

Claimed

by my

BOSS & HIS TWIN

SYLVIE HAAS

CLAIMED BY MY BOSS & HIS TWIN

A MÉNAGE ROMANCE

OceanofPDF.com

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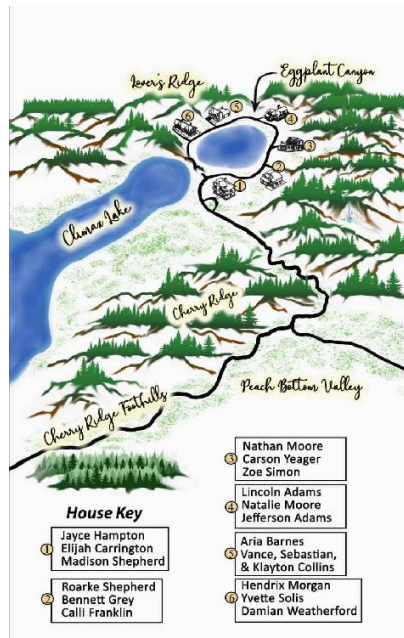
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EGGPLANT CANYON MAP



BLURB

Dropping papers off at my boss's house shouldn't be a big deal, except that I'm in love with him, and I have a little fantasy that he secretly feels the same.

Maybe that's why his sudden change in demeanor makes me think my fantasy is finally coming true.

It's not...and the second I realize my mistake, the storm of the century unleashes a mudslide, trapping me at his house.

It's way too late to question what could possibly go wrong. The only question remaining is if I'd rather save my job or my heart.

If you love dirty-talking men who have over-the-top ideas of how to please their woman and want to give her babies, these guys can double up your fantasy, too!

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ONE

NATALIE

Pulling into the driveway of my boss's luxurious mountain home in Eggplant Canyon, I hope my car doesn't drip oil on his pristine driveway. That's not the kind of mark I'd like to leave on his life. If I ever got to play out my fantasies, I'd leave lipstick on his collar, his chest, his co—I stop myself from imagining my boss's *eggplant*.

I give myself a mental shake and grab the large envelope with the contract he needs me to drop off. The errant thoughts will serve me just fine later, but for now, the most fun I can have is pretending I live with him and I'm coming home.

Be nice. Be pretty. Be useful. My mother's mantra plays through my mind. It may be a little ridiculous, but here I am, after hours, delivering a contract in between waves of the horrific storm.

Reaching under the chair, I feel around for the hidden key that he said is magnetically attached. When I don't find anything, I drop to my hands and knees to look. Still nothing.

Did I remember incorrectly? Checking the other chair and small table, there's no key. I poke around the porch at the edge of the bushes looking for a fake rock like my parents used to use.

He gave me one mission...leave the contract inside his house. I'd supposed my biggest problem would be refraining from testing how cozy his sofa is, or finding his bedroom and smelling his pillows—I'm not a creeper—but he probably has cameras and I'd end up fired.

But I can't even stick to my job and leave the contract inside if I can't find the key. I glance overhead at the sky full of black clouds. The small break in the storm isn't enough for me to trust leaving the contract on the porch.

Doing exactly what my boss asked would be ideal, but if I can't find the key, I suppose I can leave the contract at my brothers' house next door, then have one of them deliver it when Mister Adams gets home. Will I get points for thinking outside the box?

My boss and my brothers are friends. It was that connection that landed me the high-paying administrative assistant job that I can't afford to mess up.

I lose myself for a moment, staring at the ominous skyline cresting the mountain ridge opposite his house. It's a view I could get used to, but that will be from my siblings' house since our company has a strict 'no fraternizing' policy.

A chuckle bubbles through me...as if I'd have a chance to fraternize with my boss who barely ever looks my way.

The crack of the front door opening causes me to spin around. He's not supposed to get back in town until later. I spoke to him thirty minutes ago. Yet he's here.

My heart's beating out of control.

Is this more than a request for me to bring the contract? Am I ready for my fantasy world to be put to the test?

Wet heat pools between my legs in the brief second we stare at each other. He's so much more relaxed at home than at the office. His t-shirt hangs on him like it's an old favorite, there's no styling product in his hair, and his features are ever-so-slightly more relaxed... Like he's a different person.

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Jefferson

Does my twin brother have a stalker?

The woman rustling around on his front porch causes me to think so. Lincoln's large glass windows give me an adequate view of the woman, although if she were to look, she wouldn't be able to see much of me with how the furniture is arranged.

Shifting from my relaxed sprawl on the couch, I sit forward with my hands on my knees, ready to go to the door. Even though she can't hear me, I suppress my groan when she gets on all fours.

Is it wrong to watch? Is it wrong for her to be snooping on my brother's porch?

I hesitate. What's wrong is that I want to pretend to be my twin and imagine having this gorgeous woman in my life.

Her business suit and bun, and the manilla envelope she's holding, give her an air of confidence like she belongs here. Why doesn't she knock?

I take that back. Looking under everything on the porch doesn't exactly scream that she belongs, but she's not looking over her shoulder or looking to see if he has one of those doorbell cameras.

Who is she? And what is she doing?

She rights herself, her hands and manilla folder flop to her sides, and she drops her head back. Is she looking at the sky?

Oh shit. I got in town a few days ago and haven't put Lincoln's hidden key back. As far as Lincoln knows, I'm supposed to be at a meeting with my lawyer, but he had to cancel, leaving me home unexpectedly.

I stride to the door and with every step I'm more curious who this woman is. She's gorgeous with a self-assured innocence. She's making my cock hard. She's exactly what I don't need right now.

I moved back to Eggplant Canyon and am working with a lawyer to get partial custody of my son, Harrison. My wild ways when I was younger cost me dearly. One of the few things I'd contributed to my son's life other than sperm, was that I'd asked my girlfriend to use a presidential name like my parents had done. Harrison is the one she chose. I appreciate that she extended that courtesy and did such a great job of raising him on her own up until this point.

It's ten years past when I should have gotten my shit together and shown that I could be stable.

So why the fuck is temptation on my brother's front porch? Why when I pop the door open do I feel an instant connection to the innocent beauty? Not the kind I'd had with hookups but the kind that tells me I have to get to know this woman. Why the hell am I imagining her belly swollen with my baby while she carries another on her hip?

"I have your contract." Her voice is soft and delicate, like her. She holds up the folder. A business associate? That

explains the clothes, but she's too young. Her innocence could be deceiving, but I don't place her much above a teenager.

Her big eyes look up at me with more than a business relationship brewing behind them.

"Right," I say, opening the door further. This isn't right, but I can't find it in me to tell her who I am. Devilish thoughts play through my mind.

"I should go." She looks at me with hope and desire while extending the envelope. Her eyes rake down my t-shirt and athletic shorts, the same as most women do. Thankfully, I manage to keep my cock from tenting my pants.

All of the self-control I'd been so proud of lately is urging me to invite her in, which can't possibly work out. This is going to be wrong on a few levels.

"Wait." My words pull her eyes back to mine and the faintest hint of pink covers her cheeks before her expression turns to something akin to idolizing.

This insanely gorgeous woman idolizes my twin? Time to explore. Nothing will happen. He'll be home soon. He'll have to fess up that he has a carbon copy...physically anyway. His corporate path and my entrepreneurial struggles bear no resemblance.

"Come on in."

Her eyes go wide and she worries her lower lip. That does a number on my cock, but I remind it we're going to bed alone tonight.

“You want me to come in?” Why is she surprised? This rules her out as a girlfriend or mistress.

I test the waters. “Sure, why not.”

She enters and glances around as if she’s never been inside before. “What a beautiful home you have, Mister Adams.”

That *is* my name, and this will be my home for the next few months. “Make yourself comfortable.”

“I thought I was just dropping this off. I didn’t plan to stay. You said to use the key—”

“I didn’t expect to get in until later.” The truth fits rather well, and old habits find my hand on her lower back as I guide her to the living room.

She glances down, where my arm disappears behind her, and from the angle her head is turned, I see a hint of a smile. Has my brother ever touched her like this? Does he see her for the doll that she is?

Welcoming her into my home feels so right, like my hand is where it belongs. Lincoln’s may not belong there, but mine does. But old habits are exactly that...old...not me anymore. I promised myself not to date anyone until I got my son back.

The problem is that the tightness in my chest and the primal need to please her feel so *new*. This isn’t how I pick up women. It was always in a bar with lots of alcohol and bad decisions. She hesitantly makes herself comfortable in a high-backed easy chair. I’m about to take the seat across the room when I remember my manners.

“Would you like something to drink?”

“Sparkling water would be great.” She sets the contract on the table and pats it.

I return with our drinks, no better able to control my attraction to her. She studies my every move.

Lincoln and I had fun tricking people when we were younger. It was a rare chance to live in someone else’s shoes. Let’s call this a trip down memory lane.

“What’s on your mind? You look curious.”

She purses her lips, takes a sip, and looks everywhere but at me.

“Am I that scary to talk to?”

“You’re so different at the office. You never...” She pauses then waves her hand between us. “Anyway, it’s good to see that you’re relaxed at home. Sometimes, at the office, I worry that you work too hard.”

I can’t stop myself? “Work hours are over. Let your hair down, and take your jacket off. Hang out...relax.”

Her brow furrows.

“What do you have to lose?” This feels so right.

“I don’t...” Her thoughts weigh heavily.

Would we both be put at ease if I simply told her I’m not my brother? I don’t want her to get freaked out that I’m a stranger. She might leave, and I wouldn’t be able to handle that. I have to be near her a few more minutes, then I’ll come clean.

“Tell me about yourself. What do you do to relax?”

“Read books.”

“Is that it?”

She shrugs. “Lots of books.”

“Let your hair down.”

Her hand flies to her chest. “Mister Adams...”

“Or I can do it for you.” Fuck. I shouldn’t have said that. It would be my preference to run my fingers through her silky strands, find the little clip that’s holding her together, and undo her. That would be the old me. I’m on thin ice, but the flicker of excitement in her eyes lures me further.

Her blush takes over her entire cheeks. Angling her face to the side, away from me, she holds her bun with one hand and timidly retrieves two bobby pins. When she pulls her hands away, her hair spills down, signaling my cock to wake up. She rakes her fingers through her hair, each stroke a virtual brush over my thickening rod.

“There, now you look relaxed too. Doesn’t that feel better?”

She ducks her head. Intending to refresh her drink, I head to her, but when I’m close and can see the subtleties of the golds and blondes in her rich brown hair, I lose focus.

I stroke a finger over her ear. “You’re gorgeous.”

Two

NATALIE

“Thank you.” Years of etiquette, of how a young woman is supposed to behave are ingrained in me so the pleasantries flow off my tongue easily. The shallow breaths, the lightheadedness, and the excitement over my fantasy coming true make it impossible to utter anything else.

Forcing breaths deeper into my lungs, I regain what composure I can. Mister Adams has switched from his normal expensive musky cologne to a new one that I can only describe as the perfect combination of spice and sex. It invades every pore, every thought, every bit of my being.

With my back straight, ankles crossed, and mangled bobby pins in my hands, I say, “You are very attractive too.”

In my fantasies, I’m much more eloquent, and I also wouldn’t still be making metal origami out of my hairpins. My plan, if that’s what a fantasy could loosely be called, was to let my boss release all of my sexual frustrations with a single kiss. Anything he did after that could be considered a Christmas bonus.

“Let me take those before somebody gets hurt.” His large hand cups mine, doing so much more than removing my pins. He’s owning me, protecting me, giving me a promise, and I don’t even feel silly reading that much into it. He shoves the metal carnage into his pocket.

I’m so lost in my fantasy that I can’t tell what’s real anymore. While I roll around in my maybe-real, maybe-not bliss, he continues, “So you like the way I wear the casual look?” His voice is like melted butter on my popcorn.

“It’s like you’re a whole different person. There’s the Mister Adams from the office and then there’s...”

Accumulation of drool as I’m trying to speak causes me to cut myself off so I can swallow, and not just because I got myself thinking about buttery popcorn.

He stares at me, contemplating something. “I am—”

A low rumble rocks my world and for a split second, I think it’s a reaction to my boss. I reflexively grasp the arms of my chair, but it’s not until I note the concern on his face that I realize the rumble was real. I’ve never been in an earthquake, but I imagine it would feel like that.

I’m happy to stay put while he checks the house and looks out the windows. The chance to breathe is useful. Am I willing to see where this goes? Which lines will I let him cross? I fan myself as heat overtakes me at the thought of my boss being my first.

The swagger in his stride as he re-enters the room steals my breath all over again. “Everything’s in place.”

He stops beside my chair. When I angle my head up, looking at him from under my lashes, he says, “It must have just been my heart pounding when you let your hair down.”

The sexual confidence oozing from him is the counterbalance to my sexual innocence. His finger tucks under my chin, breaching untouched territory. The things I’m feeling are so much stronger now that I have his attention. At work, I’m his robot secretary, or that’s how it feels since he handles as much as possible through purely professional emails.

Has he been thinking of me too? Is there any way around the company’s fraternization policy, because I think we’re about to violate it? Not likely they’ll grant a waiver just because my virginity’s involved.

“What the fuck!” My boss’s voice booms through the room a split second before the front door slams.

I may have just felt an earthquake, but there’s a whirlwind in my brain as I glance from the sexy, relaxed version of my boss who’s standing beside me to the uptight, angry version in the entry. If his shoes and the bottoms of his pants weren’t covered in mud, I’d easily determine that the one in the entry is real.

