wrapped her arms around Bellina. “I’ll never forget your lessons. I promise.”

“What lessons?” Trey’s deep voice asked from behind Branda.

Bellina answered, “Nothing that concerns you, young man. Now tell me what you think about her new look.”

His eyes went immediately to her cleavage. “I think Troy and I need a little time alone with her to determine that.” With a wolfish grin, he took Branda’s hand and headed over to Troy.

Troy looked at Trey questioningly then down at Branda’s cleavage.

Standing next to Troy, Trina smiled knowingly.

“I think we need to have some alone time with Branda.” Trey’s voice was low, and his eyes were sparking with desire.

“Nonsense. We barely walked in the door. You don’t need to take her away just yet. We all want to get to know her better.” Cunning flavored Trina’s words.

Bellina laughed. “Your mother is right. We would all like to get to know her better. Why on earth would you two want to run off with her?”

Troy raised a brow. “You two made sure we would want to run off with her, and, not wanting to disappoint you, we plan on doing just that. Now, if you will excuse us, we are leaving, and we won’t be back until tomorrow.” Turning on his heel, he pulled Branda along behind him.

As Trey turned to follow, Trina practically shoved the bags into his hands. The look on his face said that he would rather take them all back.

Once they were next door, Troy unlocked the door and held it for them to pass. As Branda went inside, she grinned to herself, knowing her fresh scent wafted through the air and surrounded Troy and Trey.

Chapter Thirteen

Door locked behind them, Troy and Trey stood in the De Pescinas' living room, exploring every inch of her with heated green eyes. Their fiery looks shot electrical pulses throughout her body. Nervous excitement tightened her stomach.

Moving over to her, Troy stood in front of her and reached out to caress her breasts. Her new four-inch heels raised her up closer to eye level, not quite, but much closer than she had been. Now her lips were at his chin level.

Taking advantage of her new height, she leaned into him and kissed his chin.

Tilting his head down, he captured her lips in a kiss that quickly grew out of control. Both of them were breathing heavily within a minute. His lips traveled down to her neckline. Moaning in delight, she rested her hands on his hips, loving the feel of his hard body.

Feelings of being swept up and away overwhelmed her as he licked all of her exposed bosom. Head falling back, she moaned as he continued kissing and licking her mounds of flesh. His tongue delved between the mounds and swiped down, then up. On the upstroke, he dislodged the cylinder-shaped locket. He tugged it with his teeth then let it fall to her breasts, sending delicious vibrations straight to her nipples.

Leaning back, he looked devilishly at her. "I believe she is trying to seduce us with this wonderful display of jewelry-dripped flesh. What do you think, Trey?"

Running his fingers along the low neckline of her blouse, he seemed to glory in the soft feel of her for a moment. When she

shivered, he picked up the cylinder. "I believe you are correct, Troy. See how this delicate pendant rests so invitingly on her bountiful bosom just asking to be noticed, touched?"

"Do we want other men looking at what belongs to us?" Troy asked Trey in a low growl.

"No, we don't. But she seems determined to go against our wishes. She did go out in public dressed like this, and I know she knew we wouldn't like it." Cupping the back of Branda's head, Trey turned her to face him. His gaze burned upward from her breasts to her eyes. "You knew we wouldn't like it, didn't you?"

Held in his grip and his mesmerizing gaze, she answered honestly, "Yes, but I didn't think you'd mind too badly."

"Not too badly, huh? But you knew we would be at least a little unhappy. Isn't that right, Branda?" Trey questioned her in a passion-roughened voice.

Becoming more turned on by the second, she panted, "Yes."

"See, Troy? She openly defied us. I think she needs to make it up to us. What do you think?"

"I believe she does." Looking at Branda, Troy asked, "What do you have to say to that?"

She licked her lips in anticipation. "I'll do whatever you ask. I submit to your will." Blood raced to the nubbin hidden in the folds of her sex. Just the thought of submitting to them had her creaming her panties.

Nostrils flaring, Trey grinned wickedly. "I think her becoming our sexy little submissive would patch things up nicely. What do you think, Troy?"

With a visibly hardening dick, Troy agreed. "That sounds fair to me. How about you, Branda? Does that sound fair to you?" When she would have answered, he raised his hand up to halt her. "Before you answer, remember you tempted us beyond distraction." Taking her hand, he placed it on his jean-covered erection. "Feel what your temptation has done to me. Are you ready to make it up to us? Are

you ready to become our little submissive as punishment for going against our wishes? Ready to do anything we ask?"

Heat poured from his crotch. Trey, who was still holding her, pressed his hard-on into her belly. Her pussy started to tingle and swell as more blood raced to that area. The thought of becoming their submissive was making her wetter by the second. Her stomach knotted in excitement. As their submissive, she could learn how to please them. "If that is what you two want. I believe it is fair punishment. I will submit to your every wish."

"Good. Now go to the bedroom and wait on us. Don't get undressed, just wait on us. We will tell you what we want you to do when we get there," Troy ordered.

Pussy throbbing at his commanding tone, she hurried to the bedroom wondering what they would do to her.

As she walked away, she could hear them going through the bags and talking in low tones. Picking up her pace, she hurried to the bedroom.

Jumping nervously when they entered, she asked, "You will tell me everything I need to do, right? I've never done this before."

Looking at each other, they grinned roguishly.

Trey went to her and wrapped his arms around her, rubbing his hands up and down her back. "Trust me. We know you've never done this before. You must know before we begin that we get great pleasure from dominating a woman. But, if at anytime we command you to do something you don't want to try, let us know. Keep in mind, though, that we expect you to do most of what we ask. We will not do anything that would hurt you. You have our promise on that."

Stepping back, Trey went from comforting to commanding. "Take off your blouse. Slowly."

Heat colored her cheeks. Swallowing hard, she pulled her blouse out of the band of her jeans then slowly pulled it over her breasts and over her head.

"Look how prettily she blushes for you, Trey."

“Yes, her color pleases me. It is the color of the most prized flowers in a well-maintained garden.” Stepping up to her, Trey brushed the tips of his fingers across the tops of her flushed breasts. “They are petal soft and stained with just enough color to make her glow. Exquisite. But I think I’d like to see more. How about you, Troy?”

“Oh, I think that’s a splendid idea. Take off your jeans.”

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she moved to take off her heels.

“No, not the heels, just the jeans. We’ll help you. Stand up,” Troy commanded.

Doing as he told her, she stood and unfastened her belt and jeans.

“Pull your jeans down to your knees,” Trey told her in a passionately commanding voice.

Sliding the jeans down to her knees, she stood before them wearing a lacy white bra and thong set.

Their eyes devoured her, much to her relief. Wearing these pretty underwear sets was still new to her. She wanted to look hot, not silly. The look in their eyes said they thought she was hot. Joy seeped from her heart and enveloped her whole being.

“So fucking lovely,” Troy growled, then ordered, “Sit down.”

Sitting down, she watched them closely as they both took a pant leg and pulled her jeans off, leaving her heels on.

Backing away from her, they motioned for her to stand and come to them.

Handing her the bottle of lotion, Troy ordered, “Rub this all over your body.”

Taking the bottle, she opened it and squirted a generous amount into her palm. She set the bottle on the floor then eased her lotion-covered hands down her left leg, thoroughly coating the limb from foot to crotch. Watching them, she saw their eyes glow hotter. Repeating the movement, she smoothed lotion on her right leg, making sure to bend over to give them a nice shot of the lace that traveled down between the globes of her ass.

They both sucked in a harsh breath of air. Smiling innocently, she turned back to them and ran the scented lotion slowly over her stomach. Squeezing out more lotion, she glided her hands over the exposed tops of her breasts then delved between them, leaving the lush mounds freshly scented.

“Enough,” Troy growled gruffly.

Sniffing the perfumed air that surrounded her, they began circling her. For a full minute, they stalked around her, taking in every scented curve of her body. A shiver ran down her spine. A predatory look filled both men’s eyes. Green glowed with the intensity of molten lava. She couldn’t wait for them to touch her with that extreme heat. Their patience was driving her over the edge. In the past, they had taken her quickly and thoroughly, satisfying them all with quick, hungry abandon. But not this time. This time they seemed determined to take it slow. Maybe she should hurry them along. Going slow didn’t suit her. A shiver waved through her body. Need became a living beast roaring to get satisfied.

Deciding to take matters into her own hands, she ran her hands across her lace-covered nipples then unhurriedly down between her thighs. With a soft sigh, she applied pressure to her clit. Rubbing it with one hand, she moved her other hand to her breast and started kneading it.

They let her until she started looking too close to orgasm.

“Drop your hands to your sides,” Troy said in a gruff voice.

She couldn’t. She was too close, and she received wicked delight from having them watch her. Ignoring him, she applied more pressure to the little bundle of nerves that could take her to heaven. Thanks to them, she was starting to know this heavenly road quite well.

To her surprise, Trey nabbed her wrists and stretched them up over her head. Groaning out her disappointment, she pleaded, “That was mean. I was so close. Please let me go. I need relief.”

“And you will get it, but not until we let you have it. Troy, I believe you know what to do to this disobedient submissive.”

“Yes, I do. She looks very lovely stretched out like this. Don’t you think so, Trey?” Trey nodded in agreement. “I will gladly teach her a lesson.” Troy moved behind her and she felt him caress her bare cheek. He stroked both globes then, out of the blue, he pulled back and smacked one cheek. A light sting registered in her brain a moment before the other cheek was given the same treatment. After three more stinging slaps to each cheek, she was moaning. With every tap, an electrical shock went straight to the junction of her legs.

“Are you ready to play nicely now?” Troy whispered into the back of her neck.

She’d been so close to coming she just wanted him to spank her some more so she could finally get the relief her pussy was begging for. Shaking her head no, she tried to back her butt into his hand.

Chuckling, Trey brought her arms down. “I think she likes that a lot. I can feel her excited arousal. I’ll have to spank that cute blushing ass myself in a little while. But for now she seems too close to the edge for my comfort. I think she needs to do something for us. I think she should suck my cock until I come in her sweet mouth. Then you can take her while I spank her. How does that sound, Troy?”

“I love it. Let’s get to it. Branda, take off Trey’s clothes. Then go down on your knees and suck his hard cock until he comes.”

Their sexy banter was driving her crazy with lust. Shaking hands tugged Trey’s shirt off his muscular body. Running her hands down his shoulders and across his chest, she reveled in the feel of his flexing muscles. Good heavens, she wanted to strip his pants off and jump him, but she restrained herself, knowing she could do that to Troy soon enough. Right now, she needed to learn how to pleasure Trey. More moisture dripped into the crotch of her panties at the thought of hearing him groan as he came in her mouth. She’d read about this and seen it done on a porn tape Rain had made her watch on her twenty-first birthday. Rain had said it was time for her to learn how to take care of a man. Licking her lips, she was ready to give it a try.

Excitement coursed through her as she unfastened his pants. She bit her lip as she pulled his pants down then pulled off each pant leg as he picked up a bare foot. When had he kicked off his shoes? Looking around, she saw two pairs of socks and shoes by the door. Looking at Troy's feet, she found them bare as well. Wow, they really knew what they were doing. She could appreciate them speeding the process up.

Once Trey was free of his pants and briefs, he put his hands on her shoulders. Troy tossed a pillow down on the floor in front of Trey. Trey pressed down on her shoulders, guiding her down to her knees. More liquid escaped her vagina. Looking up at him, she leaned forward and took his cock in her hands. She stroked and explored all the twining veins and the groove under the head then the tiny slit on top. As her fingers moved across it, a little pearl of liquid appeared, much to her amazement. Fascinating. His thick cock was a masterfully crafted piece of art.

Trey groaned.

Troy instructed her. "Lick his pre-cum off, baby."

Bringing her tongue to the crest of his cock, she gave it a long lick. It tasted salty, with a mixture of male heat. She decided she liked it. And he seemed to love her licking him. She did it again and again.

Trey groaned louder then guided her. "That's it, baby. Now take it into your mouth and suck it. Make it feel good, baby."

Taking his cock into her mouth, she looked up and watched his face contort into a look of fierce bliss. Never taking her eyes off his face, she sucked him harder and flicked the head of his cock with her tongue. Remembering what she had read, she moved one hand down to lightly cup his balls.

Watching with hawk-like intensity, Troy asked, "Did you like the taste of his pre-cum?"

Trey latched on to her head and held her in place.

The only way she could answer was to nod yes. Juices flowing, Branda couldn't get over the way her body reacted to their

commands. Their demanding tones uncovered a side of her she didn't know existed. Every time she obeyed them she became hotter, her pussy clenched, and more of her sweet juices lubed her body, getting her ready for them to dominate her, to take her.

Taking in Trey's look, Troy asked, "How does her hot, little mouth feel clamped around your hard cock?"

"Oooh, it feels *so* good. So hot and wet, so soft and silky smooth," Trey said then groaned blissfully.

Coaching Branda, Troy continued, "That's it, baby. Keep on sucking him just like that. Drive him crazy. Make him come."

"Oh, fuck. I'm going to come. Suck me harder while I fuck your mouth." Trey groaned harshly, and his body jerked.

Doing as he said, she sucked him as he thrust his hips, bringing his cock in and out of her hot, wet mouth. His hands tightened on her head. He pushed in deeper and bumped the back of her throat. She gagged. He pulled back, letting her get control.

"Take him deep again, baby. Slow and easy. Breathe through your nose," Troy crooned in her ear.

Wanting to learn, she took him to the back of her throat and breathed through her nose. He tried to back out, but she grabbed his buttocks and pulled him deeper.

Trey cried out and tightened his hold on her head.

"Good job, baby. Now pull back then let him slide back down your throat. Remember to breathe through your nose," Troy's voice guided in a husky whisper.

She swallowed and eased Trey's cock deeper in her throat. Excitement raised goose bumps from their hiding places all over her body. As she watched, she knew she was doing a good job. All she wanted was to make these two happy, and in return, she was making herself very happy. Focusing, she slid him in and out of her throat, breathing when she slid him out.

After one more time down her throat, she felt him stiffen.

Trey cried out, "I'm going to come. Oh, fuck."

“Swallow all his cum,” Troy firmly ordered into her ear.

Muscles going taut, Trey yelled, “Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.” A brutal shudder shook his body, and he released his male essence into her sucking mouth. Swallowing quickly, she took all he offered.

Troy’s hands caressed her back. “You did a great job, baby. Now lick him clean. Make his orgasm last.”

Trey stood before her weakly, drained from his release. She was amazed that he moaned every time she licked his cockhead. Looking up at his face, she could see that her tongue was making his pleasure continue to last. Keeping it up, she licked him for a few minutes then Troy pulled her to her feet and led her to the bed.

Standing next to the bed, Troy removed her bra and panties. If looks could eat, she would have been eaten. Bringing his hands to her breasts, he plucked and rolled her nipples. When her head fell back, he moved one hand down to her pussy and tested her folds for readiness. Finding them dripping, he groaned.

Releasing her, he climbed on the bed. “Come here, baby. I want you to ride me. That’s it. Straddle me and slide that pretty pussy down my pole.”

Climbing on top of him, she spread her legs and positioned her opening over his cockhead. Slowly, she impaled herself, pushing his heavy cock through her delicate tissues. She groaned and put her hands on his chest then moved her hips up and down.

“Oh, baby. Your little pussy feels so good. Damn. Ride me harder.” Moving his hands to her shoulders, he pushed her down harder.

Trey climbed on the bed and grasped her hips, rocking her back and forth, grinding her hips into Troy’s.

Gasping in pure delight, she gloried in the feel of his thick cock buried deep in her body, his dick caressing her hidden, secret walls, and Trey’s hands guiding her hips. The pressure was building and building. Rocking her hips harder, she made them both cry out. She was so close. Just a little more and she could find nirvana.

“She hasn’t come yet, Trey. I think she needs a spanking.”

“I do believe the time is right.” Without another word, Trey pushed Branda down on Troy’s chest and smacked his palm down across one ass cheek then the other, two times each.

Her pelvic muscles clenched. She loved it when they controlled her.

“Do it again. Her little pussy milks my cock when you do that.”

Bringing his palm down again, he kept it up until she screamed and went rigid. Every strike to her ass sent a shocking sensation of pleasurable fire to her clit. Troy’s dick plunged deeply into her silky flesh, adding to the fire. Time seemed to stand still. All she could do was ride the waves of ecstasy. Slapping sounds filled the room. The aura around her suddenly shattered, and the fire raged hotter. A second scream sounded from deep in her throat. Through the steamy haze, she heard Troy growl. “Oh, fuuuck.” His body bowed hard beneath hers, holding them both suspended for long intense moments before he crashed back down to the bed.

She lay heavily on top of him, not able to move at all. Trey’s hands were running up and down her back, stopping sometimes to squeeze her round globes. She shivered when she felt his lips kiss each mound then place small kisses up her spine. At her neck, he scooted her hair aside, kissed her neck, and whispered huskily, “You are awesome. Such a pretty little submissive. So responsive to our touch, *tesoro mio. Ti amo*. I love you. *Ti amo, tesoro mio*.”

Heart racing, she said, “I love you, too. Do you two think I can be your submissive again sometime?”

Troy’s chest rumbled with laughter. “Darling, as far as I’m concerned, you are my submissive from here on. *Mia piccola sottomessa*.” Slapping her butt, Troy said, “Get some rest. You are going to need it, *mia piccola sottomessa*.”

“What does *mia piccola sottomessa* mean?”

“It means my little submissive.”

“Oh. I like that. I also like being your submissive.”

Troy clasped her tightly to him then stated, “Trey is right. You are a treasure.”

Getting up, Trey turned off the light then returned to the bed. “Quit hogging her.”

Kissing the top of her head, Troy rolled Branda to her side. He couldn’t hold back a disappointed groan when their bodies separated. “There. Are you happy now?”

Trey spooned Branda. “Yes, very.”

“Good. Let’s get some rest,” Troy grumbled tiredly. “I plan on having her again in a couple of hours. Rest while you can, little angel.”

Snuggling to both of them, she felt a blanket of contentment wrap around her heart. The feeling warmly spread throughout her body, cocooning her from the top of her head to the soles of her feet. Darkness drifted in, and she went to sleep with the scent of Troy and Trey enveloping her.

Chapter Fourteen

A kiss on the back of her neck woke Branda. She groaned, keeping her eyes closed. “Not right now. I’ll be your submissive later. I’m tired. You kept me up too much last night, go away.”

The lips came back. “I’m sorry, *mia piccola sottomessa*. I’ll try not to drive you so hard tonight. I hate to tell you this, but I can’t go away. Nonna wants you to go over to our house. She is going to teach you to make our favorite meal. Chicken saltimbocca, spaghetti with pinot grigio and seafood. Plus, chocolate hazelnut ravioli for dessert.”

Branda made a “humphing” sound then covered her head with a pillow.

Troy pulled it off and licked the shell of her ear. “I have coffee ready for you.”

“When is this miracle cooking supposed to happen?”

Troy’s hand caressed her shoulder. “The lesson is in about an hour. Nonna is a good teacher. She’ll make it fun.”

A frown crossed her brow. “Sheesh, what time is it? And why can’t your favorite be ravioli from a can?”

He swatted her bare ass. “It’s two o’clock in the afternoon. By the way, don’t let Nonna hear you say that about ravioli. She’d probably have heart failure. Be a good little wife and learn to cook for us. Nonna will love you forever if you pay attention and learn to cook for her favorite grandsons.”

Rolling over, Branda looked at him quizzically. “Troy, how did you two decide which one of you I would marry?” She hoped she hadn’t shown favoritism toward Troy. It would break her heart to hurt Trey.

“Quit looking so sick. You didn’t do anything.” At her questioning look, Troy said, “Remember, we can feel your emotions and your pretty face is an open book, easy to read. Back to your question. It was a simple matter. I’m the oldest. That alone meant I get the privilege of marrying you.”

“Trey’s all right with it? You don’t think us getting married will change things, do you? Will we all still be happy together? Maybe we shouldn’t get married. Why mess up a good thing?” The twins were the best thing that had ever happened to her. She couldn’t let them go.

“No cold feet, my little angel. There is no way you are getting out of this marriage. You are my family, and I need you to have my family name. When we have babies, we all need to have the same name. It’s tradition. What can I say?”

She grimaced. “About babies, I’m not on birth control.” Her eyes shot to his. “You’re not mad, are you? What will Trey think? Oh god, I should have said something sooner. It’s just that I wasn’t really thinking about the future. This sex-is-a-great-thing is new to me. I got caught up in the pleasure of it.”

His green eyes turned tender. “You worry too much. We knew with your lack of partners that there was a chance you weren’t protected, and we didn’t care because we knew you belonged to us. With the women in our past, we always wore condoms. But, with you it is different. If one of us gets you pregnant, we will celebrate. A baby is always a miracle, a blessing. Mom will most likely try to move in with us the minute she finds out you are pregnant. So when the time comes, we may want to hold off telling her.” His playful smile eased her nerves and calmed her soul.

Touching her belly, Branda murmured, “I might be pregnant right now. I wouldn’t mind, you know. Not with a family like yours to help me raise the little one.”

Covering her hand with his, Troy stated huskily, “*Ti amo*, I can’t wait to see you grow round with our baby.” Glancing at his watch, Troy sighed heavily. “Let’s get you up and some coffee down you

before Nonna sees you and guesses we kept you up all night.” Pulling her up, he kissed her then gently pushed her in the direction of the bathroom. “I’ll have your coffee ready for you when you come out.”

* * * *

After putting eye drops in her eyes—twice—Branda almost looked normal. She’d found out over coffee and pastries that Trey had gone to work and that Troy was going to go once he left Branda in Nonna’s care.

