

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is posing against a warm, orange-toned background. She is wearing a red lace bra and matching shorts. Her arms are raised, and she is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The text "Two Dirty Bosses" is overlaid on the image in a white, elegant serif font.

*Two
Dirty
Bosses*

amie love

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Amie Love

OceanofPDF.com

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Chapter 1

Sally

THIS ISN'T REAL. That's my first thought as soon as I step into D&D Properties' Halloween party. Sure, I expected costumes and decorations, but nothing as extravagant as this. Pumpkin lanterns made of paper hung from the ceiling, and electric ghosts flap their wings. Spider webs are everywhere, and so are skeletons and witches. With the eerie lighting, creepy music, and a few fake rocks and trees here and there, the place looks like a graveyard rather than an office.

The center of the room is a dance floor, and a group of people in various costumes are dancing madly. Another dozen people milling around, drinking or talking. I look around, not sure what to do.

I was hired just last week, and Linda Jones, who interviewed me over Zoom, invited me to the office party, saying it was an excellent way to get to know my coworkers before I started working with them. It made sense to me then and I was looking forward to the party. But now, I'm not sure that's true because all I see are fictional characters such as

Mulan and Catwoman. Some of them wear thick makeup, and others masks.

I'm not wearing makeup, but I'm in a light blue Alice dress with an apron. I ordered it online the day Linda invited me to the party, and the dress I received by mail turned out to be slightly different. It is short, covering just my bottom, and the neckline is low and shows a bit of my cleavage. I sense the hungry eyes of most male characters in the room, including Mr. Robin Hood and Fred Flintstone. I blush. Damn. Now my new coworkers think I'm a slut.

I stand next to a group of lighted witches, looking around for Linda. She's a tall redhead, so spotting her shouldn't be difficult. But then again, everyone is in a costume, and some are wearing wigs. Everyone also seems tall because I'm petite. I'm still glancing around when I hear a deep voice rumbling behind me, "Are you lost, little girl?"

Startled, I jerk around and see a tall masculine man standing next to me, and my mouth opens. Carrying a sword on his back, he's nearly naked under a cloak except for the harness with a red-cross emblem that covers the center of his chest, showing off his bronze six-pack.

He has messy blond curls and a square chin. His blue eyes are so intense that I shiver.

“Not really,” I say, mesmerized by his gaze for a second. I unlock my eyes from his and check the rest of him out, and my knees get weaker the lower I look. His chest is bare and inked, and his six-pack looks so yummy it’s all I can do not touch it. His bulging biceps are thick and tough, and I wonder how easily he could lift me. My eyes glide down to his leather brief tightly wrapped around his crotch, and my girly bits clench with naughty thoughts.

“I’m He-man,” he says, putting out a hand for me to shake. “Welcome to the party.”

His large warm hand grasps my small clammy one, and I again shiver. “Thank you. I’m Alice.” I recall slowly the cartoon character my cousin was obsessed with for a while back in junior high. He-man, the Master of the Universe, known for his strength and supernatural power. I never cared for superman kind of stories, but at the moment, I have little doubt this man has uncanny power, because I can barely take my eyes off him and think.

“Nice to meet you, Alice,” He-man smirks faintly, his blue eyes glinting with fire. “You look nervous. May I get you something to drink?”

His gravelly voice doesn’t help me to regain my composure, and my heart beats even faster. “S-sure,” I say.

“I’ll be right back,” he says and walks toward a table in the center of the room, where drinks and food are.

I haven't been alone for two seconds when another tall man walks toward me. He wears a brown vest over a tight white shirt and brown pants. Even through the layer of fabric, I see the bulges of his biceps and chest muscles. His blonde hair is cut to Prince Valiant style. He also has tan skin, although lighter tone than the other man. But his blue eyes are no less intense than the other guy's.

Geez, why are there so many tall people in this company? I feel like a dwarf already.

"Hello, Princess," he says in a low voice as he stands next to me. "I'm Prince Adam."

"I'm Alice. Nice to meet you," I answer in a shaky voice because I'm melting in his deep blue gaze. The name rings a bell, but I can't pinpoint where it's from. The beast in *Beauty and the Beast*?

"Nice to meet you," he says. And then, to my surprise, he takes my hand and kisses it.

My body flusters at the gesture and I stare at him like a dummy with my mouth wide open. Oh God. I have not expected such a gentlemanly gesture from any guy in real life.

A throat clear pulls me out of my stupor. He returns with a glass of greenish drink, saying it's Witch's Cocktail made of spiders and snails.

I take the glass from his hand but hesitate before tasting it. It does have some seeds that resemble bugs.

“He’s only joking,” Prince Adam says to me. And then chides the other man, “Don’t tease the innocent girl.”

Now I feel silly. “Um, I don’t. It’s just that it looks unusual, but I’m sure it’ll be yummy,” I take a sip to prove my eagerness. I smile when I find out the drink tastes good. It’s actually made of kiwi.

When I lick my lips, both men groan. I glance at them again and notice how much they resemble each other. And I also make the connection between the characters: He-man is the alter ego of Prince Adam. The two are one.

“Are you guys twins?” I ask.

Prince Adam rolls his eyes and says. “Yes, unfortunately.”

“But we aren’t identical,” He-man explains. “I’m better looking and stronger. I’m also an inch taller than him.”

I have no idea whether it’s true because they wear boots with different heels. While I’m still measuring them up and down, the room becomes dimmer, and the music louder. I hear the lyrics of Ghost by Run River North. “*You sing your favorite Songs...*”

“That’s our favorite song,” He-man says to Prince Adam with a smile. The animosity between them disappears just like that.

They grab my hands simultaneously. “Let’s dance.”

“Wait,” I cry. I’m still holding my drink in hand.

Prince Adam takes the glass and places it on a table on our way to the dance floor. The next minute, I find myself between two thick walls of muscle. I move gingerly because I don’t want to bump into them. They wear different scents of perfumes: the musky, leathery notes must come from He-man, while the citrus peel fragrance should be Prince Adam. Both of them are excellent dancers. They roll their hips and shake their shoulders, dazzling me with their professional moves. I slip out between them and watch them dance, facing each other and moving in perfect synchrony. But it lasts for only a minute, soon they sandwich me again, and this time, closer to me. I’m facing He-man and looking directly at his beautiful six-pack. We’re a mere inch away, and my nipples are hard. A slight brush against him makes my skin tingle, and the knowledge that his leather brief is bulging up makes my mouth dry.

I back a step to avoid further touch, only to bump into another hot body. I hear a grunt the moment my butt presses into Prince Adam’s crotch. Oh God. He’s got an erect tent pole, too.

Holy shit. I should stop dancing because what I’m feeling is frightening. I’ve never felt so

horny before, let alone being aroused by two men at the same time. Although they're twins, they're still two separate men. But then again, I like the feeling. It's intoxicating, as if I'm tasting a good wine. My lower belly hums with excitement as I greedily breathe in the men's scents and soak in their body heat. I also deliberately wriggle against the hard bodies to make them grunt. I've never been so naughty, nor have I been so turned on. Hell, I've never had sex before because I've never been interested in anyone. I'm not lesbian, and neither am I asexual. I've touched myself and liked it. But now, these two men's presence makes me realize I've missed something in my life. I wonder what they could do to me if we were alone and if there were no barriers among us. We would be dancing a different kind of dance—No costumes, just their masculine bodies, and mine. No music, only the sound of our gasps and moans. Our bodies would join at where we ache for one another.

When the music stops, I'm panting, not from the physical movement but from my wild imagination. I feel dazed and my legs wobble. If it weren't for Prince Adam's hands supporting me from behind, I would probably fall.

"Are you okay?" His soft voice murmurs into my ear and his hot breath brushes against my neck.

No. I'm not. "Yes," I say, blinking.

“You should sit down,” He-man says, taking my arm and guiding me toward a chair against the wall.

“I’m fine,” I say as I sit down, chuckling.

They both look at me with concern in their eyes. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

They’re about to say more when a tall woman walks toward us. I take a moment to recognize Linda in a yellow, Victorian dress.

I smile and wave at her, and she waves back, but her eyes are on the two big men next to me. They also notice her and smile. “Hey, Jane!” They greet her simultaneously.

It dawns on me Linda is wearing a Jane Porter costume.

Linda rolls her eyes. “I thought you guys were going to be Tarzans!”

He-man rolls his eyes. “I couldn’t convince him to wear a loincloth.”

“You can’t blame me,” Prince Adam shrugs. “Unlike some people, I don’t feel comfortable being naked in public. Especially in front of my employees.”

My mouth opens. *Employees?* They are my bosses? Linda told me two brothers owned the company, but for some reason, I imagined them to be

much older and certainly not as athletic. This is a real estate development company, and the founders are supposed to be brainy, not hot and sexy.

While I blink, Linda's attention turns to me. "So, Sally, I see you've met Dayton and Damon, our bosses?"

I stand up on trembling legs. "Not really, I didn't know who they were."

"I'm Dayton," Prince Adam says.

"And I'm Damon," He-man follows.

"Sally Smith, your new personal assistant, sir, sirs."

The two men gaze at me intensely for a second. "Are you sure you've graduated from college?" Dayton asks doubtfully. "You look no more than eighteen."

I'm slightly insulted because I'm tired of people saying I'm younger than my age. "I'm twenty," I say, keeping my chin up. "I started college at seventeen and finished it in three years."

Dayton lifts his eyebrows but doesn't speak. Damon, on the other hand, can't hide his grin. "I told you. She's a genius."

I thank him and blush at the comment, and I have to say I like Damon better because he seems easier going while Dayton is stiffer.

“When is she going to start working?”
Dayton asks Linda.

Why can't he ask me directly? I'm slightly put off by the fact, and I glare at him.

“Monday,” Linda tells him.

“Great. I'll see you in my office in two days,” Dayton says without a smile and walks away. “Bye, Linda.”

“Wait!” Damon says to his brother but Dayton ignores him. Damon mutters a curse, and before chasing after his brother, he says to me, “Welcome to D&D. We're glad to have you here!”

I'm baffled by the sudden coldness of Dayton. He was quite attentive to me up to the point Linda showed up. And then he became distant. Was there something between Linda and him, or did he not want me for a PA?

“Do I have to work for both of them?” I ask Linda.

“Yes,” she says, her expression also strange. When we met at the interview, I got the idea that she didn't like me so much because she never smiled. But now, she looked as if she wanted me to drop dead. “Aren't you glad? Many would die for the opportunity to work for the Ford brothers.”

I'm taken aback by the comment. Although I was wildly attracted to them earlier, my lust cooled off the moment I found out they were my bosses. No

matter how hot they are, I can't risk losing the job over silly fascination for the two men. It's not worth it. I'm an ambitious girl, and I want to own my own real estate company one day.

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Chapter 2

Dayton

“Hey, where you going, man? The party has just started!” Damon shouts behind me.