Did my mind conjure the one beside me? I extend a finger from the arm of the chair to check. The heat of his body, the firmness of his thigh, and the jerk of his head downward in

response to my touch indicate that he's far more than a figment of my imagination.

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THREE

LINCOLN

“What the fuck!” My words come out louder and harsher than I’d intended, but they’re accurate.

Jefferson said he’d changed his ways. He had a solid start on building a security company as part of his effort to settle down, yet here he is with his hand on my girl. The problem is that nobody, including her, knows that she’s my girl.

I let the mud on my shoes cement me to the floor in the entry because if I go near my brother, I’ll be tempted to pummel him. The thought sends a shiver down my spine. I’m driven and competitive, but not violent.

He glances down at Natalie long enough that I’m left out of whatever’s going on between them. I ball my fists then force my fingers to straighten. Back-to-back meetings in the city had been exhausting, not to mention my white-knuckle drive through the horrendous storm, but that was nothing compared to my car getting caught in a mudslide on the way home and

having to walk the last bit, but that has nothing on seeing Jefferson touch Natalie. I don't even allow myself that luxury.

“Explain,” I demand.

Natalie jumps up, smooths her skirt, and clasps her hands. “I can't.”

It's the first time she's been stumped. No matter the situation that arises, she handles it with grace. She's the best damned administrative assistant I've had, and it just about kills me to leave it that way. I want her as so much more. I'd been breaking lately, my thoughts wandering to her more and more, even in the middle of the night. I shove all of that aside.

Jefferson steps between Natalie and me, holding his hands up. “Calm down, we were just talking.”

“Get away from her.”

He side-steps, and even though it's not as far as I'd like, I let it go.

“Miss Moore, I see you met my twin brother, Jefferson.” I pause to gauge the look on her face—confusion that quickly shifts to surprise. That tempers how I continue. “Apparently he's not above our childish games of switching places.”

“Calm the fuck down,” Jefferson says.

Natalie shrinks and guilt washes over me that we're upsetting her, or worse, scaring her, as is reflected in her voice. “I should go. Your contract is on the table.” She motions to the envelope and looks past me at the door.

With the skill I've practiced too many times with my brother, I bury my anger. "I overreacted. You deserve an explanation, but I need to clean up first. And you can't go..." I look uselessly out the window. "A mudslide took out the road just before Eggplant Canyon. I got caught in the edge of it. My car's a loss. I had to walk home."

"What?" they say in unison.

"There's no way out. You can stay here until they get the road cleared. We'll figure it out, I just need to get cleaned up first. Just don't touch her again, Jefferson." I take a step then decide against slogging mud through my immaculate house.

"Gotcha, I won't even stay in the same room as her unless you're here to chaperone," Jefferson says, presumably hearing the threat of castration in my voice.

I motion to my pants. "I'm going to have to strip down right here."

The number of times I've dreamed of stripping down with Natalie is so high I sometimes think she's really mine. And every damn time, I chastise myself for the naughty things I do to her. She's far too young and innocent.

Presuming they'll turn away if they want to, I slide my belt through the buckle and yank it from around my waist.

The weight of her gaze calls to me. I lift my eyes. She's staring. The softness of her features is highlighted by her hair falling in waves around her face. In the office, her bun keeps a professional, no-nonsense edge to her look.

My heart beats faster. My cock thickens. The financial institution we work for has stringent rules about fraternizing. Not a single one of those rules matters to me right now.

My brother disappears while Natalie remains in place, the only part of her that's moved is her jaw, which has fallen open ever so slightly.

I imagine that if I was close enough, her breaths could warm my neck while I hold her body against mine. My fingers would drag through her hair, down her back, and curve around her luscious ass. A not-so-gentle squeeze would make her breath hitch.

The ache in my balls anchors me to the actual moment that's playing out, which is even better than my fantasy. Wrapping my belt around my hand, another flicker of imagination has me wanting to bind her hands. Her breath hitches when she looks at the leather strap, but that's for another day. Maneuvering the button of my slacks, I loosen my pants and accept that I've become a show.

I click my zipper down a few notches, and I can't decide if I'm humored by Natalie staring, or if I'm going to try to make something of it.

A few more notches and I'm losing the ability to keep my cock from responding. Natalie's always had the hot secretary vibe, and I've never wanted to be the clichéd boss abusing his power, which is why I barely allow myself to look at her, handling as much business as possible electronically or over the phone.

Admittedly, I'm selfish. She's an incredible admin, one I'll never be able to replace. But the other factor is that I'd lose my shit if she worked for anyone but me. I'm protecting her.

I've long since wondered if her innocence was for show, but as she eats up every click of my zipper, and the increasing angle my cock is tenting my slacks, her innocence becomes less of a question, which only makes me harder.

I'm normally the untie-your-shoes-and-slide-them-off kind of guy, but with all of this mud, and my raging erection, I kick them off, shuck my pants carefully over my hardened cock, and watch Natalie's eyes go wide.

My underwear is stretched to its limit. I rub a hand over my cock to take the edge off, but it's not my hand I long for. Her delicate fingers, with those pretty manicured nails would look divine wrapped around my shaft.

If I don't get out of this room, I'm going to get us fired... but only if one of us tells. Fuck. That's a dangerous game to play, more so for her than me. I've been with the company for fifteen years. She's only been there a few months. I've seen how this plays out, and it's never fair.

How am I supposed to deal with her being trapped in my house? I could send her to her brothers' house, which is next door. They're the reason I hired her, but they'd failed to tell me she would steal my fucking heart. If either of them had shown me a picture, I would have asked her for a date instead of a resumé.

There's no fucking way I'm sending her next door. Now the question is to figure out how to keep her here and not regret it. Some guys might not want to piss off their neighbors by fucking their sister, but we're all adults.

With any luck, the shower won't just clean my body, but will also take care of my dirty thoughts. I ignore the fact that my dream girl is staring at my cock. "I better hit the shower."

Stripping my socks off, gathering my mess of clothes, and hoping there's enough cold water to talk the big guy down, I do the right thing and leave the room.

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FOUR

NATALIE

When I finally pull out of the erection enchantment, I retrieve my purse from my car and dial my brother, Nathan. No, our parents weren't very creative when it came to names. My half-brother, Carson, who also lives next door, got lucky that our mom hadn't thought of the matching name thing when he was born.

How long had I stared at my boss's erection? And why did he have one? I have so many questions about sex, and there's no one I'd rather have help me answer them than Mister Adams.

Other than *the other* Mister Adams.

How are there two of these perfect men walking the earth? I hang up the call before Nathan answers.

Was it totally cringy that I ogled my boss in his moment of despair? I hadn't even asked about his car or the mudslide... I'm not normally so insensitive.

Mindlessly staring out the window, I'm alone, a huge emotional letdown from the moments I had with each of the Adams men moments before. But as I grasp for sanity, the ache between my legs and in my chest cloud my judgment.

Lincoln is as organized and tidy at home as he is in the office, which allows me to easily find his cleaning products. Cloud cover builds again, so I flip on the light, kick my shoes off by the front door, and busy myself with cleaning the mud he tracked in.

My phone rings. It's my reprieve, Nathan returning my call, but after an awkward conversation, I surmise that he doesn't want me at his house. Something's definitely up. If I wasn't trapped on the opposite side of the mudslide from my best friend, I'd go to her place. Rather than question my lack of options, I accept it as another nudge from the universe.

I make a risqué decision. Risqué coming from someone who recently turned old enough to order alcohol in a bar but has never done anything more than kissing and clothed contact.

It's as if an act of god trapped me in a situation that has an element of safety while offering an opportunity to explore a side of me I've never been comfortable with. I'm going to pursue whatever this is with my boss's twin.

Still on my knees, I stuff the last dirty paper towel into the plastic bag I'm using for trash when footfalls stop behind me.

The vulnerability of being on my hands and knees with my ass pointed at my boss takes a backseat to the heat pooling

between my legs. I wish I was one of those sexy-minded women who would add a little wiggle to her hips. I'm not.

Instead, I sit on my heels and look over my shoulder.

The smolder in his eyes incinerates every last word I planned on saying about cleaning up. I'm not sure how a look, no matter how smoldering, can make me sweat, but I'm at least glistening.

He's even taller and more commanding from this angle. My face is way too close to his hip height. But it's the sweat pants, fitted t-shirt, and wet tousled hair that leave me so weak I'm not sure I can stand.

He's a man of impeccable tailoring and grooming, never a hair or stitch out of place.

"Thank you for cleaning that up, Miss Moore."

The most breathless ever "you're welcome" whisps from my lips. There's no air left in my lungs to tell him to call me Natalie.

Jefferson comes out of wherever he'd been hiding but doesn't leave as much distance as Lincoln kept. My head, while angled at my boss, rolls to the other side as I drift into a fantasy of these carbon copy gods teaching me all the things I've missed.

The awkward motion, and possible lightheadedness, cause me to tip. I slap a hand to the ground, highlighting my bobble, but as embarrassment tries to creep through me, Jefferson's hand is on my shoulder, his strong fingers working their way

under my arm, his other hand reaching around to help me stand.

The contact, the security of it, the lingering moment, and the sense that his efforts were much more than simple assistance, fortify my decision to accept this opportunity for the gift that it is.

Does he understand what he's doing to me? Do guys like him have a sixth sense for fresh meat? Is that a horrible way to think about myself, or him?

I can't be anything but doe-eyed as I stare up at him.

"Are you okay, Miss Moore?" The seduction in the way he draws out my name makes me question if I'm already in over my head.

Hands grip my waist, even more firm and secure than Jefferson's, which are still on my upper arms.

Lincoln. The dampness in my panties is joined by an ache in my core. The heat from their bodies consumes me from both sides, but I want more than heat, I want pressure. I want words whispered in my ear, hands caressing my body, and lips stealing kisses from everywhere I've never been kissed.

The ache in my core twists into a knot that's being pulled at both ends, tighter and tighter. Sanity and lines drawn by my workplace no longer matter.

"Are you okay?" Lincoln whispers, his mouth so close to my ear. Can he read my thoughts?

"You looked dizzy." Jefferson steps closer.

Passing out won't further this fantasy. Breathe.

It helps. I lift my hands to Jefferson's waist, trailing them upward, stopping on his chest. My words are cut off by the contours my fingers memorize. Another breath.

"I'm fine now, thank you."

"You better sit down." Lincoln's hands around my waist pull me backward, guiding me away from his brother.

He leads me to the sofa, holds my hand as I sit, and just when I think he's taking the seat next to me, he clears his throat and moves to the nearby chair.

What should I make of that? I don't know. But when Jefferson sits next to me, a mere inch between us, and slings his arm behind me, it no longer matters. While I can't cross a line with my boss, his brother is a line I can definitely straddle.

A boom rattles the windows a split second before the lights go out. Reflexively, I lean into Jefferson. His arm tightens around my back, gripping my arm, and in the shuffle, his finger grazes the side of my breast.

Does he understand why I shudder? He slips his finger back a half inch but gives me no reason to move away. He's protecting me, and I *more than* like it.

FIVE

LINCOLN

A flashlight and a long-burn-time emergency candle are all I have to ward off the darkness. The power rarely goes out and normally, I'm the only one here so that's enough. What irony that on the night I have two guests, I also have no electricity.

Finishing up the call to the power company, I return to the living room. The flame from the candle isn't a lot, but it is enough to see how close my twin and my admin are sitting. Touching. Taking advantage of the darkness? Seriously? My guests are going to fuck under my roof?

The odd lighting could be an excuse for the irritation that surely shows in my expression. I've clenched my jaw so tightly it hurts.

I set the candle down so I don't crush the container and send burning fuel all over my living room. I've held myself back from Natalie, respected corporate policy, respected her autonomy in the workplace...for what?

So she can shack up with my identical twin while we're trapped under my roof?

Anger seethes through me.

His thumb brushes over her cheek. She's giggling about something. Do they even notice I came into the room?

"I talked to a rep at the power company. They're not sure how soon they can fix the power. A transformer blew, but it's in Eggplant Canyon and with the mudslide the repair crews can't get to it."

"Everything will be fine." Jefferson's fucking laid-back attitude has grated on my nerves ever since he lost custody of his kid and practically checked out of having responsibility.

The flickering flame turns Natalie and Jefferson into an old movie, offering a stuttered vision of him touching her while she looks up at him adoringly. Does she see me when she looks at him? Is the thing between them physical? Or does she prefer his casual attitude over my control?

"Yeah, everything will be fine because I have plenty of food in the pantry, and I'll take the couch so Natalie has a bed to sleep in." It's my surefire way to separate them and make sure she's cared for.

"It's okay, Mister Adams, Jefferson offered to do that already." She giggles.

First names and giggles. She's already closer to him than I've been with her in the months she's worked right outside of

my office. The notion gets under my skin, but the mission of separating them is accomplished. I can live with that.

“I’ll get sheets and a blanket for you.”

“You don’t have to. Your sweet little admin is making your life easier long after the workday is over. She wants to share my bed.”

My chest tightens, constricting my ability to talk, which is good since I’d tell him to keep his hands off my girl. What grown-up reason can I think of that they can’t share a bed?

His hand slides onto her thigh. I’m about to blow. How do I get him to stop touching her? If I want to respect her autonomy, don’t I have to respect a choice that I have no say in?

Fuck.

“That’s not a good idea.”

“What?” My brother asks as if he can’t remember that he just said he was going to sleep with my admin.

“I’ll take the couch. Natalie takes my bed. You stay in the guest room.”