Troy had just walked her over, dressed in her old clothes, then kissed her goodbye before telling her he knew she’d do a fine job in the kitchen. Nonna was a good teacher and the best cook.

Looking at all the ingredients on the counter, Branda wasn’t so sure, but she knew she had to try. If Nonna wanted to teach her, she would listen and learn.

The first thing Nonna did was hand her a glass of wine. “Drink. It is good to be relaxed while cooking a great meal.”

Nonna took a drink from her glass and winked at Branda.

Branda couldn’t help the grin that curled her lips. This was going to be an interesting lesson.

Putting on the apron Nonna handed her, Branda listened, laughed, and learned.

* * * *

Trey leaned back in his chair and crossed his ankles. Sitting in the office of the bookstore with the door closed and the monitors on, the twins talked as they watched what was going on in the store. Matt was out front taking care of the customers.

Trey took his eyes off the monitors and smiled at Troy. “My eyes almost popped out of my head when Branda walked in the door yesterday. Mom and Bellina really dressed her up sharp. Sexy yet

covered. Except for some creamy cleavage, of course. Bellina obviously taught her how to tempt us. Damn, she even smelled good. I couldn't believe it when you went all caveman on her. I understood it though. A part of me wanted to do the same damned thing. I hope that doesn't happen to me. You know I have a history of delayed reaction. As long as she doesn't dress any sexier, I'll be all right."

Troy rubbed his brow. "I don't know what happened. When I saw her all hot-looking I just went crazy. I just wanted to take her somewhere and hide her away from the rest of the world."

"I know what you mean, man," Trey said. "Branda made me so hot last night. I can't believe our luck. She is a submissive through and through. Did you feel her excitement and arousal every time we commanded her to do something?"

Troy's eyes rounded excitedly. "Hell yeah! She was so wet her honey was dripping down her thighs long before I entered her. We are so fucking lucky. Oh, and heads-up, she's not on birth control. And she was getting cold feet about the wedding." At Trey's scowl Troy hurriedly continued, "We are still getting married. She was afraid things would change between all of us if she and I got married. She was also worried about hurting your feelings. You know, with you not being the one getting married and all."

Relief washed through Trey. "She didn't need to be worried about that. Hell, I can pretend to be you any day of the week. I just want her happy. A baby would be fine with me, too. She'll make a great mom. I can see her baking cookies all the time." He paused for a moment. "I love watching her grow emotionally and sexually. She is blossoming right before our eyes. With her loving being our submissive, I think we need to start looking for a place of our own. Trent can stay in our current home."

A feral smile turned up the corners of Troy's lips. "That's an excellent idea. We can't parade her naked through the house, bend her over the couch, and have our way with her with Trent in the house."

“Quit talking about taking her bent over a couch. I already have a hard-on from hell. Let’s look at houses for sale online. Maybe that will help my boner go down. Just don’t say out loud all the ways we can take her in each house we look at.” Trey shifted in his chair and started the search.

* * * *

Tugging up her skirt, Branda moved as fast as she could. Trina and Bellina insisted she go home and change after her cooking lesson was done. They wanted Trey and Troy drooling over her at dinner, which, she must confess, turned out wonderful. She had tasted the food and couldn’t wait to eat with everyone else. It was being kept warm in the oven while she had gone home to shower and dress.

Troy had called a few minutes before to let her know he and Trey were on their way. She wanted to look her best.

Fastening the clasp on her necklace, Branda stepped in front of the bedroom’s full-length mirror and let her gaze sweep over her body.

After browsing the contents of her closet, she had decided on a silk blouse and skirt Trina had bought her. The skirt was a shadow floral design, black with medium-sized flowers in different shades of blue. The black silk blouse had a deep V ruffled neckline, bust darts that showed off her breasts, and long sleeves with elastic cuffs that added a sweet little puff at her wrists.

A grin turned up her lips as she looked at the necklace that lay so temptingly on the silky mounds rising above the neckline of the blouse. The necklace was extremely pretty. The white gold chain traveled down into a cascade of blue flowers and tendrils ending with blue buds in a delicate array that rested all across her breasts. The last blue bud on the center tendril slipped into her cleavage. She knew that one would drive the twins crazy.

Branda slipped into her four-inch black strappy heels, then headed for the door.

Within minutes she was standing at the Cortinos' front door ringing the doorbell. She knew she could just walk in, but she felt funny doing that. She wouldn't feel comfortable enough to just walk in until after the wedding. Wedding. She still couldn't believe her luck. Two fine men from a wonderful family. There was no way she could ask for more.

The door opened. A long whistle came from between Trent's handsomely curved lips. "You look delicious." Green eyes raked down her body then rose to her breasts. "That is a lovely piece of jewelry you have on." Putting his arm out to her, he said, "Let me escort you in, my dear."

Branda ignored the heat in her cheeks. Maybe this outfit was not her brightest idea. At the house she had thought it looked really nice. Now she didn't know if she was bold enough to go through the evening wearing it. Her mind darting to find a solution, she looped her arm through Trent's. Three steps into the house, an idea came to her. If she felt too uncomfortable, she'd just spill something on herself then excuse herself and go back home to change into something more modest. Yeah, that would do.

Sneaking a peek at Trent, she noted that he was looking straight ahead. Whew, what a relief. If he had been staring at her boobs, she would have gone straight to the kitchen and spilled something on herself, but since he seemed not to be interested in her assets, she felt a lot more relaxed.

When they entered the living room, Trina jumped up and rushed over to her. "Oh my, you look ravishing. Truly ravishing." Turning to her husband, she said, "Doesn't she look ravishing, honey?"

Coming to his feet, Emilio strode over to them and took her hand in his. Raising her hand to his lips, he set a light kiss on the back of her hand. "You are quite correct, my dear. She looks exquisite." His warm green eyes made her feel at home. Turning to Trent, he said, "Go tell the twins we are ready to eat. They can meet us in the dining room."

On the way to the dining room, Branda was hugged and told how lovely she looked by the rest of the family members. Their comments released the knot in her stomach that had been getting more tangled as she waited to see what the twins thought about the way she looked.

Nonno had just been about to seat Branda when the twins rushed into the dining room.

One look at her and Trey strode over, possessively grasped her wrist then led her out of the room.

As she was led out, she heard Troy explain, "Go ahead and begin. We will only be a moment."

The heavy tread of his footsteps came up quickly behind them. "Trey, what the hell are you doing?"

Pushing her into his bedroom then following her in, he spun around to face Troy, then barked, "Did you get a good look at her? She needs to change. Now! I can't handle this two days in a row. I think some of her old clothes are in here."

The knot in her stomach returned.

Troy snarled, "You're upsetting her. You need to cool down. Now."

Swinging his gaze around to hers, Trey looked a bit regretful, but still determined to get his way. "I'm sorry to upset her, but the way she's dressed is upsetting me. How am I supposed to eat dinner in a room full of family while her jewelry-dripped breasts are on display for the whole damned world to see?" Red stained Trey's cheeks, showing just how furious he was.

"Get a grip, man. I know how you feel. I just went through this, remember? I agree she is a very tempting morsel. But, keep in mind, we get to eat that morsel tonight. There are no strange men eating at our table. No threats. Let's go eat. The faster we get this over with the faster we can strip her out of those clothes." Troy closed in on Branda and cradled her breasts in his broad hands. "I, for one, cannot wait to fish out the missing flower with my tongue." His green eyes were on fire as they stared at the spot where the flower bud had slipped

between her breasts. “See how the chain goes down between her luscious mounds, hiding the last flower? That is one treasure I plan on digging up tonight.”

Closing his eyes, Trey took a few deep breaths. “I’ll go along with it tonight, but from now on, I need to know in advance if she is going to wear clothes and jewelry like that.”

A rapacious grin suddenly pulled at his lips. Troy stepped away from Branda, allowing Trey to take his place. Cupping her neck, he pulled her to him and lowered his lips to hers. Full, firm lips slanted across hers hungrily. Opening to him, she let his tongue make love to her mouth. One hand continued to hold her neck while the other moved around to her lower back and pulled her hips to his. Fully erect, his penis pressed firmly into her stomach.

Need clawed at her pelvic muscles, making her clit throb. Little mewling sounds poured out of her throat as she kissed him back. Lordy be, how could he do this to her? All she wanted to do was drop to the floor, spread her legs, and beg him to fuck her. His hips ground into her. His cock was so hard, so tempting.

Insanity took over, making her beg. “Please, take me, Trey. I need you now.” Her hands went to his pants and started unbuckling them.

Stepping back, Trey held her at bay with outstretched arms. “Whoa, *tesoro mio*. We can’t make love right now. Remember, the family is waiting on us.”

Disappointment scrunched her face. “That’s not fair for you to make me want you that badly then say no.”

Running a hand up and down her arm, Troy remarked, “Turnabout is fair play, darling. When you dress so appealingly, we want you as badly as you wanted Trey a moment ago. I believe we can all agree that it is a most uncomfortable feeling. Perhaps you can forewarn us the next time you plan on dressing up so invitingly.”

Breasts heavy, clit still pulsating painfully with need, Branda snapped, “Point taken. Now let’s go get dinner over with so you two

can take care of my throbbing nipples and clit.” On that note, she stalked out of the room.

Dinner was murder. Oh, everyone complimented her cooking and Nonna’s training. Between the spaghetti with pinot grigio and seafood, and the chicken saltimbocca, they had an abundance of flavors present at the table. The first was a mixture of pasta, shallots, garlic, sun-dried tomatoes, white wine, arugula, shrimp, and clams. The flavors had simmered into a delicious blend. The second was chicken cutlets pounded to evenly flattened perfection then stuffed with pepper, prosciutto, spinach, and parmesan cheese. They’d been browned in olive oil then set to simmer in chicken broth and lemon juice. She could almost eat her weight in those things, but the meal was definitely not what had her stirred up. Troy and Trey were the ones to blame for her discomfort.

Smiling, she tried to have a good time, but she really just wanted the meal to end. The problem was that no one else seemed to want the evening to end, so they kept eating in an unhurried fashion, drinking wine, and telling stories. All she wanted to do was go home, strip, and let the twins have their way with her. They had been teasing her all through the meal. She was seated between the two devils. They kept leaning in and brushing her breasts with their shoulders as they innocently talked to one another. Innocent her ass. They were doing it on purpose. If she didn’t want them so badly, she’d refuse to have sex with them. But the problem was that she needed them as badly as they needed her. They were driving her crazy, stroking her thighs under the table and leaning into her. She wanted to scream. She could have kicked herself for not being bolder. If she were wickedly bold, she could have been stroking their dicks and making them squirm the way they were making her squirm. How could they laugh at something their uncle said while their fingers were thrumming the junction of her thighs?

She turned toward Trey and let all her misery show in her eyes.

Granting mercy, he leaned in and whispered, "Go to the bedroom and I'll be there shortly."

Standing, Branda excused herself.

Two minutes later Trey closed and locked the door. "Take off your panties. Get on the bed and spread your legs."

His demanding tone had her body trembling with desire. Lordy, she loved it when he took control. Weak-kneed, she took off her panties then stumbled to the bed, barely making it there. Eyes trained on him, she spread her legs.

Climbing onto the bed, Trey knelt between her legs. Passion-filled eyes scorched her senses. "Spread your legs wider."

Quaking thighs widened. Blood rushed to her clitoris. "Please, take me."

"Pull your knees in to your chest." He watched with a look of satisfaction on his face as she pulled her knees up and more of her juices dripped from her pretty pink opening. "Good, now spread your thighs wider." Reaching out, he lightly patted the swollen, sensitive nubbin she had so obediently exposed to him.

Gulping air into her lungs, she wiggled beneath him trying to climax as quickly as possible.

"Easy, *tesoro mio*." The softly spoken words were spoken against her clit.

A jolt of sweltering heat coursed from her pelvis and flamed throughout her body. Branda turned into a quivering mass of need. She was so hot she needed him to put the fire out.

It was obvious he knew what she needed when he slid two fingers into her slick canal and licked her taut clit at the same time.

A keening wail erupted from her throat.

Scissoring his fingers, he stretched and caressed her velvety walls. She wiggled and cried out.

Fingers grazing all her tender spots, he lapped at her sensitive clit until she moaned incoherently. Once she was totally lost in the

pleasure, he sucked her quivering clit into his warm mouth. His tongue fluttered and his mouth sucked.

Her writhing frame seized. She burst into a raging fire. The flames licked at her, nipped at her. After one last fiery burst, she floated slowly back to her body, one quenched cinder at a time, until she was whole again.

Coming back to reality, she saw that Trey was gently drying her off with a soft towel. Taking her hand, he helped her off the bed and into her panties.

At the door he unlocked it. "Before we go back, I want you to know how beautiful you look tonight. I'm sorry for being a hard-ass earlier. Part of me loves your sexier look and part of me wants to hide your beauty." He kissed her tenderly and briefly before reluctantly stepping back. Opening the door, Trey ushered her back to the family.

Troy looked at Branda then at Trey. A knowing and approving smile passed over his handsome face. "You look sinfully relaxed, darling."

Blushing to the roots of her hair, Branda took her seat. Now that Trey had taken the edge off her sexual hunger, she felt much better. Tonight she'd show them how thankful she was. For now she would kick back and enjoy being around such good people and such good food.

Glancing at the table, she noticed that everyone was eating dessert. Chocolate-hazelnut ravioli. Picking hers up off her plate, she looked at Troy and thanked him for getting her and Trey some dessert. Biting into the warm, gooey goodness, she groaned in chocolate bliss. Earlier she and Nonna had put small spoons of chocolate-hazelnut in wonton wrappers, sealed the edges then fried them to a light golden color. They had been completely cooled then put in the refrigerator. While Branda was in the bedroom with Trey, Nonna must have heated and sugared the dessert. Damn, they tasted good.

Trent held up his glass of wine. “I want to toast the most exquisite pastries I’ve had in a long time. To Branda and Nonna. Salute!”

Everyone at the table raised their glasses in concordance. “Salute!” Taking a sip, Branda felt herself falling deeper in love with her new family.

Chapter Fifteen

Two days had passed since Nonna had given her the cooking lesson. Yesterday she had worked on an unexpected cookie and fruit arrangement and had joyfully collapsed on the couch after sending the excited customer on her way.

Today was Nonno, Emilio, and uncle Gabriel's day to teach her something. Troy told her the whole family would teach her something. It was their way of bonding with her. She liked that. Stepping up to the Cortinos' front door, she rang the doorbell. Shortly, Gabriel swung it open and ushered her in. "It's good to see you today. I see you wore comfortable clothes just like we asked, good. Come back here with me. We have someone we want you to meet."

Branda walked warily through the house. Although dressed in a sweat suit, she hoped they didn't want to do aerobics with her. She truly hated aerobics. Walking, fine. Aerobics, no.

Gabriel led her to the spacious family room in the back of the house. Furniture was pushed back, and a large area of the wood floor was covered with a thick mat. Uh oh, this couldn't be good for the home team. Seeing a lean man dressed in sweats talking to Nonno and Emilio, she wanted to groan in misery.

Getting Nonno's attention, Gabriel injected, "Sorry to interrupt, but Branda has arrived."

Nonno, Emilio, and the man walked over to them.

Nonno made the introductions. "Ken, this is Branda. Soon she will be marrying my grandson. Branda, this is Ken, a friend of the family. He will be teaching you self-defense today."

A snort of laughter burst from her before she could stop it. Her shock was immense. "You're kidding me, right?"

Emilio shook his dark head, his green eyes way too serious. "No."

Brow furrowed, Branda responded, "I'm not too keen on fighting. I'd rather throw cookies at them and run while they eat them."

Ken laughed at that. "I'm sure that would work with some attackers, but not all of them. So I'm here to teach you how to handle the ones that don't care for, sugar."

Emilio gently guided her into the next room for a little privacy. "Branda, I can tell this is not something you want to do, but you must do it."

Well, now she knew where the twins got their bossiness from. What a ginormous genetic flaw to have. Her face must have shown her thoughts.

With a mirthful voice, he went on, "You are so easy to read. Your irritation with me is plain to see. It is a good thing to let your feelings be known. Unfortunately, today I can't give in to you." Taking her left arm, he slid her sleeve up, exposing her scarred forearm. His thumb tenderly swept back and forth over the raised, pink flesh. Serious, penetrating green eyes bore into hers. "I know what happened to you. That can never happen again. From today on, I want you to be able to take care of yourself. The twins can't be with you all the time. What happens when you have children? You have to be able to defend yourself and the babies. I need you to do this."

Swallowing the lump in her throat, she nodded, not sure how this was going to work out, but determined to at least try. His eyes showed her how much he needed her to do this. There was no way she could have refused him. He had to love her a lot to bring in someone to teach her to take care of herself and her future children. His future grandchildren. Who could say no to that? Branda nodded her agreement, and they went back into the other room.

Ken got straight to business. “Good, you two are back. Let’s get started. You missed meeting Gina a minute ago. Gina is my partner. She will be helping with your training. Gina, this is Branda.”

Relief almost dropped Branda to her knees. A female. The heavens must be smiling on her today after all. All the tall men in the room looming over her was making her a bit nervous. By normal standards, she wasn’t short, but by their standard height, she was a shorty. At least Gina was equal to her height.

Keeping control of the training, Ken informed her, “The first thing we are going to do are a few warm-ups. After that we’ll show you how to position your hand for a blow. Then we will practice some moves. Emilio and I will demonstrate, then you and Gina will do the move. Once you have the move down, you’ll do the move on me. If you three will step onto the mat, we will begin.”

Two hours later, Branda was sweaty and her head was swimming with all the information they had given her. They had taught her to curl her fist starting with her pinkie and lastly placing her thumb tightly against her fingers. She had been told never to tuck her thumb into her fist because it could get broken on impact. That sounded painful.

Ken taught her to never hesitate. The instant a person showed any sign of attack she was to suddenly strike. Striking first and fast could end it right there. A sudden quick blow with a fist to the stomach or chin could very well give her a chance to get away. They had gone through the motions several times, always tightening their stomach muscles before taking a hit. When Branda had the move down, Ken put on a padded suit and had her do the same thing. Once in the padded suits, he had her and Gina do the blow to the stomach move with just a little force to each other. Then he had her do it to him with more force. She had been shocked to find out how much a small amount of force hurt and that she could hurt an attacker enough to double him or her over in pain.

While taking a break, Ken laughed. “A blow to the stomach hurts, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah, like hell,” Branda replied truthfully and with some mirth.

“A well-placed fist, especially a fast, unexpected one, will double an attacker over almost every time. That same move you learned for the stomach can be aimed at the breastbone or the groin. Trust me, a fast fist to the groin will take a male attacker down, giving you time to run like the hounds of hell are chasing you.” Ken was so into his job he continued the training by talking about self-defense through each break. Branda admired that about him. He wanted to teach her as much as he could in their short time together. She decided she liked them both. Gina made it fun as well as informative, too.

The last move they taught her was how to kick an attacker in the groin from the ground. If she were ever pushed down again, she knew what to do. If she went down, face to the ground, she was to turn over quickly, spot her attacker, wait for him to get within kicking range then kick his groin with her heel as hard as she could. If she had known that before she had been attacked, she wouldn’t have a scarred-up forearm or the nightmares that still haunted her. Come to think of it, though, she hadn’t had the nightmares at all while she was safely tucked into the twins’ arms at night. One more thing to be thankful for.

Time had flown by.

Thanking everyone, Branda departed when Ken and Gina left.

Once inside the De Pescina home, Branda dropped the self-defense folder Ken had given her on the coffee table to read later. He’d told her she needed to look it over every now and then just to freshen her memory on what to do in case of an attack.

Going to the bathroom, she lit the cinnamon candle the twins had given her, turned on the water, and took a good long, soothing bath.

* * * *

Stretching her arms up overhead, Branda was happy to find that her muscles were no longer as sore as they had been. Today marked three days since she had taken the self-defense class. The twins were at work, and she didn't have any commitments today. She planned on being lazy all day, and so far, she'd done just that.

Troy and Trey were going to take her to dinner tonight. Thank goodness, because otherwise she would have had to cook, and she didn't feel like doing anything today.

Ding, ding, ding.

Who could that be? Going to the door, she peeked through the peephole. Trent, Cason, and Carlo were standing on the other side, all smiles.

Opening the door, she asked, "What do you guys need? Make it quick. I plan to do nothing at all today except laze around."

Trent smiled devilishly. That couldn't be good.

"Good, come by and be lazy with us," Trent said with a mischievous gleam in his green eyes.

Looking up at them, she snorted. "Not on your life. I don't plan on doing a thing for the rest of the day. See you later."

Cason's eyes turned pleading. "If you don't come, you will break tradition. Think about it. Everyone in the family has taught you something except us. We have to teach you something, too. Please come over. All of the parents have gone out of town and won't be back until tomorrow. That gives us the whole day to save tradition."

Lips twisting, Branda sighed. "What do you three have in mind?"

Jumping at the opportunity Cason answered. "Trent is going to show you how to throw a knife, Carlo will show you how to make Troy's favorite drink, and I'll show you how to make Trey's favorite drink. Have a heart, *bella*. Let us teach you these small things."

Grinning, Branda gave in. "You can stop with the puppy eyes. I'll get my keys and come over for tradition's sake. But don't expect me to get dressed. I'm coming over in these sweats and T-shirt."

“No worries. You are dressed fine for what we are going to be doing,” Carlo quickly responded as if afraid she would change her mind.

Striding through the Cortino house, Trent led her to the backyard. Showing their confidence in their ability to convince her to come over, she saw that they had put up a target and had the outdoor bar ready to make drinks. Since she was standing in the backyard, their confidence was well founded.

Cason and Carlo took seats so they could watch the show.

Just what she needed, a laughing audience. Thinking of her new wonderful family, she knew she'd do anything for them, including this, for *tradition's sake*.

