



His Valentine  
Sweet

Rosa Mink

*His Valentine Sweet*

*Twins Delight*

Rosa Mink

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# Chapter 1

## *Daniela*

The moment I walk through the door I know I'm in for it. My sister's anxious expression tells me more than any words might. She's gotten herself into trouble—again. I'm just hoping it's not serious.

Gabriela and I might be identical in looks, but that's where things end with us. Don't get me wrong, I love her to death, but her brain doesn't always stop her mouth when it should. She's a free spirit, flitting from this job to that, without a care while I'm in the same job I've had since I graduated college at twenty-one.

We're now twenty-five. Still living together because despite being opposites, we are best friends, and sisters. Not to mention with her job hopping she wouldn't be able to afford a place without my steady income.

“What have you gotten yourself into now?” I ask, setting my workbag down on the table. Our favorite takeout is on the kitchen bar, telling me that my sister is majorly trying to butter me up, which means I'm not going to like it.

“I swear, it's not that bad,” Gabi says, holding out a glass of red wine for me with the smile that always makes me cave.

“Which means it's worse than bad,” I retort, downing half the glass, waiting to hear what she's gotten herself into this time.

“Daniela...” she starts, and I shoot her a glare because no one ever uses my full name. Mainly because everyone butchers it. I know there are different pronunciations of it depending on where you're from, but I cringe when someone calls me Dan-yel-ah rather than Dah-ni-yel-ah. The pronunciation of it stems from our mother, and hearing Gabi use my full name makes me miss her more than on a normal day.

Our mother was originally from Mexico. She met our father when he went down for spring break during college. He fell hard for her, married her, and brought her up to the US with him. They had us three years later when our mom was only twenty-two. We had twenty years with them before they were killed in a car accident, leaving me to take care of Gabriela and finish college. Something I did in three years thankfully.

I got my job as Mr. Wilmont's assistant just days after graduating, and it's covered the costs for both of us. Even with me needing a new professional wardrobe. At least Gabi doesn't spend all of our money on clothes—although at times I wish she'd buy something with a little more coverage. I know we both have decent bodies, we're the same size in everything, but she likes to show off whereas I'd rather not have to worry about hands creeping where they shouldn't.

“Dani...seriously, it's not *that* bad.”

“Your face, the takeout, and the wine all combined, says it is. So, what did you do?” I ask her, taking a seat on the barstool. She wrings her hands together and bites her bottom lip, a sure sign she's trying to decide the best way to say what she's certain will irritate me. “Out with it already. I can't fix it if I don't know what's wrong.”

“Okay, I may have insulted one of Chef Tyler's biggest investors on accident. You know he wants to expand and promised me the manager job when he opens the new restaurant,” Gabi begins, babbling on about the new job until I hold up a hand, trying to get her back on topic. “Sorry... where was I?”

“Not telling me how you insulted your boss' investor,” I offer, staring at her harder.

“Right, well, the hostess and I were chatting, and she said she'd just set up another reservation for the man, and I *might* have made the comment that he clearly must think that because his last name is Prince that every woman must want him. And that he wasn't that good looking, and I didn't understand how he got even one woman to go out with him

unless he paid them,” Gabi admits, and I can’t stop the groan that falls from my lips.

“Don’t tell me he was still on the phone and overheard?” I state, pleading that it’s just her boss that’s pissed off right now.

“Worse,” Gabi says, and my brow rises skyward. I down the rest of my wine when she goes on, “He was coming out of the office with Chef Tyler and they both heard it. The man stormed out the door telling him he no longer needed any reservations. Chef Tyler followed him out and about ten minutes later, when he returned, he told me unless I go over to Mr. Prince’s and apologized in person, not only was he pulling his investments, meaning no new restaurant, and no new job, but also that I’d be fired, and he’d let Mr. Prince blacklist me all over town.”

“What do you need me for then?” I ask, understanding her issue now. Gabi likes working for the restaurant, it’s the only job she’s found that she’s stuck with for more than three months.

“Because I can’t stand the man and there’s no way I can apologize to him. He’s an arrogant asshole that sneers at every woman he sees, and don’t even get me started on his dates. I’m not lying when I said I can’t understand how they go out with him unless he pays them or they’re hoping for a big fat allowance after landing him,” Gabi grouses.

Just listening to her is enough to make me dislike the man, but with the glittering fury coming from her eyes, I know the only thing that will happen if she goes to see him is her making things worse. “So you want me to pretend to be you and go apologize for you?” I guess.