“I...well, we were...” Natalie can’t quite bring herself to say something, and if she can’t say it, she shouldn’t be doing it in my extremely biased, possessive, pissed-off opinion.

“Natalie and I are going to work on a little project. Sharing a room will be perfect.” Jefferson’s vague statement insults

me. Like I don't understand what sharing a bed with a gorgeous, giggling woman or working on a project means.

Give me a fucking break. The jealousy that's been threaded through our lives tightens itself around my chest. I've worked on a ton of projects with Natalie, and never did a single one make her giggle, require me to put my hands on her, or cause her to look up at me with her big doe-eyes.

But I will be the bigger man. I will hold a place of respect in her world. I won't ever let her down.

"Natalie, my offer stands, my bed is yours, just say the word." That came out closer to the truth than I'd intended. I try to cover. "Whatever happens between you and my brother won't have any bearing on our working relationship, is that clear?"

"Yes, Mister Adams." The way she lowers her voice haunts me.

There are so many other statements I long to hear that response to. The weight of the situation is nearly unbearable. I consider declaring that there will be no fucking or anything akin to that under my roof, but the last thing I want to do is treat her like a child.

I don't want to be the stick-in-the-mud. Work requires me to make harsh decisions. That's not what I want in my house. But *fuck*, I want her.

Watching her snuggle up to my brother, my cock is thickening. It could be me. It should be me. If only she hadn't

been given a choice. I've never hated Jefferson more than at this moment.

"I'm going to bed." I storm out of the room, angling my body in the dim light to keep them from seeing my erection.

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SIX

NATALIE

I worry my lower lip as my boss strides out of the room. Despite his declaration, it seems that whatever's happening between Jefferson and me is already affecting my work relationship with Lincoln.

It all just feels so right. I've been wanting to meet a guy I felt comfortable learning about sex with, and possibly getting the whole virginity thing knocked out. Jefferson's perfect. I've been physically attracted to his twin, my boss, since my first day of employment, and the more I got to know Lincoln, the more I understood how reputable he is, which makes his brother all the more appealing.

Basically, I get to explore my fantasy about my boss with a carbon copy of him, thus I'm not breaking the rules.

When my boss is out of sight, I watch the candle flame for a minute and wonder if I'm playing with fire. "Maybe we shouldn't do this."

Jefferson's gentle caress of my jaw guides my face up to his. "Why?"

I wait for him to say more but the sound of rain pelting the windows is all I get.

"My boss seems upset that we're sharing a bed...I mean, we can still do that, but the project I mentioned is a no-go."

His hand rests patiently against my cheek. "Your boss doesn't get to dictate your personal life. But I'll do anything for you...even call this off."

His words are what I tell myself I need to hear.

"That's what I want."

"Okay, then I won't misinterpret the way you look up at me with a faraway look in your eyes as attraction."

I force my traitorous eyes closed.

His hand lowers from my face and I should be able to think better when he's not touching me. His contact continues over the contour of my jaw and painstakingly slowly down my neck.

"And I won't teach you what it feels like to be kissed here."

Did my head just tip to the side? I should stop this.

His finger strokes inward and trails down the center of my chest, slowly again as his words seduce me.

"And there's no need for me to show you how kisses down your chest can make your breasts heave, you have that mastered with just the touch of my finger. Hmm...such a loss

for me. I was looking forward to teasing my tongue between your beautiful breasts, then across the top of them.”

His finger, his tongue...how far will he go with this non-lesson. My body is marked by the trail he takes, the first man to touch me in such a way. Even if this can never be, I'll never forget it.

“The luscious swell of your breasts must torture Lincoln every time he looks at you. I bet he can't stop himself from imagining how they would be more than he could fit in his large hand.”

Is it normal to have electricity zing from my breast to my sex? Is there a nerve connecting them or something? Jefferson's hand, presumably the same size as Lincoln's, cradles my breast while his thumb passes back and forth over my nipple that's beading harder and harder with each stroke.

I hear my own breaths. I feel my chest rise and fall. I have no doubt he's the right guy to learn about sex with, except that pissing off my boss could cost me my job. My brother would be livid that I threw away the golden opportunity he finagled for me.

“There are so many more lessons I could teach you.” He removes his hand from my body.

This is my chance to do the right thing. I'm sure I can find a sheet and blanket to use on the couch.

His fingers brush over my bare knee. My skirt rides up to just above my knees when I sit, and he's already exploring

under the hem of my skirt.

“One of the most important lessons *someone* should teach you...”

When did he lean in? His breath warms my ear. That’s a lesson in itself. My heart’s cranking overtime. I have an uncanny desire to rip off his clothes. And I’m still trying to convince myself this is wrong.

“is that your lover should always make sure you’re taken care of first.”

A strange whimpering sound from me elicits a huff of a laugh from him. Then he continues.

“It’s true. Guys can be ready in a heartbeat, even beats as fast as yours, and when a guy has a woman as incredible as you, there’s no question he can be ready. But women need to be shown that they’re treasured first, and when they’re truly ready, everything will be more enjoyable.”

I might break the mold then because this isn’t taking me any time at all.

“You do know what I’m talking about, don’t you?” His fingers tease up my thigh.

“Yes,” I may or may not squeak out.

“Since you called off our sex lessons, I’m not your teacher, but my conscience would be put at ease if you explained—just so I don’t have to worry that you would let a man treat you wrong.”

“I won’t let anyone treat me wrong.”

His hand covers the top of my thigh. Dang it, another traitorous body part reveals itself to me as my other thigh shifts outward.

“You see, I’m worried. You let your boss into your personal life. I want to be sure you’re aware of what your body can do. If you don’t know, there’s no shame in asking for one small lesson.”

Oh. My. God. I’m going for it. “One lesson.”

I duck my head and curl my lips in.

I hope I’m right, that it’s a good thing that I’m wet. I think he’ll like that. The slow slide of his hand between my thighs is followed by the backs of his fingers pushing against my opposite thigh, requesting more space.

My skirt will allow it. Will my conscience? Is it possible that my boss will walk back into the room at the exact same second the lights come on? Will he see me spread for his brother, not in the privacy of a bedroom, but brazenly on the sofa?

Will I regret this? Time will tell because I shift to open my legs.

A strained sound comes from Jefferson’s chest. My legs may be open, but my eyes are not, allowing me the fantasy, the denial, and the crazy, unbelievable moment.

He barely slides his hand forward but extends a fingertip to brush over my panties. My wetness is more than I thought. My

panties seem soaked. That's never happened.

“Oh, Baby Doll, this is how you can tell.” I catch my use of the nickname, pause for a split second, and when she doesn't object, I continue. “When you're ready for sex, these sweet juices will help you take your lover's cock.” He takes a deliberate inhale. “He'll be addicted to your scent from the first breath.”

He withdraws his hand and leans his face back from my ear.

No. My body slumps. My eyes flutter open. I need him.

Inches from my disbelieving eyes, his finger is on his lips. The tip of his tongue drags over the pad. Breaths become huge, punctuated efforts. Then he presses his finger to my parted lips.

My scent is more intriguing than ever. A reaction to him? I want more. Leaning ever so slightly, I take his fingertip in my lips and suck.

SEVEN

JEFFERSON

I flop my arm over my head, blocking the flashes of lightning coming into the living room where I'm dutifully sleeping on the couch.

Faster than a Bugatti can do zero to sixty, Natalie went from sucking on my finger to standing at the far end of the couch with her hands clasped over her mouth.

She did tell me that she didn't want lessons and I'd pushed it, but damn, I thought I hooked her.

The secondary problem to the lightning is my erection. Aside from the reality that I would have prodded her all night if we were in the same bed, she had true concern for not upsetting Lincoln.

But even in the dim light, I'd seen in her eyes how much she wanted the lessons. It's not completely incredulous to me that a twenty-one-year-old hasn't had sex, it's the rest of her innocence that gets me. She hasn't done anything aside from lip kissing and over-the-clothes petting.

Telling myself that our fourteen-year age gap is too much hasn't helped my erection any. Telling myself not to let the lure of being her first, at so many things, cloud my judgment doesn't help either. And telling myself that my erection is somehow going to magically go away on its own is flat-out ridiculous.

Waiting a while to make sure everyone is down for the night, I head to the kitchen, grab a paper towel, and shuck my boxer brief to the tops of my thighs. I lean back against the granite countertop, rub the plentiful pre-cum over my cock, and stroke.

I try squeezing a little more than normal, but it's no substitute for her pussy. My mind runs wild with the lessons I almost got to give her. Who knows if they would have ended in actual sex, she wasn't sure about that, but she was sure about everything up to it.

The thing I'm having a harder time reconciling is why I felt so attracted to her, like we're meant to be together. When people say that they knew at their first meeting they were going to get married, I didn't believe it was possible. Now I can say, it's one of those things you don't understand until you experience it.

My balls tighten at the thought of marrying her. They're even tighter at the vision of her belly swollen with our baby.

Is fate cruel? Will I get hit with karmic interference for not being there for my son? Does it help that I have a plan to win back a place in his life?

Anger fuels my urgency. I stroke faster.

“Oh my!” a feminine voice cries out from the end of the hallway at the end of the kitchen. It’s Natalie’s. It’s too much.

Even as her voice pushes me dangerously close to climax, I dare to look her direction. My intent is to let go of my shaft and apologize, but when I see her big eyes glued to my efforts, wicked desire consumes me.

I take in the swell of her tits and her beaded nipples perking through the oversized t-shirt that only has panties under it at most. Her bright peach painted toenails stand out against her pale skin in the dim lighting, and bare legs...damn they’d look good spread. Her hands brace in the doorway, her mouth agape, ready to take cock—or perhaps just out of surprise—the whole package of her makes me desperate to be the one to teach her.

I blow my load. Stream after stream that I wish were filling her womb splat on the tile floor while she watches. She steps forward but catches herself before making it more than one step.

Natalie’s seen my erection. She’s seen me stroke myself. She’s seen me come. I’ve secured her as my student and secured multiple firsts for her. I want to beat my chest and roar to express the primal victories I’m celebrating, but my sweet doll isn’t ready for that.

“Come here, Baby Doll.” I drag my hand over my cock one last time.

Glancing over her shoulder, she says, “I should go to my room.”

“You ready for another lesson? Want me to go with you?”

Her head whips back to me. Her gaze shifts from my eyes to my cock that’s still semi-hard to the mess on the floor to my hand. If she wanted to go to her room she would have. I’d never force myself on a woman, but with Natalie, I’m more than willing to force the issue that she’s having a hard time admitting what she truly wants.

Hell, I already forced the issue by ejaculating for her.

“I won’t ask why you want lessons, or why you’re nervous about sex...” I shove my cock back in my underwear. “but the more you tell me, the better I can understand the best way to guide you.”

“There’s no big fancy reason. I was just too shy.”

“You’re not shy now, Baby Doll. You took a big long look at my cock. Let’s do another lesson right here.” I motion for her to come over.

She lowers her head, worries her lower lip, and looks at me from under her lashes. “My boss—”

“He won’t fire you.” I grab spray cleaner from under the sink and wipe up the floor while I try to put her worries at ease.

“How can you be sure?”

“Because he told me you’re the best admin he’s ever had.”

“But you’re his brother, will that make him mad?”

“Can you keep what we do separate from what you do with him?”

There’s a pause. “Yes.”

“Are you sure? You hesitated.”

“It’s just that you look the same. What if I...”

I nod, “You’re attracted to him.”

“Please don’t tell him.”

That stirs up unwelcome competition in me. “I’m happy to leave him completely out of this. And since we’re being open and honest... We can be a thing. I’m not your boss, I’m just a guy who thinks you’re the most amazing woman on the planet.”

“You do? You barely know me.”

“Call it a sixth sense, but I have every intention of pursuing you even if you don’t want lessons.” There are a couple of trickier things I don’t explain. One is that in being an identical twin, there are things I sense about her through my brother. All good. The other is that he feels the same way about her as I do. Not so good, but he’s strict about business relationships, which means he’ll never go after her.

“Pursuing...as in dating?”

“I want to do a lot more than date you, but that’s a good starting point. Will you give me a chance?”

Her smile lights up my world as she steps closer. “Will you give me a lesson?”

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EIGHT

NATALIE

The past couple of minutes are almost too much to process. The past couple of hours are just as surreal.

With each footstep, I'm closer to living out another of my fantasies I have of my boss. There's a mental row of file cabinets worth of fantasies, but making out with him...which is all I'm committing to right now, is a great start. Or should I say, a great continuation since a few others got moved to the completed drawer already?

Stopping beside him, I look up. They're staggeringly identical, but I've never been this close to Lincoln, and the closeness makes Jefferson seem taller, broader, hotter.

He pushes off the counter, faces me, and cups my head in his hands. Is it possible to feel like I belong to him? Maybe that's what he meant by his sixth sense comment.

"Baby Doll, let me be everything for you, not just while we're trapped here, but when the road is clear and we can go

back into the world, into our regular lives. Tell me that you'll still be mine."

Swoon, bone liquefaction complete. I'm not sure how I'm still standing. But he can't possibly mean what he said.

"That's a big promise. What if things don't work out? I might only be good at office work and not bedroom stuff."

A humored huff rumbles through him. "I don't have any doubts, Baby Doll, but if you're worried, no promises are necessary."

"Thanks." Is he perfect, or is it just my naïveté falling prey to a playboy? Either way, I've protected myself by not promising anything. I won't fall apart and cryo-preserve myself with Haagen Dazs if he moves on.

"Mind if I offered some of those lessons I mentioned earlier?" He trails the back of his fingers down my neck.

"That's a good place to start."