Picking up one of the two knives, Trent started explaining. “This is a twelve-inch throwing knife. It can be thrown from either end. The smooth design of it is what makes it capable of doing that.” Putting it down, he picked up the other one. “This one is seven inches and can only be thrown by the handle. This one is shaped to fit your hand so it feels good when you are holding it. They both have very sharp tips so be careful.” Taking it by the blade, he handed it to her handle first.

Taking the knife, she was a little surprised at its weight considering the length of it.

Handing the longer knife to her, he took the shorter one from her. The longer one was twice as heavy. “They are heavier than I thought they would be,” Branda commented.

“Yeah, they have to be or they wouldn't be able to penetrate long-distance targets. I'm going to throw each one. Watch the way I hold the knife and the way I shift my weight. My right leg is back and my toes are pointing at the target. My left leg is at a good balanced distance, a little over a foot away from my right. For you it will more likely be about a foot in front. Both knees are slightly bent. This will help me shift my weight from one foot to the other with ease. I'm going to let go of the knife when it points exactly at the target then

I'm going to quickly release it and snap my fingers back together. I'll go through the motion a few times then I'll throw it."

Watching him closely, she took in every move he made. It didn't look too hard. He moved slowly through the motions first, then *Bam!* With the grace of a powerful tiger, he shifted his weight, pulled his arm back then in a blur flung the knife at the target. Her brows shot up in amazement. He'd hit bull's eye in one of the four circles of the target. As she stared at him, he turned and picked up the other knife and did the same thing, but in the bull's-eye of one of the other circles. She couldn't believe it. He was deadly with a knife. Only a fool would start any shit with him.

Not seeming to notice her awe, he ambled over to the target, retrieved the knives and handed the shorter one to her. "Your turn. Where you are standing is eight feet from the target. If you hit the target dead on, we'll know this is your half-turn distance. If the blade goes in at an angle you'll have to move closer or farther from the target."

On her first throw, the knife bounced off the target and hit the ground. Trent was extremely patient and worked with her until they had her distance down and had her sticking the knife in the target.

Envisioning her attacker, she smiled as her mind made up what she wished would have happened.

Walking to her apartment, she wasn't afraid of the dark. Hearing a strange sound, her new ninja skills took over, and she turned to her attacker before he even laid a hand on her. Her sixth sense let her know he was evil. She punched him in the groin and watched him go down. Whipping out her phone, she called the cops. When he got up and tried to escape, she threw her knife and buried it in his thigh just as help arrived.

Grinning at her own fanciful thoughts, she tried harder to hit the target.

An hour later Trent had her hitting the target on a regular basis. Not dead center like him, but she was still proud of herself for hitting

the outer ring most of the time. A few times she'd actually hit the bull's-eye. At those times she had beamed brightly and high-fived Trent, Cason, and Carlo.

Cason started whining that it was his turn to teach her. Giving in, Trent called it quits for the day. Gazing down at her, he complimented her. "You did a great job today. A couple of those throws were better than Cason's throws."

Looking into his green eyes, she noticed that the more she got to know him the more she liked him and the less she even noticed the scar on his left cheek. To her, he was just as handsome as the twins. In truth, he looked like he could be their triplet. He had a strong yet gentle touch. Under his guidance, she had learned enough to throw a knife at an attacker and most likely hit her human target. "Thanks for the lesson. I learned a great deal even with all the uncontrolled laughing." At her last statement, she cut her eyes at Cason and Carlo. Shifting her gaze back to Trent, she added, "Looks like the family tradition has been met. You are free of your obligation toward me."

A sensual smile curled his lips up. "Tradition has been fulfilled this is true, but my obligation to you and your safety will carry on forever. You are family."

Warmth spread throughout her body. He was so sweet. The whole family was unbelievably kind. Too bad more families weren't like them because the world would be a better place if they were.

Before she could even try to find an appropriate response, Cason called out, "Time's up, Trent. Branda, come over here. Carlo is going to teach you to make Trey's favorite drink."

One brow raised in question. "I thought you told me earlier that Carlo was going to teach me Troy's favorite drink."

Cason shrugged. "It doesn't matter. They look just alike. I call them whichever name rolls off my tongue first. They answer to either name. Try it some time, you'll see. Come on over and Carlo will start the lesson."

Trent took Carlo's seat and watched the show.

Carlo turned on some soft rock music and set out four glasses. "Today you will learn to make a tropical mojito. You don't know how to make these already, do you?"

"No, but it sounds good."

"It is. Tropical mojitos are one of my favorites."

"I thought they were Troy's favorite," Trent said, with a wicked gleam in his green eyes.

Carlo bit his lip for a second. "Tropical mojitos just happen to be a favorite that we both share. Stop harassing me. Did I talk during your training session?"

"As a matter of fact, your laughter could have been considered harassing. It's a wonder Branda learned anything at all," Trent shot back.

Turning to Branda, Carlo said, "Just ignore him. He is jealous of our drink-making abilities." Handing her a bowl of mint leaves, he added, "First, divide these mint leaves among the four glasses then mash them with the back of this wooden spoon." Handing her the spoon he watched as she mashed the mint then leaned over a glass and sniffed the minty aroma.

"The mint smells wonderful. What do I do next?" Branda asked, licking her lips.

Carlo rattled off the two ingredients needed. "Pour six cups of tropical blend juice and one and one quarter-cup of rum into the pitcher then stir. While you do that, I'll put ice in the glasses."

In a flash, they were pouring the drinks and sitting around the round glass-top table talking and soaking up the sun.

Branda took a sip. "These are good. I wonder what it would taste like with a little cinnamon."

"Let's find out. What kind of cinnamon do you want, powdered or sticks?" Carlo asked as he stood, getting ready to go into the house to get the requested cinnamon.

"Sticks, please," she answered, before taking another drink. Damn, they were good. She was glad they'd come over.

“I didn’t know they made tropical blend juice. Did both of you guys know that?” Branda asked Trent and Cason.

Trent said no at the same time Cason said yes.

At least Trent hadn’t known either. That made her feel better.

“Cason and Carlo would know because they are always making drinks. Right, Cason?” Trent offered in explanation.

“Sure enough,” Cason said as he bobbed his head to the beat of the music. “We can make almost any drink from memory alone. We are thinking about opening our own bar one of these days.”

Thanking Carlo for the cinnamon, Branda took out a stick and swirled it around in her drink. Taking a swig, she didn’t taste any cinnamon. Swirling the cinnamon again, she decided to take a different approach. Raising the cinnamon stick to her mouth, she slid it in and sucked.

After sucking on her cinnamon stick a third time, she looked up. “Damn, this is good. You guys need to try it.”

They all took a stick and swirled it around in their drinks.

“I’ll have to remember this. My future dates can tease me when they suck on the cinnamon stick,” Cason said while wiggling his eyebrows.

Carlo bumped fists with Cason and nodded in agreement.

Carlo finished his drink then wiped his hand across his lips. “You were getting pretty good with the knife throwing. You should practice throwing darts so you can take Gaven down. He’d never suspect you. He’s been on a winning streak for a few years now.”

“Yeah, that’s a great idea,” Cason answered in an excited rush. “Trent, let’s go get the dartboard and darts. We can begin her training today.”

“I don’t see why not. We can all throw some darts as we sample Branda’s drinks. What do you think, Branda?” Trent swung his gaze to hers.

“Sounds good to me. You guys can go get the dart stuff, and I’ll refill the glasses. This stuff is good.”

Branda had the drinks poured and was sitting back drinking hers by the time they came back. The music was pulsing through her body. Smiling, she thought about how nice the day had turned out. She was glad she'd come by for *tradition's sake*. She loved all of Troy and Trey's family.

Once the board was set up, they all took turns throwing the darts. Trent was the best, Cason came in second, Branda was third, and Carlo was the worst. The poor guy couldn't get a good throw in to save his life.

Ever mindful of his turn to teach, Cason noticed that Branda had finished her drink. The pitcher of mojitos was gone. "Branda, let Trent teach my brother to actually hit his mark while I teach you to make Brazilian martinis."

Going over to him, she watched as he pulled out the items he needed.

Taking out a cutting board, Cason sliced five limes. Reaching to a shelf below the countertop, he pulled out two cocktail shakers. He handed one shaker to her. Knowing she was a newbie, he slid an ounces-only measuring glass over to her. "Get ready to make the best drink you've ever tasted."

"I'm ready, although I must confess I liked the last drink a lot."

"You'll like this one even more. Now let's begin. Drop a lime slice in your shaker." He had already dropped his in. It was a pattern he continued. Cason would add the ingredient then watch her do it. "Two ounces cachaca. One-and-a-half ounces pomegranate juice. Two teaspoons sugar. A handful of ice. Snap the lid on the shaker and shake ten times." Cason laughed at her weak attempts to shake the drink. "Just a little bit harder. Good job. Now flip back the lid. See, it has a built-in strainer."

"That's so cool. These are nice shakers. Are we ready to pour the martinis in the glasses?"

"Yes, pour them slowly through the strainer." As soon as she had hers poured, they both took a drink.

She mmm'ed in delight.

"Since we are making another drink right now, all you have to do is take off the lid and add the two ounces of cachaca, one and half ounces pomegranate juice and two teaspoons sugar. You may need to add a little more ice, but your lime should be able to flavor the drink again. After this batch though you'll want to throw out the lime and start over with a fresh one."

In no time at all, they had the drinks mixed. She noticed that Cason didn't measure his ingredients. He just eyeballed the amount. She wished she could do that. Maybe she'd try on the next batch.

Calling the dart throwers over, Cason handed a drink to Carlo, and Branda handed one to Trent.

The two men took a drink then raised their glasses. Trent toasted, "To tradition set right. We have now all done our part. Branda can throw knives and make damn fine drinks. To tradition. Salute!"

"Salute!" the other three chimed.

Three martinis later, Branda asked with a little difficulty, "Why do you think Troy and Trey are attracted to a fat girl like me? I mean as fine as they are they could date models. Thin models. Do you think they'll grow tired of me? Become embarrassed to be seen in public with me? Maybe I shouldn't eat so many cookies. Do you think that would help?"

"Stop with the negative body image. You're killing me. The twins love your stacked body just the way it is. Who wouldn't love all those soft, womanly curves? Am I right, guys?" Cason stated confidently.

"Yeah, I'm sure they love to lick you all over," Carlo rushed to say.

Branda's brow furrowed for a moment then a smile lit her face. "You know, I think you're right. My body must not be too bad to them. They seem to really like licking me all over."

A deep, totally unslurred voice came from behind and slightly to the side of Branda. "I hope the *they* you are talking about is me and Trey."

Chapter Sixteen

Troy watched her, not believing how slurred her words were. Her back was to him, but her three partners in crime could see him quite well. Why was she drunk in the backyard with Trent, Cason, and Carlo? His brother and cousins were not fall-down-drunk, but not sober either.

“You know the weirdest thing just happened. I heard someone talking, but none of your mouths were moving, and it sounded like Troy. Like maybe I had a hearing mirage.” She took another drink then asked Trent, “Have you ever had a hearing mirage?”

“No, but if you listen really hard I bet you’ll have another *hearing mirage*.”

She said, again in a slur, “I hope so. I miss Troy and Trey. I wonder what they are doing right now. Probably working. They work hard, you know. You know I love them, right?” She sighed deeply, and murmured, “And the things they can do in bed...”

“I think that’s enough talking about the bedroom,” Troy said before she could continue.

“Did you guys hear that?”

All three burst out laughing.

She frowned. “You heard it, right?”

Soothing her fears, Troy pulled up a chair and sat next to her. “They all heard it because I was standing right behind you. What I want to know is why my wife-to-be is drunk in the backyard instead of dressed and ready to go out to eat.”

Trey stepped outside. “I see you found her. Is she ready to go?”

"I think we'll be ordering in tonight, thanks to Trent, Cason and Carlo," Troy answered. She was cute in her current state.

"Did you hear that? I just had a hearing mirage of Trey. He's so sweet. I love him, you know."

"Who got her drunk?" Trey asked, his eyes zoning in on Trent.

Holding his hands up in surrender, Trent corrected, "Don't blame me. I taught her to throw knives. It was these two that taught her to make drinks."

"Drinks, that sounds lovely, Trent. Could you make me another one? My shaker seems to be broken." Branda sloppily moved her right arm up and down. "And I have to go pee."

It took everything Troy had in him not to burst out laughing. Her shaker arm was definitely out of commission for the rest of the night.

"Trey, order some food, please, while I help Branda to the restroom," Troy said as he helped Branda up.

As she got up, she swayed then spotted Trey. "Oh look, Trey's here. He knows I love him, right?"

"Yes, he knows, and he loves you, too," Troy replied as he walked her into the house.

"Do you think I'm too fat?" she murmured as she watched the floor. "I think you are going to have to get the floor fixed. It feels like it's going to shift at any moment."

"I'm going to kill them," Troy mumbled under his breath. "No, darling. You are not fat. Remember we've gone over this before. You are lusciously stacked. Don't worry about the floor. I'm pretty sure it will be fine by tomorrow."

Helping her into the restroom, he steadied her a few times then breathed a sigh of relief once the deed was done and she was taken back outside to sit and wait on their food.

"So what was on the menu today?" Troy asked Cason.

"Tropical mojitos and Brazilian martinis. She did a great job making them, until recently, of course. Her shake seems to be a little off," Cason answered with a snicker.

“What I’d like to know is who came up with this knife-throwing, drink-making party, and why.” Troy stared the three men down.

Cason answered easily. “I came up with the idea because we needed to stick to tradition.”

“Tradition, huh? I’ve never heard anything about getting the bride-to-be drunk,” Trey stated from the doorway. His voice was gruff, but his eyes glistened with mirth.

“Did you guys hear that?” Branda asked with narrowed eyes.

“Yes, baby. We all heard Trey.” Swinging his gaze to Trent, Troy asked, “Do tell us about this new tradition you three have come up with.”

“Oh, it’s not new. We didn’t mean to get her drunk. It just happened. What we were doing was keeping to the tradition of all the family members teaching the new family member something. I taught her to throw knives. She did a good job, by the way. Carlo and Cason taught her to make your and Trey’s favorite drinks. Isn’t that right, Cason?”

“He’s telling the truth. She is just more sensitive to the liquor than we thought she’d be. She looked so cute making the drinks, how could we stop her?” Cason said with an innocent shrug.

“So you were teaching her to make our favorite drinks, huh? I don’t see any beer-making equipment out here. You know we like beer better than mixed drinks,” Trey retorted.

“Yes, but beer takes too long to make, so we improvised,” Carlo said excitedly. Obviously he was proud of himself for figuring that one out.

“You guys are hopeless,” Troy added then went over to the bar and got himself and Trey a beer. He had to admit, the four of them seemed to be having a good time. He and Trey might as well join in the fun.

Thanks to Cason periodically slipping her three more alcohol-filled drinks, Branda was still a little tipsy four hours later as they tucked her between them in bed. “I love you two.”

“We love you, too. Close those pretty eyes and go to sleep,” Trey whispered into her ear.

Within seconds, Branda was lightly snoring.

“I can’t believe those three got her drunk,” Trey whispered over her snoring.

“I can’t either, but she did make an adorable drunk. I almost bust a gut when she thought she was having *hearing mirages*.”

“Yeah, that was hilarious. We’ll have to remember to make sure she doesn’t drink too much on our wedding day,” Trey said with mirth.

“No kidding,” Troy whispered back.

Branda shifted and grumbled in her sleep.

Both men went silent, not wanting to wake her.

Troy cuddled next to her thinking how lucky they were to have such a warm, loving, stacked woman like her. She was the bright spot in their lives, and he knew she always would be.

Troy lightly kissed the top of her head, then winced at the thought of the headache she was going to have in the morning. She started snoring again, and he smiled as he let sleep overtake him.

* * * *

Morning dawned for Branda at eleven a.m. Her head pounded, and her mouth was as dry as desert sand.

Trying to sit up, Branda groaned when a jackhammer went off in her head. Breathing deeply seemed to help a little. Opening her eyes, she moaned when pain shot through her eye sockets and stabbed her brain. Groping for a pillow, she eased herself back down on the bed. Better to lay down for a bit and feel okay, versus up and in pain.

“I see you are up,” someone said, walking into the room.

Branda’s head was pounding too loudly for her to be able to figure out who it was.

"I'll be right back with something to help you," the male voice said sympathetically.

She must have dozed off for a minute, because the bed shifting as someone sat on it startled her back to the painful light of day. A hand moved soothingly over her shoulder and brushed her hair off her face. "Let's get you up. Your phone has rung several times already. You may need to call someone back. We don't want the police called to hunt you down for a frantic friend, do we?" The male voice sounded way too happy.

Slitting her eyes, she peered at the face close to hers. "Trey?"

A low chuckle rumbled from his chest. "No. I'm Trent. The short-haired one with the scar."

"Stop laughing at me. It's partly your fault I'm in the shape I'm in today. Where are Trey and Troy? How did you get your scar? I have a scar you know."

"Woman, you talk a lot for someone with a hangover. But to answer your questions, Trey and Troy are at work. They left me to take care of you because I didn't stop you from getting drunk. I was in a car wreck a few years ago, and no, I didn't know you have a scar. I'm sorry to hear about your scar. Now, will you let me help you sit up and drink a family remedy for hangovers?" Trent said in a low, soothing tone that was easy on the ears and head.

Allowing him to help her up, she groaned when the jackhammer in her head went back to work. Holding her head in her hands, she took a few slow, controlled breaths.

"Here, take these."

Peeking through squinted eyes, she saw three pills in his hand. Taking them from him, she croaked, "Water."

"I've got something better than water. A breakfast smoothie." He took the smoothie off the nightstand and pressed it into her hand.

She took a sip to get her throat wet then put all three of the pills in her mouth at once and washed them down with the smoothie. Keeping

her eyes closed, she sipped at the smoothie. “This is a good smoothie. Cason and Carlo aren’t here, are they?”

“No, they had to go back home today, remember? But if you’d like, I can call and get them to come back.” His tone was filled with laughter.

Keeping her eyes closed, she murmured, “No, I don’t think I could live through another one of their visits just yet. My head and arm hurt.”

“I’m sure they do. Your head will be better soon. Your arm will take a day or so. When you were throwing knives and then darts you used muscles you usually don’t use. I think you should finish your drink and then lay back down for awhile. You look like you need the rest. I’ll handle the cops if they show up.” Sympathy dominated his tone this time.

With eyes still closed, Branda drank her drink then handed it blindly to Trent.

He took the glass, then helped her lay back down, and covered her up. She felt him kiss her forehead. “Go to sleep, little one.”

* * * *

“Branda is looking much better. Her arm is close to normal again,” Trey told Trent as he took a seat at one of the tables at Gaven’s pub.

“Just in time, too. She’s received a lot of business calls in the last few days. She’s working right now,” Troy threw in.

“You guys are leaving in a few days, right?” Trent asked, ignoring his brothers’ subtle reminders that he hadn’t taken very good care of their fiancée while adhering to tradition.

Groaning loudly, Trey answered, “Yes. Nonno and Nonna are practically demanding we go and that we leave Branda behind. I think they are up to something.”

"I'm with you. They have to be planning something. Something they don't want Branda to know about," Troy agreed with narrowed green eyes.

"You two are always so suspicious. What makes you think those two sweet, innocent, elderly people are up to something?" Trent prodded, unable to hold the laughter from his voice.

"Please. I know they are up to something. Those two never separate, and they don't encourage other couples to spend too much time apart. Yet they want me and Troy to go to Italy with them for a month and leave Branda behind. It stinks I tell you. Oh, they are giving some sad story about not wanting to bore Branda by making her visit their elderly friends in Italy. Saying she should stay and build up her business, which all of the sudden has skyrocketed overnight. I tell you, something is up. I think they had their friends call Branda and keep her busy so she couldn't go," Trey retorted.

"Okay, okay. I believe you, but you might as well not stew over it. You know when Nonno and Nonna go to plotting and planning they never show their cards until they are ready to. You might as well enjoy the ride, seeing as you don't have a choice," Trent said sympathetically.

"While we are gone, we need you to look out for her. She is *very* important to us. *Capisci?*" Troy asked Trent in a firm tone.

"I understand. I won't let anything happen to her. She's family. I'll watch over her. Just try to hurry Nonno and Nonna along so you two can get back as soon as possible," Trent answered in a grave voice.

"Let's just chill out for now. I vote we play darts while Gaven is out of town." Trey tossed out the words in a playful way.

"Where's he at? What's he doing?" Troy asked with an air of concern.

"Pull your head out of the ground, my ostrich brother. Six months have passed. Every six months he mysteriously goes somewhere for the weekend. It's that weekend. He probably has some chick stashed

somewhere and doesn't want us to know he's fallen," Trey answered as he got up and headed for the dart board.

"Oh, yeah. I didn't realize it was that time already. He's so quiet about it all. Plus, sometimes we're not in town when he goes away. That makes it hard for me to keep up with him and what he's doing. I wonder what he does. He told me once that he has to get away every six months in order to stay sane. Most of the time he comes home with a black eye or two. If he's got a woman stashed, she must be a mean one. Has he recently let it slip to either of you where he goes?" Troy questioned as he picked up a few darts.

Both men shook their heads no.

"I guess when he comes back we can get him drunk and see if he'll spill under the influence of alcohol. Branda could make him some of her special drinks," Trent teased.

"Not funny about Branda. We all know that was Cason's and Carlo's fault. And good luck getting Gaven drunk. I think he's immune to alcohol. I tried it once and woke up on his couch the next morning to the sound of him singing off key while he cooked breakfast. My head hurt like a son of a bitch all damn day. Trust me, don't try it," Troy cautioned.