I stomp out of the office building, ignoring my brother’s complaint. I’m angry, and I’m horny. One minute I thought I had found the love of my life, and the next minute I lost her. Whatever her name was, Alice or Sally, she was my princess. Those clear, innocent brown eyes snatched my soul the moment I saw her, and those pouty lips made me forget my manners. I behaved like my reckless brother, dragging her onto the dance floor and trapping her like a treasure. She smelled like gardenia, fresh and sweet. When her ass accidentally brushed against my raging hard-on, it was all I could do not to grind against it. I wished to protect her against all evil intentions in the world, including my brother, who had the reputation of a playboy. I was even planning to whisk her away from the party after the dance, take her to a safe place and claim her.

Thankfully, Linda showed up and stopped me from all the maddening thoughts. But finding out Sally’s true identity didn’t make me feel better. She’s

our new personal assistant? How am I supposed to put my lust in check if she's in my office every day?

I unlock the car and open the door, but Damon grabs my arm. "Hold on. What got into you?"

Sally. Damn. "Nothing. Go back to the party if you wish. I'm not here to stop you."

"But I want to know what's happening to you? I've never seen you behave like this. You lost it."

"What do you mean? I didn't yell at anyone, did I?"

"No, but you looked as if you wanted to burn the building. You didn't even say goodbye to Sally."

Damn. I have gone mad. I sigh and lean against the car, staring at my brother. "I was tired."

He narrows his eyes. "No. That's not it. It's Sally, isn't it? I haven't seen you look at any woman this way before, not even Brianna."

Brianna was my high school sweetheart.

I want to deny it because I don't want my brother to see my weakness, but I can't lie. "You didn't behave any differently," I say sarcastically.

He rolls his eyes. "Wrong. I wasn't the usual me, either. Have you ever seen me bringing drinks to a woman I meet for the first time or helping her to a chair?"

I shake my head and eye him with confusion.
“What’re you trying to say?”

“I’m in love, Dayton. She’s the sweetest thing I’ve ever seen. Her smile makes me forget my name, brother. And those sparkling eyes!”

Shit. This is very unlike Damon speaking. He never notices a woman’s smile. He usually pays attention to their curves, their cup sizes, and the shapes of their buttocks.

What the hell? “We can’t hire her,” I mutter between my teeth.

My brother frowns. “What do you mean? We’ve already hired her.”

“Then we need to fire her.”

“What? Why?”

Because I’m turning into a jealous fool I don’t even recognize and I don’t trust myself around her. “Because she’s too young and inexperienced,” I say.

“That isn’t true. She’s young, but she has an impressive academic record and she’s also got a glowing recommendation from her internship supervisor.”

I don’t have a good response to that. In fact, I don’t have a good reason not to hire the girl at all. I grunt instead. “Fine. Let’s see how well she can handle the work. And keep your paws off her.”

“What do you mean?” Damon grits his teeth. “I’ve never crossed the line with any employee.”

That’s true, too. Damon has been professional at work. But it doesn’t mean he has never flirted with female employees. More than one past PA quit in order to date him.

“Just don’t be a barbarian in front of her, okay?” I say adamantly.

He glares at me for a second and nods. “Okay.”

“Are you going to get in the car with me or not?” I ask him.

He grumbles as he walks toward the passenger side. “Do I have a choice? Damn it. You’re my driver. I should’ve driven myself.”

I start the engine and wait patiently for him to fasten the seatbelt before I drive out of the parking lot. Damon and I have lived together since we moved out of Dad’s house in New York ten years ago. Although we’re real estate developers and have plenty of choices, we have the same taste in finding a home. Although we tend to argue about almost every decision we make, in the end, we always manage to reach an agreement. I guess we just can’t fight our DNA.

“What do you think of Linda?” Damon speaks after we get on the highway.

“What about her?”

“She’s trying very hard for us to notice her, don’t you think? Dressed as Jane Porter because she thought we were going to be Tarzans.”

True. I frown. Linda is our cousin but we didn’t know her well until she came to visit us out of the blue and ended up working for us last year. She’s a firecracker, aggressive and competent at work. Damon and I both admired her for that and promoted her to office manager within two months.

“Maybe she wants another promotion,” I say lamely, knowing well, Damon means something else.

“I hope so,” Damon says. “I wouldn’t want anything weird among us. Dad would give us hell.”

I turn to glance at him to see how serious he is. Damon doesn’t give a shit to what Dad thinks of him. He’s always rebellious and defiant. He’s dated all sorts of girls that Dad disapproved of since junior high. The only reason he doesn’t want anything to do with Linda has to be he doesn’t care for her.

But I keep my mouth shut. It’s a matter of no concern, especially since my mind is occupied with another female employee. Sally. The old-fashioned name sounds so sweet that my heart aches with longing when I recall it.

Chapter 3

Sally

I gather the printouts from the printer and head toward my bosses' offices. I pause before knocking on the doors. The one on the left is Dayton's, while the one on the right is Damon's. I take a deep breath to calm my nerves and decide which door to knock on. It's the second week I've been working for D&D Properties, and I have not interacted with the brothers except at formal office meetings. But I have not been able to forget the Halloween dance, not to mention the forbidden sensations they aroused in me.

Finally, I knock on Damon's door because he's more friendly. Dayton has been acting extremely formally since I started working here. He hasn't smiled at me even once, although his cold blue eyes seldom leave me whenever we're in the same room.

"Come in!" I hear Damon's voice.

"Here's the property evaluation report for the condominium project you requested, Mr. Ford," I say as I place the stack of paper on my boss's desk.

"So soon?" My boss looks up from his computer. He examines the report intently, looking

impressed. “Good job.”

And then his attention falls on me. Our eyes meet for a second before I drop my gaze, but he goes on to check me out. I’m wearing formal attire: a light blue shirt tucked into a black pencil skirt. My shirt is buttoned up to my collarbone, and my skirt reaches my knee. I’m not just decent, but prim and proper. So why is there lust in his eyes? I should never have worn that slutty Alice dress to the party. I bet he can’t get the image out of his mind, just like I can’t get his nearly naked version out of mine, even though he is formally dressed.

I steal a glance at his torso and notice the bulging muscles under the thin cotton. His crisp white shirt isn’t buttoned all the way up but leaves a long opening to show off his tan, hairy chest.

My thighs tingle. *God help me! Stop the energy stirring down my lady bits, please.* I can’t feel this way toward my boss. Not here, not now.

“Can I go now?” I ask in a trembling voice, meeting his eyes as I speak.

He doesn’t answer my question but stands up and walks toward the door. He closes it and returns to stand next to me. “Not yet, Sally. Not until you calm down.”

Shit. I must be trembling. I chuckle embarrassedly. “What do you mean? I am calm.” Shit. My voice comes out squeaky.

“Why are you so nervous?” he asks me in a deep voice that only makes me gasp again. “Are you afraid of me? Little girl?”

Oh, God. A warm stream trickles down my center. My body likes the way he addresses me. It makes me feel safe and horny at the same time. The big man’s protectiveness dazes me and makes me think of improper things. While I could push my dirty thoughts to the back of my mind during the day, they take control of me completely at night. I’ve heard him calling me a little girl when I’m alone in bed and wet every time. I’ve fingered myself to orgasm, imagining how cozy it would be to lie in his arms, my body pressing into his hard muscles while his large hands caressing my burning skin.

I shake my head. “I’m not afraid of you, Sir.”

“Then why are you trembling?” He steps closer, taking my chin in his fingers and lifting it so I can’t avoid looking into his eyes.

“I’m n-not,” I summon my effort to stay calm, but I fail. It’s simply not possible, not when he stares at me so intensely and when I can practically hear our frantic heartbeats echoing each other.

He brushes the back of his hand on my cheek. “You need not be afraid of me, little girl. I won’t bite.”

I shiver at his touch, and my lady bits clench at the word bite. Holy shit. Why does it sound erotic to me? I’m so silly. I’ve always taken pride in my

ability to resist guys in high school and college. Sweet talks and gallantry have little effect on me. Guys give up after trying, spreading rumors that I'm frigid or a dyke, thus sparing the trouble of dealing with more insincere guys like them. If only they could see how I behaved in front of Damon. I'm a downright slut. I love the confident way he talks to me, and I like how he disregards his position when he's with me.

Despite my wish for the contrary, I say to him, "You shouldn't touch me. You're my boss."

The corners of his lips curl up into a smirk. "I shouldn't, but I want to. Do you want me to stop?" he asks, leaning closer, so close that our lips are inches apart.

I stare at his firm lips and breathe erratically. Why is it so hard to answer his question? What's this man's power over me? He's not just older than the guys I've rejected but more confident and determined to get what he wants. Would he stop if I said yes? I whisper the word just to test him.

Disappointment veils his face in an instant, and his hand drops. "Very well, I'm sorry."

Panic, I grab his hand and correct myself. "No. I don't want you to stop," I say, and then I wrap my hand around his neck and kiss his lips.

A groan escapes his throat immediately, and his thick arm is around my waist the next minute. I taste his lips before he takes control, sucking mine

into his hungrily before claiming my mouth with his demanding tongue. While I moan, his rough hand palms my ass and tilts my pelvis up, so my center meets the base of his hard-on. I grind on it, driven by instinct and the need to relieve the ache forming a knot inside me.

Damon mutters a curse. His mouth not leaving mine, he slips a hand between us and unbuttons my shirt. He peels down my bra cups and kneads my aching swells. OMG. The pleasure is incredible. The ache feels delicious under his touch. He strokes and rolls my nipples, making me moan louder. Each time he squeezes me, he activates countless neurons I haven't known existed. My juncture becomes wet and I squirm even harder against his boner, which is longer and harder now.

Before I know it, Damon's other hand is under my skirt. He pushes aside my panties and brushes a finger along my gash. "Fuck," he says in a strained voice. "You're so wet for me, little girl."

I gasp. Am I? I've been wet before when I touch myself and when I see forbidden pictures online. But I haven't been wet when I was with guys. I kissed a guy once out of curiosity and even let him touch me, but I didn't feel anything.

But with Damon, it's as if my body has its own will. My sensory receptors turn on eagerly without me knowing. I unzip my skirt and let it fall to the floor.

Pinning me against his desk, Damon's skillful fingers caress my drenched folds as he takes my nipples into his mouth one by one, making them swollen and hard. The pleasure is overwhelming, and I moan like a mad woman.

"More, please, Damon." Desperate words slip out of my lips, making me blush. I no longer know who I am.

Damon hesitates for just a second before thrusting a finger into my girly channel. I whimper right away at the sensation of his thick digit poking and stretching my walls. I've tried to put my finger in there but failed invariably, mostly because it didn't feel that great.

"You're tight, little girl," Damon murmurs with a grunt. "Has anyone done what I'm doing to you?"

I shake my head. "I'm a virgin."

"Fuck." His finger slips out of my entrance entirely.

And at the same time, the office door is thrown open and then slammed shut—Dayton storms in. "Take your filthy hands off her!" he roars with anger as he grips his brother's arm and hauls him away from me.