His eyes flit to my lips, and he catches my tongue wetting them. It makes him smile. He looks so handsome when he smiles, something Lincoln rarely does.

He leans slowly and his lips part. Mine follow suit until he's too close and I can't focus. It's too intense to look into his eyes, so I close mine and accept the first few pecks he puts on my lips.

I want more. I want him inside of me. He's driving me crazy with the slowness, and yet, I've given him every indication

that I want to go slowly. Sliding my tongue between his lips, I give him permission to proceed to the next lesson.

Having his tongue inside of me changes me. We become one with each other at this superficial but important level. He lets me lead for a second then takes over, guiding me on our dance. Dipping me deeper and deeper into what we can be.

I don't need breath. I only need Jefferson. But when his kisses trail over my cheek and down my neck, new shivers race through me. A nip at my earlobe gives me a shudder, and the knot in my core tightens.

“Do you ever touch yourself?” he asks between kisses.

I shake my head no even though I have. How can he be so bold? Or am I even more naïve than I thought?

“Are you lying to me?” He takes my hand and cups it between my legs. “You've never put your hand here?”

I nod and pinch my eyes shut, shamed at being caught in a lie, and afraid that if I open them, I'll somehow break the spell.

The pressure of his hand on mine relents and he lifts his hand to stroke my hair. I let my hand linger a second.

“It's nothing to be ashamed of. It's healthy. Now open your eyes and tell me.

Is this part of the lesson? I flutter my eyes open and the darkness helps me not feel so vulnerable. “I've touched myself.”

His eyes are tender as they own me. “Fuck yeah, Baby Doll, that’s hot.”

Surprise causes me to suck in a large awkward inhale. His statement is one I never imagined anyone telling me.

He tries to lace his fingers in mine, but I’m so overflowing with sexual tension, I can’t navigate the finger separation required.

“Are you nervous?”

“Yes.”

“Do you trust me?”

The level of trust I have with him is weird. It’s like I know him, but I don’t really. “I do. I’m just all wound up with everything...”

“I can help you unwind.”

His stare holds so much more than his simple statement.

“How?” Did I really ask that? I feel like such a dork, even though it’s a fair question.

He leans into my ear like he did earlier. “Let me make you come.”

My head drops against his and we both turn, morphing into a kiss, a hunger, a promise of how he’ll take care of me. I’m a goner.

Jefferson is my future, no matter how complicated that might be. His hand slides between my legs, lifting the t-shirt.

This is the first time I've been without panties when I'm in the presence of a man.

His fingers slide over my sex, coating themselves in my juices.

"Baby Doll, where are your panties?"

"I didn't expect to stay here, so I don't have extras. I washed them in the sink and have them hanging to dry."

"You're going to make such a good..."

What was he going to say? Never mind. His fingers press the devil's doorbell and I answer with moans. It feels so good, but we're so close. Where do I look? His chest, the floor, his face, out the window? I close my eyes.

My pleasure is interrupted when he lets his fingers rest. He explains, "Why don't you turn around, lean against me, then you don't have to worry about where to look."

Was my awkwardness that noticeable? Kudos to him for the great idea. He spreads his legs, positions me between them, then leans me against his solid body. One of his hands returns to my sex while the other massages my breast.

The combination is insanely stimulating.

"That's right, Baby Doll, surrender to me. You're so fucking beautiful."

I'm struggling to keep my moans quiet so I don't wake up my boss, but also because of the sweet things Jefferson is whispering in my ear.

“Let go, I’ve got you.”

Everything my parents taught me about sex being a tool for reproduction is washing away with the storm. There’s too much pleasure to restrict this to baby making.

“You feel what you do to me.” He shifts his hips to press his erection into my backside.

“What the fuck?” It’s Jefferson’s voice but not the sweet whispers, it’s full of shock, and it’s from too far away.

Oh no! Jefferson must figure it out about the same time I do. He wraps his arms around me, preventing me from running away, but also smooths a hand down, making sure I’m covered.

I stare at the ground. Humiliation is the new emotion. Isn’t that the one right before you get fired for lewd acts? I try to wiggle free, but Jefferson won’t let go. Is he using me to hide his erection, which hasn’t gone down with the intrusion?

“I’m sorry, Mister Adams.”

“I can’t believe…” My boss doesn’t finish his statement.

“Don’t be mad at her. I assured Natalie you understand the limits of your control over her.”

My boss strides closer, sending my heart rate skyrocketing.

Jefferson tightens his grip.

Mister Adams is too close, and I like it too much. I gasp at my thought. My fantasies, which had only contained one of

him, suddenly invite themselves to pretend I could have two of him. Is the ache for an orgasm causing me to lose all decorum?

He hooks a finger under my chin, the same as his brother had done. Electricity zips through my body. Too many hands, too much contact...we've always maintained our professional space.

"Natalie, be honest with me." My boss, using a lower tone than normal, telling me to be honest is seductive enough. The compromising position of his brother's erection pressed into my backside sends my imagination into a frenzy. Is there a good possible outcome? I have a feeling I'm going to want to lie.

"Okay."

"You barely know him. Are you pretending you're with me?"

Oh fuck. Am I in trouble? It sure doesn't sound like it.

"You look a lot alike."

Jefferson's fingers dig into my sides. What does that mean? Lincoln's expression darkens. What does anything mean?

I try to explain. "You're my boss. He's not."

Lincoln drags his thumb over my lips. "Are you saying you'd let me do what I caught him doing to you?"

This is a dangerous question. My pulse is pounding in my ears. If I make either one of them mad will this all be over?

He lowers his hand, taking mine, holding it preciously.

“If you weren’t my boss...I would.” Will I regret that?

Lightning strikes and thunder rattles the windows instantly. I’d swear I could feel the electrical charge in the air, but we had it the second my boss sandwiched me against his brother.

I brace myself for whatever he’s about to say.

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NINE

LINCOLN

My world was shaken today, literally when the mudslide crashed down the side of the mountain, the fringes of it encircling my car, and figuratively when I got an erection in front of my admin who'd been bent over cleaning my floor.

I tried to maintain control. I followed the rules and denied the attraction, the pull between us, and even left the room when I saw Natalie snuggled up to my brother.

But walking into the kitchen, seeing his hand between her legs, eliciting muffled cries of pleasure, I broke.

“I won't ask you to do anything, or break any rules you want to leave in place, but Natalie, I want you.”

“A little late, bro.” The irritation in Jefferson's voice tells me he's ready for a fight. Will I win because Natalie knows and trusts me, or will Jefferson win because there are no rules around him?

Or can we let Natalie win...and find a way to let her have both of us? Am I kidding myself that this is possible? What

will happen when we go back to work?

“I have a proposition. No one has to know what happens here, and no one should have to make a choice. Do you think you can handle both of us, Natalie?”

“I have no idea.” She sounds truly baffled.

I lift my eyes to Jefferson’s. “Want to help her find out?”

His answer is clear to me before he says anything. He wants her for himself, but he ultimately wants to make her happy. She sees me when she looks at him.

“My Baby Doll wanted me to teach her the basics of sex, but I’m game for higher education.” He kisses the top of her head. “We’ll treat you right.”

“Okay.”

“You were learning about sex? Which lesson were you on?”
I stroke a finger over the shirt I let her borrow.

“She’s never had an orgasm with a man.”

Is that true? I search her eyes and suspect it is. Being the first man to please her swells my chest. It has to be me. It’s like fate helped me interrupt just in time because by the sounds of it, she’d been about to come when I walked in.

“I really need one.” Her tone is so wanton, a far cry from the soft yet formal version of her in the office.

“I can handle it.” Jefferson tries to lay claim but I can’t let him.

“I’m sure you can, but you could also strip her shirt off, and get those pretty titties I’ve dreamed of on full display so I can watch you play with them while I eat her out.”

In a flurry, the shirt is gone and her beautiful, creamy white breasts and rosy beaded nipples are beacons in the moonlight. The curves of her naked body give me pause at how well I can see her. The storm subsided and moonlight streams in.

Resting my hands on her hips, I have to catch my breath. She’s everything I dreamed of. Everything I’ve jacked off to. Everything I want except for a belly swollen with my child. Yeah, my imagination ran a little wild. Yet here she is, and there’s not a single condom in my house.

My brother’s hands snake around her body working her breasts, pressing them upward creating even more fullness. Damn. I hope he didn’t bring any condoms. I *need* to ride her bare.

Closing the small space between us, my erection tips out against my pajama pants enough that it touches her. A surge of pre-cum gives me a tiny bit of relief. Wishing I could bury myself balls deep in her, I kiss the angel who’s been hiding out as my admin. She’s softer and more ready than I expected.

My brother nudges the backs of his hands against my chest, and I take the cue. Lowering myself to my knees, I trail my hands down her legs. I’ve merely moved from kissing one piece of heaven to another.

Her scent is divine. When it lingers on my lips, it will breathe life into me with every inhale. I don’t have to rely on

that while my tongue slides between her lips. Her sweet juices coat me. Her moans are angelic, and for all that I want to drag this out and give her endless pleasure, I'm dying to make her come.

Sucking and lapping at her clit, I savor the contrast of her soft, luscious mounds with Jefferson's large, tanned hands. It's erotic, and I'm about to come from watching, and of course, having my mouth on her pussy.

I let up just enough to lift one of her legs over my shoulder and let her get used to the new position. When her moans deepen, I go full force again, picking up the rhythm and tongue flicks she liked best.

How can I want to be everything for her and be willing to share her at the same time? My brother and I have never done anything like this. My cock is rock hard.

My angel is most definitely a centerfold, in my mind. Forever. I shake off the technical difficulties the real world will offer. The small pumps of her hips against my face ruin me.

Then she comes undone and bathes my mouth in her release. She is an angel. My angel. Our angel. I lick and lick, taking her through wave after wave of pleasure.

We're made for each other. Our work relationship was a stepping stone to bring her into my life. The mudslide was another stone to force us together. Jefferson is simply a final step to bring her to me.

If anything was ever meant to be...it's us.

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TEN

NATALIE

My eyes flutter open, my body slowly gaining consciousness as the events of the previous evening re-populate my brain. I'm sprawled across my boss's bed after one of the best night's sleep I've ever had.

But I'm alone.

Does that mean something? Hopefully, the only message is that I slept so hard I didn't notice Lincoln and Jefferson get up. I roll onto my side, squeezing my exhausted thighs together. The guys satisfied me over and over again, between snuggles and conversations, but they said we shouldn't have sex right away.

Not that they didn't want to...they'd been quick to point out. They just didn't want to rush things more than we already had. All three of us felt a bit of disbelief at our attraction and comfort with each other.

The floor-to-ceiling window gives ample view of the pillowy, dark clouds looming across the top of the mountain.

They appear ready to unleash another downpour. I groan as my thoughts segue into the numerous times the twins made me come, and the fact that I drenched their faces, fingers, and shafts, although only as I rocked myself over their lengths.

It had been enough to make Lincoln come. As much as I wanted him inside of me, I'd popped my eyes open when his groans got really deep, and I got to see the white streams shoot onto his chest and belly.

It's hard to compare it to Jefferson masturbating in the kitchen, which had been totally hot, and totally new to me. The swell of Lincoln's cock under my sex, knowing I was the reason, had me addicted to watching them come.

It's no wonder sex, money, and power get intertwined. Money and power go hand in hand so obviously. It was the sex thing I didn't understand, but I feel powerful with the small assortment of things we've done.

The desire to be filled lingers even after all of the orgasms. If penetration is half as good as I expect it will be, I'll have these guys at my mercy...and I'll willingly be at theirs.

Now that we've had a chance to sleep on our wild night, I pray they haven't changed their minds, particularly my boss. It wouldn't be the same without him. My moment alone with Jefferson was brief but good. When Lincoln joined in, I was on instant overload in the best way possible.

What a grand first adventure.

I think I did fine other than closing my eyes. It's not that I want to shut them out, there's just so much emotion and sensation that the visual is distracting to me, which might be the stupidest thing a woman could ever say when getting claimed by identical gods.

I need to go find them and see where we stand. I roll away from the window and study Lincoln's bedroom. Good thing he has a king-size bed so we all fit. His decorations are sparse and elegant, grays and black, contrasted by splashes of dark blue in a throw blanket, lamp, and massive geode painted on the wall. The lines in it are so crisp and the shine off the different angles so bright and realistic, I thought it was wallpaper.

But I'm stalling. The chance of getting to wake up to this more than another morning or two remains to be determined. I head to the en suite bathroom that's bigger than the living room of my apartment and decide that any time I spend trapped in Eggplant Canyon is a gift, and I'll gladly enjoy every second of it.

The real world with its real jobs with real rules awaits.

Giddiness invigorates me when I spy my bobby pins on the bathroom counter. They're no longer useful, but they're also no longer the mangled mess I'd created of them. Jefferson shaped them into two intertwined hearts. I tap them to my lips for a kiss then return them while I get ready.

I consider how much I'll be able to fix myself up with the limited makeup I have in my purse, and laugh at myself for thinking my mother would be horrified that I wasn't better

prepared for an emergency. My makeup selection is far from the most horrific thing she would point to right now as I open my boss's drawer to find a new t-shirt to wear since the one last night must still be in the kitchen.

There's no question that a young administrative assistant who's been at the company a couple of months is less valuable than a financial guru who's been there for years. Not that either of us plans on saying anything.

But that was yesterday when Lincoln's nerves had been run ragged by narrowly escaping the mudslide, presuming his car was totaled, and catching his brother and admin in a compromising position.