"I'm sure we'll get it out of him someday. For now, let's take advantage of the dart board in his absence," Trey encouraged as he threw a dart.

Chapter Seventeen

Branda was close to tears.

She couldn't stand the idea of being away from the twins. A tear slid down her cheek as she helped Trey pack. "I'm going to miss you two so much. Why can't one of you stay?"

"Ah, baby, don't cry. We are going to miss you, too. The time will go by quickly. We'll be back before you know it. Trent will be here. If you need anything, let him know. He's here for you."

"Tell me about him. Why does he hurt so badly?" Pain radiated from her voice.

Skirting the question, Trey mumbled, "He's all right, really. Once you get to know him, he's a great guy. He'd do anything for family and friends."

She needed to know what had happened to Trent, he was her family, too. "I know he loves his family and friends, but don't lie to me. The look in his eyes when he had to kiss my wrist was pure pain. He's hurting, hurting bad. As part of the family, shouldn't I know why? What if there was something I could do to help him?"

Sitting on the bed, he patted the spot next to him. She took the seat and shifted to look at him. Resting his hand on her thigh, he turned sorrow-filled eyes on her. Pain pierced her heart, and she hoped she could handle this. Deep down she had a feeling she'd just jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire.

A brief, tight smile crossed his lips. "Three years ago Trent was in a wreck. Troy and I saw it happen. We were all going to a club. Trent was in his car with his girlfriend. Troy and I were following, a couple of cars back, in Troy's truck. A delivery truck didn't stop for his red

light. He plowed right into Trent's car. They didn't stand a chance. Troy swerved, and we bounced off a few parked cars. By the time we got to Trent's car, his girlfriend was dead and Trent was unconscious. The smell of fuel was strong so we pulled him from the car. Before we could go back for her body, the car exploded. Trent came to and started fighting to get to her. It took both of us to hold him down. His face was bleeding and his cheekbone was visible. He didn't care. He couldn't feel anything but his broken heart. He kept screaming at us to let him up, that we were killing his woman. We repeatedly tried to make him understand that she died on impact, but he just kept screaming."

Trey stopped talking. His face was tight, and his eyes distant. Branda could tell he was reliving the accident. Her heart ached for him.

He swallowed hard a few times. Branda reached out and squeezed his hand. Regaining control, he continued, "He couldn't be calmed. When the EMS showed up, we gave them permission to give him a shot to knock him out. He struggled and fought until the medicine took over and forced him into unconsciousness. The EMS usually don't give shots like that, but he was so distraught they had to. It was extremely painful to watch."

Trey's sad eyes captured hers. "He doesn't look for his *vero amore*, because he thinks she died in that car three years ago. But we know it is not so. The blessing protects our women from an early death. He never did the test on her. I think he didn't because he wanted her to be the one. The whole family knows she wasn't the one. He's the only one who doesn't know. In his heart, his *vero amore* is dead. That is why it hurt him so badly to kiss your wrist."

Tears rolled down her cheeks. "Oh, Trey. That's horrible. You've all been through so much." Each of Trey's words had felt like a stab to her heart. Sharp and excruciatingly painful. Taking deep breaths, she tried to get her emotions under control. The three of them had

been through hell. Trent's eyes showed it the most. Fresh pain rolled through her. Branda's heart ached for him.

Taking her in his arms, he held her closely to his chest. "Aw, *tesoro mio*. It will be all right. You will see. One of these days, he will find his *vero amore* and be as happy as we are. No more tears. When we're gone, all I want is the echoes of your blissful cries replaying over and over again in my mind."

Pulling back, she stared up at him in shock. "Are you kidding? I can't have sex after hearing a story like that. I'd rather go look for his *vero amore*. We have to help him."

Trey's hands stroked up and down her back in butterfly-soft strokes. "Only time will heal him. When the time is right, his woman will come into his life and he will be as happy as we are." Leaning down, he brushed his lips across hers then licked and nipped at her lips until a needy moan whispered up from her throat.

Easing her down on the bed, he loomed over her, his strong legs straddling her softer ones. Sparks of lust shone in his eyes, making the green glow with promise. Damn, she loved their eyes.

Framing her face with his large hands, he lowered his lips to hers. Tenderly, oh so tenderly, he kissed her, licking at her lips until they parted, letting him in. Once inside, his tongue explored, tasted, and devoured her mouth. A whimper slipped past her lips and into his mouth. Answering her whimper, he ground his pelvis against hers.

Powerful hands slipped under her shirt and caressed from her soft belly to the undersides of her braless breasts. He was killing her. She needed him to touch her nipples, but he never did more than graze the undersides of her breasts. About to go insane, she waited until his fingers barely touched her breasts then scooted downward, trying to make his hands slid up over her nipples.

"Easy, *tesoro mio*. We have all night." The husky purr of his voice wrapped around her heart, setting off wildfires in her most sensitive parts.

"I can't wait. I need you now." Her voice was no more than a passionate whisper. "Please."

"Soon, *tesoro mio*, soon." The promise in his softly spoken words added more kindling to her fire-stoked body.

Skimming his hands upward, he pushed her shirt up. "You have the most luscious tits I've ever seen. God, I love them. They are so full, so yielding. I love the way they fill my hands." A shiver ran up her spine when he tugged her shirt from her body then filled his hands with her soft mounds.

A low moan escaped her throat when he took her nipples between his rough fingers and rolled them into stiff peaks.

Hunching her hips, she tried to find some relief from this urge to be consumed body and heart. Her need for them ran soul-deep. Something in her core told her it would always be this way.

"Trey, quit playing with her. Give her what she needs so we can move on to round two of our lovemaking." Troy's voice was saturated with aroused fire.

Glancing over his shoulder, she saw what round two was. Scented oil. Oh god, this was going to be good. Quick, nimble fingers unfastened her pants and pulled them and her lacey underwear down her legs and then tossed them away from the bed. Obviously Trey was as excited as she was.

Strong hands grasped her hips and hauled her to the edge of the bed. "Pull your legs up and spread them wide so I can dine on your sweet pussy. I'm going to enjoy every moment of it."

Panting, she did as he asked. Closing her eyes tightly, she quaked with emotion, knowing what he was about to do to her was going to feel so good. Stomach clenching in ecstasy, she let out a low mewl of pleasure the second his tongue swiped across her swollen bud. Over and over, he licked the quivering folds of flesh between her thighs.

She pulled his hair as he lapped her sex with his warm tongue. She ground her teeth and moved her hips, trying to make his tongue stay on her small pearl of pleasure. He was too strong. She couldn't

make him do what she needed. Arching her back, she growled in frustration.

A chortle rose up from between her legs. Warm breath washed over her swollen clit. A shiver raced down her spine.

“Give her what she wants, Trey. Make her come. I want to watch her writhe in ecstasy’s embrace.” Troy had slipped onto the bed and was speaking softly into her ear.

Letting her hands guide him to her taut clitoris, Trey sucked her sensitive flesh into his mouth. Gently he raked the top of the bundle of nerves with his teeth and flicked his tongue on the underside. Her body seized then convulsed, forcing a wild cry from her throat as waves of euphoric delight slammed over her nerves and washed away all thought. A tongue lapping at her nipple brought her slowly out of her passion-dazed state. Troy had moved to her breast and was slowly bringing her down from ecstasy’s hold.

Trey leaned back and looked lovingly at her wide-spread pussy. He licked his lips as he watched some of her slippery, magical woman cum drip out of her pink entrance and flow down to her smaller puckered entrance below. His dick jerked in response. She loved the way they looked at her with so much love and lust.

Looking up at Troy, he murmured in awe, “Her sweet little pussy and ass are so pukka. We’ll have to try them both soon.”

“Yes, her lovely entrances are of the highest quality. Today I’ll start stretching her tiny ass. Soon we’ll be able to take her to a new level of nirvana.” Troy’s agreement was whiskey-smooth.

Their inflamed words reignited the fire Trey had extinguished so perfectly within her just moments ago.

Trey stripped out of his clothes then moved to the head of the bed and placed the pillows up against the headboard. Branda sat up and watched as Troy followed suit, stripping his clothes in record time. Muscles rippled sexily as he climbed onto the bed. Trey sat with his back to the headboard, his penis hard and ready. Troy urged her to lay

face up with her head in Trey's lap, arms up overhead, holding onto Trey's hips.

Straddling her hips, Troy poured cinnamon scented oil into the palms of his hands.

The smell teased her nostrils and made her mouth water. She wanted to taste that oil on their bodies. Her hands moved restlessly away from Trey's strong hips. "That oil smells so good. Why don't I put it on you guys first?"

In answer, Troy leaned down and licked her nipple then gently instructed, "Not yet, baby. Grab hold of Trey's hips, little angel. Let me love you."

When she didn't move her hands overhead, Trey took them and held them in a firm grip.

In a lusty daze, she begged, "I want to taste that oil on your body. Please let me up. I need to taste it on you, to lick it off you."

"In time I'll let you put it on Trey's dick and lick it off, but for now, I want your hands out of the way while I rub it into your silky skin. Do everything I ask and I'll make sure you take a long ride on ecstasy's back for your obedience." Troy's husky tone guaranteed he'd come through.

With a shiver, she relaxed in Trey's grip and held onto his lean hips.

A whimper sounded from deep in her throat when Troy moved his oiled hands from her stomach slowly up and over the peaks of her breasts then around the sides. With long sweeping movements, he repeatedly let his hands flow from her belly to the valley between her breasts up to her collarbone then back down the sides of her breasts. She ached to feel him go over her nipples again, but he wouldn't. With each pass, his hands came closer to the peaks, but never where she needed them to go.

Licking her lips, she watched as he poured some oil in Trey's hands, then some more in his palms. She wanted to screech at them to stop playing with her, but she knew they wouldn't. They wanted her

on the cusp of climax before they'd give in. Gritting her teeth, she squirmed under them as Trey's hands followed the path Troy's had been on. Troy moved on and positioned himself between her legs. Slick hands massaged the oil into her thighs.

When she was almost there, ready to explode, Troy stopped and poured a small amount of the scented oil into Trey's hands then into his own. After setting the oil bottle down, he commanded, "Turn over. Trey is going to rub that cinnamon oil all over his dick and balls then you are going to lick it all off. I want you on your knees with that pretty ass up in the air."

Moving into position, she watched as Trey coated his thick cock and smooth balls with the sweet-smelling oil. As soon as he removed his hand, she took the crown of his cock into her mouth and sucked. He jerked in response and groaned loudly.

She could feel Troy watching her head bob up and down as he rubbed the oil into her ass and along the crack until he reached her backdoor. Pouring out more oil, he let it dribble down her crack and over her tiny opening.

Branda was having a hard time keeping up. She wanted nothing more than to feel every stroke, every caress, every love pat given to her body. Opening her mind, she let herself feel everything. Trey's hands running through her hair. Troy massaging her ass and circling her rear opening with wicked skill. She would never have guessed she'd like anal play. Cinnamon melded to her tongue with every lick of Trey's cock, opening her senses even more.

Bending over farther, Branda licked down Trey's hard length and flicked her tongue across his shaved balls. His skin was so soft and smooth she could lick him all day.

"Oh, fuck yeah. Damn, baby."

Trey's passion-roughened voice made her want to drive him crazy with lust. Growing bold, she sucked one of his balls into her mouth. Flittering her tongue against the soft skin, she sucked gently at the same time.

“Oh, *tesoro mio. Ti amo. Ti amo.* I love you,” Trey crooned the words then started moaning in pure bliss.

Troy started rubbing his wide cockhead against Branda’s swollen clit. “Your sweet juices are dripping onto my cock. Do you know how hot that is?” Back and forth he pressed into her wet folds spreading her lips wide and bumping directly into her engorged bundle of nerves.

Vibrations traveled from her moaning lips to the core of Trey’s tight balls. His moans intertwined with hers.

Troy’s cock kept on prodding the bud of her passion even as his index finger massaged her puckered anal opening. He added more oil then more pressure, slowly inserting his finger a little way inside her ass then he’d pull his finger back. Each time, her tight ring of muscle opened a little more. He carefully and patiently caressed the opening, making sure she enjoyed every moment of it.

Oh lord, he made it feel so good. They were all focused on what Troy was doing. Her mouth had stopped sucking and now only rested on Trey’s balls. A quick glance up revealed that Trey was watching every move Troy made. It was obvious to her that they all wanted it to be an extremely pleasurable experience.

Adding more oil, Troy toyed with her opening and pressed in every few seconds. A breathless moan slipped past her lips every time he went a little deeper.

Needing even more she cried out, “Oh, more Troy, more.”

A blunt fingertip circled the sweet opening then pressed inward. She felt the tight ring give completely. Branda gasped when he suddenly filled her pussy with his cock and slid his finger deeper into her ass at the same time.

Troy stopped all movement, letting her get accustomed to the feel of his finger in her ass while his cock stretched the walls of her pussy. She appreciated that, but within a minute she needed more. She pushed her hips back and his finger slid in deeper. “Easy, baby. Don’t

move too fast. I want you to enjoy this. Be real still and I'll move for you."

Keeping his dick buried balls deep inside her heated sheath, he carefully slid his finger farther into her puckered back opening then pulled out until just the tip was left in her hot little ass. Her muscles loosened a bit more with every inward slide of his finger in and out. Pouring more oil on her pink opening, he slid a second finger into her, working it in slow precise movements.

As he worked the second finger into her body, she felt a rush of fiery pleasure take over her senses. Her body shook with a fierce need to be taken, dominated. "Ooooh, don't stop. That feels sooo good. Oh god, don't stop. Harder."

Troy placed a light kiss on her shoulder. "I know what you need to reach the stars," He caressed her ass then commanded, "Take Trey's cock deep into that hot, wet mouth of yours."

She immediately complied and groaned as waves of bliss rocked her nerve endings.

"Good girl. Now suck him until he comes in your mouth. Swallow every drop his dick offers you. Don't spill a bit."

Trey growled as she sucked and licked at the crest of his penis. Tremors shook his balls, and made them draw up and tighten. The pulse in his cock pounded as he released his creamy seed into her sucking mouth. Holding tightly to her head, he cried out loudly as rapture took hold of him.

Troy pumped in and out of her wet channel with his swollen dick, his fingers scissoring in her ass, stretching it, stroking her sensitive flesh until she released a muffled scream. Her body jerked hard. He moved his free hand off her hip and pressed his thumb against her clit. Shudders racked her frame as a tidal wave-sized orgasm crashed through her. Through it all, her mouth never released Trey's dick. Reveling in the way it jerked as he trembled in orgasmic pleasure, she never wanted to let go.

Her muffled screams died down only to be replaced by loud moaning sounds. Her body continued to quiver as aftershocks of ecstasy rocked through her system as extreme pleasure swept her away to a blissful place.

“You are so damn hot. Your inner muscles are clamping my dick in a powerful milking action. Fuck.” Sounding on the verge of release Troy cried out, “Oh fuck. You’re so fucking sweet.” His semen shot into her body and he growled from the power of his orgasm. Every surge of pleasure that nonstop washed through her had him moaning as well. “I’m so glad you are mine. Mine—forever.”

Yes she belonged to them. Love spiked in her heart at that thought. Releasing Trey’s softening dick Branda collapsed onto Trey’s lap. Going down with her, Troy unhurriedly eased his fingers from the yielding ring of her anus then pulled his semi-erect cock from her still-quaking vagina.

Troy ambled away with sluggish steps. She could hear water being turned on and knew he was cleaning up. When he came back he brought two partially damp towels. He handed Trey one then gently turned her over and cleaned her up. A lump formed in her throat at the love and tenderness he showered upon her.

Sandwiching her between them, the twins tenderly stroked her hair and body.

Troy crooned, “How do you feel? Are you okay with what happened tonight?”

A sated smile crossed her lips. “I feel blissfully cherished. You made my first anal experience so painless that I’d let you and Trey do that to me anytime.”

Trey’s fingers drew small circles on her bare shoulder. “I’m glad you enjoyed it. Eventually we would like to take you at the same time. One of us in that pretty little pussy and the other in that tight little ass. Would you like that?”

Blood raced to her pelvis, causing her clit to throb. “Just talking about is making me horny. When can we try it?”

Speaking in a low soothing tone, Trey answered, “Not tonight, *tesoro mio*, but soon. We want to prepare your body a little more first. We would never hurt you. You are too precious to us. Get a little rest then we’ll all take another trip to nirvana. You know how much we enjoy making love to you in the middle of the night.”

Snuggling between them, she couldn’t believe how lucky she was to have them in her life.

Chapter Eighteen

Marking off the days since Trey and Troy left, Branda noted that they had been gone for a whole week. Phone and internet communication was nonexistent. A stupid storm had come through and wiped out the old system. The area they were visiting was now undergoing a major communication upgrade, and although it was bad right now, once the upgrade was finished, the area that had been behind the times for a good decade was going to be brought up to date. They had called days ago from another town just to let her and Trent know what was going on. Since then—nothing.

Not being able to hear their voices was killing her. She ached for them. They had become her addiction in such a short amount of time it unnerved her. Each day that passed without them was literally making her sick. Her stomach hurt, and she couldn't eat. That very morning, the woman in her bathroom mirror had dark circles starting to form under her eyes. She didn't feel right. With them gone, the light in her world was gone.

Work was all she did, and she did that by rote. All her smiles were fake. Heartache sucked. It was lunch time, but she couldn't eat. Weariness was dragging her down as well. She couldn't sleep without a warm body to snuggle to. Life without Trey and Troy was hell. Rain and Sienna were no help. Rain was out of the state looking over a line of clothing she was considering buying for the family business. Sienna was on vacation with Teddy. Yeah, her friends sucked. How could they go about their normal day while she was having a breakdown? In their defense, Branda admitted to herself that they didn't know how bad she was feeling. There was no way she was

going to tell them either. She was sure she would be better soon. How could things get any worse?

The ringing of the house phone drew her out of her sad musings. “Hello. De Pescina residence.”

“Branda, I told you you don’t have to answer the phone that way. You are our family friend, not an employee.”

“Mrs. De Pescina, how are you doing?” Branda asked, with a little dread. Carisa De Pescina had only called the house once since she’d moved in and that had been to check to see that Branda had moved in comfortably. She never called just to chitchat.

“I am fine, dear, thanks for asking. I’m calling to let you know that Sienna’s father finished his business early and that we will be home tomorrow. I didn’t want to shock you by us showing up out of the blue. I’m so glad to be home. We’ll see you tomorrow, dear.” A click signaled the end of the call.

Branda stood there, staring at the phone in total disbelief. They were coming home now. Now, when the twins and all her friends were out of town. Shit! She didn’t even have a place to stay. She couldn’t stay here. What would they think about her relationship with Troy and Trey? They would most likely think she was a tramp. They may even snub her. She knew her mother would and maybe her father as well. She couldn’t handle Sienna’s parents hating her, too. A terrible ache moved from her stomach to her chest.

Going to her bedroom, she started packing all her stuff. She had to leave today. The Cortino house was out. Trent was the only one there. With her friends being gone, she’d have to stay at a hotel. She could handle that until the twins came back.

It only took her three trips in her small SUV to get everything she owned in the hotel room. This was one of those times when she was glad she didn’t own a lot of stuff. On her last trip to the house, she left a note for Sienna’s parents explaining that she had moved out to give them their privacy and thanking them for letting her stay in their home. She would never confess that she had moved out because she

was afraid they would shun her for her lifestyle choice. Right now, she just couldn't handle any more pain or problems.

* * * *

Branda flipped the covers back and crawled into the bed. All she wanted to do was sleep. A big part of her wished she could turn into Rip Van Winkle and sleep until Troy and Trey came to get her. Holding a picture of the three of them, she slipped into the darkness of sleep.

* * * *

Something was wrong with her bed. Opening her eyes, Branda groaned in misery. She was at a hotel, and the twins were still in Italy. Sore muscles screeched when she rolled over and looked at the ceiling. Throwing her arm over her eyes, she groaned. When her brain wouldn't let her go back to sleep, she rolled to her side and saw all her belongings scattered around the room in duffel bags, boxes, and trash bags. God, she hated moving.

Needing coffee, she roused herself out of bed. Going through her suitcase, she found some of her old clothes and went to the bathroom to put them on.

In a caffeine-craving haze, she went downstairs and into the breakfast area. Moving straight for the coffee, she made herself a cup then went to sit at a small table. Taking a sip, she savored the brew.

A high-pitched squeal drew her attention to a family three tables over.

"He pulled my hair," a little girl declared when her parents frowned at her.

"Did not," a boy a little bit younger looking than the girl said.

"Did so," she retorted.

"Did not," he said, defending himself once again.

“Both of you, stop it now,” the woman at the table said then swung her gaze to the boy. “Michael, don’t do that again.”

The little boy scowled. “She doesn’t know who did it. It could have been Micha or it could have been a ghost.”

A copy of Michael walked out of the restroom.

Twin boys.

Pain shot through Branda’s heart. The little boys reminded her of Troy and Trey.

“Micha wasn’t even in the room. If you don’t stop trying to get your brother in trouble, I’m going to call your mother.” Pulling her phone out, she showed it to Michael.

“No need for that, Aunt Mary. I promise to be good,” the boy said with a twinkle in his eyes.

Branda watched as the couple stood and headed for the door.

The little girl followed right behind the couple. The twins stopped for a moment. The one who’d come out of the restroom pulled three muffins from his jacket pocket. Michael smiled then high-fived his twin.

Needing to go to the restroom was obviously a ruse to take a snack and the spat with the sister or cousin was a diversion.

Branda smiled at their craftiness.

“Boys, come along,” the man called from the doorway.

Branda’s gaze followed them out of sight. Would she one day have twin boys? After hearing Sienna talk about Troy and Trey, and watching these two, she knew she would need both Troy and Trey to keep them in line if she did. Twins seemed to equal trouble.