I gasp as I face the older brother of the two, my shirt wide open and my bra pushed aside. My panties are on but drenched. My grumpy boss's eyes

turn stormy and his face red as he stares at my exposed body. Before I have the senses to cover myself, he reaches a hand to close my shirt for me.

And then he shouts at his brother. “You promised me you wouldn’t touch her!”

“I didn’t,” Damon says defiantly. “I said I wouldn’t act like a Barbarian and I have not.”

“I don’t see the difference,” Dayton’s so angry he looks as if he’ll eat his brother alive. “You’re fired!”

I blink as I take in the meaning of his words.

“You can’t fire me!” Damon says. “I own this company too.”

“But I hold more stocks than you do,” Dayton reminds him.

I put up my hands and stop them before things get ugly. “Please, Dayton. Hear me out. It isn’t Damon’s fault. I seduced him. I wanted it.”

Dayton’s eyes narrow. “You didn’t! You’re an innocent girl. He must’ve made you.”

“Maybe I’m not as innocent as you think,” I whisper, ashamed of myself. “You should fire me instead.”

“No!” Damon speaks and comes closer, but his brother stands between us, blocking him. “It is my fault. You’re a good girl, Sally.”

“I’m not. If I were, I wouldn’t make you turn against each other. I should go.” I button up my shirt in tears.

Dayton grunts. “Stop. I won’t fire him. Stay and work for us.”

“Really?” I smile and can’t hold my impulse, so I reach up to stamp a kiss on his cheek.

Dayton grunts and holds me while gazing at me intensely, his expression hard to read.

“I’m sorry,” I say, thinking he’s offended by my frivolous behavior. “I don’t mean to...”

I haven’t finished my sentence when he pulls me to him and spins us around, kissing me while pressing me against his brother’s desk, just like what Damon did earlier.

Dayton isn’t as skillful a kisser as Damon is, but he’s more demanding. His lips bruise mine with intense sucking and his tongue plunders my mouth like a fierce pirate. His passion surprises me after days of distancing himself from me.

For a moment, I’m tense because I’m aware of Damon’s presence in the room. I can see him from the corner of my eye. He’s clenching his fists, looking as if he wants to punch his brother. But he holds his urge.

Not until Dayton lifts and places me on the mahogany desk and rips my shirt open does Damon speak. “What the hell are you doing, Dayton?”

Dayton pauses for a moment. "I'm claiming what's mine."

What? I gasp as I gape at him. His eyes look so hungry I can't think straight and don't know what he means. Since when have I become his?

"You're out of your mind," Damon growls. "She works for you but doesn't belong to you."

"Shut up," Dayton responds. "She's mine the moment she steps into my company."

Damon puts a hand on his brother's shoulder to stop him. "You're taking advantage of the girl. She feels sorry for what you were going to do to me. That's why she lets you do what you do to her."

That speech cools the older brother and Dayton's hands freeze on my arms. He gazes at me, begging me with his eyes for an answer.

"That's not true," I say as my gaze glides between the two big men jealous of each other. "I want this. I like both of you."

I can't believe what I've said. Gosh. I *am* a slut. *There's an innocent girl for you, guys.*

Dayton lets out an audible sigh while Damon grits his teeth. I wait for them to kick me out of the office, but they don't. They merely stare at each other like two male animals in heat, competing for the same mate.

Gosh. What have I done? "Please don't fight," I say. "And forget what I said." I should get

out of here. Again, I make an attempt to slide off the desk, but Dayton's big hand grips my shoulder.

“What if we asked you to make a choice?” Dayton asks.

“Then I would choose neither,” I say firmly.

He narrows his eyes. “I'll make you change your mind, princess.”

And then he strips my panties off me and spreads my leg.

“I'll claim you now,” he declares.

Damon grunts again, and he squeezes his eyes shut while letting out a heavy sigh. “Be gentle on her,” he says. “She's a virgin.”

Dayton's lustful eyes become even brighter. “I knew it the moment I met her.”

And then he kneels in front of me and licks my wet gash. I let out a low moan as I grip his thick hair.

From the slits of my eyes, I see Damon unzipping his fly and plopping onto the couch.

Chapter 4

Damon

Holy fucking hell. I watch my brother making out with my sweet little girl with my mouth open for a moment, unable to believe my eyes. My righteous brother who has always done the right thing and who warned me to stay away from the very girl he's eating out. What got into him? The answer isn't hard to find. Sally. He's as obsessed about the girl as I am and no less serious. I've had my fair share of women, but Dayton has more or less been a monk, at least after he broke up with his high school sweetheart.

For years, I've wondered whether he's still interested in women. I've tried to fix him with my girlfriends' friends but never succeeded. I couldn't figure out what he wanted. I knew he liked innocent girls, but he's never gone after them. He also stays away from experienced women, no matter how gorgeous they are. So, what's so special about Sally?

Oh she's one of a kind. Pretty, intelligent, and passionate about her job. But I've seen plenty of women with these qualities. What is it, then? Why am I crazy about her? Dayton said he knew she belonged to him the moment he saw her at the party.

It was precisely my feeling as well. The little brunette with big brown eyes, in her cute but sexy blue dress. Her short skirt uncovered her snowy thighs with every step she took, dragging my thoughts to the gutter. I wondered what panties she wore or whether she was wearing any at all. I imagined spanking her little bottom, telling her to behave. And when she licked her lips after taking a sip from the drink I brought her, I wanted nothing but those lips around my thick cock. It was all I could do not to take her on the dance floor, although her sweet scent drove me mad, and her curious gaze as she checked me out secretly nearly broke me.

Her innocent eyes put me to shame that night, but now, the same eyes are filled with lust, as my brother kneads her plump little breast while indulging in her sweet juices. I grunt as jealousy rages through me and I have the urge to yank him off her just like he did to me earlier. But I held my urge because I see how much Sally enjoys it.

I sits down on the couch instead, my eyes not leaving her, and I unzip my pants that's on the verge of being broken by my raging hard-on.

I take out my thick shaft and stroke it, while watching Sally's eyes turn darker and stormier. She bites her lip as she squirms on my desk. I shift my angle so I can get a glimpse of Dayton's profile from the side. He grunts like a starving animal as he licks her dripping juices, his eyes gazing between her glistening juncture and her face, checking his effect

on her. He presses his tongue on her nub to make her cry, and then he swirls it faster and faster.

I stroke my shaft faster as well, sensing from the expression on Sally's face that she's close to climax. I need to come with her.

Sally, the sweet girl speaks between her moans. "Come here, please, Damon!" She gestures at me. "Let me help you out."

I don't hesitate. I stride toward her, holding my erect shaft in my hand.

When I'm next to her, Sally gets hold of my cock. We moan together. "You're so big," she coos and strokes me.

"Fuck, baby. Your hand feels good!" I rasp.

Dayton also groans when he watches what Sally does to me. His lust manifests in his movements. He licks her in rougher strokes and pinches her hard point between her fingers, making her squeal. "I'm gonna come," she croaks. "Make me come, please. Dayton!"

While Dayton flicks his tongue rapidly on her swollen clit, I thrust a finger between them and into her hot, slippery hole. I gyrate my finger along her walls right below her hymen, testing until I find her sweet spot. I scratch the spot over and over in the same pace Dayton swirls his tongue on her and her stroke on me. Within seconds, her walls contract, clenching on my finger as she jolts on my desk and

splashes a jet of hot liquid onto my hand and my brother's face.

Dayton doesn't wait to lick her clean while I thrust into Sally's tightened grip and spews a rope of cum across the room and onto the floor.

Fuck. "That was so hot," I murmur in a stupor, smiling at my brother.

He responds with a curt nod, still panting. I wonder for a moment why he still looks so tense, but then I get it. His pants tent up so obviously that I can almost feel his paint.

Sally notices it too, and she asks timidly, "Can I help you with that?"

Dayton looks tempted for a moment, but he shakes his head. "No. I'll take care of myself. I've transgressed enough for the day." He stands up, steadies himself, and then rushes out of the door.

"Is he going to be okay?" Sally asks worriedly as she puts on her clothes. "Do you think he's mad at me?"

"No, sweetheart," I say as I hug her and kiss her head. "He's mad at himself. He seldom loses control, at least not in front of others. But he'll come around. He adores you."

"I hope I haven't caused conflicts between you," she says as she looks up at me. "I don't know what got into me. I've never cared for even one guy, let alone two at the same time."

“I don’t blame you, little girl,” I say, stroking her cheek again. “My brother and I are alike, although we aren’t the same person. I’m glad you like us both because, frankly, I think Dayton deserves you more than I do.”

“Nonsense,” my little girl scolds me. “You’re both amazing people. I’ve read your company’s success story. I know every detail about how you two built it from scratch. It’s teamwork. Even though your brother makes most of the decisions, you’ve been supporting him.”

I kiss her again. “Thank you. I hope you won’t change your opinion about me.”

“I won’t,” she says with a smile. “And we must change Dayton’s mind about us.”

I take a moment to register what she said. Right. Dayton wanted her for himself. No way in hell I’ll let it happen.

A knock on the door pulls us apart. “Come in!” I say after making sure we’re both properly dressed.

“I should get back to work,” Sally excuses herself and opens the door. “Hi, Linda,” she says to the older woman before stepping out of my office.

Linda glances at us, her eyes full of suspicion. “Is everything okay?” she asks when we’re alone. “I saw Dayton leaving. He looked really upset and wouldn’t speak to me.”

“Yes, everything is alright,” I assure her. “We just had some disagreement. It isn’t new, is it?”

She forces a smile. “Right. But I haven’t seen him so mad. I thought you guys had a fight or something.”

Damn. She must have heard the noises from earlier. I stay as calm as possible. “Don’t worry about it, Linda. I’ll talk to him.”

After Linda is gone, I plop back to my leather chair and let out a heavy sigh. Damn. What has just happened? An orgy in my own office? I’ve always loved sex and have done some wild things, but this is new. I’ve never shared any woman with anyone, let alone my own brother. But recalling the details earlier still thrills me.

Chapter 5

Sally

“Tell me all about working for the Ford brothers,” my best friend Maddy demands. Maddy and I were besties in junior high, and our friendship endures even though we haven’t always lived in the same town. We separated during our high school years after I moved to New York, but we reconnected as soon as she went to the city for college. Aside from my aunt’s house, Maddy is one of the reasons I decided to move back to Violet Valley.

We’re sitting inside a Starbucks near her house on a Saturday morning. I’ve told her about my crush on my bosses in our previous video chats, withholding the steamy office make-out, which I still think is sinful.

“Umm.” I hesitate. “What do you want to know?”

“Everything. Which one is hotter?”

“I don’t know. I can’t say. They’re hot in different ways.”

She wiggles her eyebrows. “For example?”

“Dayton is taciturn but demanding, while Damon is friendly and protective all the same.”

“Wow. And they’re both dark, tall and handsome?”

I nod with a grin. Oh God. Why am I so lucky?

“So, which one do you like better?” Maddy asks.

“That’s the problem,” I say. “I can’t decide.”

She nods with understanding. “Do you have to?”