I won't take it personally if he comes to his senses today.

They must hear me because they're looking when I round the corner to the kitchen. The smiles on their mouths, the hunger in their eyes, and the lack of shirts on their chests fill me with warmth and excitement. We exchange pleasantries but I opt to stay at the other end of the kitchen from them.

It might be easier to ask where we stand before I get too close.

"You were sleeping pretty hard. Do you feel okay?" Jefferson asks.

Lincoln holds up a bowl of yogurt and berries and nods at it. I shake my head.

"I'm not sure how to answer how I feel. Well-rested, yes. Mind-blown, yes." I hesitate when the bravado I thought I

could work up to fails to manifest. Passing up this golden opportunity would be foolish.

“And...” Jefferson leads.

Lincoln’s expression is tenser than Jefferson’s, which is pretty much how he normally looks.

I lean against the doorway. “I’m just going to come out and ask...Can we have sex today?”

Lincoln’s head whips toward me. Jefferson’s spoon falls from his hands, clattering against the bowl.

“So I take it, the lessons were satisfactory?” Jefferson asks.

“They were enough to leave me wanting more. I have an IUD. I’m totally clean. And...I don’t want to have a bad first time like I hear so many girls talk about. After yesterday, I don’t see how it could possibly be bad with either of you. Please.”

Lincoln studies me, his dark expression leaving me at a loss as to what’s going on in his mind.

Jefferson groans. “Did you just ask us to please have sex with you?”

“Yes. If you’re willing.” I force a smile and realize that I’m toying with the hem of the shirt, which means it’s pulled up my thigh, not quite enough to expose me and my pantie-less sex, but close.

“Baby Doll, when you first told me you were a virgin, I thought it might be a game, but getting to know you last night,

I believed you, which is the only reason I can believe you don't understand how badly I want to fill you with my cock. Hell yeah, I'll make love to you."

Lincoln raises an eyebrow. Did he catch the "make love" comment too? I don't want to make too much of a turn-of-phrase but my heart is doing flip-flops.

Reggae music comes out of nowhere, drawing our attention to Jefferson as he reaches for his phone. "Fuck, I have to take this, but I'll take *you* as soon as I'm done."

He strides to the window as he answers. His back is to us, leaving my boss and me hanging on the comment.

"Come here," Lincoln says, reminiscent of when Jefferson said it to me last night.

I pad over to him, comforted by his outstretched hand. He threads our fingers together, bringing them up to his lips for a kiss.

"Breaking workplace rules isn't something I'm comfortable with, but I'm also a realist, and there's no way I can deny what's happening between us. If we move forward, we can't breathe a word of this to anyone."

"Okay." That doesn't work long term, but maybe we'll be like most couples and not last. That thought can be put in the utterly ridiculous file, but I suppose that's what most people think at first.

"Give me time to figure it out, and I promise I'll make this right."

“I’m not worried.” Secretly, I can think of a million reasons to be worried, but what I feel for my boss and his twin washes it all away. And I suppose if someone were to put a picture of us in the online gossip group in town, we could claim I’m with Jefferson, as long as both guys aren’t in the picture.

He shifts his hands to my butt, grabbing both cheeks, pulling me into his erection, hoisting me up, then sitting in a wooden chair in the breakfast nook with me on his lap.

I’m sure he’s keenly aware that I’m splayed for him, that my wet lady bits are soaking his underwear. This position, except with him laying was how I’d watched him come. My nipples bead so hard they hurt.

“Have you thought about how you want to do it your first time?”

“Everything we did was amazing.”

“Were there any positions that felt particularly right?”

I love how open they are with sex talk. It frees me to pretend that it’s normal, as opposed to being brand new. They’re teaching me in so many ways.

“I liked it when I was on you last night, when we both came at the same time. But now that I’m sitting in your lap, I like that because you’re close to me. I can hold onto your shoulders.”

“You want your first time right here?”

“Yeah.” Why not? We have plenty of time to explore other positions.

“Hang on.” He stands me up, strips his underwear, springs his rock-hard, bigger-than-I-remembered cock free, then pulls me onto his lap again.

He doesn't enter me yet, just pulls me against his erection. Pre-cum leaks from his tip and I'm already soaked, but I let him slow me down. Deep passionate kisses send me into the fantasy world where I'm all lust and feels.

He pumps his cock against me, stimulating my clit, knotting my first orgasm of the morning. I'm trying not to interrupt Jefferson's call, and let out a silent scream when my orgasm splinters me.

The drag of my shirt up my body helps me drift back to the breakfast nook. A cough from the window draws my attention. Jefferson's watching, and I can't tell if the strain in his expression is from the call, or from not being in the chair about to get laid.

He's being very careful with his wording but doesn't leave the room. Something has him worried.

Lincoln lifts me, positioning me over his tip. “Tell me if you're uncomfortable or need to stop for any reason.”

“I will.” I shift my attention to him but the intensity in his eyes unnerves me. He's watching for any sign I'm not into it. That's good, but I have to look away. I lock eyes with Jefferson. My body's on display. I'm about to lose my virginity to my boss. Hopefully, I won't lose my job too.

The push of his swollen cock head past my lips has me panting. The stretch as he enters me further is a melee of pain and pleasure.

“You okay, Angel?”

“Yes. I can do this.”

He holds my body against his, rubs a finger over my clit, and thrusts.

My world spirals out of control. Being full of his cock is the most satisfying sensation ever. My arms are tight around his neck. My walls contract mercilessly on his shaft. I have to move.

Instinctively rocking my body on his shaft, my mind replays the beauty of his cock spraying ropes of cum. How will that feel inside of me?

What is Jefferson thinking? Sex is a drug. It's powerful. It's all-consuming. For a brief moment, before I totally lose myself to it, I open my eyes to make sure Jefferson's still watching.

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ELEVEN

JEFFERSON

Fucking hell. My baby doll is riding my brother like a damn pro. I hate myself for barely focusing on what my lawyer's saying.

Getting custody of my son is the most important thing in my world, but Natalie enchants me. She would be the perfect mother, or stepmother, to my son and the rest of the babies I want to make with her. She's sweet and considerate and wants to have lots of kids according to our sleepy snuggle talk.

And if it wasn't for this call, I'd be the one putting a baby in her right now. Fuck her IUD. I'll pull it out myself.

The call. I try to focus. The fact that I haven't hung up is the fringe of sanity I use to remind myself that I have my priorities straight.

My cock hardens so fast, I lose my train of thought and have to ask the lawyer to repeat himself. So be it if he hears her come, I can't walk away from this. Can't miss my baby doll having sex for the first time. It should have been me.

Her closed eyes have my balls squeezing pre-cum out. She's so fucking pretty, innocent, and perfect. Then she opens her eyes and stares straight at me.

I drop my phone.

She smiles but it's quickly overtaken by the moans she's struggling to keep quiet. I shove my underwear down while retrieving my phone, apologize to my lawyer, and shamelessly stroke myself.

Baby Doll leans back, letting me see her big titties bounce while she rides Lincoln. My entire body is ready to blow.

"You're doing so fucking good, Angel. My cock's never been this hard." Are his hushed words rubbing it in? It makes her smile so I'll get over it.

"It feels so good."

"I'm ready to fill you up, Angel. Are you ready to come?"

"I'm...so...close." Her eyes alternate between falling shut and watching me.

Then she bites her lower lip and furrows her brow. I tell my lawyer I have to go, and hang up. Am I fit to be a parent?

"I'm off the phone, Baby Doll. Don't hold back. Let that orgasm wreck you."

Her fingers dig into Lincoln's shoulders, her head tips back, and she cries out with her release. Breaths sneak in between each moan. I'm barely hanging on. I can't fathom how he hasn't nutted. Then he does.

His growl rumbles like thunder through the room. His fingers dig into her hips and pump her up and down while her body's falling limp.

"Fuck." His single word sums up the intensity of what I'm watching. Do they have any idea how hot they are?

With half-lidded eyes focused on my hand stroking back and forth, she says, "Don't waste that."

Holy. Fucking. Hell. I rip my hand from my cock and deprive myself of stimulation because one more touch... breath...anything and I'll blow.

"I'm ready for my next lesson," she says breathlessly.

I fling a chair around, right next to theirs, drop myself onto it, and reach around her waist, working with the two of them to get her off of Lincoln's cock and hover her over mine while their joined release drips onto me.

"I love you, Baby Doll." Damn, that was supposed to be something clever about lessons.

Her smile is small but sincere as I plunge her onto my aching shaft and hold her still. I'm home. She's destined to be the mother of my kids. And I'm ready to fuck her so hard and fast my cum knocks her IUD loose.

"I need you, Baby. Is this okay?" I circle her clit with my thumb.

She whispers "yes" as I take her beaded nipple into my mouth. Her walls tighten around my shaft. I'm barely hanging on.

At the first sign of her body tensing, I bounce her on my shaft. Is there a lesson in this? For her? Probably. For me? I learn that there is such a thing as perfection, and that having my twin involved isn't a competition, he completes us.

Seconds later she milks me and I lose all sense of where she begins and I end. I coat her insides while our combined release drenches my lap.

Lincoln takes one of her hands, kisses it, and reaches over to rub her back.

Pumping my hips into her until my strength is spent, I hold her against my body, her head nestling on my shoulder.

“You're mine, Baby Doll. You're so fucking mine.”

“You forgetting something?” My brother's voice is dangerously close to my ear. “She's ours. You're all ours, Angel.”

The moment is too perfect to risk uttering another “I love you.” Saying it again might pressure her if she's still blindsided by what we have. She might not understand how special this is, and I shut out the thought badgering the back of my mind that this might simply be lessons to her.

I can't risk custody of my kid over a woman who's using me for educational purposes. I have to keep my head straight, but right now the only thing clear is that I love her.

TWELVE

NATALIE

Our sexy bubble bursts when my phone rings. It's time that I would normally be showing up for work.

The main secretary is checking on me. "We expected Mister Adams to be gone. The Eggplant Canyon mudslide made big news in Peach Bottom Valley, but you're not here either. You're always prompt."

"I was dropping a contract off at his house. You know, he's my brothers' neighbor, so I was in the neighborhood when it happened."

Lincoln busies himself as I navigate the conversation away from exactly where I spent the night, to questions about what I had scheduled for the day and whether I'll be able to work remotely.

Apparently, Lincoln hadn't given me as much space as I thought, because he holds his laptop up and quietly says that I can use it for the day.

By the time I wrap up with her, Lincoln has taken a shower and fired up his desktop computer. Bummer since I'd hoped for a lesson on the infamous shower sex.

I walk up behind Jefferson, who's on the phone, I think with the same person as earlier, and wrap my arms around him.

He pats my hands and says to the other person. "Give me a few minutes, I'll be there."

Then just as quickly as he'd hung up earlier, he cuts the call off, spins around, hugs and kisses me, then peels my arms from his waist.

"Where are you going? Did they get the road open?"

"Not yet. I'm meeting a neighbor."

"Oh, you sounded so serious, and look so serious, I thought it was a business call."

"Sort of." He pushes me away and the distance feels like more of a chasm than an arm's length.

"Is your neighbor helping with your new security company?"

His jaw flexes and he inhales. "We'll talk later."

Such a tiny statement that emphasizes how huge the chasm is. I asked for lessons and I'm getting them. For example, people are prone to saying things in the heat of passion, that they might not say otherwise. I unwind his "I love you" from my heart. Lesson learned.

"I didn't mean to pry."

“I’ll explain later when we have more time. I have to go.” He pecks the top of my head then rushes out of the room so fast it’s unlikely he hears my agreement.

What did I expect? Giving myself a mental shake, I head for the shower alone.

On my way, I veer toward Lincoln, who’s on the phone. He waves me off and puts a finger to his lips. That’s right, I’m a secret.

Yep, I’ve officially mastered the ‘back to reality’ lesson. I don’t fault him for the awkwardness. We agreed to keep it private until we figure it out...or did he mean until he’s tired of me. My mind trails back to the idea of how few relationships actually last.

I heard that his previous admin left because he was too demanding. Other than his weird habit of rarely looking directly at me, we work great together. People often use me as a go-between because I’m easier. Will that still be the case now that we’ve been intimate? Will I become the infamous ‘last admin’?

This is all happening pretty fast, but I need to look out for myself. I could request a transfer to a different department if our work relationship gets uncomfortable. Hopefully, it won’t come to that.

Until the road is clear, I’ll take all the lessons I can get. My heart gets super comfortable again. Too comfortable. There will be fallout if this goes wrong.

I do the best I can getting ready without my normal hygiene products and makeup. Guess it's a casual day at work. At least my panties are dry. I don't have any video calls so I enjoy Lincoln's t-shirt, immersing myself in being his.

He made it very clear that I am...in the heat of passion. The dynamic of sex and power that strengthened me becomes a double-edged sword, and I'm the only one in this who doesn't know how to wield it.

I've made myself a spot on the couch when I see Jefferson walking back to the house. Diving into my work with more focus than necessary, I plan to use my power to keep from swooning at their feet every time they walk into a room.

Work during the workday. Play the rest of the time.

The front door opens and closes. He disappears into Lincoln's office, there's heated discussion but I can't make any of it out, then his footsteps return to the living room. He stops right next to me.

Okay, I was foolish. I can't pretend I didn't notice. A normal person would have acknowledged him entering. I'm not very good at this. I look up.

"Hey, how did your meeting go?"

"Really well." There's confidence in his words but it doesn't extend to his expression.

I tread cautiously. "I can take a break if you want to talk about it."