Getting up, Branda made herself another cup of coffee and took one of the muffins back to her room. Once there she drank her coffee, but could only handle two small bites of the muffin. Her stomach knotted at the remembrance of why she was in a hotel. She could be snubbed any day by Sienna’s parents, and the twins were in Italy with no way to contact them.

Life sucked.

Turning on the TV, she tried to watch something to get her mind off her situation. After thirty minutes of flipping through the channels, she turned it off. A headache was forming in her temples, and her stomach hurt.

Easing onto the bed, she closed her eyes, never wanting to get up.

* * * *

Two days later, Branda blinked several times. Her mind must be playing tricks on her. A man looking like Trent was standing over her, frowning down at her. Closing her eyes, she felt for the picture that was her only comfort. Finding it, she clutched it to her chest.

The bed dipped. A strong hand took hers. "Branda, it's time to go home. We need to get you out of here."

She glanced at the hand that seemed to be holding hers. "Are you real? No. The door was locked. You're not real." Closing her eyes, Branda tried to go back to sleep.

"I am very real, and I'm here to take you to our house. You are going to stay there with me until Troy and Trey come back. You are my responsibility. Now get up and take a shower. While you do that, I'm going down to get you something to eat. You look horrible. When was the last time you ate?"

Jerking her hand back, she let the picture fall. Sitting bolt-upright, she scrambled to pull the covers up to her neck. "Holy shit, you're real. How did you get in here? How did you find me?"

Laughing, he said, "I have friends. It's good to see you still have some spirit left." Holding up the picture, his brow furrowed. "You cannot keep neglecting yourself. I know you are sad, but you have to take better care of yourself. In ten days, you have lost weight, and you have circles under your eyes. I can't let you keep this up." Looking down at her, he put the picture down. "Carisa called me yesterday saying she was worried about you. You moved out before they came

back. Can you imagine my shock when I found out you had moved out of the neighborhood?"

Trent's handsome features hardened in determination. "After you eat, I'm moving you into the house with me. There will be no more leaving. Troy and Trey would kill me if something happened to you. Mom and Dad would as well. And if they didn't get to me for some reason, guilt would. We all love you, Branda. I can't watch you do this to yourself. Now get your butt moving." Whipping back the covers, he pulled her up.

Weak legs carried her to the bathroom. After undressing, she stepped into the shower. Trent was right. Branda knew she had to get a grip. The twins would be back soon. They would be disappointed in her if she stayed on her current course. She just couldn't seem to help herself. She missed the twins so much. Way too much. She felt like an addict without her fix. Cold turkey rehab wasn't going so well.

Leaving the bathroom, she had to admit she felt better. Trent was sitting at the only table in the room. He had a sausage, egg, and cheese biscuit and a coffee sitting on the table for her. He was drinking a cup of coffee himself.

"Sit. Eat," he said as he waved his hand at the only other chair the table had to offer. "If the De Pescinas' hadn't been delayed by a day, I would have been here yesterday. You must not leave again."

Their genetic flaw of being bossy must run deep, Branda thought as she sank into the chair and picked at her food. "I don't know why you are mad. It's not like I committed a crime or anything. I just left so Sienna's parents could have their home back. I'm fine, really."

His eyes narrowed. "You're lying. I can see it in your eyes. Why did you leave a friend's home to move here? Why didn't you move into our hotel if you just had to leave?"

Dropping her eyes to her coffee cup, she retorted, "Give it a rest. I don't know the name of your family hotel, and I wanted Sienna's parents to have their privacy. That's all. Sheesh!"

“Our hotels are named Blue Water Luxury Hotels after the blue water where our great grandfather was blessed.” His eyes narrowed farther. “You should never lie to family. Why did you move out?” His eyes glittered with determination.

Her stomach hurt.

“Tell me.” His voice held a firm note.

White hot heat rushed to her cheeks. “I couldn’t stay. What would they say when they found out I have two lovers?” Branda jumped to her feet and paced the small room. Hands moving wildly, she continued, “They’d say I was a tramp for being with two men at the same time and then they would have thrown me out.” Stopping her pacing, she turned and looked at him. “I couldn’t handle their rejection. I had to leave. They are better to me than my own parents. I can’t face their disappointment.”

He went to her and hugged her tightly to him. “They would never do that to you. You are as close as family to them.” Taking her face in his hands, he continued, “Besides, they already know. Mom would have told them the minute she found out. Mom and Carisa are very close. See? You have nothing to worry about. They do not think you are a tramp. They know you, and they love you.” Trent glanced around then spoke softly, “Let’s get you out of here.” His arms tightened for a second then he kissed the top of her head and released her.

Thanks to Trent’s truck, it only took one trip to get all of her stuff moved into the Cortino house. It felt a little weird being there with him, but it felt better than being alone. He looked so much like the twins sometimes it hurt to look at him.

Handing her a plate of lasagna, he asked, “When do you have to work again?”

“Not for three days. I’m doing another party at Gaven’s.” Taking a bite of her food, she commented, “This is good. Did you make it?”

“No, Nonna made it before she left. Between Nonna and Mom, the freezer is thankfully full.” Taking a bite of his own food, he

groaned in appreciation. Raising his wine glass, he made a toast. “To family. Salute.”

“Salute.” As she took a drink she thought about how glad she was that he’d come for her.

* * * *

At one o’clock the next day, Branda’s phone rang. “Branda’s Edible Bouquets.”

“Branda, it’s your mother. I need to talk to you.”

Shelia McFalls’ stern tone was like a knife twisting in Branda’s stomach. “Go ahead, Mother. I’m listening.”

“I heard from a friend that you are flaunting a relationship with two men at the same time. Twins, I heard. Please tell me it isn’t true.”

Moisture gathered in her eyes. “I’m not flaunting any relationship, but I am dating two men. Men I love with all my heart.”

“That is unacceptable, young lady. Your father and I have already talked about it, and we decided that if what we heard was true, we would give you one week to break off this horrendous relationship. If you do not break it off, we will be forced to disown you. You have one week to end it.”

Stomach churning dangerously, Branda balled her hand into a fist. “Are you sure that is how it has to be?”

“Yes, we can’t be associated with people of such low standards. We raised you better than this. Do you know what the people at the country club are saying about you—about us? Your behavior is a disgrace to the family name. Why would you want to tarnish our family name?”

“Why do you care what the people at the country club think? You don’t even have a membership there. The Cortino family is nice to me. I love them, and I can’t give them up.” Pain flowed from Branda’s every word.

“We may not have a membership, but we know they talk about everyone who engages in devilish behavior. You must stop at once. There is no way you can possibly love those heathens.” Her mother’s voice was high and shrill.

“I won’t give them up. I love them,” Branda said firmly. Her belly heaved at the words her mother had just said. She had called the Cortinos heathens, and Branda knew to her mother, heathens were the worst people on the earth.

Razor sharp, her mother’s voice carried through the phone. “I’m giving you one week to come to your senses, and if you don’t, I’m calling my lawyer to have you legally disowned. No daughter of mine associates with heathens.”

Agony pressed down on her chest. There was no way she could give up her new family. The Cortinos loved her unconditionally. Her own mother didn’t want her at all, and now she had finally found a way to be rid of her for life. A bitter, sad tear rolled down her cheek. “You can call your lawyer today. I will not give up my new family. Goodbye, Mother.”

Branda slowly hung up the phone. Her stomach clenched in rebellion.

“Rough day, huh?” Trent commented sympathetically from the doorway.

Turning toward him, she took in his sympathy. Her churning stomach heaved. Hand covering her mouth, she ran to the bathroom and threw up.

When she was finished, his hand pressed a damp washcloth into her hand. After wiping her face, she tried to smile, but only a grimace would cross her face. “Thanks.”

“Are you pregnant?”

“No...I don’t know...I don’t think so. I’m just not handling the rollercoaster my life has become lately very well. My parents just disowned me for not giving Troy and Trey up. No big loss though. They never wanted a kid anyway. They are most likely dancing right

now. Especially my mother. She really didn't want me. My dad seemed to like me sometimes, but he always sides with my mother."

"Surely they didn't mean it. They'll come around with time," Trent said hesitantly.

"No, they meant it. My mother has been waiting for years for me to mess up so she could disown me. I'll be all right. They say time heals all wounds. I believe the scars remain, but at least the open wound heals." She had been through too much in the last few months.

"Maybe one day they will come around. If they don't, you will still be fine. In this family you are loved enough for two families." As he spoke, he took her in his arms and hugged her tightly. "I can't imagine a family that would throw you away. Our family never will. In the Cortino family, you will be loved as you should be."

Taking comfort in his words, she knew deep down everything would be all right.

Chapter Nineteen

The day after being disowned, Branda just wanted to sleep her sorrows away. But no. Trent was knocking annoyingly on her door. “Go away.”

“I’m coming in.”

To her surprise, he did just that.

“I am going to keep you moving today. It is clear to me you can’t entertain yourself.” Humor laced his words.

“I’m fine. I don’t want to do anything.”

“Too bad. Get up. We are going into the backyard to practice throwing knives.”

“Not on your life.”

“Get up.”

“Get out.”

Trent moved towards the bed.

She threw a pillow at him.

“Is that the best you can do?” he asked, after dodging the pillow.

She threw another one.

He dodged it then stalked forward and ripped the covers off her.

She gasped then sputtered, “I could have been naked.”

“Although I’m sure that’s a lovely sight, I knew you weren’t.”

“There is no way you could have known.”

A mischievous light entered his eyes. “You’re right. I was hoping you were naked under the sheet so I could see what my brothers find so fascinating about you. Want to strip down and show me?”

“No. Leave me alone. I’m mad at you for trying to see me naked.”

A broad smile crossed his handsome face as he handed her the sheet. "Clutch the sheet to your chest like you did when you were throwing the pillows at me." He sighed loudly when she didn't do it. "I'm trying to prove my innocence. Do what I asked, please."

With a loud sigh of her own, she clutched the sheet to her chest.

"Good. Now move to the mirror and tell me what you see," Trent instructed.

With a huff, she went and stood before the mirror.

Not cutting her any slack, he asked, "What do you see?"

"Spaghetti straps." Turning, she faced him. "I'm sorry. I'm not myself since Troy and Trey left."

"Apology accepted. Now get dressed. I've got coffee and pastries waiting for you in the kitchen."

She watched him leave then turned to get dressed.

* * * *

Trent smiled, showing his dimples when she walked into the kitchen. "Get some coffee, and while you eat, we'll go over knife-throwing techniques."

She listened and ate while he talked.

When she finished, they headed to the backyard where he re-trained her. Within an hour and a half, she was doing pretty well. He was a patient teacher.

"Looks like you've had enough for today. On to our next form of entertainment."

To her astonishment, he started walking into the house.

Following quickly, she asked, "What do you mean our next form of entertainment?"

"The movies, of course. I'll lock up and we'll head out."

In his truck, Branda stared out the window. She couldn't believe Trent was babysitting her today. But she always tried to be honest

with herself, and the truth was she needed a babysitter. Starting right now, she was going to pull herself out of her melancholy.

She looked at Trent. "It's a nice day for a movie."

He smiled. "I have to agree. What kind of movies do you like?"

"I don't care. I'll watch whatever you like," she responded in a merry tone.

"No chick flicks today. You are, by far, my favorite sister-in-law."

At the theater, Branda let him pick the movie and guide them to their seats. Thirty minutes later, her hands were covering her eyes and she was wishing she'd picked the movie. All the blood, guts, and screaming had her wanting to run. But not wanting to hurt his feelings, she stayed glued to her seat.

He chortled and whispered, "You can look now. The bad guy is gone."

She uncovered her eyes and watched the movie until the killer came back then she covered her eyes again.

Once the coast was clear, he'd whisper "All's clear" and she would uncover her eyes. They did that throughout the entire movie.

When it was over, she hurried out of the theater. "Next time I'm picking the movie."

"You're on. Now we have one more stop. I think you're going to need it after the way you handled that movie."

"Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise."

He was right about the surprise part. She grinned when he pulled into the parking lot of an ice cream shop.

"I love this place. My mom used to bring us here when we were kids. They have the best ice cream and cheesecake."

Inside, he insisted she get three different flavors of ice cream.

One bite in and she was hooked. "This is delicious. You said you used to come here when you were a kid?"

"Yeah, Mom brought me and the twins here a lot. It's a happy place."

Glancing around, Branda had to agree. Two families were sitting with their kids in the corner near the shop's toys. The kids were laughing and playing. Ice cream covered their lips. A couple sat two tables away, holding hands and whispering to each other. A man sat in the opposite corner, eating cheesecake and doing something on his laptop. Trent was right. Everyone looked at ease and even happy.

Turning a smile in his direction, she commented, "I like this place. Thanks for bringing me."

"Anything for you. Stay here. I'll be right back."

Trent went to the truck then came back in and ordered two coffees.

He put a coffee down in front of her then sat down. "I believe that's the way you like it."

She sipped it. "Perfect."

Pulling a deck of cards out of his pocket, he said, "Go Fish or Spades?"

One brow arched. "I thought you'd say poker."

"I wanted to, but cops come in here too often. It'd be my luck I'd be winning big time and they'd come in here and bust the game up. I'd never get my money out of you then."

Laughter burst from her mouth. When she had it under control, she said, "Spades it is then. You're not going to get mad if I win, are you?"

"I never get mad while playing cards. Anger makes you lose focus and is a sure-fire path to losing."

"I'll keep that in mind." Branda raised a brow at Trent then tried to rattle him. "Prepare to lose, Cortino."

In response he merely smiled, and she knew she was in trouble.

An hour later, they called it a draw and deemed themselves both winners.

Before they left, Trent bought a cheesecake, saying it was like tasting a little piece of heaven.

Later that night when they sat in the kitchen eating a piece, she had to agree with him. "You were right. This is heavenly." She looked down at her hands for a moment then looked back up at Trent. "Thanks for entertaining me today. It's just what I needed. I promise to be better from here on out."

His voice was low and filled with emotion. "It's good to have you back."

* * * *

The last two days had gone by in a flash. Troy had called the day before, but the line had gone dead before she could talk to him. Trent had just finished telling Troy she was staying with him in their house when the line died. She missed them so much. Trent was great, but he wasn't the twins. Her heart, body, mind, and soul craved their presence. Without them she felt lost. It was killing her not even being able to hear their voices. Trent reassured her they'd be back as soon as they could. As if clinging to a lifeline, she held tightly to his words. They'd be back soon, and all would be well.

Today Branda had been busy making cookie and fruit arrangements. She had just dropped off the last of the food at Gaven's, and with a sigh of relief, she headed for the door.

Walking out of Gaven's Pub, she bumped into someone. Looking at the person, she was about to apologize. A scream pierced the air. A second later, she realized it was her. Jumping back, she ran back into the pub and ran straight into a hard frame. Thinking she was caught, she screamed again and started struggling. The arms around her tightened.

"No, no. Nooo!" She tried to remember her moves. Eyes tightly closed, she tried a few of the techniques as they came to her, but her opponent was better than she was.

Dropping to the floor, she tried to get away, but her opponent followed her down, crushing her beneath his weight. Kicking out, she

tried to hurt him, but he locked his legs around hers, blocking her only way to fight back. A sob escaped her throat. Her left forearm started hurting. Feeling the slice of a knife and warm blood running down her arm, she sobbed louder. What would he do to her this time? Fear grabbed her and made it hard to breathe. Lungs burning, she gasped for breath.

“Hey, hey. Branda open your eyes, honey. It’s Gaven, honey, open your eyes. Tell me what’s going on. Look at me. If you don’t look at me, I can’t let you go.”

Softly spoken words enveloped her. The voice sounded strangely familiar. Opening her eyes, she looked straight into worried, light brown eyes. Something in her brain clicked. “Gaven?”

“Whew! You scared me there for a bit, honey. I’m going to release you now.” In a smooth controlled motion, he released her, stood up, and then helped her up.

Gaven moved, and she spotted a man standing behind him. All the color drained from her face. Roy Smyth! Her body started trembling. A heavy fear-filled fog swirled around her. Branda felt weighted down by it.

“Is she going to be all right, Gaven? I swear all that happened was that we bumped into each other at the doorway. She didn’t hit her head or anything.” The man sounded upset.

Gaven’s gaze shifted back to her. “Oh, shit!” Through the fog, she realized Gaven had picked her up and was carrying her to a chair. “Doug, call 911.”

The man who’d scared her so badly couldn’t be Roy. He was in prison and his voice was different. Gaven knew this man. Looking down at her arm, she realized it wasn’t bleeding. Taking a peek at the man, she noticed he had blue eyes not dark brown.

Putting her head in her shaky hands, she mumbled, “Don’t call 911. I’m fine now. I just want to go home.”

Checking her out, Gaven agreed she looked a little better. Facing the bar, he called out, “Get me a water and a double shot of rum.”

Turning to the man she had bumped into he said, “She’ll be all right, Davey. Go get a drink on the house.” Returning his attention to Branda, he softened his tone. “EMS will be here in a minute. There is no way to stop them. You want to tell me what happened?”

Shaking her head, she mumbled, “It...it was nothing. I just thought I saw someone from my past, that’s all. I promise I’m okay, I just want to go home.”

Yelling over his shoulder, Gaven ordered, “Call Trent and tell him I need him here pronto.”

Rushing over to them, one of the waitresses set a glass of water down by Branda and handed the rum to Gaven. He drank half of it then nodded at the waitress. “Thanks.” He focused his attention back on Branda. “Drink some of your water. It will make you feel better.” With a still shaky hand, she did as he asked. “Good girl. Who are you so afraid of?”

She rubbed her left arm unconsciously. “It was silly, really. Don’t tell the twins. You’re not going to tell them, are you?”

Taking her arm, he pushed up her sleeve. A muscle in his jaw ticked. “You thought you saw your attacker, didn’t you?”

Pulling her arm back, she tugged the sleeve back down. She bit her thumbnail then said, “Yes. But it wasn’t him. So no harm done, eh? No need to tell the twins. I feel—”

Pressing a finger to her lips, he stopped the flow of words. “I have to tell the twins, Branda. There are no options in this case. It’s a protective man thing.” A movement from the corner of his eye had Gaven turning to see who was coming.

A waiter ushered the two EMS medics over to them, and they quickly set about checking her out. “Her blood pressure is a little high, but she seems to be doing all right. I recommend she see her regular doctor tomorrow.”

The EMS medics talked to Gaven as if she wasn’t even there. What was up with that?

Trent rushed in and headed her way as Gaven slapped one of the EMS medics on the back and walked with him to the door. They must know each other very well.

“What happened? Are you all right? You look terrible.” Anxiety colored Trent’s voice.

“I saw someone that scared me that’s all. It’s no big deal, really. I just want to go home. Can we go home?”

“Is he still here? Who scared you?” Trent asked in a menacing voice.

“No, yes. I mean the man is here, but he is not who I thought he was. I’m okay now. Let’s just go, okay?” Branda pleaded.

Taking her hand, Trent led her to the door. As they passed by Gaven, he stopped for a second, told him something in a low tone then guided Branda to his truck.

That evening Branda’s stomach stayed tied up in knots. If that’s how she reacted to a look-alike, what would happen if she ever ran into the real attacker or a new one? She had run like a little girl, and her ninja skills hadn’t worked at all on Gaven. Thinking she could find peace in sleep, she went to bed.

Hours later her body started twitching. Darkness embraced her. She couldn’t see a thing, but she could feel. Her knees hit the ground painfully as her body was flipped over. She wailed out in the darkness. The pounding of her heart echoed in her ears. Big hands were roughly roaming her body. Yelling, she demanded he stop. Between harsh breaths, she told herself to control the situation. Control it how? Her hands were being dragged over her head. The knife sliced into her forearm. She screamed into the darkness. The feel of warm blood trickling down her arm and the scent of blood filling her nostrils made her stomach lurch. Fear surrounded her, squeezed the oxygen from her lungs. A driving need to get away consumed her. The more she struggled the deeper the knife cut into her flesh. More blood rushed down her arm. Pain shot through her arm, and tears ran down the sides of her face, dampening her hair.

In the blackness, she felt him raising her skirt. Another wail filled the air. She struggled to get him off her. Every movement dug the knife deeper into her skin. Sucking in another deep breath, she gave off a terrified scream. A rough hand dug into her thigh. Broken fingernails scraped over her soft skin. Her body tried to twist away. Mocking laughter raked over her, inflaming her fear to raging heights. The hand clawed its way to her panties, scratching her as it curled around the elastic waistband. Heart desperately trying to beat its way out of her chest, she heaved air in and out harshly. Her fearful breathing seemed to amuse him. Evil laughter rumbled from his chest.

The ground under her shifted. Muddle-minded, she thought she heard her name. Was someone coming for her? Darkness was everywhere. She couldn't see anyone. But she could feel. He was leaning over her, shaking her shoulders. Shaking her shoulders? If he was shaking her shoulders that meant her hands were free. She wouldn't let him get her, she couldn't, she had the twins now. Their love was reason enough to live. A fear-induced howling sound passed her lips as she drew her fist up in an upper-cut just like she'd been taught. *Smack!* Contact. She'd made contact.

"Fuck."

The darkness still surrounded her, but she'd heard him curse quite clearly. What would he do now? She had to get him before he got her. Drawing her fist up for another hit, she whaled out but he caught her hand and brought it and the other one overhead.

"Branda, wake up, baby. Wake up. It's Trent. Wake up for me."

A pleading voice penetrated the fog. It was comforting. She liked it. Her body relaxed. She felt her hands being released. He was family. She knew it. He wasn't the enemy. The fog kept pulling her down. She was safe now. The body moved and scooted away. She didn't want him to go. If he left, Roy would come back.