Her question takes me by surprise. Maddy is a virgin like me, although she’s had boyfriends before. Her last boyfriend dumped her after their two years courtship over a girl he met online. Ever since then, Maddy has been bitter about men in general and has thought about becoming a lesbian.

“What are you suggesting?” I chuckle with embarrassment. “They are the hottest guys I’ve met in my life. I’m not going to let go of my chance.”

She shakes her head while laughing. “Calm down, girl. I know you’re in love just from the look on your face whenever you mention your bosses. My question is, can you have both of them?”

“W-what?” I feign a surprised look, although I’ve contemplated the possibility often over the days. “You can’t be serious.”

“I am!” She stares at me seriously. “Group sex is a thing now, and so are menage relationships.”

I gulp down a sip of coffee, and my face burns as I recall my threesome makeout. I’m about to tell her about my recent threesome but hold the urge. “Are you saying you approve of this kind of relationship?” I ask instead, recalling how mad she was when her ex-boyfriend Jack wanted to include another woman in their relationship.

She shrugs. “I’m not against threesomes in general. If everyone agrees, why not? In my case, I couldn’t accept it because Jack lied to me. He cheated on me first. I might have considered it if he had been honest with me from the beginning.”

I feel like a weight has been lifted off my chest, and I don’t hesitate to tell her about my office tryst with the brothers. I try not to be graphic, but can’t avoid all the juicy details.

Maddy’s eyes turn to saucers as she listens. “Way to go, girl!” she says after I finish, slapping my arm. “So what’s the problem? Why aren’t you happy?”

“Because,” I say. “They don’t really want to share. Maybe Damon is okay with it. But not Dayton.”

She frowns. “Damn. That could be a problem. And I don’t blame him.”

I know what she means by that. She must recall her own situation when she broke up with her ex.

“What am I supposed to do then?” I whine. “I can’t choose one because I would hurt the other one if I did that. I would have to choose neither.”

“Poor lucky girl,” Maddy squeezes my hand. “I’m afraid I can’t offer you any help. But whatever choice you make, I’m with you.”

“Thanks.” I squeeze her hand back. “That helps.”

Although it’s a Saturday, I decide to spend the afternoon working at D&D. We’re still working on the condo project. We have a handful of investors interested in it, and my bosses want me to go over their financial statements and narrow down our choices before they make the final selection. They want a report by Tuesday, and I don’t want myself burned out on Monday.

I arrive at D&D at around two in the afternoon, and I’m surprised to see Dayton sitting in his office, his door wide open.

“Hi Boss,” I wave at him.

He looks surprised to see me. “Why are you here? It’s Saturday.”

“I know,” I say. “But I’ve got nothing else to do.”

I believe his face has relaxed into a smile, but I'm not sure. I turn on my computer and dive into work. I go over the financial statements as I was told, and type down notes for comparison.

At first, I'm aware of Dayton's office from the corner of my eye, and I can't help but wonder what he's doing from time to time. He comes out of his office once and stands next to me to watch me work quietly for a minute before disappearing. I'm distracted for a moment but I'm able to focus at work later and forget about his existence.

I work until I feel the stiffness of my neck. I glance at the clock: it's already five. Damn. I've been working for three hours without a break. I stand up and stretch, and then I notice Dayton's office door is closed. I wonder what it means. Has he left without letting me know? It's possible. The man is a conundrum. After he declared his affection for me that day, he again put up a wall between us. It doesn't look like he meant what he told me he would make me change my mind about not choosing between him and his brother. He probably has changed his own mind instead. Maybe he doesn't care for me anymore now that he knows I'm not as innocent as he thought.

I sigh and sit back down. I'm always done with what I hope to accomplish today, but I'm hungry. I get up again to head for the vending machine in the kitchen, but I hear a noise when I walk past Dayton's door.

It sounds like a groan. Curious, I slow my steps and press my ear on the door. Another groan. Shit. It sounds like he's in pain. Panicking, I shout as I knock on the door. "Are you okay, Boss?"

Hearing no answer, I grip the doorknob and turn it. Unexpectedly, the door opens and I find my boss lying on the couch, holding a thick stick in hand. OMG. My hand flies to my mouth. It can't be his cock, can it? It's so long.

Dayton's eyes meet mine. He looks fierce but he doesn't speak.

"I'm umm, sorry, boss," I stutter. "I heard your groan and thought you were in pain."

"Fuck," he mumbles.

I stand where I am awkwardly. My head knows the right thing to do is turn and leave, but my feet are stuck to the floor and my eyes are glued to his hand and his thick manhood. It's at least an inch longer than Damon's, and a lot fatter. My lady bits scream with hunger. I imagine how good it would taste and my mouth waters. Unknowingly, I lick my lips.

Dayton's anger disappears and lust fills his face. "I am indeed in pain, princess," he says in a gruff voice as he strokes his long shaft up and down. "What are you going to do about it?"

A moan escapes my throat as I feel my center clench with need. I close the door behind me and

walk toward him with trembling legs. And then I kneel in front of him. “Let me ease your pain, boss.”

He loosens his grasp on his erection and lets me see its entirety: long, thick, and proud. The velvety tip glistens with a drop of pearly juice and I don’t hesitate to lean in and lick it off him. Dayton growls at the contact and his boner twitches. My jaw clicks as I wrap my lips around his hardness. I can hardly take all of his girth although I open my mouth to its limits. It’s the first time I’ve ever tasted a man’s stick although I have imagined it at least a hundred times since the Halloween party two weeks ago.

Dayton tastes a bit salty and a bit sweet and I like the smooth skin as it rubs against my mouth. I love even better the look on his face when I drag my lips along his length. His contorted expression shows pleasure, not pain. The hunger in his eyes when I let go of him pleases me. I feel empowered by what I’m doing to my boss. He isn’t my boss at the moment, but my prey. I have him in my mouth, don’t I? Maybe not prey, but a playmate. Although I’m pleasuring him, I’m turned on as well. I moan with him as I gaze into his eyes, making sure he feels what I feel. Each time his tip presses against my throat, my lady bits clench as if he’s stretching me down there, too.

Dayton sits up and strokes my face. “You’re so beautiful, princess. And I love your sweet mouth.”

He reaches to unbutton me, and I let him. He pushes my shirt off me and undoes my bra. And then

he gazes at my jiggling breasts with fascination before cupping both. He gently kneads my swells and rolls my hard points. I moan and suck him harder, letting his tip slide into my throat while gripping his base tight.

“Fuck, I’m coming,” he warns as his cock jerks. He tries to pull out of my mouth but I don’t let him.

I press my lips around his shaft tightly, grip him from bottom to top, and then suck on his mushroom head. He curses and squeezes my aching flesh as he spurts a hot stream of man juice into my mouth.

Chapter 6

Dayton

I pull my princess to me as I lie down, cuddling her like a treasure. It might be hard to believe, but I have never felt such ecstasy before. I'm near thirty but haven't dated much, although I've had enough sexual experience from my college years. The few women I've seen occasionally are mostly fuck buddies, and none impressed me. I don't know why Sally felt so good. She was a bit clumsy and definitely inexperienced, but I felt as if I were in heaven when I was in her mouth and hands.

I gaze at her as I stroke her hair. Her innocent eyes make me dream. I feel as if I were a teenager dating for the first time.

“Was that your first blow job?” I ask.

“Yes. Was I clumsy?” she asks with a shy smile.

“Not at all. You were perfect,” I lie. Knowing I've claimed her virgin mouth pleases me.

“Liar,” she says and kisses me again.

I hold her for a moment longer until I hear the faint rumbling of her tummy. While she chuckles embarrassedly, I ask, “What are you going to do for the rest of the evening?”

“I’m going home to cook some frozen dinner and then watch a rom-com on Netflix.”

I imagine my princess sitting on her couch in front of the TV for a moment, wishing I could be next to her.

“I have a better idea,” I say. “Since you’ve been such a hardworking employee, I would like to take you to dinner.”

Her eyes sparkle. “For real?”

“Yes. What kind of food would you like?”

“Anything,” she says. “Whatever you like.”

“In that case, I’ll take you to Tony’s.”

“The Italian restaurant?” she squeals. “I love it there although I haven’t been there since I came back. Their meatballs were sooo good.”

Fuck. Of all the food there, she has to mention that. My balls swell. I slap her buttock playfully. “They’re still good, and so is their rump roast.”

She giggles as I pull her up. We get up promptly and put on our clothes.

Tony's has been around for a long time, and is the fanciest restaurant of Violet Valley, a small town about sixty miles west of NYC.

It being a Saturday, the place is crowded, but the owner, Tony, a gentleman in his sixties, spots us as soon as we enter the restaurant and takes us to a table that has been reserved for special guests.

I normally come here with my brother, and not surprisingly, Tony asks where Damon is.

“He's probably still playing golf with his friends.”

Thankfully, Tony changes the subject. He smiles at Sally warmly, “Where have I seen you before, young lady?”

Sally grins. “I used to come here as a child. But it was over a decade ago. I don't think you remember me.”

“Oh trust me, I'll never forget a pretty face when I see one.”

Damn. The old man knows how to flirt. Protectiveness flashes across my chest but I keep myself from acting silly by taking a deep breath. I'm hoping Tony will leave us alone, but he's obviously intrigued by my little princess.

“Why haven't you come back for so long?”

“I moved back to New York. That's why. I lived here with my aunt for two years back in junior high. She passed away last year and gifted me her

house. I've always loved the town. My best friend is also from here, so I decided to stay."

"Very well, I'm glad you're back," the old man says with a pleased smile. "You'll always be welcome here at my restaurant, young lady!"

"Thank you!"

The chatty man leaves after we place our order, and we fall into an awkward silence. "So you live here alone?" I ask.

"Yes," she says. "But I have friends. I hang out with my best friend Maddy most of the time."

I nod, not sure what to make of that piece of information. "My brother and I also lived in New York and moved here eight years ago."

"I see. Right after I left," she says.

"Why did you leave for New York?"

Her smile fades somewhat as if I've touched her sore spot. "It's a long story," she says. "I grew up in the city. But then my parents were going through a divorce and my mom thought it better for me to stay away from the stress and chaos. So I came here to live with my aunt until the divorce was settled and Mom got back on her feet."

I regret bringing up something painful to her, and I squeeze her hand across the table to comfort her. "I'm sorry. I don't mean to upset you by reminding you all that."

“Oh, it’s perfectly fine,” she says. “Mom is doing well. She’s happily remarried.”

“What happened to your dad?”

“I haven’t seen him since their divorce. He’s paid for the alimony but never visited us.”

“I’m sorry.” I gaze at her with sympathy. I understand how she must feel because my parents are divorced, too.

I want to share my feelings with her, but the waiter brings our food, and I let the subject go.

Since Sally walks to work, I drive her home after dinner. The house she inherited from her aunt is a charming little cottage surrounded by gardens. It suits her perfectly. I peck her on the cheek before letting her out of my car. She turns to wave at me in the dim porch light, looking like a princess from a fairytale. My heart aches for not being able to follow her into the house. The need to possess her and protect her multiplies after knowing what she has been through. Although she’s proved her strength by turning into such an amazing woman, she is still a princess to me. I want to make sure she’s safe and happy.