“Please,” she pleads, fluttering her lashes at me. “Everyone falls all over themselves when you smile at them, so it shouldn’t take much. Just say I’m sorry, tell him I was having a bad day—or you know, you were since you’ll be me.”

“When exactly are you supposed to go apologize to the man?” I ask, wondering if I can’t just get it done with now.

“Tomorrow at ten a.m.,” Gabi says, and my eyes widen in shock.

“Tomorrow at ten? I can’t, Gabi.”

“You have to Dani, for me, please...” Gabi pleads, and I shake my head no at her. “You know how much I like my job...”

“And you know that *my* job pays our bills, has paid our bills for the last four years, and I can’t just leave my boss in the middle of a merger meeting to go apologize as you,” I counter. “Any other time and I’d do it, but not tomorrow. There’s no way I can do it tomorrow.”

“Can’t you just call in sick for one day?” Gabi asks, slumping down on the bar, her face falling when I shake my head no her way once more. “You always complain about the meetings because you never do anything during them. So why can’t you miss just one?”

“Because it’s my job to sit there, Gabi. Even if I’m bored out of my mind I’m still required to be there. This meeting is one that I’ve worked for the last six weeks to get set up and I’m not about to risk something happening to it because I’m not there. I have to get the room set up, make sure we have coffee and pastries...”

“I could do that,” Gabi says, stopping me short. “Seriously, it’s just like setting up a catering, which I handle all the time at the restaurant. I could pretend to be you for a morning, and then switch at lunch.”

“I don’t know, Gabi.”

“We’ve never had an issue with getting caught before, all you have to do is tell me what I need to know to get through the morning, and then we’ll meet down at that little café on Main at lunch, and switch back. If this meeting is supposed to last most of the morning, and all I have to do is sit there, it’s not like I’ll mess it up,” Gabi adds as I’m wavering. “I promise, I’ll even wear your dowdiest outfit and screw my hair up on top of my head if you want.”



Five more minutes of her pleading has me caving, no matter how bad of a feeling I have about all of this. Hopefully Mr. Wilmont will be too focused on the meeting to notice anything amiss.

I still toss and turn the entire night, trying to get rid of the anxiousness flowing through me. Nothing helped stem it last night. Not my favorite meal, another glass of wine, a soak in the tub...nothing.

It leave me with hints of purple underneath my eyes in the morning, and I cover them as best as I can after getting Gabi ready to be me for the day. The only thing I couldn't convince her to not wear was the insane lingerie she insisted upon. That's where seventy percent of her paychecks go to, and I'll admit, she looked gorgeous in it, but it's certainly not what I'd have worn under the black skirt and blazer set, not even with the red blouse.

You'd never catch me in garters. When I wear stockings they're thigh-highs made to stay put without the need for a garter. Nope, I'd wear my cute and comfy set that I'm wearing now. It has pink hearts all over it in deference to being Valentine's Day. Not that I have someone to spend it with. Hell, the last date I had was back in high school.

It didn't go well, not when he made a snide remark about what I was wearing then asked why I didn't dress more like Gabi. It became quite clear to me that he wanted to go out with Gabi and not me, so I ended it after barely fifteen minutes.

Since then, I've stuck to school and work—and taking care of Gabi. Which is why I put on the least revealing of her work outfits, a little black dress that ends well above the knees, but thankfully isn't a micro-mini, and has lacy cap sleeves. I pair it with my hot pink mid-length peacoat because I'm not walking out without one, and the only ones that Gabi owns are meant for clubbing.

With the coat on no one looks at me oddly, which is good since it's not even nine-thirty on a weekday morning. The downfall to Valentine's Day being on a weekday rather than

the weekend is definitely the number of gifts that are delivered to work, seeing how many people have someone that loves them when all I have is my sister to keep in line.

I have no idea where I'm going, but my jaw drops slightly when the address Gabi gave me ends up being a huge mansion and not an office building. My stomach twists when someone opens the cab door, and I curse under my breath for not having Gabi show me a photo or at least describe the man I'm supposed to be apologizing to for her.

I don't say a word when I'm out of the car, the elderly man looking me up and down for a moment before speaking. "You must be Miss Scott, Mr. Prince is expecting you."