"Stay, I need you. Please don't go," she mumbled tiredly, her body drained physically and mentally from the nightmare and the struggle. The body stayed on the bed. She moved closer to its warmth

and safety. Snuggling to his back, she murmured, “Don’t let Roy get me.”

“I won’t let him get you. Go back to sleep. You’re safe now. I’ll watch over you.”

The low male voice brought back the comfort she’d been missing lately. Snuggling closer, she drifted off to sleep, feeling safe for the first time in weeks.

* * * *

Closing his eyes, Trent let her snuggle to him. If his brothers didn’t get back soon he was going to go crazy. His left eye still throbbed. She had a hell of an upper-cut. After the episode at the pub and now the nightmare, he knew she needed him. Forcing himself to relax, he followed her to sleep.

* * * *

At six am, Troy walked into his bedroom and stopped short. Trey bumped into him. They had come home early and were looking for Branda. A fierce scowl crossed Troy’s features as he stared at the couple on the bed. Troy took a step in their direction. Trey stopped him.

Motioning him out the door, he waited until Troy was in the hallway. “Don’t go in there half-cocked. We don’t know what happened yet. Think about this for a minute. Trent would never go after our woman. If you’ll notice, he is fully dressed with his back to her. He’s not even under the covers with her. I know it looks bad because she is snuggled up to him, but she always sleeps that way. Let’s wake him up and find out what the hell is going on.”

Going to the bed, Troy touched Trent’s shoulder. He woke up instantly. Confusion then relief crossed his bruised face. Bruised. Someone had given him a black eye. What the hell was going on?

Putting a finger to his own lips, Troy made the quiet sign then motioned Trent out of the bed. Easing out of the bed, he followed Troy out to the hallway.

“Damn, I’m so glad you two are back. Words can’t express how happy I am to see both of you.” Seeing Troy’s frown, he quickly added, “I didn’t have sex with her. Are you kidding me? She’s off limits. I’d know that drunk.”

Troy’s frown eased a little. “What the hell has been happening around here? Why were you sleeping in my bed with my woman cuddled up to your back? And who gave you a black eye?”

* * * *

Trent touched his left eye then flinched. “She did.”

Both twins looked incredulous.

Trent rolled his eyes then winced at the pain in his left eye. “Don’t forget she’s trained now. She clocked me when I tried to wake her up from a bad nightmare she was having.”

Running his fingers through his hair, Trent looked at each of his brothers.

“What’s wrong? Why are you looking at us like that? What’s happened?” Trey’s voice trembled with worry.

“She had a little incident at Gaven’s yesterday, then she had a nightmare last night. I’m pretty sure she thought she was being attacked by that piece of scum again. Anyway, she asked me not to let him get her. She sounded so sad and in need that I had to stay. I don’t think she even knew which one of the three of us I was. She was very scared and confused. I wouldn’t have stayed if she didn’t need me.” Eyeballing the two of them, Trent added, “I’ve decided you two can never leave her again. She missed you two too much and bad shit seems to happen to her when two are gone.”

“What all has happened?” Trey asked in a fearful voice.

“Let’s go to the kitchen, get some coffee going, and I’ll tell you all about it.” Heading to the kitchen, Trent sent up a prayer of thanks that they were back and that they hadn’t kicked his ass then asked questions later.

Chapter Twenty

Dazed from her morning welcome-back sex, Branda wanted nothing more than to cuddle with them for the rest of the day.

“Up and at ’em, sleepyhead. We have to get ready for our trip,” Troy said as he pulled her to a seated position on the bed.

“You can’t be leaving again, not this soon. I can’t live through another separation just yet.”

“No need to look so sad and pitiful. You are coming with us. We are going to Italy for a vacation,” Troy told her as his eyes raked over her naked body.

“Italy! You two just came back from a vacation over there. When are we supposed to leave? Are you sure you want to take me so soon after coming back?”

Trey answered her questions. “We leave tomorrow. And yes we are ready to go back for a real vacation. The last trip was more like a family business trip. Plus, from what we hear, you need a vacation.”

“I’m sure most of what you heard was exaggerated.” Branda slid off the bed and headed for the bathroom. This was one conversation she did not want to have. She hadn’t handled being separated from them very well. She was such a wussy. Rain would be disgusted. If only she was tough like Rain. Sienna was a wussy like her. At least she had that. She wasn’t totally alone in her wussdom.

“Yeah, your weight loss and the dark circles under your eyes tell us you had a great time while we were gone,” Trey said as he followed her.

Twirling to face him, she muttered, “I don’t want to talk about it. Everything will be fine now that you two are back.”

“Damn right it will be.” Trey stepped into her personal space and wrapped his arms around her. “Are you all right, *tesoro mio*?”

Branda let his scent comfort her. “I’m okay now that you’re back.”

“Trent said you did a good job defending yourself against him and Gaven.”

Snorting in self-disgust, she retorted, “Not good enough. I ran like a little girl, and I didn’t win either battle.”

Trey’s arms tightened around her. “You did fine, little one. You are a confident business woman. Now you just need to become confident in your self-defensive skills. Remember, those two are well trained and they love you, so there was no way you could win. But a regular man on the street may not be so well trained. Against him you’d be able to escape. Running is the right thing to do when you are given that opportunity. You did good, *tesoro mio*, but Troy and I will show you a few new moves that will help you take down a more skilled opponent. Now go get dressed. We have a lot to do today. I can’t wait to take care of business here then get you to Italy. You’re going to love it.” Releasing her, he stepped back. Eyes raking over her body one last time, Trey turned and left the room.

Branda was just walking out of the bathroom when she heard Troy talking to someone.

“I think that can be arranged. Trey and I can do our business today without her. She’s yours for lunch.”

Branda cocked her head and looked at him. He was on her phone, and he was making a lunch date for her with someone else. That snake. He had to know she’d want to be with him all day.

“Hold on a moment.” Troy held the phone away from his ear. “Stop scowling, little angel. Your face could get stuck like that. Trey and I have to take care of some business, and Rain wants to meet you for lunch. I think it’s a great idea. We are leaving tomorrow, and you won’t be able to see her for a least a month.”

At his words of wisdom, she caved. He was right. Taking the phone from him, she made plans with Rain for lunch.

* * * *

Sitting at the table, Branda looked at the ever-glowing Sienna and the radiant Rain. They sucked. “You two suck. I’ve been in a rut and working my ass off, not literally, of course. And you two have been on vacation. Sienna is glowing brighter than a thousand-watt light bulb.”

“Sheathe your claws. You’re about to go on vacation to Italy with the hot twins. So that means you suck. We’ll be left here doing the normal day-to-day stuff while you’ll be off in another country lapping up the sunshine and having wild sex with two hot men.” Sienna smiled at the end of her rebuke.

“Well, when you put it that way, I guess I do suck.” Branda eyed her friends. “I’m going to miss you two. I wish we could all go.”

“Me too. Especially since I wasn’t on vacation at all. I was working, remember?” Rain said as she eyeballed Branda.

Branda huffed. “You were in New York. Don’t tell me you didn’t enjoy yourself at all. I know you had to have done something fun. Spill.”

“Okay, I did go to Central Park twice and the beach once, but that was all. The rest of the time I was looking at clothing designs,” Rain confessed.

Branda hooted. “I knew it. You always mix business with pleasure. How did it go?”

“Fine. I picked out a few styles that are sure to sell and one that’s iffy. If you don’t keep a variety in your stores, people won’t come back,” Rain replied with a shake of her strawberry-blonde head.

After sipping her tea, Sienna asked, “Did you get some while you were gone?”

Rain's gaze darted around the restaurant. "No. I wish I had though. I so need to find a single fuck-buddy. Or maybe a married one whose wife needs a break."

Sienna patted Rain's hand. "You want me to find you a man? I know quite a few. Teddy works with a lot of good guys on the ranch. Cowboys are so hot."

Smiling at Sienna's sincere question, Rain replied, "Not after that last one you tried to hook me up with. I'll find my own bed mate, thank you very much."

Sienna pouted. "You didn't give him a chance. He was cute and nice."

Rain blew her hair out of her eyes. "He started talking marriage on our second date. You know I don't plan on getting married."

Branda stepped in. "Slight subject change. How did it go with Eloise? Did she snag her man?"

Sienna nodded vigorously. "Oh yeah, how did that go?"

Rain looked as satisfied as a cat licking cream. "As planned, of course. With a little nudging, Ken found his soul mate in Eloise. Her parents are happy, and she's back at home planning her wedding. Which, of course, you two will have to attend. I'm so going to need the company."

Sienna looked dreamy. "That's so romantic. I love a happy ending."

Rain looked over Branda's shoulder. "Me, too. My stomach is about to get a happy ending."

Branda looked back to see the waiter coming with their food. She rolled her eyes. "You are such a faker. You know deep down you're happy for Eloise and Ken. Plus you should be proud of yourself for getting them together. They would never have gotten together without you."

"Yadda, yadda, yadda. Don't get all mushy on me. If they get divorced in a year, she'll be throwing daggers at me." Rain's lips quirked up.

“Well, in that case, it’s a good thing you can move so quickly.” Sienna smirked.

They quieted as the waiter placed their food in front of them. Branda thanked him right before he walked away.

They ate in silence for a few minutes, relishing the food.

Branda broke the silence. “How did your vacation go, Sienna? You look great.”

Sienna’s eyes glazed over. “We had a wonderful time. We stayed in Teddy’s family’s log cabin. It was awesome, and it had a pool and everything. All we did was eat, play, and sleep.”

“As dreamy as you look, I think I know what kind of playing you two were doing,” Rain said with a big grin.

Sienna blushed.

Rain snorted. “Every time I mention sex you two blush like crazy. Give it a break already. Sex is natural.”

“We can’t stop blushing. I would love to stop, but it happens naturally. I wish I was more like you. You never blush,” Branda retorted in self-disgust.

Rain’s tone softened. “You two don’t want to be like me. Your men love it when you blush.”

Sienna looked at Rain. “How is Tamrisk? Is she in the States?”

“She’s doing fine, but she’s not home. She’s covering some fashion show in Holland. The crazy fool told me she bought me some wooden clogs. If she doesn’t stop bringing me crazy stuff, I’m going to have to rent a storage building to hold it all.”

“I like the wild stuff she sends you and the off-the-wall presents she gives us all. I still have that beaded hat she gave me three years ago and the dancing hula girl wearing high heels and sunshades she gave me for my birthday two years ago.” Branda laughed as she thought about Tamrisk’s gifts.

“I know. I love all her crazy gifts, too. That’s why I need a storage shed,” Rain said, and Sienna nodded in agreement.

Sienna looked at Branda. “Have you heard from your parents?”

Branda grimaced. "My mom disowned me about a week ago, but my dad called me today and told me he hadn't. I was surprised because he always does what she tells him."

Sienna looked sympathetic. "I'm sorry to hear about your mom's behavior, but I'm glad your father didn't follow her blindly this time."

"Ditto," Rain said with a nod.

"How long are you going to be in Italy, Branda?" Sienna asked around a bite of food.

"A month."

Two mouths fell open.

"What? They have a couple of businesses in Sorrento where we are going. It's not like they are taking off totally," Branda informed them.

"Get out. They have two businesses in Italy? What kind of businesses? I'm going to have to start talking to my mom about them more often. I totally did not know about the Cortino businesses. I knew they were wealthy, but I didn't know what all they did." Sienna spoke in a shocked voice.

"They have a hotel and a bookstore there," Branda answered.

"I know they have a bookstore here in Florida as well. Do they have any more?" Rain queried.

"No more bookstores, but they do have three hotels. One here, one in New York, and one in Sorrento, Italy," Branda said to her bug-eyed friends.

"New York. I love New York. One of these days, I want to go on a real vacation there. See all the sights and just hang out," Rain said in a dreamy voice.

"It seems too busy for me. I know it has a lot of things to do, but I like the privacy and solitude of the cabin. Although hanging out in Italy sounds appealing," Sienna said.

"Since the twins own a hotel in Sorrento, I don't see why one of these days we can't all hang out there. Maybe I'll get married there and then you two can go there for my wedding," Branda mused.

“You could get married there?” Rain asked.

Branda shrugged. “That’s what Troy and Trey said.”

“I’d jump on that in a heartbeat,” Rain threw in.

“I’m thinking about it. I want to see Sorrento first. Then I’ll discuss it with the twins,” Branda replied.

“Do you have your dress yet?” Sienna asked.

Branda grimaced. “No. I figured I’d look when we come back. I need time to process this whole wedding thing. It’s all so sudden.”

“It did happen rather quickly, but the Cortinos are wonderful people. You couldn’t find a better catch than Troy and Trey,” Sienna said in a knowing tone.

“Or two hotter men,” Rain remarked with a wicked smile.

“There is that,” Sienna agreed with Rain.

Branda blushed a bright pink. “You two shut up. Subject change. How is the remodel going at your house in Golden Gate, Sienna?”

Sienna had just taken her last bite of food. After swallowing hard, she glared at Branda. “Why did you have to bring that up while I was eating my last bite of food? That question ruined the taste of it.”

Rain laughed openly. “No worries. We’ll order dessert after we talk about the remodel. The remodel I told you not to do.”

“Ouch. You just had to rub it in, didn’t you?” Sienna said with mock ire.

Rain gave Sienna an I-told-you-so look. “You better believe it. That house already looked nice, and you just had to go and gut the thing.”

“Well, if you must know, we moved into the ranch’s guest house until the house is finished. The house is a disaster. A small part of me wishes I’d done one room at a time instead of the kitchen, living room, and patio all at the same time,” Sienna grumbled.

“What does Teddy have to say about it?” Branda inquired.

“He’s usually good about it. He’s only thrown one fit, and that was when he couldn’t find his laptop under all the mess,” Sienna mumbled.

“Tell me he found it,” Rain, who loved her laptop, begged.

“Oh, he found it all right.” Sienna paused then grimaced. “Two days later in a box in the spare bedroom.”

“Damn. I would have been pissed. Who would pack a laptop and toss it in a spare bedroom?” Rain asked.

Sienna flinched. “My mom. You know she doesn’t know anything about laptops. She was helping me pack up the living room and kitchen. His laptop was in the living room on the coffee table.”

“Well, at least it was found. How is the house looking right now?” Branda asked.

Sienna smiled broadly. “The kitchen looks great, and the living room is supposed to be finished next week. The patio should be finished in three days. It is looking pretty good. When you come back from Italy, we will all have to get together and celebrate the end of my house remodel.”

“Sounds good to me. Now let’s order dessert,” Rain chimed in.

They all ordered something different then shared. After much laughter and debate about which dessert was the best Rain sadly stated that she had to leave.

In the parking lot, Branda waved her friends off then ran into the donut shop next to the diner they had just left. They sold the boxes she used for some of her bouquets. Her supply was running low.

Branda walked to her car, noted the van on her driver’s side, and a beat-up, small car on the passenger side of her car. After unlocking her doors she put the boxes in her back seat. The side door of the van flung open. Glancing over she expected to see a strong, rambunctious teen.

What she saw had her shaking in her shoes. A man who looked just like Roy Smyth stepped from the van. Turning away she thought about the last man she thought was him. He had turned out to be a nice man. Not wanting to freak out like she did last time she took a calming breath and went to open her car door. *She was safe, she was safe.* All was well.

A second after she opened her door it was slammed shut. That pissed her off. She turned to chew the rude man out, but the only sound she made was a gasp as his hand covered her mouth. Oh shit, it was Roy. Her body froze in place when he pressed his body into hers, trapping her up against the car.

“Well, well. Look who I found. My last plaything. Did you think I’d let you go before I had finished with you?” He shook his head. “You never even saw me following you from your house to here.” He leaned in closer to her ear. “You should never stay with friends, it makes it easy to find you. But, maybe that’s what you wanted. You wanted me to find you, didn’t you?”

Branda shook her head *no*. Oh god, she had to get away from him.

His eyes turned cold. “I think you are lying, and I don’t like people who lie.” Keeping one hand firmly on her mouth, he shoved her into his van, then jumped in, and slammed the door shut behind him.

She screamed and scooted as far away from him as she could.

He was on her in a flash. His body pressed her into the blanketed floor. Fear and shock raced through her system. She had to get away from him. Looking around the van she noticed there were no seats in the back and two seats in the front.

“We are going to have so much fun. I’m sure I’ll have more fun than you, but when you learn to obey me, you will have fun too. I know you want me. You were the reason I went to prison, but that wasn’t all your fault, it was your neighbor’s, but you still have to pay for it because you struggled, which drew his attention. You are going to be good from now on, right?”

Oh, god! He was crazy. Her eyes darted around the van. *Fuck, fuck, fuck*. On the wall close to her was lots of rope. A shudder ran through her when her gaze landed on knives of all sizes displayed in an open tool box.

His hand on her mouth tightened and he moved the other one up to yank on her hair. "I asked if you were going to be good and I expect an answer."

Branda nodded her head *yes*. No way in hell was she going to be good, but he didn't need to know that. Her mind raced to remember all the moves she had been taught. She had just found a loving family. There was no way she was going to die now.

Relief washed over his face. "That's a good girl. I knew you weren't a slut, you just want me as much as I want you." He shifted off her, grabbing for the rope.

With her heart pounding against her ribs, Branda shoved him, knocking him off balance. She heard him fall heavily. Bounding to the door, she searched frantically for the handle. Damn it. There was no handle, he had rigged it so she couldn't get out.

No fucking way was she dying in this van.

Dashing for the front, she had most of her body clear of the passenger's seat when she felt his hand surround her ankle. Looking back, she saw him smiling evilly.

"I got you now, little slut. You lied to me, now you have to pay."

He tugged her closer to him. That was a big mistake. Using her free leg she kicked him in the face. He howled and let go of her. Spinning around she cleared the seat and lunged for the door handle. She pulled on it and nothing happened. Fuck, it was locked.

From the back of the van he said, "You are going to pay for that."

Finding the unlock button she pushed it with a shaking finger. *Please unlock, please unlock*. A click sounded in her ears and she wanted to weep with relief. Quickly opening the door, she screamed at the top of her lungs as she exited the van.

Her scream was cut off when she was pushed down from behind. Facedown, she remembered her training. Turning over, she noted the knife in his hand and swallowed hard. *Don't freak out, don't freak out*. She screamed when he stepped closer to her. Determined to live,

she let him get one step closer then she kicked him as hard as she could in the balls.

He went down to his knees and cupped his balls.

“Police, drop the knife.”

Roy looked around and realized he was surrounded by three police officers. “I’m not going back.” He raised his arm and pulled back the knife to throw it at one of the policemen. The policeman fired into Roy’s chest.”

Blood was everywhere. Branda’s stomach rebelled. Turning over, she threw up.

As soon as she was finished, the policeman closest to her patted her shoulder. “Did he hurt you physically?”

Branda shook her head, and whispered, “N–no, I just want to go home.”

“We’ll get you home as soon as we can.”

Branda looked over at Roy and watched as a blanket was thrown over his dead body. Relief rushed through her body. She’d done it. She had kept her cool and she had won. He was never coming after her or anyone else again.

Five minutes later Troy and Trey pulled into the parking lot and raced over to her. They sandwiched her in a tight hug and rained kisses all over her face and head. The heat of their love branded her heart.

Chapter Twenty-One

Gaven looked around the table at his friends.

He was a lucky man to have such friends. The close call with Branda earlier today showed how things could change in the blink of an eye. He was so relieved she was okay.

"I'm glad you guys came over tonight. I know you told me you were all okay, but I'm happy to see that it's the truth," Gaven said.

Troy took Branda's hand in his. "Branda wanted us to be with our friends tonight. Right, babe?"

"Yeah, I didn't want to sit around the house rehashing the day. Sticking to our plans helps me move on," Branda answered.

"So, you guys are leaving tomorrow. Did you get everything taken care of today?" he asked Troy.

"Yep. After today we can't wait to leave. We think Branda is going to love it. And we all know she could use a break," Troy answered.

Branda elbowed Troy then smiled innocently when he grunted and rubbed his side. "You know we are not supposed to talk about that, darling. I know you gave Gaven all the details earlier, no need to talk too much about it tonight. I just want to move on. "

"You don't have to be embarrassed around Gaven, little angel. He's seen a lot. You freaking out in front of him yesterday was nothing. Plus, you kicked ass today. Right, Gaven?"

Gaven could tell Branda didn't want to talk about it, but he had to praise her before the matter dropped. "Yeah, no need to feel funny around me. I'm proud of you. All is forgotten, well, almost. Before I forget, I have to tell you, you did a great job using your skills under

stress.” At the sight of her blush, Gaven added, “No, really. You remembered your moves when you needed them the most. I firmly believe that if those cops hadn’t been going to the donut shop you still would have gotten away. You did good, real good. You’ve come a long way.” Gaven winked at Branda. “I’m a little scared of you myself.” At Branda’s snort of disbelief he smiled and added, “Now that I’ve said my piece, I’ll never talk about it again.”

Trey swallowed a bite of food then changed the subject. “I see you came home with another black eye. How did your trip go?”

Gaven’s lips tightened for a second. He really didn’t want to talk about his trip. “Great. Goal accomplished. The black eye is nothing.”

Trey shrugged. “Hey, as long as you’re okay, that’s all that matters.”

“Yeah, I’m good.”

The scent of fresh-cut flowers tantalized his nostrils. Looking around, he found the source. His shoulders sagged in relief or disappointment. He wasn’t sure. Fresh flowers were sitting on a nearby table. She always smelled like fresh-cut flowers. Her scent and violet eyes always haunted him for at least a month after he left that place. From the moment he had laid eyes on her, he’d been drawn to her. Like a fucking moth to a flame or an idiot to his doom. Slapping himself mentally, he forced himself to categorize her as eye candy only. When he went to the establishment where she worked, he wasn’t looking for a woman. He was looking for relief from the demons that followed him all the time. Every six months, the burden became too much to bear. He needed what they offered until he could find a different way to rid himself of the horrors that haunted him.