But one thing keeps bugging me: Damon. I love my little brother, although he can be a pain in the ass, but sharing my princess with him? Do I even have a choice? Obviously, he loves the girl as much as I do, and Sally has made it clear that she wants

both of us and she won't choose. Dammit. This little woman is driving me nuts.

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Chapter 7

Sally

I'm lying on my bed, watching two gorgeous men performing a striptease. Damon is in his He-man outfit and doesn't have much to strip, but Dayton removes Prince Adam's shirt slowly and tosses it onto the floor. He then shimmies out of his pants and stands in front of me in his briefs. Nearly naked, he and his brother look even more similar, except Damon is tanner than Dayton, and his muscles are more massive. My eyes wander between the cotton and the leather briefs, and wait breathlessly for them to free their big clubs. I've seen both, stroked one, and sucked the other, and I've missed both.

My center aches and I pout. "Please hurry!" I beg. "I need you inside me!"

Dayton smirks. "My princess. So eager and impatient. But let us see how ready you are for us first. Spread your legs!"

I whimper and do what he says, letting them see the evidence of my desire.

They groan in unison. Dayton peels his cotton layer inch by inch, revealing his beautiful

package bit by bit. While Damon yanks off his leather and shows me his thick cock in its entirety.

I reach a hand to touch him, but he grabs my hand. “Not yet, little girl. Touch yourself for us first!”

“Wh-what?” My voice trembles and my cheeks burn at the suggestion. It’s so dirty. I should refuse him. But a look at his hungry face and his brother’s bright eyes changes my mind. I move one hand to my juncture and caress my wet folds with my middle finger.

Damon’s grunt is fierce and his cock jolts as if it’ll jump at me. Dayton’s in all his glory now, and he looks as if he wants to consume me again like he did the other day in his office.

I completely forget my shyness and spread wider to let them see my hidden treasure. I rub my sensitive jewel and make it swollen, moaning as I sense the tension building inside me. I cup my breast with one hand and play with my pink rosebud for them, watching their manhood swell with need. I thrust my hips to tempt them with my dripping center, and the two men growl like wild animals as they climb to bed simultaneously.

“I like diamonds, I like stunting, I like shining,” a woman’s loud voice chants in my ear.

“Stop it,” I complain before I find myself alone. The two big men are gone. What?

The woman's voice continues to sing. "*I like texts from my exes, when they want a second chance* ." Shit. It's Cardi B singing on my phone. Someone is calling me. My eyes flutter open and I reach for my phone.

Seeing Damon's number, I hesitate. Shit. I was having a wet dream about him and his brother. I can't talk to him. A minute later, I get a text from him.

Are you free today?

I am, sort of. But I don't want to be alone with him because of Dayton. The man is possessive of me, and I have no doubt he'll be upset if I went out with his brother. But then again, I miss Damon. Recalling my early fantasy about him makes me squirm in bed. I'm still wet between my thighs. Damn.

Another message comes in. **I've got some work to do at Violet Park. Want to help me out? It'd be OT.**

I'm slightly disappointed, knowing it's work. But then again, I'm glad I have an excuse to accept his invitation. **Okay.**

Good. See you at ten?

I glance at the clock. It's eight.

See you.

Violet Park is the largest community park in the valley. It used to be well taken care of. I

remember hiking and boating with friends over the weekend. But it isn't the same anymore. Because lack of funding, the town government hasn't done any maintenance and the park has turned into a wasteland in recent years.

D&D purchased it months ago and planned to build a condo community.

I see Damon's car in the parking lot and drive toward it.

His car door opens and he steps out. In a white polo shirt over blue jeans, he looks so dashing that it hurts to look at him.

"Hey, little one," he says in his low voice as he stands next to my car. "I thought you wouldn't be here."

"Sorry. I was doing laundry and had to wait for the clothes to dry." The truth is I spent too much time choosing what to wear.

"No problem. I'm glad you made it." He pulls me to his arms and kisses me on the lips. I whimper. Damn. Why am I so horny when I'm with the Ford brothers?

"So, what're we here for?" I ask.

"Oh, I want to take some more photos that include the adjacent neighborhood so the potential investors have a better idea. The current photos make the place look like a remote area."

“I see.” I agree with him. The park isn’t near the town center but it isn’t far either. It would be important for the investors to know the location. “But why do you need my help?”

“You can help me to choose better angles for the photos.”

“Sure.” I shrug. I still don’t know why it is necessary for me to be here, but I don’t complain. Although the park is wasted, I still enjoy being outdoors on a sunny day, let alone with such a drop-dead gorgeous man.

While Damon looks through his camera, I survey the park, recalling bits of my childhood. Maddy and I used to race along the track and try out our gymnastic skills on the pull-up bar, which is all rusty and dusty at the moment.

Nonetheless, I walk over to it, and did a few pull-ups.

As I hang on the bar, Damon claps his hands and swing my legs. I laugh and drop back to the ground.

“Pretty good!”

“Nah. Stop making fun of me. I’ve forgotten how to do it. I used to be good at it, though.”

He pauses for a second and says. “I’ll show you how.” And then he shoves his phone into his pants pocket and grabs the bar.

Holy shit. My mouth opens as I stare at Damon's biceps bulging up as he pulls his body up. He raises his legs so they are parallel to the ground, and then he flips and does a handstand on the bar.

I shout praise and clap my hands. "I didn't know you were a professional!"

He chuckles and comes back down. "It was my passion back in my school days. I was on my college's gymnastic team and was going for the Olympics."

"Why did you quit?"

"I injured my arm during practice, and I realized my limits. Besides, Dayton was talking about starting the business, and I wanted to join him. He always took care of us from the moment we moved out of Dad's house. I wanted to take the load off his shoulders."

Interesting. I've always thought the brothers had inherited the business from their dad, who appears to be a wealthy guy.

"So you guys started the business from scratch?"

"Not from scratch. We got some help from our dad in the beginning, but we've paid him back the loans."

"He must be proud of you."

He shrugs. "Maybe."

His expression is hard to read, and it makes me curious. The two brothers seldom speak of their dad, while Linda sometimes mentions him. From Linda, I also know that their mom had left them when the two brothers were little.

“Does your dad live in Violet Valley too?”

“No. He lives in New York with his second wife and their family.”

“Oh,” I say. Of course. I’m not that surprised but touched nonetheless. Damon looks a bit sad. He’s always been powerful and playful in my mind, but at the moment, he seems as vulnerable as a little boy.

I go to him and hug him, and we stand silently for a moment before pulling apart.

“Thanks,” he says. “That helps.”

“Anytime.” I smile.

He gazes at me for a second and leans in slowly, his eyes falling on my lips. But I put my hands on his broad chest to stop him. “Not now.”

“Why not?” he croaks.

“Because...we’re here for work, remember?”

He pouts. “Right.”

Damon takes a few more photos and we sit down on a bench to go over them.

“Why didn’t you take a picture of the lake?”
I ask.

“Oh, because it’s filthy.”

I chuckle as I gaze at the lake from where we are. He’s right. The lake has trash floating on top of the water and broken furniture lying on the shore.

“It’s a shame,” I say, recalling the happy days. “I used to come boating here. I used to love it here. Are you sure you want to build a condo community? It would be nice to turn it into an amusement park.”

Damon raises his eyebrows. “Not a bad idea. I’ve had the same thought in the beginning. The location is perfect and the lot is huge. The town can use an entertainment center.”

My mouth falls. I didn’t expect him to take my thoughtless comment seriously. “Thanks. But it’s too late to consider it. We’ve already marketed the condo project and we’ll meet with the potential investors next week.”

“You’re right,” he says. “But I’ll keep it in mind. Maybe we can find a better spot for the amusement park.”

“Maybe,” I say, but I doubt that’ll be the case. Even though I’m new to the profession, I know we don’t come across such a large lot with a lake regularly.

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Chapter 8

Damon

I'm sitting at the conference table, and my brother is in front of the room, giving a PowerPoint presentation to the investors.

"It's a perfect location for a condo community," he's saying. "These fifteen acres can house two hundred families."

Dayton and I have gone through a lot of trouble acquiring the property because of the competition. We are lucky to win the bidding war in the end. My brother has high hopes for it. If we succeeded in this project, we would become the largest developer in the region. We could expand our business or have a long vacation, which we both need.

But none of these thrills me because all I can think of at the moment is Sally's longing eyes when she glanced at the landscape in the park that day. The sadness in her voice when she told me how much she loved the park as a child made me wish I could do what she said. I want to build an amusement park to make her smile.

My eyes find her across the table. She's in her professional attire as always, looking serious as she stares at the presentation screen. I can't believe she's the same woman who moaned passionately under my brother and my touch. My boner twitches just recalling her shimmering eyes, not to mention her girly swells. My gaze on her slides down to her belly. One day it'll be swollen with my child. I imagine her holding a baby in her arms and then playing with the child in the park...

"Do you have anything else to add, Damon?" My brother's voice calls me to reality.

I clear my throat and pull my thoughts together. "Y-yes," I say firmly. "Actually, I have an alternative plan."

Dayton frowns. "What is it?"

From the corner of my eye, I see Sally squirm in her seat. I avoid looking at her, knowing she would beg me not to bring it up.

"I think the land is ideal for a theme park because of its location and its history. The townspeople would love to have a place for adventurous outdoor activities in their own backyard, and it could attract outsiders as well. Just like Luna Park in Coney Island."

Jaws fall to the ground all around me and murmurs fill the room.

“Can I speak to you for a minute, Damon?”
Dayton says.

“Sure.”

We excuse ourselves and walk out of the conference room. We go to my office and shut the door. “Are you out of your mind? What did you do that for?”

I shrug. “I’m perfectly sane. I think the town needs a park.”

“Yeah? And who’s gonna buy that idea?”

“It isn’t such a bad idea. It can be profitable.”

“Right. A Mickey Mouse amusement park. How profitable can it be? How often would townspeople go there and who would drive across town to be there? Like you said, we’ve got Luna Park already. We don’t need another one. We can’t compete with it.”

“But we can make ours unique. We’ve got a lake and we can create water adventures,” I argue passionately.

Dayton opens his mouth to speak but a knock on the door interrupts him. Dayton opens the door and Sally comes in, looking worried.

She closes the door and speaks. “I’m sorry, but it’s all my fault. I need to explain...”

She then goes on to tell Dayton she made the suggestion thoughtlessly to me and she didn't mean what she said.

Dayton pauses, and the anger on his face doesn't lessen. He glances between us, probably angrier because I took Sally out without him knowing. And then he grits his teeth before he glares at me. "You're an idiot, Damon. She was only joking, and you nearly ruined our deal."

"But she wants it," I say. "And there hasn't been any deal yet."

"Stop it," he says. "End of discussion, okay?"

"No," I insist.

Another knock on the door breaks the tension between us. It's Linda this time.

"What's going on? The investors are leaving."