He sits next to me so I slide my laptop onto the side table.

Holding my hand between us, he leaves a tiny bit of space that sends volumes of warning. I brace myself mentally. I won't cry if he calls the whole thing off.

"I have something big to tell you. If it changes how you feel, I'll understand."

"Is this what you and Lincoln just argued about?"

"Indirectly. Before I tell you this thing...can I make love to you one more time?"

"Oh." Is this like getting a last meal before being executed? How bad can his news be? It's endearing that he didn't just offer a lesson then drop the bomb. I go with the only thing I can think of. "Are you married or something?"

"Nothing like that. I'm not a criminal or anything. It just might change the way you think about me, and whether you want a relationship." His eyes dart away.

A relationship? So, this is real, but how do I process information I don't have? The truth is that I love him the way he is, and if his secret makes him this nervous, I want to make love one more time with this version of him. After he tells me, I'll probably want to make love again because he trusted me.

"Lincoln knows?"

"Yeah, he was upset because I told him I wanted to make love to you alone."

"Oh!" Which must mean my boss is a little jealous. Interesting. Does he think this bit of info will cause me to turn Jefferson away, getting him out of the picture?

He cups my hand with both of his. “Baby Doll, I need you.”

Sex isn't my specialty, but I am pretty good at talking to people. I forgo the ache between my legs and the tingles all over my skin at the thought of his body pressed to mine.

“Don't wait. Tell me now. I'm sure we can work it out if you trust me.”

“You're young—”

“Give me a chance. I trusted you to teach me about sex and you said I was yours. Give me a chance to show you that you can trust me too.”

He lets go, props his elbows on his knees, and drops his head in his hands. I wait patiently. He sits upright, turning to face me. “I've never been married. Never been in love...until now. I meant it when I said I love you.”

Love? For real? Not in the heat of passion. Can I let my guard down? I open my mouth to return the sentiment but he cuts me off.

“Don't say it just because I did. Let me finish.”

My palms sweat. Am I going to choose to walk away when I hear him out? My heart is patching the cracks as fast as they form, but if he drops a big enough bomb, will I run? I could beg my brothers to let me stay at their place.

Agony is etched in his expression. “Unfortunately, being in love isn't what it takes to make a baby...I have a ten-year-old son, Harrison.”

“Oh...” I seriously need to broaden my vocabulary. “Okay.” Not much better. I’m no math whiz, but that means his kid is only eleven years younger than me...how strange is that? Oh crap. Does that mean I have to choose Jefferson or Lincoln? Be an instant mom or a secret?

“I moved back to Eggplant Canyon to be near him.”

“Wow, you’re right. This is big. Can we go ahead and make love before I figure out what to do with that?”

His arms wrap around me. I’ve never felt so precious. Never felt so loved. His desperation to connect with me is tangible. We’re a tangle of arms, clothes, bodies...until we’re naked and joined on the sofa.

This time is different, slower and more deliberate, in contrast to the lust-filled session earlier. The weight of his body only partially rests on me, but it bonds us and connects us from our heads to our toes. Who could ever complain about Missionary? It’s so intimate. His strokes are slow, giving me a chance to stretch around his thickness over and over again.

“I love you,” I whisper into his ear.

His chest and his cock swell. “I love you too, Baby Doll. Don’t leave me.”

“I won’t.” I’m pretty sure I mean it.

His thrusts grow harder, his breaths more labored, and with each slide of his cock into me, my orgasm builds. My arms wrap around him, keeping me grounded as I spiral toward climax.

He grunts over me, his release filling my womb. “I want to give you babies, so bad.”

I want that too. But my mind goes to Lincoln. I miss that he’s not here with us. Angling my head toward the side, I see him standing at the edge of the living room. He’s watching.

That’s enough to let me surrender. The orgasm hits me so hard my world shatters. I’m blank. I’m bliss. I’m theirs.

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THIRTEEN

LINCOLN

Sitting at my desk, I can't hold a coherent thought. Everything takes me back to Natalie, my angel. How can we hide our relationship when we have to go back to work? Everyone will be able to tell I've fallen for her.

Is it too soon to ask her to quit and live with us? Would she even be willing to? Will we both get fired if word gets out? Jefferson was supposed to be here temporarily, but we could make it permanent. How would that work with his son?

My mind is in chaos.

How did sex lessons turn into love? Damn Jefferson for saying out loud that he loved her. She hasn't said it back, though.

Jefferson knocks on my open door and continues into my office, closing the door behind him. I'd expected details on his meeting with our neighbor lawyer who's helping him fight for custody. Instead, he hits me with wanting to have sex alone with Natalie in case she rejects him for having a kid.

Jealousy almost gets the best of me, but in the end, I want this to work with all three of us. It feels right. If we all want it, surely we can work out the complications. And it turns out I'd been wrong about Jefferson not fighting for his son years ago. He'd tried and lost, and it had been in his downward spiral that he'd taken up the devil-may-care attitude. All the more reason I should help him now.

I just don't want him to make love to Natalie without me there. It's a fair request though. We'll see if she agrees to it.

The computer screen dutifully shifts between emails as I click. Not a single word on the screen can hold my attention over the intimate sounds coming from the living room. He didn't even take her to bed.

Tension wracks my entire body. I need them. Stretching my neck from side to side fails to calm me. It's too much. I promised not to interfere, but I didn't say anything about watching.

Angel's moans are caught at a fever pitch. She's hanging on the edge of orgasm. Jefferson's large body on top of her petite one, her legs wrapped around his, and the sounds of sex as he slides through her tight pussy have my erection straining.

I'm a man of my word.

From the doorway, I watch, praying that if she can't deal with his news, she'll still give me a shot. Or would it be better to let her walk away from the *lessons*? I don't want to get her fired. Why so many damn rules in the workplace?

The fact that I couldn't work because I was thinking of my admin is one answer. The fact that I'm watching my brother's cock slide in and out of her as he ruts into my angel is another. They all point to distraction, but whether I work with her or not, that would be a problem.

I want to reach between them and circle her little nub with my fingers to help her clench the orgasm.

Their passionate whispers don't quite make it to my ears in a discernable fashion, excluding me from their moment. Jealousy boils hotter but I keep my distance.

I find peace in what I promised. I gave permission, as did she, apparently. The sensual tangle of lovers awakens the voyeur in me. And the fact that Jefferson and I are identical physically makes their carnal embrace fascinating at a whole new level.

She writhes and moans under him, so close to release. I want to see her face when she falls apart. What I don't expect is for her to open her eyes. Like she did with Jefferson when she was riding me earlier. She quickly finds me, and I swear, I'm the puzzle piece that helps her reach climax.

There's nothing like pure ecstasy on your lover's face. And I love watching my twin put it there.

The moment is serene. I should go back to my office so Jefferson can tell her the secret, now that he's had her in what may be his last time.

I honestly don't know what she'll say. He'd asked her last night if she wanted kids but detoured the conversation before she could ask him the same. Will her desire for children include a ten-year-old result of a broken condom?

My brother's head rests on the other side of hers, and she stares at me with half-lidded, sex-drunk eyes. He doesn't know I'm here. His intimate words are meant for her alone. "Thank you for convincing me to tell you before we did this. I love you, Baby Doll. We can be a happy family."

Her eyes fall shut. "I want that."

She already knows? He's always been the charmer. Always the one to take a risk and win. Did he plan it this way?

Competition and jealousy edge their way back to the surface. Am I a fool to think them letting me join them last night was anything more than a little fun while they're trapped in my house?

Fire burns through me. My hunger for Natalie is the problem. My involvement could cost Jefferson his son and Natalie her job.

Every dream about my angel goes up in smoke. The easy answer...the one that lets me protect my pride in the face of potential rejection...let her go...before they let me go.

My erection's long gone by the time they whisper a few more things I can't make out. I turn toward my office.

"Wait." Angel...Natalie's request is tempting, but I have to get my heart out of this.

I wave a hand over my shoulder. “I said I wouldn’t interfere.
I’ve gotta get back to work. We can fuck later.”

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FOURTEEN

NATALIE

There are so many levels of uncharted territory, it's a relief to work the rest of the day. I think we all welcomed the chance to step back. Lincoln seemed to need space. Huge changes hang in limbo. Plus, my newly, non-virgin parts needed a little break. They got quite a workout.

When I'm on hold during a phone call, I browse the kitchen and set ingredients out for dinner. We'd snacked for lunch so this is the first meal I get to prepare. It gives me a cozy, useful, homey feel.

Lincoln hangs up from a call as he enters the kitchen and starts talking to me. He doesn't realize Muzak plays in my wireless earbuds. I disconnect my call.

"The road crews anticipate getting one lane open by tomorrow morning, and I've asked them to send a tow truck for my car. I'll have Jefferson drop me off at work. You can take the morning off to run home and get fresh clothes, and whatever you need to do. Or just take the whole day off."

Discomfort intertwines itself with my day.

“Thank you, but since I’ll be heading into town to get home, I could drop you off.”

“Jefferson owes me. It’s fine.”

“Okay.” I motion to the items I’ve set out. “I’ll have dinner ready at seven this evening.”

“Thank you.” His stilted answer and the distance he keeps between us intensify the change in demeanor I’d detected after he watched Jefferson and me have sex. My hands shake as I ask, “Are we okay?”

“Of course. You haven’t done anything wrong.”

“It just seemed like earlier, when you saw Jefferson and me, you didn’t like that.”

He shrugs, “Because I had to get back to work and couldn’t fuck you right then? Or because you and Jefferson are turning sex lessons into discussions about kids?”

The sting pinpoints the problem. The solution remains elusive. Forcing the issue could bring heartache, but we have to talk.

I gently say, “It just happened. We didn’t mean to—”

“Don’t explain. I’ve never seen him happier. Having a woman by his side will help him look all the more stable while he tries to win back custody of his son. You can have a happy, instant family with him. I just hope you don’t plan on quitting. It’s hard to find a good admin.”

He waves a couple of fingers as he turns and leaves.

I'm too stunned to form a question, and the one I need to ask is better suited for Jefferson. He said he came back to be closer to his kid, not that he had to win custody.

Has Jefferson taken advantage of me? Used the sex lessons to lure me into something bigger? Am I a pawn?

I shouldn't feel used and icky. I initiated the lessons. I shouldn't feel hollow.

The thing about sex and power being intertwined takes on a whole new meaning. I underestimated how much power I gave them when I didn't check my heart at the door.

But true to what's been said about men and sex, they're able to do it without emotional commitment. They're able to use it and walk away, which is exactly what I want to do right now...not from my job, just from this mess.

Anywhere is better than my boss's house. Needing breathing room, I toss enough clothes on so I can rush outside, thankful the storm passed. I call Nathan and leave a voicemail asking if I can stay at their place tonight. I'll clear my head then plead my case on their doorstep.

With no particular plan beyond that, I end up at the mudslide. Lincoln told us his car got stuck as the mud oozed around him, but with the storm and all of the lessons, I hadn't gotten outside to check it out.

It's staggering to stand at the edge of the muck where the side of the mountain simply sloughed off. Lincoln's lucky he

didn't get hit by one of the trees or boulders.

Faced with the insanity of the situation, I call my best friend Zoe. Time to confess the mess I've gotten myself into. Maybe she'll have advice. When she doesn't answer, I head back.

"Hey," a woman's voice calls from the second-story deck of the nearby house. It's Madison Shepherd. She was a few years ahead of me in school so I remember her, but she doesn't remember me. It's nice to chit-chat and forget about my troubles until two men walk onto the deck and flank her rather intimately.

"Hey guys, meet Natalie, her brothers live two houses down and her boss lives in the next house. And Natalie, these guys are Jayce and Elijah...my boyfriends."

Plural? Maybe what I've done with Lincoln and Jefferson isn't as deviant as I thought. Not mainstream enough for us to pull it off while Jefferson fights for custody, I imagine.

On my walk back, voices from my siblings' rooftop draw my attention. They have a rooftop deck, and there's a half wall around it. All I can see are heads...three of them to be precise. One woman, who I recognize as my best friend Zoe, and two men—my brothers.

That's something I never wanted to see. I shudder and look away. What the heck is going on? Have I entered the twilight zone? Another threesome? No wonder she didn't answer. No wonder they didn't want me at their house.

I'd heard through friends that there was crazy stuff going on with the mayor's daughter and her three stepbrothers. I don't dare look across the lake to the mayor's house.

The walk leaves me with more questions than it answered. Diving back into work might be my only savior. I put my earbuds back in and call the company I'd hung up on as I make my way inside.

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FIFTEEN

JEFFERSON

The second Lincoln ends the virtual meeting he's attending, I storm into his office. There's no tempering my anger, aside from not throwing a punch.

“What the fuck did you say to her?”

He spins around in his chair. “What do you mean?”

“What did you say to Natalie? Everything was perfect, then she was calling her brothers to see if she could stay at their place tonight.”

“She got what she wanted from us, learned her lessons, and moved on.” He swivels back toward his desk but I catch his chair back.

“No one walks away from what we have.”

“Correction...Natalie does.”

“Tell me what you said.” I ball my fists while I tower over him.

He shoves me backward, and I'm about to go at him when he says, "I told her that you've never been happier. That she can have an instant family with you. And that I hoped she would stay on as my admin."

"But you're part of it. The three of us are a thing."

"Then why did you ask me to give you time alone with her?"

I would have felt the same way if our roles had been reversed. It's sibling rivalry at its worst. If I'm going to salvage this, I have to trust the two people I care most about.