“Earth to Gaven,” Trey said.

Gaven heard the worry in his friend’s voice. He needed to hide his feeling better, no sense in saddling his friends with his troubles, considering there was no cure for what ailed him.

“Why did you wake me up? I was dreaming about a beautiful woman and all the things I’d like to do to her. Thanks for ruining it for me.” He made his voice sound playful.

He wanted to change the subject, and Trey took the hint. They were getting good at changing the subject. “Sorry. You can’t touch a dream girl anyway, so you’ll live. Eat your burger then I’ll beat you at a game of darts. I’m feeling lucky tonight.”

Gaven happily jumped at the diversion. “You’re on. Loser buys a round of drinks. Since you have no sympathy concerning my dream girl, I think I’ll put a little more effort into winning tonight.”

Trey groaned, making Gaven laugh.

Between bites of food, they talked about different sports, which sparked several fights.

Trent entered the pub and walked toward them.

Branda’s eyes darted nervously away from him.

Gaven wondered what that was all about. Turning to look closely at Trent, his eyes widened. “Damn, buddy. What happened? You been fighting over women again? If I’d known you were on the prowl, I would have prowled with you and had your back. Remember that next time you think of straying.”

“I didn’t stray, Gaven. I ran into the door. Not that you can talk,” Trent said.

“Mine’s just the hazard of a rough vacation,” Gaven shot back.

When everyone went silent and started eating, Gaven knew something was up. No worries. He’d find out if they wanted to spill. If not, he understood secrets. “Doug, a beer for Trent, please,” he called out to the bartender.

Fifteen minutes later, Trey, Trent, and Gaven headed over to the dart board.

In a low tone, Gaven asked Trent, “What’s the door’s name that hit you?”

“Branda.”

“No shit!” Gaven couldn’t keep the surprise out of his voice. Damn, Branda was turning out to be full of surprises.

“She got me when I tried to wake her from a nightmare.”

“Ouch, an unexpected blow in the dark. How’s she doing now?” Gaven asked as a picture of her, pale and trembling, came to mind. That was one way he never wanted to see her again. It was too heartbreaking. He felt for the policemen who had helped her today.

Motioning his hand toward Trey, Trent answered, “She’s much better now that Trey and Troy are home and that asshole is dead. I’m so proud of her.”

Gaven looked at Trey as he gathered darts. “Yeah, me too. Glad you two came home when you did. Your vacation couldn’t have come at a better time.”

Trey threw a dart. “That’s for real. I would have gone crazy if we hadn’t been in town today. I still can’t believe he got out of prison and nobody told Branda. The system needs to change. If she had died today there would have been hell to pay. We would have made sure of that. As it is we are going to try to make it bad, real bad, for the person that is supposed to contact the victims and doesn’t when a prison break happens.”

Gaven nodded his head. “Damn, that sounds good. Let me know if you need any help doing that. I’ll gladly do whatever I can.”

Trey raised his fist and Gaven bumped it. “Thanks man. Hey, we’re going to be gone for a month. Mom and Papa are in New York. You mind helping Trent keep an eye on the bookstore? You know, just pass by every so often, pop in sometimes. Trent is going to be doing all the paperwork and ordering, so that’s covered.”

“No problem. I planned on doing it anyway. What are buddies for?” Casting a glance at Branda, Gaven added, “I’m happy for you, Troy, and Branda. I hope everything works out.”

Trent threw a dart, hitting the board dead center. “Yeah, I second that. Even though I plan on sticking to my motto, catch and release.”

"I so love living by that motto myself. Trent and I can have a new hottie every week if we want to. Different flavors add spice to life." Gaven laughed wolfishly to cover the pain. He would never settle for just one woman. On the force, he'd seen plenty. Shining eyes so happy in the beginning almost always turned cold and bitter as the years passed. That was one experience he never planned on having. He always told his women up front he was only interested in a one-to-two-night fling. He and Trent were alike on that point. Catch and release worked well for them.

Trent raised his beer in agreement. "You said it, brother." Tipping his bottle back, he took a long drink.

Gaven saw the pain in Trent's eyes. The death of his girlfriend still ate away at him. In Gaven's opinion, that was just one more reason not to get too close to a woman.

Troy and Branda strolled over after she'd finished eating.

"I don't know how you guys eat so fast. You are probably swallowing your food whole," Branda commented.

"It's all in the focus. If you ignore everything around you and only focus on eating, you'll be done in no time at all," Trent supplied.

"Thanks for the info, but I think I'll just keep on being a slowpoke," she responded.

"Now that you two are here, we can get to some serious throwing," Trey said.

Several dart games later, Gaven glanced at the clock and noticed that they'd been playing for over two hours. He was still the champ. Trent had beat him a few times though so he'd have to keep on practicing in order to stay the champ.

At around ten, Branda covered her mouth with her hand, hiding a huge yawn.

Troy laughed. "I think that's our cue to leave."

Everyone hugged everyone then the Cortinos all headed home.

Gaven spotted Marshall sitting at the bar, looking over an order. Plopping down on a stool next to him, he slid him a beer. "How's it going?"

Marshall scratched the tip of his long, crooked nose. "Business is growing at a fast pace. I've had to increase the order of our two most popular beers." His gaze shot around the pub, scanning for trouble, and landed on an older man who was starting to push away from his table.

"Excuse me a minute. I'll be right back."

Gaven watched him move over to the man Gaven knew was a regular named Oscar. Oscar came in two nights a week and ordered a burger and a Coke. Recently he'd broken his ankle. Gaven watched as Marshall helped Oscar hobble to the door. He wasn't surprised at all when Marshall held the door for him then went outside to help him get in his vehicle.

Sometimes Marshall looked lonely. If he wanted a woman, Gaven hoped one day a special one would come in and see Marshall for who he truly was. A kind, smart, and hard-working man.

Although he wasn't interested in a permanent relationship, he wasn't against others giving it a try.

Chapter Twenty-Two

The flight had been tiring, but as she watched the countryside from the taxi window, Branda couldn't help but love this land. They had just left the city of Sorrento. It had been lovely, with businesses and homes perched on the cliffs, overlooking the Bay of Naples. Most of the buildings were rectangular in shape with terracotta roofs. The earth tones of the town blended well with the lush green landscaping.

The taxi headed out of town and up a winding road. The countryside was a mixture of wooded hills and sprawling citrus and olive groves whose aromas made the air delectable. Branda smiled to herself as she pictured herself standing in a citrus grove all day long doing nothing but breathing in the wonderfully scented air.

They rode for about fifteen minutes then turned up another winding road. The landscaping was a beautifully done work of art that went on for five minutes. One last turn brought them to a stop in front of the cutest home she'd ever seen. Her eyes drifted over the lush, plant-lined stone steps that led to a large stone terrace. Stepping out of the taxi, Branda stared at her surroundings in awe. The terrace was dotted with plants in extra-large planters, wooden lounge chairs, and a round tile-topped table-and-chair set. Citrus permeated the air. She took a deep breath and looked around. A smile crossed her lips. Lemon trees were planted on both sides of the stone terrace. She could happily stay right here and never even enter the house.

Troy and Trey followed her up the stairs, carrying their bags. Turning, she smiled. "I love this place. I don't even care what the inside looks like. I could stay here forever. It's beautiful and smells magnificent. I can't believe we get to stay here for a whole month."

The twins exchanged a look as their sensual lips curled into pleased smiles.

Trey moved to the door and opened it then gestured her in. “I hope you like it, *tesoro mio*.”

She stepped on a blue-tiled floor. Her gaze followed the river of blue into a large living room furnished in heavy-looking, leather-covered lounges and a long sofa. Traveling the blue again, she saw an open kitchen with granite countertops and modern appliances. Letting the river of blue tile lead her on, she saw glass-lined double doors that led to an even larger terrace at the back of the house.

Swiveling to the closest twin, she hugged Troy. “I love it. It’s the most beautiful place I’ve ever seen. I’m sooo happy you two brought me here.”

Trey grinned in relief and happiness. “Go on. Check the place out. We’ll put the luggage in our room upstairs and make some lunch.”

As eager as a child in a new toy store, Branda explored the house.

Half an hour later, Branda plopped down into a chair at the table on the back terrace. Cheese, bread, dipping oil, and fruit filled her waiting plate. The twins had filled it for her and now sat back smugly, watching her as they ate and sipped their wine.

“So, after seeing the house, what do you think? Do you still like it?” Trey asked, looking like he already knew her answer. Her expression must be giving her thoughts away.

“Like is too mild a word. Love is more like it. It’s perfect. From the terraces, to the pool, to the view, to the interior design, I love it all. There is even a new car in the garage.”

Her response brought a clandestine grin from the twins.

“Nonno and Nonna will be extremely happy to hear that, because when we were here, they bought this house for us as a wedding gift,” Troy informed her with a gleam in his eyes.

Shocked, Branda stared at him. What kind of people gave magnificent homes as wedding gifts? Deep in thought, she looked out at the view of the town, hill, and ocean. It was breathtaking. Her new

family just kept surprising her. Every time she thought they couldn't do more for her, they did. Tears welled in her eyes and blurred her vision. Their love seemed to know no bounds.

Trey moved to her, leaned down, plucked her from her chair, and hugged her tightly. "You're not going to get mushy on us, are you?"

Throat clogged with emotion, she nodded against his chest.

Troy's body pressed into her backside, and he whispered in her ear, "We all love you, darling. You are truly our little *tesoro*." Warm lips grazed the shell of her ear.

She shivered in their embrace and relished the sensation of being pressed between both their hearts. They had a way of making her feel like she was at home in their arms.

Troy's phone rang, breaking the spell. "Hello...Yes, we're here at the house...No, no, you won't be imposing. We'd love to have you over. I'll bring out some more food, and we'll all eat on the back terrace. See you soon."

Troy disconnected then answered their questioning looks. "Nonno and Nonna are coming over. They'll be here in about fifteen minutes. Let's pull out some more food and wine. I know they'll want to celebrate us moving so close to them. Their property borders ours."

"They make great neighbors. Nonna loves to cook for a crowd. We'll be well fed while we're here in Italy." A frown crossed Trey's brow, and he focused on Branda. "You don't mind them living so close, do you? They'll always call before they come over, and part of the year they travel."

Her heart lurched at the worried look on his handsome face. She felt a driving need to relieve him of his fears. "I love them, too. How could I not? I'm glad they live close by. Besides, I need Nonna to teach me to cook Italian food so I can teach our children."

* * * *

Hours later Troy, Trey, and Branda hugged and waved Nonno and Nonna off.

They dragged their jet-lagged butts up stairs. Branda dropped onto the bed. "I wish they were my parents."

Troy shuddered in revolution. "Bite your tongue." Moving over to the bed, he loomed over her. "If you were their child, I couldn't do this."

With a sleek stealthy move, he straddled her hips, pulled her shirt over her head, and pressed her into the bed. His lips took hers in a hungry kiss. Filling his hands with her breasts, he stroked her through her lacy bra. Her nipples hardened, and her breasts felt heavy. Plucking her nipples, he groaned into her mouth. When he had them both panting, he leaned back and looked into her eyes. "Do you still want them as your parents?"

Branda shook her head. "No. I think being related to them through marriage will be fine."

Trey joined them on the bed, giving her another reason to be happy she wasn't blood-kin to them.

* * * *

Fingers swirled in lazy circles on Branda's arm. She groaned and tried to cover her head with a pillow. A rumble of masculine laughter greeted her. Turning over, she raised a dark brow. "Why are you in here messing with me while we are on vacation?"

Trey didn't look the least bit sorry. "Because we have places to go. I let you sleep in. It's eleven-thirty. I'm getting hungry, and we are going to Mama Mia's for lunch. So get a move on. You wouldn't want me to die of hunger, would you?"

A smile tugged at her lips. "No. I can't have you dying before I've had my fill of you."

“Let’s hope that’s not for a very, very long time, *tesoro mio*. Actually, I hope it never happens. I know I’ll never tire of you.” Strong hands ran down her sheet-covered body.

“Keep doing that and I will forever need you. Do we have time for a quickie?” She purred as she stroked his chest.

“The way you purr makes me wish we had time for a quickie, but we don’t because Troy made reservations for us at twelve-fifteen. That means you have to get moving and stop trying to seduce me. You can seduce me later when we have time for more than a quickie.”

Strong hands helped her up and gently pushed her in the direction of the bathroom.

Forty minutes later, they were ordering pizza and cheesy breadsticks at a nice little mom-and-pop restaurant. The atmosphere was wonderful. All the woodwork—tables, chairs, door frames and a large long bar—was hand carved by local artists. The soft lighting glowed warmly, and the people who worked there were friendly and did their jobs well. Their waitress greeted the twins by using their last name, then asked who the lovely lady was with them. They told her she was Troy’s fiancée and that started a round of drinks on the house. Branda was told when the waitress left that the owners and Nonno and Nonna were good friends.

Within a few minutes, the food arrived. The delicious aroma wafting from the pizza made her mouth water. Troy handed her a plate, and they all dug in. Damn, it was good. One more reason to love Italy.

They enjoyed their food and the sights around them for a good fifty minutes. Branda smiled to herself as she watched a toddler eat spaghetti.

“What do you think about the food? It’s good, no?” Troy asked as he reached out for a breadstick.

“It’s the best. You people really know how to eat.”

A spark of desire flared in their eyes.

Trey leaned close to her. “Yes, *tesoro mio*, we do know how to eat. Tonight we’ll spread those luscious thighs of yours and feast.”

Color infused her cheeks, and her gaze darted around the busy restaurant. “It’s not nice to tease me when we are in public.”

“He was not teasing you, darling. He was just letting you know what we are going to do to you later. Tonight we will feast.” Troy’s voice was husky and full of promise.

“I’m full. I vote we take the leftovers home and let the feasting begin.” Her voice shook with arousal.

“We can take the leftovers for tonight, but we can’t go home yet. We have one more stop then we promise to take you home,” Trey said as he motioned for the bill and a box.

Brows drawn together, she asked in a huff, “Surely we can go tomorrow?”

A soft chuckle drifted over to her from a grinning Troy. “No. We have to go shopping at one store then we can go home. I don’t think it will take too long.”

Branda sighed dramatically. “Okay.”

They escorted her out and into their car. Ten minutes later, they stopped in front of a jewelry store.

Heart fluttering, she walked into the small store with them.

Troy and Trey went over and talked to the man who had greeted them when they walked in. He smiled and moved to a case where he pulled out several rows of rings.

Trey walked up to her and whispered in her ear, “Don’t worry about the cost. Pick the wedding ring that calls to your heart. You have to love it because you will wear it forever, *tesoro mio*. Choose only the one you love, the one that calls to you.”

His fingers laced through hers as he walked her to the counter.

Her eyebrows shot up at the sight before her. The most exquisite rings she’d ever seen were laid out for her to choose one.

Troy’s eyes gleamed in approval at her reaction to the rings. “Branda, this is Amedeo. Amedeo, this is Branda. She will soon be

my wife and our *vero amore*.” Looking at her, Troy continued, “Amedeo handcrafts all his jewelry. He makes the best in the world. That is why we brought you here to pick out your ring. Trey and I will pick out our rings as well. Pick whichever one you want, darling. You can trust in Amedeo’s craftsmanship. I trust no one else with such an important piece of jewelry.”

Amedeo’s cheeks darkened. “You are too kind.” Turning for a moment, he retrieved a ring sizer. “Your hand, please. I need to see what size your finger is.”

Laying her hand in his, she watched as he found her size. After getting her ring size, he did the same thing to Troy and Trey. She wondered what he thought about her being with both of them. He didn’t show any signs that he thought their situation was strange or wrong. He was, in fact, quite friendly and seemed truly happy for them. Too bad her mother didn’t feel the same way.

Pushing her negative thoughts aside, she let her eyes scan the rings. They kept returning to one set. Pointing it out, she let Amedeo pick it up and hand it to her. She figured most jewelers liked to handle their own creations, and by his smile, she was sure she was right. After checking the size, he slid the two rings onto her finger. A perfect fit. Holding her hand back, she looked at the ring set. She loved them. The engagement ring was made with a yellow gold band and had three princess-cut diamonds housed in white gold. To her, they represented the three of them. Looking at the wedding band, her heart tripped. It was so beautiful. The band was a wide two-tone. One side was white gold, and the other yellow gold. The inside was a triple layer of coarse and heavy sandblasted yellow and white gold shaped in waves. White gold waves were sandwiched between yellow gold waves. A picture of her sandwiched between the twins flashed in her mind. Fighting a blush, she showed the twins.

Trey murmured, “It is perfect for you, *tesoro mio*.” He took her hand and brushed a light kiss across her knuckles.

Holding up his own hand, Trey showed her the ring he and Troy liked. Her eyes rounded appreciatively. How on earth the jeweler so seamlessly melded the yellow and white gold, she would never know. Their rings of choice had white gold on the outsides of the band and a strip of yellow gold down the middle. A single diamond was nestled down in the yellow gold.

Finding her voice, Branda spoke from her heart. "I love it."

Trey smiled grandly then leaned down to whisper in her ear. "The band represents all of us, with you in the middle, of course. The diamond reminds me of you, *piccolo tesoro mio*."

"That's so sweet." Swallowing the emotional lump in her throat, Branda held back her tears. "*Ti amo*."

Sweeping her up in his arms, Trey held her tightly to his chest. It was the first time she'd said she loved him in Italian. She was glad she'd forced the tearful words past the lump in her throat. They seemed to bring him great joy.

Noticing that they all agreed with the choices made, Troy had been busy paying the jeweler.

Amedeo took the wedding bands and boxed them safely up for the trio. Placing them in a gold bag with the store's name on it, he handed the rings to Troy. Branda kept the engagement ring on at Troy's insistence.

They headed straight home from the jewelry store, much to Branda's delight.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Branda was glad to be home.

Stepping into the house, Troy's eyes were drawn to the color red. Right inside the door was a picnic basket with a large red-velvet bow on top.

Troy went to it and opened it up. A slow smile moved across his face. Lifting the basket, he moved it to the table. "Nonna was here. Bless her soul."

Trey put the leftover pizza, breadsticks, and dipping sauce in the refrigerator then strolled over and peered into the basket. "Oh man, are we going to have fun."

Branda examined the contents of the basket. "Oh my." This was a basket full of pleasure items. Some edible, some not. She took in all the items: a bucket of ice chilling two bottles of wine, three crystal wine glasses etched with flowers about an inch from the rim, crystal bowls filled with cheese cubes, dipping oil and bread, bite-sized fruit, and truffles marked chocolate-raspberry and chocolate-cinnamon-vanilla bean. Another crystal bowl was marked chocolate-almond-apricot brittle. A leather blindfold brought all kinds of kinky thoughts to her mind. The basket also contained a jar of sea-salt body scrub, a bottle of cinnamon oil and a bottle of lemon oil, and lastly a sheet of plastic. That last one puzzled her. Cutting her gaze to the twins, her stomach fluttered with those crazy butterflies again. The expressions on their faces were purely predatory.

They looked at each other then nodded.

Their secret code sucked as far as she was concerned.

Troy grabbed up the basket, and Trey swept her up in his arms and followed Troy up the stairs and into their bedroom suite.

Troy put the basket on the table in their room then headed for the bathroom and started running the bath water.

With heated green eyes, Trey stripped Branda of her clothes with deliberate slowness. Once she was bare, his hot gaze roamed her body hungrily. "Go get in the tub. We'll be there in a minute."

Pivoting on her heel, she headed to the bathroom. Her body thrummed with excitement. She stopped short when she looked up and saw Troy standing in the bathroom doorway, naked. He was staring at her like she truly was a feast. The tiny butterflies in her stomach danced with joy. Resuming her stride, she was surprised when he stepped back into the bathroom. As she neared, he took her arm and helped her into the tub.

A quick kiss was planted on her lips. "We'll be back in just a minute."

True to their word, the twins returned in no time at all.

Troy was carrying a bottle of opened wine and the glasses. Trey was carrying the body scrub. Her eyes traveled down his now naked body. Mmm, delicious. These two were like a wet dream come true.

Troy poured them all a glass of wine then stepped into the tub.

Trey opened the scrub, but left it on the wide edge of the tub. He slid into the tub then picked up his glass of wine.

Once they all had their wine glasses in hand, Troy raised his in toast. "To the best grandparents in the whole world."

Branda and Trey touched their glasses to Troy's. "Salute." They all took a drink then leaned back to relax in the warm water as they drank their wine.

Glancing around the massive bathroom, Branda commented, "I love this house. When you said we were coming here on vacation, I figured we would be staying at the Cortino hotel. This place is so much more private."

“And privacy is just what we need. The hotel is extremely nice, but our privacy is golden. Tomorrow we’ll go by the hotel and check with management and bookkeeping. We like to keep the employees on their toes. They never know when we may pop in. It keeps them honest and us in business.” Troy scooted closer to Branda and ran a firm hand up her thigh. “Speaking of business, we need to get down to the business of rubbing your sweet little body with sea salt.”

Trey retrieved the scrub and scooped some out then handed the jar to Troy who did the same.

“Lean your head back and close your eyes. I don’t want you to watch. I want you to feel every stroke of our hands.”

Troy’s tone was the commanding one that always made her natural juices flow and made her want to do whatever he told her to. Leaning back, she did as he ordered. Heat gathered rapidly between her thighs.

They each took an arm and worked up from her fingers to her shoulders before getting more scrub and moving on to her breasts. A moan escaped her lips as they circled her breasts in slow, measured strokes, each circle moving closer to the taut peaks. They were playing with her. Every time she thought they were going to finally touch her aching nipples, they would retreat and start circling her full mounds again.