Shit. We hurry back to the conference room.

In the end, two out of five investors are willing to consider the amusement park project, while three aren't interested. Needless to say, the meeting ends without any success.

Dayton doesn't speak to me after the meeting and leaves the office soon after. I feel sorry I let him down. But despite all that disaster, I'm thrilled about the prospect of the theme park.

“What are we going to do?” Sally asks. “Should I email the investors to schedule another meeting? I can tell them it was a mistake.”

“No,” I say and pull her to me. “It isn’t a mistake. I want it to be a park. I’m doing it not just for you, sweetheart, but for our children. They need a place to play.”

Her mouth falls open. “Our children? You’re crazy, Damon!” she whispers and then smiles.

That smile tells me I’ve done the right thing. “I’m crazy about you, little girl.”

Sally stands on her toes and hooks her arms around my neck, her eyes sparkling with tears. “Thank you, He-man,” she says and kisses me.

I groan as I savor her sweet lips and press her nubile body tightly against mine. I don’t care if no deal has been made today as long as I have won my little angel’s heart.

Chapter 9

Sally

I kiss Damon passionately. I was shocked when he suggested the alternative to the investors and worried that I had again caused a breach between him and his brother. But hearing his sincere words, I forget all my concerns. I don't know how I'm so lucky and why I deserve this generous man; all I know is I want to have his children.

It's all I can do not to beg him to take me right then, but I recall the current pressing situation and the absence of Dayton.

"How are we going to convince Dayton?" I ask Damon after the consuming kiss.

"Leave it to me," he says. "My brother isn't unreasonable, and he'll see the merit in the project and change his mind."

I nod uncertainly. After returning to my desk, I start researching online to see how feasible it is to open a theme park in a small town. After finding out that it isn't such a crazy idea at all and that many small theme parks over the nation are quite

successful, I feel better about the whole thing and even begin to devise a plan for the park project.

I'm still typing when Damon takes off, telling me he will speak to Dayton. Soon after he leaves, Linda comes out of her office and stands next to me.

"Do you need anything, Linda?" I ask.

Linda has seldom smiled at me, but today she's especially solemn. "You're the reason we lost the deal," she says, glaring at me.

I shudder. How did she know? She must've eavesdropped on us when I was speaking to our bosses earlier. Nonetheless, I defend myself. "What do you mean? There wasn't any deal to begin with."

"Not true. Mr. Johnson was going to offer fifty million on the project."

I'm speechless. Dayton told me he was expecting around thirty million, so this would've been a good deal. I try to recall who Mr. Johnson is and soon make the connection. He's an older gentleman with a toupee and gold-frame glasses. "How did you know that?" I ask Linda, frowning.

"He told me," she says defiantly.

Right. The two were speaking in the conference room before the meeting started, and Mr. Johnson put his hand on Linda's arm, looking quite friendly.

“Wow, that’s quite unexpected,” I mumble, feeling guilty, although I’m not sure how much truth there’s in her words. Johnson was the number one potential investor on our list and Dayton was hoping we could secure a deal with him.

Linda goes on with her rant. “I knew you would bring trouble when Damon decided to hire you. I should’ve sided with Dayton.”

I have no idea what she’s talking about. As far as I know, Linda does not have any decision-making power in terms of hiring. But one thing I’m certain of is that she currently hates me. “What do you mean?” I say. “It wasn’t my fault. I was only joking when I mentioned the theme park to Damon.”

“Really? But the poor guy took you seriously. Maybe you should stop flirting with him!”

My cheeks burn and I want to defend myself, but I can’t even do that. Because I have done what she accuses me of. I have flirted with Damon and Dayton. And I have done a lot more than flirting. Oh God.

Seeing I more or less accept her blame, Linda continues scolding me. “I thought you were as innocent as you looked when I interviewed you on Zoom. But you turn out to be a slut.”

This is too much. I glare at her and finally defend myself. “I’m not a slut!” *At least not when I’m with guys other than the Ford brothers.*

Linda rolls her eyes. “Right. God knows why my normally aloof cousins are suddenly interested in their female employee.”

Her comment pleases me but I don’t smile. “It’s none of your business,” I say in a small voice.

Linda rolls her eyes again. “You’re right it isn’t. But as an office manager, it’s my duty to remind you of your duties as an employee.”

“I’ve been doing my work,” I tell her. *I’ve even worked overtime.*

“Okay, so you’ve been showing up at work. Great,” she continues to reprimand me. “But not enough. If you’re serious about your job, then you should do something to secure us a deal on the condo. Excuse me. I should say, theme park, project!”

Her eye roll shows me what she thinks of the project, and I feel humiliated again. But I can’t dismiss her comment altogether because I have the wish as well. “What can I do? Do you have any suggestions?”

She doesn’t look surprised as if she is prepared for the question. “I do indeed.”

I raise my eyebrows and wait for her to say more.

She pulls out a business card from her wallet and slaps it on my desk. “Call him!”

It says *Benjamin Johnson, CEO of Johnson Investments*, on the card.

Again I recall the man who had his hand on Linda's arm. He looked like a perv. I can't call him.

"Why should I call him?" I say. "He wasn't even interested in the project."

"That's because he doesn't know what he can get out of it. It's your job to tell him. Give him a profit outlook."

I pause to think, my heart racing. I've done a lot of research in the afternoon, and I'm going to show Dayton the result. But if I can show Johnson and change his mind about it, then Dayton would be pleased, right?

"Okay," I say and dial Johnson's number on speakerphone.

Surprisingly, the man answers the phone.

"Hi, Mr. Johnson," I speak in a hurry. "I'm Sally Smith, PA of Mr. Fords. May I speak to you for a moment, please?"

After a moment's silence, the man says, "Of course, Sally, I love the name Sally. It's my late wife's name."

"Thank you, sir," I say, although I'm a bit crept out as well. "I want to talk to you about the theme park project..."

"I see," Mr. Johnson says. "You know what, Sally? I actually have a meeting at the moment, but I can talk to you in about an hour. Can you come to my office at five?"

I hesitate, not expecting this request. I glance at Linda and she nods with excitement. “Sure, I’ll be there,” I say and hang up.

“Very well,” Linda gives me a two-thumbs-up. “You should get going. The traffic will get worse soon.”

“Okay,” I say, my heart thundering in my chest. I hope I’m doing the right thing.

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Chapter 10

Dayton

“Is everything okay?” Mark, the bartender, asks as he passes me the tab.

“Yes,” I lie. Obviously, I’m not. Who in their right mood would spend the afternoon on a workday in a bar?

Mark has known me for many years and knows I’m not myself today. But I can’t tell him the truth. *I’m jealous of my own brother.*

I can’t believe Damon would pull such a stunt on me and ruin a major deal for us. What the hell was he thinking?

As if my twin brother is telepathic, he sends me a text. **If you want to talk, I’m at Violet Park.**

Fuck off! I send the text, pay my bill and leave the bar.

I glance at my watch. It’s nearly four. I walk toward my office but change my mind when I enter the building. I go down to the garage instead and drive to Violet Park. I should hear what my asshole brother has to say. How dare he use Sally as an

excuse to ruin my plan? I knew he had a different idea about the lot when we purchased it. He said he wished we could make better use of the land. Damon is an outdoor guy and always loves parks.

As soon as I enter the park, I spot him working out on the pull-up bar. Right. Damon was on the gymnastic team before and he more or less gave up his dream to work for me. Damn. Why am I remembering this?

My brother waves at me as I walk toward him. I don't wave back. I'm still angry at him.

"I thought you wouldn't be here," Damon says with a grin.

"You would keep bugging me if I didn't show up," I grumble. "What do you want to say?"

"I want to tell you I'm sorry, Dayton," Damon says sincerely. "I didn't mean to ruin the business, but I really thought a theme park is a better investment."

"Okay. Enlighten me," I say with a sigh. "You've got ten minutes."

Damon grins and goes on to tell me all sorts of plans. "We have enough space for a roller coaster and plenty of room for tamer rides. Carousel, bumper cars, rotor. We could also build a haunted mansion right here. And the lake is perfect for water adventures. Did you know Sally used to go boating a lot right here?"

Jealousy flares again at the mention of Sally. I grit my teeth. “Your plans sound fantastic. But like I said, it’s hard to profit from small theme parks, especially when we’ve got one nearby.”

“We’ll advertise,” he says. “I’ve got a plan...”

“Stop it,” I say. “I’m not interested in it.”

I turn to leave, but he grasps my wrist. “Wait! What’s the matter with you, Bro? One minute you’re all ears. The next minute you lose your patience. It’s Sally, isn’t it? You’re mad because I took her out on Sunday. But we didn’t do anything other than discuss the project. She didn’t even let me kiss her.”

I’m pleased to hear it, although it’s unexpected. “You ought to stay away from her,” I warn him.

His eyes narrow. “No! Dayton. I’m not going to back off. I want her as much as you do. And she isn’t going to choose. So it’s either we both have her or neither of us does. Face the truth!”

I growl and clench my fist. *Over my dead body.* I want to say, but deep down, I know he’s right. I’ll have to share Sally with my brother if I don’t want to lose her.

I’m still struggling with my jealousy when my phone vibrates. As I pull it out of my pocket, Damon’s phone also chimes.

Seeing it's a message from Sally, I don't hesitate to check. **Help!**

"Shit," Damon mutters as he glances at his phone. Obviously, he's gotten the same message.

We call Sally simultaneously but get no answer. We text her and get no response either.

I call my office and the receptionist tells me that no one is in the office. Sally and Linda have both left.

Damon dials Linda's cell phone. "Where is Sally?" he asks on speakerphone.

"She's at Johnson's Investment."

"What the hell is she doing there?"

"She wants to convince Mr. Johnson to invest in the theme park."

"What the fuck? Why didn't you stop her?"
Damon roars.

"I couldn't. She insisted on doing it."

Fuck. Damon ends the call, and then we run towards my car.

I drive like a madman. Although I don't refuse business with Johnson, I know what kind of man he is. In fact, everyone in the company knows. The man is a rake who flirts with every female that works for me, including Linda. Linda couldn't stand him, so why didn't she warn Sally about him? A chill creeps down my spine as I slowly realize that Linda

might have encouraged Sally to pursue the reckless act. I recall the hatred in Linda's eyes when she glared at Sally earlier at the meeting. Shit. If that bitch has anything to do with this, I'm going to fire her.

Damon and I arrived at Johnson's Investment at five thirty. We see Sally's car in the parking lot, next to a black Mercedes that must be Johnson's. Knowing that Sally is alone with the lecher in the building sends chills to my body. The front door is locked. Fuck.

I call Sally again and still get no answer. I call Johnson, and the bastard doesn't answer either. In the meantime, Damon goes around the building and calls me a minute later. "There's a back entrance next to the dumpster."

I hurry to the back and see him holding a door open. "Hurry up," he says.

I run toward him.

"Hello?" We shout as soon as we enter the reception area. But no one answers and the building feels empty. We check every door along the hallway. Most of them are locked. I have been here only once, but I remember where Benjamin's office is and head directly to the end of the hallway.