"I was scared. I thought I was going to have to choose between my son and Natalie. I'd love to say there's not a choice, my son is my priority, but no other woman has nestled herself so perfectly in my heart."

"Or so you thought. Sorry dude. I told her to take the day off tomorrow because I don't know how I can face her in the office and not be consumed by how much I love her. How peaceful she looks when she sleeps. How sweet she is when she wants to learn something new. How giving her an orgasm is the most natural thing I've ever done...do I need to go on? I work with her. I can't date her."

"You fell for her too?" I consider that he never said it out loud like I did. It's not insane, but apparently the kid thing scared her off. Easier to agree to something in the heat of the moment than put in the work to own it.

“Do I need to take out a television ad? Yes, I fell for her... months before you ever saw her, and up until then, I had things under control. I don't want to be the asshole who gets to keep his job while the woman gets fired. I've seen it happen too many times. Plus, she's the best damn admin I've ever had, it's like she can read my mind.”

“Like we've always done with each other.”

“Yeah, sort of. Anyway, you said she's trying to find somewhere else to stay tonight? Maybe she's giving us the clean break.”

I thought she'd come around to my kid, at least give it a try. “If my son freaked her out, I can't change that, but as far as a job, you could get a new job. You can work at my security company.”

“It's not about the job. I can't have her working for anyone but me.”

“You think you're protecting her? Some guy will steal her right out from under you if you don't make a move.”

The door clicks open signaling that Natalie returned, so we silence our conversation.

Hope fills me when she appears in the doorway to my brother's office, even though her brow is furrowed and she worries her lower lip.

She points at her earbuds. “I'm on hold, but I wanted to let you know that after I get dinner ready, I'm going to bed early.

The lessons were pretty exhausting...thank you. I should get some sleep.”

She forces a smile.

I've been blown off by women, but it never made my soul hurt. I'm about to object when she motions to her earbud again, greets the person on the other end, and leaves us gutted.

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SIXTEEN

NATALIE

If there's a word that means agony but way worse, that's how I feel as I drive home. Lincoln and Jefferson must have left super early because there's no sign of them by the time I wake up.

The key is on the counter, so I lock up as I leave, and return it to where it was supposed to be hiding.

I could easily go home, get ready, and go to work. The only reason I'm taking the day off is that Lincoln told me to. He doesn't want me there. I'm now a risk.

Okay, he only said to take the day off... I put the reasons together.

Every ding of my phone has me on edge. I'm expecting HR to call or email and say I need to come in for a meeting. Lincoln's very calculating. It's only logical that he would get ahead of the potential disaster and spin it to protect himself.

Nonsense, Lincoln's not like that. He's so tender when we're not at work. Or was that Jefferson? They're hard to tell

apart. If I hadn't been with both of them at the same time, I couldn't have even been sure I'd been intimate with both of them. It's just my broken heart panicking.

Broken heart? Am I so desperate for a relationship that I could fall in love in a day? Now I'm not being fair. I fell in love with Mister Adams long before.

Power cleaning my entire house and completing my entire beauty regimen, I try to keep my brain off Lincoln and Jefferson.

I'm not one to stand up for myself, but with them, I felt stronger, more worthy. I'd protected myself instead of believing that I could do more than "Be nice. Be pretty. Be useful."

If I can find someone to teach me lessons on how to grow beyond my mother's words, maybe I would be as fast of a learner as I was with sex.

But I've had enough lessons for a while. The next morning, I head into the office as if nothing happened. A definite sense of relief washes over me when no one makes a snide comment or looks at me funny.

Lincoln locked himself in his office.

Did I back out of our relationship just in time? Was it silly of me to think all of the sweet nothings that had been whispered meant something? I'm not sure I can handle working for a boss that avoids me.

Would it be better if I found another firm to work with? I pencil a note onto my calendar to make a decision in a week when I give this a chance to play out. I doubt he'll tell anyone about our secret affair. The question I'm going to answer in a week is if my heart can take it.

Will I still be second-guessing my decision to end things? There were too many unknowns happening too fast. I can't *what-if* every decision. The most important lesson I learned in all of this is that I need to be strong. That's one my mom hadn't thought of. She meant well with her mantras, and they worked for her, but they aren't me, and times have changed.

The phone rings, I answer, and my heart stops when it's someone from HR. I don't make out her name, just those two dreaded letters.

She says, "Oops, I think I read the wrong line on the phone list. Mister Adams asked me to call him directly. Are you his admin?"

"I am. I can put you through." What did I tell myself about him getting ahead of a potential disaster? Whatever tiny thread of my heart hadn't completely severed, has now snapped. Apparently, he *is* that kind of guy.

Be strong. Get ahead of things. No time like the present to start. I blurt out, "Before I do, I'd like to put in my resignation."

I'm met with silence.

"I'm supposed to notify HR, right?"

“Yes, but Mister Adams didn’t say anything about you leaving too.”

Too? He’s leaving? Is he that worried I’ll tell someone about our secret? I’m devastated. Tears threaten to spill. I let her know that I’ll put her through to Lincoln, and as soon as I notify him through the intercom, I rush to the bathroom.

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Lincoln

I spend the morning alone in my office, struggling with my decision. It wasn't supposed to be like this. We have some fun, we walk away with our secret, but the more I disconnect from Natalie, the worse I feel.

Knowing that she's five feet away from my office door, believing that I want anything other than to shout how much I love her is killing me. There's no way all she got out of the *lessons* was the physical act of sex.

I'd heard Jefferson's intimate words, *I love you, Baby Doll. We can be a happy family.*

Followed by her sincere reply, *I want that.*

It hurt that I wasn't included, but I can't let that be the reason I let her go. She's everything to me.

But words aren't enough, that's why I call HR and leave a message that I want to talk about my options for leaving. I note that they should call me back directly. If Natalie fields a call from them, she'll have every right to fear the worst.

As soon as I make a decision and implement it so that she'll believe I'm serious, I'll tell her.

I pace around my office, considering the corner windows, the heavy wood bookcases, and the overall luxury I've worked years to attain. If I quit, how many years will I have to put in at a new financial institution to gain it all back?

Raking my hands through my hair, I question the other option, and my sanity, to give it all up and take the job my brother offered. Having him as a boss stirs up the sibling rivalry, the constant comparisons, and never getting to be myself.

It was bad enough that we were always so equal and confusable. That had seemed like the worst. If I take the job, I'll be inferior, his employee.

But we could have Natalie.

With her in my life, I think I can handle the rest. And as much as Jefferson annoys me, there's comfort in knowing that if I ever can't be there for Natalie, he would be. She'd be cared for by the person I trust most in the world.

It's time to get over my ego.

Her voice comes through the intercom on my phone. "You have a call from Human Resources on line one...but you don't have to quit, Mister Adams, I will."

I'm objecting to her statement when I realize she's already put the call through. So much for HR respecting my privacy.

As tempting as it is to let Natalie quit since I'll lose my mind knowing she's working for anyone else, I'm the one with the standing job offer.

Reminding the HR rep about privacy, I tell her I'll have to call her back. Rushing out of my office, my heart sinks when Natalie's not at her desk.

Jefferson comes charging around the corner. “Lincoln, we have to talk.”

“Do you know where Natalie is?” I ask.

“I assumed she was here with you.”

We need a game plan. Ushering him into my office, I have to find out if he’s as serious about her as I am. If he feels like a ship lost at sea without her? I’m not a boat guy, but the thought of drifting on the vast ocean with the horizon unobstructed on any side feels as hopeless.

“I’m miserable without her. I’m going to do whatever it takes to convince her that the lessons we can learn together are even better than sex. I need to know where you stand.”

“Fuck, that’s what I was coming to tell you. Fate brought us together and I’m not about to ignore the lessons Natalie taught me.”

I’m put at ease that my twin and I are on the same page. It’s like the universe is giving us the green light.

“Are you willing to let this be the three of us?” I ask.

“All or none.”

“The judge might not look kindly on a relationship like this,” I caution.

“I’ve gone over that possibility a million times, and we might have to lay low until I get custody back, but I’m trusting fate.”

“If I take that job at your security company, do you promise not to lord it over me that you’re my boss?”

“What do you mean?”

“I can’t live without Natalie, and I don’t want her to have to find a new job. If I work for you, will you be cool about being my boss?”

“You’d be my partner, my equal. That’ll be easy. I’m more worried about convincing Natalie to accept me and my son.”

I grab my cell phone and rush to the door. “You stay here. I’m going to find her. If she shows up, call me.”

When I find her in the Human Resources office, she tries to excuse herself, but I catch her arm. “Come with me.”

“I didn’t say anything,” she whispers as I guide her into the hallway.

“I trust you.”

One of the HR reps calls out, pointing out that this isn’t a good look. I take my hand off of Natalie’s arm and nod for her to come with me, which calms the rep down.

“Then what are you doing?” I ask. Safely away from prying ears, I add, “Don’t quit until you hear Jefferson and me out.”

“I get it, we had fun, but I know this isn’t real. I heard his call.”

I struggle to keep my voice down, to do anything but wrap her in my arms and kiss her. “First of all, the lessons you

taught me are the biggest dose of reality ever. And second... which call?"

The wind deflates from my sales as I admit confusion.

"When he told his lawyer he could look like a family man now."

"We better get back to my office. He's there. We can explain everything."

Unable to touch her as we navigate our way back, my hands shake with the need to hold her. When we're close, intimate, I can sense every emotion she has, and right now, I desperately need to know that she feels loved.

Jefferson rushes to her as I pause to lock the door. When I turn around, I'm frustrated to see that she's motioned for him to stay a step back.

This conversation can't happen fast enough. I offer her a chair, but she stays by the door. We give the distance she insists on. We're like hungry wolves surrounding our prey, and I catch the flicker of nervousness in her expression before she ducks her head.

I nod at Jefferson and he takes a step back when I do. With the breathing room, she lifts her gaze appreciatively.

SEVENTEEN

JEFFERSON

Seeing my baby doll flinch away from us hurts me at levels I didn't know were possible.

Lincoln leads. "Jefferson, Natalie overheard a call where you made her feel like you were using her to keep up appearances."

My hands fly up, reaching for her, but she retreats into the door.

"This is hard enough. I won't be used. What we had was fun, and I'm ever thankful that you were both so generous to teach me, but I don't owe you anything. And I can't confuse your son about my role in your life. I can't confuse myself."

Her words grow quiet with the last statement.

"There's nothing to be confused about. We love you. We want you to be ours."

She shifts her eyes from me to Lincoln. "You do?"

Lincoln reaches for her hand and she lets him take it so I do the same with her other.

He says, “Our lessons have only started. There are so many more. Please, Natalie, be the one to teach them to us.”

“I’m the one who needed lessons, not you.”

Lincoln says, “We gave you lessons about sex, but you gave me lessons about cherishing what’s most important in my life, about the risks I’m willing to take, and what I’m willing to give up.”

“But you love your job. I felt horrible when I heard you were quitting.”

I jump in. “He’s going to be my partner. We’re going to run the security business together. That means you can stay here... but you don’t have to work if you don’t want to.”

Her eyes go wide. “What would I do all day if I don’t work?”

“When we’re home...we’d appreciate it if you let us love on you. When we’re not home, you can do whatever you want.”

“Just preferably not around any other guys,” Lincoln adds.

Her brow furrows. “You don’t trust me?”

“I do...” Lincoln looks at me and I nod. “We do. You just make us insanely possessive. If we could permanently close Eggplant Canyon and live alone with you, we would.”

“Aside from the obvious problems that presents, I’m flattered.”

I have no doubt she'll be an amazing mother to my son, I can feel it in my soul, but I make sure she's thought about it.

“And to clear up what you heard me say on the phone...I'd been ahead of myself. I'd love for you to meet my son because even though I've been a terrible dad, it's my priority to be an active part of his life. Are you willing to take on the role of a stepmom?”

Her mouth drops open. “Um...are...you asking me...”

My pulse pounds in my ears while we all process what I just asked. In a really crappy way, I proposed to her. I've never wanted to be married, never wanted a woman in my life permanently.

Lincoln saves me. “Marriage is tricky with three people... and by tricky I mean not possible, legally, but in every other way, we're prepared to fully commit to you.”

“I have an unsupervised meeting with my son this afternoon. Will you please be there?”

“It's all happening so fast.”

“Is it? I've been in love with you since the first day you stood in this doorway and told me you were going to be my new admin.”

“The first day?”

“Yes ma'am. You wore a light pink dress that matched the blush of your cheeks. The little white sweater you had over it made me want to wrap my arms around you and keep you

warm, and I suspected that if I did, I'd never want to let you go.”

“But you hardly ever looked at me. I thought you hated me.”

“I didn't want to scare you with how badly I wanted you.”

“What would you have done with me?” Her sultry tone changes the direction of the conversation. My cock springs to attention.

“I would have broken our company's fraternization policy on the first day. That's how sure I was that I wanted you.”

“It was the same way for me, Natalie. The moment I saw you snooping around on Lincoln's porch, I wanted you. So how about it, can I introduce you to my son?”

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EIGHTEEN

NATALIE

“Can we all three be there?” I ask nervously. My life was calm and calculated until coming to work for Mister Adams. My world has changed. My perspective has changed. I’ve been loved, and I’m no longer going to deny it.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Yay!” She wiggles her fists in the air. “I’ve always wanted to be a mom...but I won’t be overwhelming. I’ll give him time to warm up to me.”

Jefferson comforts me. “You’re going to make a great mom. It’s in your nature. What would you say about us trying to make you a mom right now, in case we didn’t already do it?”

“Have you been spying on my search history?”