When she felt their hands move across her rounded stomach and on to her thighs, she growled in displeasure.

Matching chuckles met her ears.

“Easy, darling. We plan on giving you what you need as soon as we get to the bed.” Troy’s voice was full of promise.

“Let’s go now,” she pleaded. “I can’t stand it any longer.”

To her distress and pleasure, they continued rubbing down her legs then slowly massaged her feet until she felt as limp as a wet noodle.

Leisurely they stroked back up her body, this time rubbing and massaging every inch of her body. She almost came when Trey

stroked her nipples while Troy stroked between her legs, but they stopped right before she reached paradise.

As soon as she was thoroughly scrubbed and heated to their satisfaction, they rinsed her then helped her out of the tub and dried her off. Leading her to the bedroom, they told her to get on the bed.

A frown furrowed her brow. The bed was covered in plastic. She didn't want to climb onto cold plastic. "Isn't that going to be cold? I don't like cold."

"Trust us. We know all your needs. Now climb onto the bed."

At the end, Troy's voice had turned demanding. God, she loved that. Moving forward, she placed a knee on the bed. Warmth rose from the plastic. Looking at the bed closer, she noticed that they had put a heated blanket under the plastic. The last time they'd used oil the sheets had stained so badly Troy had thrown them away. Warm plastic was a smart solution. Wild fun without ruining the sheets. A smile whispered across her lips as she climbed to the middle of the bed.

Trey followed her with the blindfold. Moving behind her, he covered her eyes and secured the blindfold in place.

Blackness took the place of light. The scent of cinnamon hit her nose. Her other senses kicked into gear.

Strong hands guided her down on the bed. "Trust us, *tesoro mio*. We will make you feel very good. We are going to oil your hot little body down then make sweet love to you. Relax and feel every loving touch." Trey's words whispered over her heightened senses and sent a shiver of anticipation all along her nervous system.

Erotic. That's the only word that came close to the sensations flowing through her body and mind. Their hands were moving all over her body, oiling her down and making her tremble in need. If they didn't hurry up and enter her, she was going to howl in rage. "Take me. I can't wait any longer. Please."

She felt lips tug at her nipple as her legs were spread wide. She moaned and squirmed in their hold. Her breath hitched in her throat

when she felt the broad tip of a penis stretching her dripping entrance. Thrusting her hips up, she felt the cock slide farther into her welcoming sheath.

A rough groan filled the room. "Oh god, Trey, she feels *so* damn good. I can't wait. Get ready to take over."

Branda gasped when Troy lunged deeply inside her, burying his thick cock to the hilt in her tight channel. Trey moved away from her nipple, and Troy leaned down to take her lips in a demanding kiss. His hips ground into hers. The oil made their bodies slide against each other in an erotic, explosive way. Blindfolded, she could feel every slide of his skin against hers and every thrust into her body as never before. The fire was building inside her. She was so close to detonation. Troy rolled his thumb over her clit as his cock stretched and filled her over and over again.

He added a little more pressure, and she cried out as she exploded into a million pieces. Troy's cry mingled with hers as he stiffened above her and spilled his seed deep in her canal.

Still in a daze, she felt him retreat and then she was being filled again. Trey had just taken Troy's place.

Hands stroked her slick body until she felt the heat rising in her again. His cock stroked in and out of her with slow, measured ease. Two pairs of hands stroked and played with her nipples.

"Come for us again, darling. You are so hot when you cry out in pleasure, your soft body thrashing on the bed beneath us." A whimper passed her lips as he spoke in a husky voice right next to her ear. "The fire is building again, isn't it? Look at how she writhes under you, Trey. So hot. So fucking beautiful. Fuck her hard, Trey. I want to see her come again."

Hands gripped her hips, and Trey's large body drove into hers, making sure to rake across her bundle of nerves with each downstroke of his hard cock.

Teeth nibbled at her ear, and she free-fell into ecstasy's waiting arms. Stars danced before her eyes. Her body trembled violently and

she cried out as every muscle in her body pulled taut. Blasts of pleasure burst throughout her pelvis and shot through her body.

A low growl erupted from Trey's chest as he shoved into her pussy as deeply as he could, then his hard body jerked in pure bliss.

Hands reached up and removed her blindfold. Through the dim lighting of the room, she watched as Trey eased out of her then rolled to her side for a moment.

Troy moved off the bed and came back with a tray filled with the crystal bowls of food they'd been given. "I don't know about you two, but after that, I need to replenish my strength before round two."

"Round two? I'm so sated I don't think I can come again. But I'm with you on the food. I'm starved."

"I fully believe you are quite capable of coming at least two more times, maybe more." She must have given him a doubtful look because Troy continued. "I can see you don't believe me. I look forward to the challenge."

"If you say so. Just don't say I didn't forewarn you if I can't come that many more times." Branda's fingers moved to pick up some more food, and she smiled at Troy then Trey. After popping a chocolate into her mouth she slowly licked and sucked her fingers clean.

"Mmm, your family really knows how to eat. Everything here is excellent," Branda said as she picked up another piece of candy.

Troy's dick sprang to life. "Oh yeah, we know how to eat." Looking at Trey, he added, "What do you say we show her a couple of new ways we like to eat?"

A wolfish grin took over Trey's face, and a wicked gleam entered his eyes. "I'm game. Who is going to take her first?"

"You can. I'll hold her while you feast." Troy's voice was low and exuded barely controlled desire.

To her surprise, just listening to them talk relit the fire in her pelvis.

Troy removed the tray as Trey positioned her in the middle of the bed. Calloused hands rubbed more oil into her soft skin. "Damn, she

feels so fucking soft and smooth. I could touch her for days and days, never removing my fingers from her luscious skin.” Trey’s voice was rough and low.

The salt scrub had left her skin softer and silkier than ever. Every touch was intensely exquisite to her newly exfoliated, cinnamon-oiled body. Heat bloomed and spread throughout her nervous system. Four hands massaged her body to a trembling mass of burning arousal. Something about them made her lustier than a cat in heat.

Trey moved between her thighs and leaned down to kiss her waiting lips. Hunger bled through his kiss, showing her how badly he wanted her. His lips moved unhurriedly down her body, stopping to suckle at the pulse in her neck then to repeat the process to both nipples before traveling down to her dew-dampened folds. Boneless legs fell open wide.

Hands pushed her legs up. “Troy, you know what to do.”

What? What did he know to do? her mind questioned as her body waited expectantly. Her eyes widened as she watched Troy position himself at her head then lean over and grab her ankles. Shock rippled through her mind as he pulled her legs toward him and wide apart. This position left her fully exposed to Trey’s hungry gaze and lips.

“Sweet heaven. She looks so sweet spread out like this,” Trey muttered right before his tongue darted out and, in a long sweeping stroke, tasted her from her entrance to her clit. He repeated the process until she was thrashing on the bed.

“Please...” Her breathy moan begged for the release she knew he could give her. To her relief he moved his tongue up to her clit and applied a firm pressure as he inserted two fingers into her dripping cunt. Her body was on the cusp of orgasm. She just needed a little more to be released from ardor’s velvety prison and thrust into ecstasy’s arms.

Troy spread her legs a smidgen wider and pulled them up closer to him. “Massage her pretty, pink, puckering hole, Trey. Make her fly.”

Trey's mouth sucked gently at her passion-extended nubbin. The two fingers inside her cunt scissored, stretching and caressing her silky walls. The touch of his thumb on her back entrance made her jerk in pleasure. It was so wicked, so good. He circled her moist hole over and over. When he stopped, it was only to apply enough pressure to let his thumb slide into her ass. His thumb stayed still for a moment then started slowly moving in and out of her tight opening. It was too much. Her body lurched under his tender touch. Reading her body's signs, Trey sucked a little harder on her clitoris and groaned loudly. The vibration of his moan on her clit sent her off the edge. Stars shot in all directions behind her closed lids, and a wail of satisfaction filled the cinnamon-scented air.

* * * *

Trey continued to lightly lick her quivering cunt until she floated back to reality. The sight of her climaxing always fired his own desire. As soon as she was back, he rose up on his knees, positioned his cockhead at her slick entrance and plunged into her. He was so hot for her it didn't take long for his balls to tighten. His eyes traveled from where their bodies were joined, up her curvy legs, to Troy's hands on her ankles, spreading her wide for him. The sight brought him to a shuddering climax. Buried deep in her hot little, widespread body, he shot his cum into her tight channel. He moaned and eased his still jerking body down onto hers as Troy eased her legs down.

Unable to move, he rested on her soft body, inhaling her scent with every breath. "God, I love you with every fiber of my being."

* * * *

"I love you, too." Branda cherished the feel of Trey's body pressing her into the heated bed. She could stay that way forever. Troy moved, and she looked into his burning green eyes. A tiny spark

flared deep in her core. How could they do that to her? She should be too sated to even consider any more pleasure. But the look on his face let her know she had at least one more round of bliss to go. She knew she'd be sore tomorrow, but she didn't care. Better to be driven over the edge of pleasure too far than not at all.

Trey roused himself and backed off her.

The twins changed positions. Troy knelt between her legs and pushed them up for Trey to take hold of. Trey spread her wide for Troy.

"This is a magnificent view of her sweet little cunt. All spread wide for the taking." Troy's eyes were filled with love and admiration.

"Yes, she has the sweetest nectar. Take her. Make her feel good." Passion made Trey's voice sound low and smooth.

Branda moaned. The more they talked the hotter she became. Trey, holding her legs wide apart for Troy, was making her clit throb. The thought of being vulnerable to them made her cunt weep in preparation for them. Only they could do this to her. No other man would she trust and love the way she did Troy and Trey.

Troy rubbed his cockhead around her slick entrance several times then moved it back and forth across the pearl hidden in the damp folds of soft flesh.

Branda squirmed and moaned beneath him. His dick felt so good rubbing against her clit she wished he could do that to her forever without any breaks.

"You are so beautiful when you squirm like that, *tesoro mio*. Feel the pleasure building. Let it take you away."

Trey's voice licked over her senses like a passionate kiss to her whole body. She mewled in pleasure as Troy continued to run his cock over her spread pussy. Her body started thrashing on the bed, and Troy, knowing she was close, slid his dick down to her hot little entrance and plunged into her waiting body.

Branda jerked as wild need rushed through every pore of her flesh. Troy's cock thrusting into her drove her closer to the cusp of climax. Trey's strong hands spread her legs a touch wider, and her world detonated. Every muscle in her body tightened then surrendered to the blissful feelings of release.

* * * *

Her release triggered his. When her inner muscles clamped down on his cock, Troy was lost to the rioting sensations of being milked by her pulsating pussy. Letting go, he drove into her once more then cried out as his cum rushed from his body into hers. She was absolutely awesome. Easing down, he rested for a moment on her lush body. Hearts beating fast, they lay in each other's embrace and relished the last pulses of their orgasms.

Trey had already lowered her legs and brought his head close to hers. He stroked her hair and murmured words of love in Italian. The three lovers stayed that way for several minutes, enjoying the feel of love and contentment that surrounded them. Troy loved moments like these and knew they did, too.

Trey was the first to move. Troy could hear him heading to the bathroom. When he came back he had a soft towel dampened at one end. Troy forced himself to move off Branda so Trey could clean her up. Love heated his heart at the sight of her looking so content in their bed.

* * * *

She moaned as Trey worked the cool cloth between her legs. It felt wonderful against her heated flesh. All too soon, he used the dry end to remove the water from her freshly cleaned pussy.

Giving her time to recover, Troy propped a few pillows behind her head and shoulders then brought the tray back to the bed and fed her bites of food.

Trey nibbled at the food and watched them closely. Branda being fed was an erotic show he couldn't seem to turn his eyes away from. She winked and smiled at him.

They leisurely ate and talked for an hour. Branda loved the way they could all sit comfortably around each other, laughing and enjoying each other's company.

As soon as they were full, Trey removed the food from the bed. Running her hand down Troy's glistening bicep, Branda commented, "I love this oil. It feels so good on our bodies. Do you guys like it?"

Trey slid across the oiled plastic until his body touched hers. "Oh, yeah. It's great. You all slicked up and sliding across our bodies is an exotic pleasure I want to experience over and over again." Reaching out, he massaged her oil-coated breasts. The peaks hardened at his caress, and a groan escaped her lips.

"I think we should oil her sweet little ass up and show her how good it feels to have both of us in her at the same time. What do you think, Trey?"

Trey's dick answered for him.

Branda's eyes took in Trey's hard cock then swung over to Troy's cock to find it just as hard. The sight of them so hard and strong restarted the fire deep in her core.

Now that they were all recharged and horny, Troy removed her pillows and flipped her over onto her stomach. She squealed in surprise and tried to look back at him. Trey leaned over her shoulders, pinning her down, and whispered in Italian in her ear. Her body melted into a heated puddle as his words calmed and excited her. Their controlling actions turned her on and had her whole body dying for their touch.

While Trey held her down, Troy brought her up on her knees, ass up in the air, legs spread. "You have the sweetest little pussy, Branda.

Now it's time I feasted on it. Relax and enjoy my mouth between your legs."

In this new position, his chin grazed her sensitive clit as his tongue delved into her spread pussy. The feeling of his whiskered chin on her pearl of pleasure quickly turned her small spark of desire into a raging fire. Her hips hunched into his face and groaning sounds exited her parted lips. "Ooooh. Ooooooh. I'm going—"

A sharp slap landed on her butt. "You will not come yet," Trey commanded.

Breathing deeply, she tried to get control. Troy had stilled his movements, giving her time to cool down.

Lick. She jerked as Troy resumed licking and nibbling at her cunt. Feeling her muscles starting to tighten, she tried to think of other things. Two bees buzzing around a flower, landing on it and stealing its nectar. No, not that. Her mind brought up a picture of Troy and Trey looming over her and stealing the nectar from between her legs, which was exactly what Troy was doing at that moment.

His whiskered chin rubbed across her clit as his tongue fucked her pussy. Giving up, she groaned and ground her clitoris into his face. "Ooooh, hell, I'm—"

Before she could finish, she found herself being pulled up. She watched as Troy lay on his back then Trey helped her straddle and impale herself on Troy's rock-hard cock.

She moaned and tried to move up and down.

"Not so fast, *sottomessa mia*. We have plenty of time. Look at Trey. He wants to join us. Slow down so we can all enjoy a long ride to paradise."

Wanting to wait, but needing to come, she ground her body into Troy's. Trey watched her writhe on Troy's cock. Troy made sure she couldn't get her clit to grind into his pelvis. After a minute she stopped squirming and blew out a loud breath.

Trey pushed her down onto Troy's chest and commanded, "Stay just like that and be very still." Her hips ground into Troy's, and she groaned. Her climax was just out of reach.

A loud swat landed on her squirming rear. "Be still." Trey's voice demanded she do as he said.

Her pussy clenched around Troy's cock, and she moaned in pleasure and forced her body to stay still and just feel the way Troy's dick stretched her tender flesh. The feel of his hair-roughened chest against her throbbing nipples sent heat shooting through her veins. All too soon her body needed more, and she squirmed again.

Trey quickly swatted her two times on each cheek for her disobedience.

Troy bucked beneath her and groaned brokenly as desire rocketed through his hard body. "Oh, sweet heaven. Every time you command or spank her, she tightens that little pussy around my cock. I don't know how much more I can take."

Her body was swamped with emotions of love, lust, and trust. Bliss blinded her, leaving her open to feel every nerve ending in her body. A tremor raced up her spine when she felt Trey massage more oil into her ass. She was so close. The pressure was building and building. Trey's finger circled the tight ring of her anus until it relaxed.

"That's it, baby. Relax for me. Let me in." Trey's voice floated over her.

She relaxed into Troy. The oil on their bodies added an erotic edge that built the fire higher within her womb. More oil dribbled down her crack, then the pressure of a finger slowly eased into her tight ass. As Trey's finger slid farther into her puckered opening, Troy thrust gently inside her, his cock caressing her slick inner walls as his hands glided up and down the length of her back. She moaned and writhed in pure bliss.

More oil was poured on her ass, then she felt a second finger ease into her rear opening, stretching her, preparing her. Trey eased his

fingers in and out of her tight ass until she opened more for him. Changing tactics, Trey twisted his hand while his fingers moved in and out of her tight passage. The added swirling motion stretched her wide and caressed her nerves. A slow burn radiated from her ass. She groaned and sank into the new sensation.

“That’s it, *tesoro mio*. Relax and let me love you. Your sweet little ass is open and ready now.”

Removing his fingers slowly, she felt the loss of him for only a second before she felt the blunt head of his dick easing into her flesh. His cock stretched her taut ring of muscle to capacity. Fire sizzled through her nerve endings. She gasped as Trey slowly moved deeper and deeper.

“Ooooh!” Branda cried out as Trey fully seated his cock in her ass.

“She’s so fucking tight. So sweet.” Trey’s words filled the room.

Patting a rounded buttock, Trey asked, “Are you all right, baby?” At her nod, he added, “Relax, wait for the pleasure.”

Troy whispered encouragements into her ear as his hands stroked her back and sides. Trey leaned forward and kissed and licked at her shoulder and neck. Their stroking and kissing relaxed her body and allowed her to sink into the pleasurable pain of being stuffed full of hard cock. A whirlwind of need swept over her, giving her the courage to grind her hips into their dicks. A sting of pain remained, but the euphoric feeling of intense pleasure dominated.

“Ooooh, damn, you guys feel good. I need more.” She squirmed between them, making them all groan.

Grabbing her hips, Trey started moving in and out of her in slow, long strokes. Troy followed suit, and they worked in and out of her body, stretching and filling her, never totally leaving the tight, hot haven of her body.

“Harder. Oh god, harder,” Branda said, begging them in her need. She was so close to paradise she could almost taste it. Just a little more and she’d be there. As they did her bidding, she felt them clamp

down on her hips, then they both drove their cocks hard into her quivering cunt and ass. Pleasure erupted in a blaze of white-hot glory.

Branda screamed as her world burst like a supernova, burning brighter and brighter before ever-so-slowly dimming.

“Oh fuuuck yeah.” Troy groaned and tightened his hold on her as his body shuddered and convulsed under hers. Staying sprawled over him, she listened to the fast beat of his heart. Trey growled, then stiffened, as he lunged one last time into her ass and released his seed deep in her body.

Trey rested his body on hers, pressing her deeper into Troy. “Damn, baby. That was hot. You did so good. Fuck, you’re awesome.” Trey’s words made her heart swell with love and pride. Bodies still connected, their breaths whispered across her skin as they all rested for a moment in complete satisfaction.

A little while later, she barely noticed Trey removing his cock from her listless body and easing off the bed. In a cloudy, sated haze, she felt herself being shifted off Troy then over as they removed the plastic. One of them towed the oil off her body then they moved her again to remove the heated blanket. They turned out the lamp and tucked her into bed right between the two of them. Right where she belonged. A smile tugged at her lips before sleep took her into its restoring arms.

* * * *

Trey got up first the next day. As he passed the basket, he noticed a card in the bottom. Pulling it out, he opened it. A chuckle flowed from him as he read it.

*We love you and hope you give us lots of great-grand babies.
Love Nonno and Nonna*

Grinning, his thoughts traveled down the path that created great-grand babies. He and Troy had put a lot of effort into that endeavor last night. Branda was perfect for them. Love nipped at his heart at the thought of her swollen with their child.

Strolling to the kitchen, he left the card on the counter as a reminder to show the others. Going over to the coffee pot, he got it brewing then headed to the fridge and pulled out some fruit and pastries for breakfast. After last night's wild ride to paradise, they were all going to need some food.

The smell of mind-clearing coffee drew Branda and Troy downstairs just as Trey knew it would. He had set breakfast out for all of them on the back terrace.

"This looks great, Trey. Thanks for making coffee and pulling the food out," Branda said, happy and content.

"Anything for you, *tesoro mio*. How are you feeling today? We weren't too rough with you, were we?" Concern laced Trey's words.

"I'm a little sore, but it's a good sore. You two were wonderful."

Trey leaned forward in his chair. "Last night you gave us much pleasure. I'm glad your body handled it so well. After breakfast, you can take a warm bath. That will help your muscles, *tesoro mio*." He guided their attention to the card from Nonno and Nonna.

Troy openly laughed after he read it while Branda turned a pretty shade of pink.

Sipping her coffee, Branda looked out at the jagged cliffs and the waves crashing into the bay. Turning, she shifted her eyes from one twin to the other.

Trey said, "What are you thinking, *tesoro mio*?"

She smiled sweetly. "I'm thinking of you two making sweet love to me, showing me how much you love me, and I'm thinking of your family accepting me with open arms. And how my heart is overflowing with love for them all. I love you all so much I can feel it down to the crux of my being." Tears welled in her eyes, reflecting

the love she felt for both of them. “I want to get married here in Italy with all your family around us.”

Troy moved to her and scooped her up in a crushing hug. She’d barely had time to put her coffee mug on the table. “You just made Nonna the happiest woman in Italy and us the happiest men in the world. I love you, my little angel.”

Trey pressed his body into her back, loving the soft feel of her body. “We will cherish you forever, *tesoro mio*. *Ti amo*.”

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Reading romance has been a passion of mine for a long time. I usually don't have a clue what's on TV or at the movie theaters. When people are shocked that I don't know what's playing I just smile and tell them I live in a cave ;)

A love of mine is bringing joy to others through the tales I weave of dominantly sexy men, witty women, good friends, and scorching scenes that get your juices flowing.

Characters pop into my head, I grab a pen and the journey begins. The trip through fantasyland to happily-ever-after is always a fascinating ride. Thank goodness it is a ride you can take over and over again.



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