The door is locked and the blinds block the window wall. I knock on the door. "Hello? Ben? Are you there?" No one answers but I knock again.

After a moment's painful silence, I hear the noise of something being knocked on the ground and a muffled voice.

Damon loses his calm and shouts. "Open up, you old pervert. I'm calling the police!"

That seems to work. A second later, we see the blinds move and Johnson waves at us through the glass.

"What a surprise visit!" the old man says with a chuckle while adjusting his toupee.

I cut to the chase. "Where is Sally?"

"Who?" he chuckles again, blocking the doorway.

Damon grabs him by the collar and pushes him away from the door. "Stop playing dumb, you old fuck. We know she's here. Her car is in the parking lot."

I get into the office and look around. There's a door that opens to another room and it's locked. I pound on it. "Sally! Sally!"

"Calm down!" Benjamin says. "Okay. She's here. She passed out earlier and is resting on the couch."

"What the fuck? What did you do to her?"

"N-nothing," he says. "She came to see me and I served her a drink. That's all."

“Liar!” Damons shouts. “Open the goddamn door for us!”

“Okay, but you need to let go of me first.”

Damon lets go of Johnson’s shirt but holds on to his arm firmly and drags him to the door. The old lecher takes out a chain of keys from his pants pocket and sticks a key into the lock. He looks calm, but his trembling hands betray his nervousness.

When the door opens, Damon and I both gasp. Sally is lying on the couch, sleeping deeply. I push my way into the room and kneel in front of her. She looks unharmed, and her shirt and skirt are all intact.

“Sally! Sweetheart!” I pat gently on her arm.

She stirs a bit and mumbles. “My head hurts.”

“You old shit,” Damon growls. “You’re going to pay for this.”

“I’m sorry, guys,” says the old man. “But I didn’t do anything else. I swear. I only wanted her to relax. Didn’t know she was so sensitive.”

“Didn’t know? Tell that to the cops!”

“Hey. Let’s just settle this among us, okay? Come on, you want the deal. It’s why you sent her here, right? We can negotiate!”

“We didn’t send her here,” I say. “She didn’t even tell us she came.”

“Shit,” Johnson curses. “Why would she do that? How much do you pay her?”

I press my lips together without answering him. The silly girl does it because she feels responsible for losing the deal. It’s all my fault.

I help Sally to sit up and hold her in my arms, and in the meantime, Damon calls the police.

Chapter 11

Sally

I wake with a start. Sitting up, I find myself in a strange room and a luxurious, king-sized bed. It's night, and my surroundings look cozy in the soft amber lamplight. Where the hell am I? I close my eyes and think. And then I recall bits of the nightmare I just had. I was sitting on a couch next to a man. He brought me a glass of juice and I took a sip. And then the man put his hand on my thigh. I told him to stop but he wouldn't...

When he left the room to answer a phone call, I felt dizzy. I took out my phone and texted someone, asking for help. And then I passed out.

It felt so real. Shit. It was real. The creep was Mr. Johnson. I regretted seeing him the moment he took me to the room in his office. He pretended to be willing to consider my plans but all he had was some filthy motives. Oh God. What the hell did he do to me? I try to think but can't recall anything. All I remember afterward was a pair of warm arms cuddling me and familiar voices whispering in my years. Damon and Dayton. Oh God. They must've been so worried!

I'm such an idiot. I thought I was helping but I must've made things worse.

Tears gush out of my eyes as I sob.

The door opens, and a tall man pokes his head in. "Are you awake, sweetheart?" It's Dayton's voice. "Why're you crying?"

"I'm sorry!" I mumble.

He comes to sit next to me and kisses the tears on my cheek. "It's okay, baby. It's not your fault. I should apologize. It wouldn't have happened if I hadn't behaved like a jealous fool."

"Did Johnson...did he...err...?" I stutter.

Dayton shakes his head. "A nurse gave you a checkup and found no evidence of a physical assault. We got there just in time."

"Thank you!" I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss his lips.

Dayton groans, pulling me tighter against him, and deepens our kiss. I suddenly recall bits of conversation between the brothers I heard during my brief awake time in his car.

"She's going to be fine, Dayton," Damon said. He was sitting in the front, probably driving.

"I hope so," Dayton's voice was near me. He was right next to me because I felt his arm around me. We were probably sitting in the back. "I would

never forgive myself if anything happened to her. It's all my fault. I was being a jealous fool."

"Don't say that," Damon said. "You were acting like a normal guy. I was jealous of you, too. I just didn't show."

"I owe you an apology, too," Dayton said. "I'm sorry, brother."

"Apology accepted. But is that it?"

"No. I'm all in for this menage relationship. I see how much you care for Sally with my own eyes. You're as serious about her as I am. Together, we can protect her from lechers like Johnson."

"Thank you. Sally will be thrilled to know that."

I wanted to say something but my body wasn't functioning, although my head was clear. And I fell back to sleep after that, feeling blissful and content.

I feel Dayton's pants bulging up and I grind on him, but he pulls away. "Not now, sweetheart. I wouldn't be able to stop if we started. But you must be hungry and Damon has made some yummy cream sauce ravioli for you."

My mouth waters. "What time is it?"

"It's eight."

He carries me to the kitchen downstairs, although I feel perfectly fine.

Damon gives me a peck on the cheek as soon as Dayton puts me down on the ground. “How’re you feeling, little girl?”

“I’m good. Sorry I made you guys worried.”

“No. You’re not to be blamed. We shouldn’t have done business with Johnson in the first place.”

The mushroom ravioli in cream sauce tastes fantastic, and I wolf down the whole plate within minutes. The two brothers watch me eat with amused looks. They’ve eaten earlier but sit down at the dinner table and have wine to keep me company.

After dinner, Damon insists on doing the dish for me, telling me I should go shower. I don’t argue because I’m eager to freshen up as well. Dayton takes me back to the bedroom upstairs to prepare the shower for me.

He’s looking for a new bath towel for me when I tell him I could just use his. “But I need something to wear afterward,” I say.

He nods and goes out of the bathroom. I undress while he’s gone.

“Here you go,” Dayton says and then sucks a breath when he sees me in my bra and panties. He’s holding a large t-shirt in his hands, undoubtedly his.

He curses and drops the t-shirt on the vanity table. And then he unbuttons his shirt.

“What’re you doing?” I ask, my heart racing as I watch him toss his shirt into the hamper.

“What does it look like I’m doing? I’m going in the shower with you, baby. You need a helping hand.”

“You’re going to wash me?” My voice trembles. My goodness. I must still be dreaming. This can’t be true. I’ve not only got a personal chef but also a personal maid.

“Damn right I am,” he says as he removes the last piece of garment on him, and stands in front of me with his monster male member pointing eagerly at me.

My knees feel weak, and I squeeze my thighs and hold on to the towel rack for support as I try to take off my panties.

“Allow me,” Dayton whispers and holds me with one hand while peeling off my underwear with the other hand. He’s a bit clumsy, and it takes him a minute to get it off me. “I need some practice,” he growls as he tosses my clothes onto the floor.

I giggle as I step into the spacious shower stall and turn on the faucet. Dayton follows me and closes the glass door. And then he pulls me to him and kisses me ravenously, his hands roaming on my backside and his finger teasing my butt crack. Hot water splashes on my tingling skin as I moan and rub my feet against his muscular calf.

When he pulls away from my mouth, I grumble a complaint.

“Have you missed me, baby?” he whispered, his eyes filled with lust.

Hell yes. But I don't want to flatter him. “A little.”

He scoffs and shoves a hand between my thighs. “Just a little? You're dripping, baby.”

As I moan louder, he pins me against the wall and kisses me again, sucking my lips with hunger. In the meantime, he slips a hand between our bodies and strokes me.

“I love your gorgeous tits, Sally,” he murmurs as he gazes into my eyes. He then put his mouth on my nipple, sucking it and licking it hungrily.

As I wriggle against the wall, Dayton kneels down in front of me and leans forward to kiss me between my thighs. “Spread your legs, baby. I want to see your virgin pussy again,” he says as he pushes me open.

As soon as I do what he says, he runs his tongue over my wet folds and swirls it over my sensitive nub. I close my eyes to enjoy the pampering. I've missed the delicious feeling of his tongue on me, and no matter how hard I tried to recall the amazing moment, it didn't feel the same when I touched myself.

When I hear the shower door slide open, I don't have to look to know Damon is here. But when my eyes flutter open, and I see him stand there with nothing on, my heart beats faster with desire. Damon stands there, watching us for a second, stroking his thick shaft before stepping in. With two big men inside, the stall feels small and even more steamy.

Dayton stands up to make room for his brother. "It's your turn, Damon. You don't want to miss out on that delicious pussy."

Damon grunts and takes over the spot right away. But before he eats me out, he cups my juncture and runs his long finger along my gash. "You're ripe for us, Sally," he says. "We're going to share your precious cherry today, okay?"

I gasp and nod. "Yes, sir."

"Very well, my little girl," he says, and then without warning, presses his tongue firmly on my clit.

"Oh!" I grasp his wet hair and pull it so hard that he groans.

Damon clutches my hips tightly as his tongue lashes over me with increasing force. In the meantime, Dayton holds me from behind me and massages my breasts. Oh lord, the pleasure is so intense that I feel I'll pass out again.

When Damon sucks my swollen kernel into his lips, I squeal and writhe against Dayton's hard

muscles. Knowing I'm close, Dayton pinches my hard points to help me out. It doesn't take me long to get there. An intense wave sweeps through my belly and a warm stream spurts onto Damon's face.

He laps it up quickly and stands up to kiss me. I taste my juice on his tongue while melting into the two men's embrace.

After a quick rinse, they towel-dry me and carry me to Dayton's king-sized bed.

I stretch luxuriously while they gawk at me like a pair of teenagers seeing a naked woman for the first time.

"You're so fucking beautiful, princess," Dayton says gruffly.

"The most gorgeous girl on earth," Damon echoes his brother.

"Stop it," I feel embarrassed. "You guys are giving me a big head."

"We're only telling the truth," Damon says while stroking my cheek with the back of his hand. He then slides it down my body, pinching me a little along the way.

Dayton grunts but stands aside as if indulging his brother with the opportunity of touching me.

When Damon's hand reaches my center, he sucks in a breath. "Fuck me, baby. You're still dripping for us."

"Stop talking, Damon," I say. "Claim me. Share me."

"Hell yes," Damon mumbles and glances at Dayton. "Come on, bro. Join us."

Dayton clears his throat. "I'll wait. You go first."

Oh God. I shiver as I register the meaning of his words. He wants to watch us. The naughty suggestion turns me on more. I gaze at the two gorgeous Greek gods, thrilled by the adventure ahead of us.

Damon lies down next to me and heats me right away with his hot breath. He kisses me first and then flips me so I face Dayton. He then spoons me, slipping a hand underneath me and the other wrapping me from above. He cups both of my breasts and kneads them.