The guys laugh. “No, why?”

“Because I looked up how to remove an IUD. The internet said it’s possible to just pull it out.”

Lincoln lights up, his controlled demeanor giving way to pure excitement. “And we could knock you up today?”

“I don’t know if it can happen that fast, but I’d love to try.” I’m all smiles and nerves and excitement.

Jefferson moves beside me and walks me to Lincoln’s desk. “Have a seat, Lincoln.”

They do their twin thing of looking at each other and understanding what’s being said without words.

Jefferson positions me across from Lincoln, stands behind me, and lifts my dress. The warmth of his hand sliding over my ass sends shots of electricity through me. We’re way past breaking corporate policy, but since Lincoln and I are both quitting, we don’t have much to lose.

Lincoln leans forward in his chair, steepling his fingers in front of his mouth. “Are you about to get bent over my desk and railed?”

“It seems that way, Mister Adams.”

Jefferson slides my thong down and I step out of it. I’d had a fantasy about doing this with Lincoln, but with him *and* his brother, I can barely breathe.

Lincoln wiggles a finger for me to lean closer, and I prepare for a kiss, which he gives me, but only briefly before he reaches for my top.

“If I’m going to concede that Jefferson gets to be the first one to fuck you in my office, I’m going to enjoy the show.”

Thrusting my chest out, I rub my breasts on Lincoln's hands while he tries to maneuver my buttons. By the sounds of it, Jefferson's stripping down behind me.

"Natalie..." Lincoln cautions.

"Yes, Mister Adams."

"If you don't behave, I'm going to rip your dress open."

"But then I wouldn't have anything to wear."

"All you need to wear is our cum."

I laugh. "To walk out of here?"

"If we do it right, you won't be able to walk. I'll carry you out."

"That could be embarrassing." I quit wiggling so he can get the front of my dress unbuttoned.

Jefferson helps me get my arms out then slides the fabric down my body. Lincoln makes quick work of my bra. It's a lot of hands and activity, but we mesh like we read each other's minds. Like we're made for each other.

Jefferson flattens a hand on my back and nudges against the outsides of my ankles to get me to put my feet close together. "Keep quiet, Baby Doll or your boss will have to reprimand you."

Lincoln had been kissing me and pulls away for a second to wink. "Be a good girl and make your boss happy."

Jefferson's fingers dig into my hips and his tip presses at my very soaked entrance. I want to make a quippy comeback but

my mouth falls open as my sex stretches around Jefferson's thick, hot cock.

Lincoln catches my gasp with a deep kiss, his tongue fucking me the way his twin is taking me from behind. We fall into a rhythm and soon, fingers toy with my nipples, hands massage my breasts, I'm surrounded by love, the verb, and love, the noun.

My body becomes theirs. My orgasm winds inside of me tighter and bigger than I've ever experienced. Then my mouth is free and lonely, and I fall forward slightly at the loss.

It gives me a second to remember we didn't pull out my IUD. If I wasn't so full of Jefferson, I'd be disappointed, but that emotion isn't possible when I'm barreling toward release.

My boss sits back, looking so fucking stately in his big, fancy office chair. He runs a hand over his slacks that barely contain his straining cock. His eyes are on my tits, as promised. The hint of a grin rounds out his confident style. He's pleased, and that makes my sex tighten. He teases a thumb over my lips, making my walls tighten even more.

I won't make it much longer. Jefferson's groans match my urgency.

"Need something to suck on, Angel?" Lincoln asks.

I take his thumb into my mouth but lose suction with a giant slurp and pop sound. Jefferson's cock swells.

Scrambling, I reach with my tongue, sucking him back in. His eyelids fall shut on a stuttered breath. "You're so beautiful,

Angel. Clamp down on his cock and come for me.”

From deep inside Jefferson, a groan rumbles through the room, shaking my body, offering the last touch I need to unravel. I suck hard on Lincoln’s finger, channeling my moans and cries into the effort, holding my eyes open to watch the sheer pleasure that takes over his expression.

I’ll never close my eyes during sex again...except for when bliss overtakes me.

In the last second before my mind swirls into euphoria, I’m aware of the sharp thrusts of Jefferson’s hips against my ass. The warmth of his seed coating my insides. And his whispers as I drift away. “I love you so much, Baby Doll.”

My next coherent moment is Jefferson’s cock sliding out of me. Lincoln’s standing, withdrawing his finger out of my mouth, and bends to kiss me on the top of my head.

They switch places.

When Lincoln’s behind me, he says, “What was that you were saying about getting rid of your birth control?”

“It’s possible to pull it out. That’s all a doctor does.”

“Will it hurt you?”

“It shouldn’t.”

“Then let’s get rid of this thing because I’m not playing around about wanting to get you pregnant.”

NINETEEN

JEFFERSON

Standing beside my lawyer, I acknowledge the judge's declaration that he has come to a decision. I haven't been this nervous since a few weeks ago when Lincoln walked Natalie into his office and I didn't know if she would accept a life with us.

Okay, that's not a long time ago, but these are back-to-back the two times I've been most nervous in my life. I'll take it in exchange for the amazingness of everything I love coming together.

Commotion behind me catches my attention. My son wedges himself between Lincoln and Natalie. That has to play in our favor. He adores her, and she loves taking on the role of mom, in the short spurts we've been allowed to get to know him.

And she's already pregnant, but we haven't told anyone yet. The three of us agreed to publicly downplay our romantic involvement until I get custody, but even if that happens in the

next few minutes, we'll hold out a little longer. No courtroom PDAs.

I wish I could be sitting with them, holding their hands, bracing for the decision. It's not the same—even the few feet of separation with them in the front row—but I'll be away from them briefly to secure a future with my whole family.

My son's mom isn't a bad person, she's just not convinced I'm ready for the role. I'm determined to make it as seamless as possible because my son deserves nothing but the best. Thankfully his mom did a damn good job of raising him when I wasn't able to get my shit together and step up to be a dad.

Rubbing my sweaty palms on my slacks, I take calculated breaths to keep from passing out. I watch the judge's mouth move. His words enter my ears. He said equal custody. My brain replays his words over and over, securing that I heard him correctly.

Then I spin around, hop over the wooden partition that separates me from my family, and gather them in a hug.

We planned to take Harrison on a picnic at the park closest to the courthouse whether I was granted custody or not. Now that I live in Eggplant Canyon, I'm only twenty minutes from his mom's house and we'll be doing a lot more playdates and family time.

Officially having custody of my son is validating at a level I didn't remotely understand. Hearing him squeal as Natalie explains that he gets to spend half of his time at our house swells my chest to the point I think I might explode.

Apparently, love knows no bounds, and I've found people who are capable of exploring the depths with me.

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Natalie

It's been a long day and couldn't have worked out any better. My brothers are outside at their house when we get home. I texted them as soon as we got the good news, but the icing on the cake is that my best friend is there too.

Accepting that my best friend and my brothers were a thing stirred up all of my cringe factors, but Nathan and Carson had just as much trouble accepting that I was in a threesome with my boss and his twin. Zoe and I had a big talk that ended with us deciding we're pretty darn lucky to each get two wonderful guys.

And now I officially have a son.

They head over to congratulate us, and our ménage doesn't seem as strange when we're with like-minded company. Not everyone understands how we make it work, but in Eggplant Canyon, it's becoming the norm. The only hold-out is Jefferson's lawyer. Time will tell if there's really something in the air up here or if it's purely chance.

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EPILOGUE

NATALIE

All of the neighborhood moms are corralling their kids to the lake for the first group swim lesson. Madison, Aria, Calli, and Yvette have joined Zoe in being my best friends. Turns out that whatever's in the air in Eggplant Canyon finally got to the lawyer, but that's a different story.

With enough kids to make you think Eggplant Canyon needs our own elementary school, we hired three swim teachers to come to our little lake. Our husbands insisted that we hire female instructors, claiming that women make better teachers, but watching each of the three buff, college guys strip off their tank tops and play with our kids, I have no doubt we made the right choice.

Not only do we get to enjoy the scenery, but we also get a break, the kids learn an excellent skill, and even though the mudslide is long gone, we live in our little bubble of happiness where no one judges us for our relationship choices.

Halfway through the lessons, Lincoln's car rounds the corner. Jefferson is with him. They're supposed to be meeting

with the local motorcycle club to talk about hiring a bunch of the bikers to expand the security company.

They stop near us and Lincoln rolls his window down. “Get in the car, Natalie.”

The irritation in his tone concerns me. Did the meeting not go well?

I tell the other moms I’ll be back in a minute. It’s great to have support, and know that they’ll watch my kids like their own, but I’m worried about what’s upsetting my husbands.

Jefferson’s out of the car, holding the back door open for me. He ushers me in and sits beside me without explanation. The heat spilling off the two of them has a weird vibe to it now that I’m close to them.

“What the hell is going on?” Lincoln asks as he hits the gas.

“Swim lessons. I put it on the calendar.”

“What happened to the instructors?”

Oh, so that’s what this is about. I suppress a smile. “What do you mean? Ashley, Kelly, and Chris are doing a great job with the kids.”

Lincoln parks in our garage and whips his head around. “Ashley, Kelly, and Chris are guys?”

Sinfully hot, muscled, tanned guys, but I better leave this as a simple, “Yes.”

“We told you to hire women,” Jefferson says.

“You did, but when the other moms and I had to make the final selections, this is who we ended up with.” I taunt them with a shrug and slide out of the car. “How did your meeting go?”

“Not so fast, Baby Doll.” Jefferson catches my hand, spins me around, and pins me to the wall of the garage. He presses the button on the wall so the door closes. “Out of all of the swim teachers, you ended up with those three?”

It tickles me that my guys are jealous, and based on the size of their erections tenting their pants, they’re insanely worked up. It’s a little crazy though. They have to know I’m completely smitten and satisfied with them. We have sex every day.

Sometimes one of them entertains the kids, other times we wait until the kids are all out of the house or in bed so the three of us can be together.

Lincoln presses close to us, grabbing my chin and turning me to face him. He traps my mouth with a kiss and lowers his hand to the apex of my thighs.

“You better not be wet,” he grumbles through our kisses. As if they read each other’s minds, Jefferson is inching my skirt up.

“Why not?” I play innocent. When I first hooked up with them, I was, and while I still look the part, there’s no question that I’m far from it.

“You better not be hiring those young boys to come around so you can fantasize about them.”

“You think I have time for that?”

“Tell the truth.” Jefferson nuzzles his lips on my ear.

“How can I be anything but drenched when the two of you are sporting erections and have me pinned against the wall?”

Lincoln tucks his fingers inside my panties and my insides knot in anticipation. I’m left wanting though when he pulls his hand away.

Drawing it up between us, he says to Jefferson, “You see that?”

“Looks wet to me, bro.” Jefferson grabs his brother’s hand and pulls it under his nose. “Yeah, she’s definitely been thinking about fucking.”

The two of them shake their heads, adopting a playfulness that tells me this is going to end very well. Lincoln unfastens his belt and I expect him to drop his pants, but he grips my wrists and wraps them with the leather.

I feel a little guilty that I’m not watching our kids’ first swim lesson, but I’m not about to break this up. He threads the belt tightly, turns me to face the wall, and lifts my hands, securing them on one of our coat hooks.

“You disobeyed us, Angel.”

“You’re not the boss of me.” I can’t say it without a chuckle. I peek under my arm. The two of them are stripping

down. I may have thought we'd tried every position imaginable, but this is a new one, and the orgasm tightening inside of me is already considering it a winner.

Jefferson strips my panties then gathers my skirt around my waist.

"I may not be your boss anymore, but if you're busy ogling younger guys, you won't be getting this cock." His shaft is so hard when he slaps it against my butt cheek, I question whether it was really him.

"Good thing your twin can take your place." I angle myself toward his brother.

"Fuck." Jefferson mutters. "Sorry dude, you dug that hole for yourself."

He slides his tip inside of me. His insanely rigid heat tells me we've struck on yet a new way to keep our relationship fun. A little bit of jealousy seems to go a long way.

By the time he's stroked me into a frenzy, Lincoln's begging for a turn and fills me with his equally hard and hot shaft. I'm surrounded with and filled by love as they swap back and forth, giving me orgasm after orgasm until they finally can't take it any longer and fill me with plenty of seed to make a third baby.

If we're lucky, our neighborhood will have one more kid in nine months.

And they lived happily ever after!

I hope **Claimed by my Boss & His Twin** gave you a little escape, and that you're looking forward to hanging out in Eggplant Canyon for a while longer!

A bonus scene for this story is available exclusively to newsletter subscribers. With plenty of friends/babysitters in the neighborhood, Natalie, Lincoln, and Jefferson schedule a kid-free stay-cation every year on the anniversary of the mudslide. Grab this bonus scene for a fun little guessing game of who's who and see if Natalie can tell them apart!

Once you're subscribed to my newsletter, I'll keep you up to date on my sexy stories, along with other Super Hot content you won't want to miss!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sylvie Haas obsesses over dirty-talking heroes who fall hard and fast for the women of their dreams. And often you'll find heroes, yes plural, in one book because she has such a hard time making the heroine choose one possessive guy.

On most days, you can find Sylvie with the wind in her hair, her fingers on the keyboard, and her mind in the gutter as she thinks up new places her characters can get frisky.

Sylvie's books will always deliver a happily ever after, and even though they're short, they'll leave you satisfied!

If you haven't signed up for her newsletter yet, there's still room. The more the merrier!

<https://SylvieHaas.com>

Also... She's on Facebook if you'd like to hang out there:
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