I moan and gaze at Dayton. His eyes are so stormy that I'm afraid he might be jealous. "Fuck," he mumbles and grips his cock.

I gasp and move my hand toward my juncture. I stroke myself, watching Dayton's eyes become darker and darker. His hand moves up and down on his shaft as he gulps.

“Touch her down there,” Dayton orders his brother gruffly.

Damon doesn't wait to free a hand and lift my leg before reaching my wet center. Still cupping one of my globes, he strokes my wet folds with his other hand and at the same time, kisses my neck. His hardness grinds on my behind.

Dayton watches his brother make love to me with his face etched with lust and jealousy. His manhood is so stiff and thick that I can only imagine how good it would be to have him inside my aching channel. My body is on fire with all the sensual and visual stimuli. I close my eyes to focus on Damon's touch, but Dayton says, “Open your eyes, princess, and look at me.”

I whimper and do what he demands, watching him stroking his monster length, knowing he wants me to beg for it.

“Fuck me, please,” I beg.

They both growl. Dayton's cock jolts while Damon's hardness slides between my legs.

“You heard her, bro,” Dayton says, handing his brother a foil wrapper. “Fuck her.”

“No, no condoms, please,” I croak. “Not my first time.”

They stare at each other for a second and smile. “Whatever you say, little girl. We're both at your service, and you can trust us,” Damons rasps.

Within a second, his shaft enters me from behind, and he groans. “There’s her sweet cherry.”

Damon pulls out and then pushes back in. I feel a pinch inside me and yelp.

“I’m sorry,” Damon whispers. “I don’t mean to hurt you, baby.”

“I’m not hurt, silly,” I say. “And I want more.”

As Damon curses and gives me what I ask, Dayton grunts like a fierce animal and rubs faster on his hardness.

“Come here, Dayton,” I say to him. “Take my mouth.”

Dayton stands in front of me, pointing his gorgeous manhood at my face.

I prop my head on my elbow, open my lips and hold his cock, bringing it into my mouth.

He doesn’t wait to thrust into me while cupping my breast. I suck on his tip before letting him in deeper.

He groans. “Fuck. I’ve missed your mouth, princess. I can never have enough of you.” He pushes in deeper until he touches my throat. He draws back before I even have the chance to gag.

I mutter a muffled cry and clamp tighter on Damon’s cock.

“Fuck.” Damon curses, gripping my hip tighter and plunging in deeper. “You don’t know how often I’ve imagined this since I met you at the party, little girl. My dick in your pussy, and my balls in your ass. I could fuck you like this, every day and night without tiring.”

Holy Moly. That’s the dirtiest talk I’ve ever heard, and I like it. Gosh. I am a fallen woman beyond redemption. And yet, I have no regrets. These two gorgeous men are what matters to me, and nothing else is.

Damon’s cock thickens as he speaks, stretching me even more. I moan with my mouth full of Dayton’s thick length. I’m on the verge of coming when Damon stops. I’m about to complain when he says, “It’s your turn, Dayton.”

Dayton nods and pulls out of my mouth. “Lie on your back,” he says to Damon. And then he climbs to the bed and helps me to get on all fours between Damon’s legs. “Princess, suck him off while I fuck you,” Dayton whispers his command into my ear as he positions himself behind me.

I shiver and obey him, going down on Damon while tilting my ass high, so Dayton has easy access. “Fuck,” Damon groans as soon as my mouth is on his monster cock coated with my juices. “I won’t last, baby.”

Dayton enters me slowly but steadily, not stopping until he buries his hardness inside me

completely. How my narrow passage manages to accommodate him is beyond my comprehension. All I know is every nerve ending in my body feels him, and I'm soaked in ecstasy.

I want to take Damon to the hilt too, but nearly gag as soon as I try. I let him out but make the attempt again despite his trying to stop me. I'm driven by the need to please both of them and to feel every inch of them. My entire body is burning, consumed by the desire for the two gorgeous men. When I feel Dayton's hardness hitting my cervix, I sink my mouth down until my lips reach Damon's balls. I resist the urge to gag, watching the ecstasy on his face with tears in my eyes.

"Fuck, you naughty girl," Damon says in a gruff voice as he strokes my face. "I'm gonna come."

I let him out until my lips are around the tip of his length and suck harder. My walls clench tight in sync with my lips, squeezing Dayton at the same time.

Dayton curses along with his brother and turns feral. He settles his face in the crook of my neck and bites my shoulder as he pounds me hard and fast like a wild animal. My center gets hotter and wetter with the fierce friction between us, and I push my hips as a powerful storm sweeps over me.

With a symphony of groans, we come at the same time. The two men stiffen, and then both thrust

again. My walls clamp down on Dayton's hard length, forcing it to release his seed inside me while Damon's cock pulses and explodes, leaving me a mouthful of his man juice.

I lie down on my back and the two brothers sandwich me, each of them wrapping an arm around me. We don't just belong with one another. We are one.

"I love you guys," I murmur.

"We love you too, Sally," they say in unison.

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Epilogue

Sally

“Mommy, look at me! Look at me!” My seven-year-old son Kevin in a yellow life vest, shouts as he glides down the water slide. Behind him, Dayton follows him closely. And the two fall into the water together, screaming and splashing. On another floating island, my six-year-old daughter Lizzie is laughing and squealing as she climbs on the tower with Damon.

I lie on a large water trampoline, resting while watching them play. Coming to Violet Park has been our family’s favorite weekend activity since it was opened five years ago. After we found the right investors, the park took three years to build. Thanks to my husbands’ marketing skills, it soon became a local attraction. People from all over the country come to the valley just to visit the park.

Although it wasn’t what I had in mind when I casually mentioned the idea to Damon eight years ago, I love the place as much as I loved the community park as a child. Violet Valley’s population seems to have increased as a result as well as

outsiders moving into the community to find jobs and settle down.

After a thrill ride on the roller coaster and a scary visit to the haunted house, we leave the theme park in the afternoon. Kevin and Lizzie fall asleep as soon as Dayton starts the engine, and the three of us adults chat our way home.

The decorations on the streets remind me that today is Halloween, and I'm going to take our kids to Maddy's house so they can go trick-or-treating with her kids. Maddy's neighborhood is more kid-friendly and the Halloween decorations there are more fabulous than in our neighborhood which has mostly gated properties.

We're entering our block when Maddy calls.

"Hi Sally, are you guys home yet?"

"Just getting in the driveway now. But we'll be there at six as planned."

"Good. Listen. I've gotten a better idea. Why don't you let the kids stay at our house tonight for a spooky sleepover?"

I hesitate. The kids have had enough excitement today. "I don't know. They look tired. In fact, they're both napping."

"Oh, they'll be recharged after the nap. Anyway, just let me know whatever you decide. It'll be fun! And you can get some alone time with your hot hubbies."

Damn. I'm all hot and bothered at the suggestion. Halloween is a special day for my husbands and me. "All right. Let me ask them first."

"Sure. See you!"

As the two big men carry the children into the house, I tell them about my eccentric friend's sudden plan.

"Not a bad idea," Dayton says. "I'm sure the kids will love it."

"You don't think it's too much for them?" I ask.

"They'll be fine. Tomorrow is Sunday and they can rest," Damon assures me. "And we can let them sleep for another hour before dinner."

After dinner, Dayton and Damon do the dishes and clean up the kitchen while I take the children to Maddy's house. The two little ones are so excited about the night ahead of them that they don't stop chattering on our way. Lizzie is dressed as Dorothy, and Kevin wears a Batman costume. They look so adorable I have no doubt they'll get more candies than they can eat for a year.

Maddy's house is so beautifully decorated that all three of us gasp when I pull the car into their driveway. The entire front lawn has been turned into a graveyard with all the eerie lights, skeletons, and witches scattering around. The moment we head for

the front door, we hear a cackle coming from one of the creatures standing by the porch.

“I’m scared, Mommy,” Lizzie says, clutching my arm.

I laugh. “It’s okay, sweetheart. It isn’t real.”

The house is dark when I ring the doorbell. A moment later, the door opens, and a ghost stands there. Long white hair, white gown, and white face. “Welcome to the haunted house,” she says in a creepy voice.

Kevin and Lizzie shriek, and I laugh. “Stop it, Maddy!”

Laughing, Maddy turns on the lights and removes her mask. “You’re no fun, Sally. At least pretend to be scared for once!”

“Sorry!” I say. “I’ll leave them here and I’m not going to stay. Thanks for taking care of them and for planning the party.”

“No problem. It isn’t really my idea, but my professors.”

I roll my eyes. Maddy has been married to her husbands for as long as I’ve been married to mine, and she still calls them her professors.

As we speak, the two drop-dead gorgeous men, Ethan and Brandon, the daddies of Maddy’s children, wave at me and say hi. I wave back and thank them again for hosting the sleepover. And then I kiss my children and say goodbye. They promise

me they'll behave and can't wait to join their playmates of the night.

Fifteen minutes later, I'm back in my house. It feels quiet. "Hello? Guys? Are you awake?" I check the entertainment room where Dayton and Damon normally spend their alone time watching TV, but see no one.

And then I go upstairs. The master bedroom door is ajar and I hear soft music. "*You're not a ghost, keeping secrets no one else can take...*" Ghost by Run River North—my husbands' favorite song.

Thrilled, I push the door wider and enter the room. The light is dim, but I can discern two big men standing by the bed: Prince Adam and He-man in my favorite Halloween costumes. My skin tingles just at the sight of them. "What took you so long, princess?" Prince Adam asks in a stern voice.

"I'm sorry, Prince," I say in a small voice. "The traffic is terrible."

"Time to put on your costume, little girl," He-man says, handing me my slutty Alice dress.

"Yes, sir," I say. "Give me just a minute."

I put on the dress quickly in the bathroom, without a bra or panties. I check myself in the mirror before returning to the bedroom. It's the same dress I wore eight years ago, but I've gained weight after

giving birth to two children, so the dress feels small. The neckline is so low that my generous cleavage spills over it, and the skirt barely covers my ass.

The large men's eyes bug out and their jaws fall to the floor when they see me. "Fuck," they curse simultaneously.

I smirk and sashay toward them. "So, what can I do for you, sirs?" I stroke their bulging center playfully at the same time.

They groan. "Little slutty girl," He-man chides while cupping my swell. "We're going to keep you busy tonight. We'll play with you until you're sore."

Oh God. I whimper. "Sounds fun," I reply in a husky voice, squeezing my tingling thighs.

Prince Adam slips a hand under my skirt and palms my bottom. "And we're going to take your virgin back hole, princess," he whispers into my ear.

I gasp, although I've anticipated this. They've been talking about it and preparing me for it by stretching my back walls with their thick fingers.

I coo as a warm stream leaks onto my thighs. "I can't wait to get started," I say and unbuckle He-man's belt before removing his leather briefs. Prince Adam growls and takes off his pants as if competing for my attention. In no time, I face two long, thick, and eager cocks begging to be sucked. I don't hesitate to drop to my knees and take them one by one,

watching their hungry faces and imagining how good it would be to take them both at the same time, one in front and one in the back.

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