I simply nod, thankful I didn't speak sooner and draw attention to the fact that I had no clue if he was or wasn't Mr. Prince. Not to mention if he'd given my sister that snooty look, she'd have let him have it, and that wouldn't have gone over well at all, considering what I'm here to do as her.

The man leads me into the huge entry area, and holy crap, if I wasn't here to apologize for Gabi and get out before anyone realizes I'm not her, I'd be dying for a tour. It's easily one of the oldest homes in the city—has to be because these bricks and stones are real, not just some façade. I should have looked up whoever this Mr. Prince is last night. I just wasn't expecting someone from old money to be Chef Tyler's investor.

It doesn't really make sense to me. I've met plenty over the years working with Oliver and there's one thing I know—they like to keep their money to themselves. Unless it's a guarantee to recoup every penny they invest and then earn handsomely on top of it, they wouldn't do it, and a restaurant is definitely not something most would gamble on.

I take a quick perusal of the spaces we pass, wishing I could lounge in some of the comfier looking areas rather than heading further down a hallway to what I'm guessing is a home office. The door that the man opens after a perfunctory knock reveals exactly that, and I swallow a choked gasp spying the man inside the space. Holy hell. I knew my sister

had strange tastes, in pretty much everything including men, but to think this one needs to pay to get women to go out with him? I think she needs her eyes checked pronto.

Even if he is an absolute ass, he's a damn gorgeous one, and women likely could ignore what he says if he uses that mouth well enough.

"Thank you Albert," the man says, giving him a polite nod before his eyes flow over to me, and shit, his eyes are a gorgeous sea blue with the darkest lashes ever. My hands start to sweat as the other man motions me into the room, and I'm thankful that I chose a pair of my own shoes, rather than my sister's stilettos as I slip inside, my knees weak for some unknown reason. The wedges give me more stability than those towering little spikes ever might.

"Mr. Prince," I say once the door behind me is shut, forcing a bit more air out of my lungs to not sound so breathy.

"Yes, Miss Scott?" he replies when I stop.

"I would like to apologize for what was said yesterday," I begin, hoping to get this done and over with even faster now that I've seen the man in the flesh. Put me in a business setting with a hot man and I'm fine, but this? Oh no, this is so far beyond my comfort zone it's not funny. If it weren't for Gabi, I'd so be out of here. "I was having a bad day and let it come out in an unprofessional way."

"Is that so?" he states, stopping my brain from forming the rest of the rehearsed apology.

"Sorry?" slips out of my mouth unexpectedly and a hint of a smirk settles onto his lips as his eyes slide up and down me.

"You were having a bad day, you said," he offers me, his tone sounding immensely suspicious, as though he knows it's all a lie.

Holy crap are parts of my body so much wetter than they should be, especially hearing that slightly amused, suspicious tone. I swallow the extra saliva, wishing the rest was so easily ignored and nod. "Yes, personal issues with men that I took

out on your unnecessarily. It won't happen again, I assure you."

"Tell me about these...personal issues," he states, and I have to hold back a moan.

I need to get the hell out of here already. "They're personal, not something I'd discuss with a near stranger, Mr. Prince."

"Surely we're not that near strangers, not since you seemed to be so at ease discussing what you assumed to be regarding my personal life. I hardly think such formality is necessary between us now, Gabriela."

The use of my sister's name shocks me out of the slight haze his mere tone wrapped around me, and I straighten my back, taking a deep breath and try to get out of this once more. "I am sorry, Mr. Prince. Your point is valid, we don't know each other, and I shouldn't have made any comments regarding you, and I assure you, I won't ever again."

"Your apology would sound far more truthful if you used my given name rather than my surname, Gabriela. So please, try that again," he states, a glint in his eyes and I curse silently, racking my brain trying to recall if my sister told me what it was. "Well?"

"Mr. Prince..." My words fall away fast as he closes the space between us, and I have to crane my head back to see his face as tall as he is. He towers over me, even with the wedges I'm still barely five-seven, and my head barely reaches the top of his shoulders. He has to be taller than my boss, Oliver, and he's six-three. Mr. Prince has to have him beat by a couple inches at least.

"You don't know my name, do you? So perhaps you should tell me who you are, because I know Gabriela knows it," he states, and I gulp down a breath, cursing my sister for all of this nonsense.

## Chapter 2

### *Jeremy*

I delight in watching the thoughts and expressions rush through my little liar's eyes. I didn't push her to attempt to use my name to get her to prove that she doesn't know it, to prove she's not Gabriela. No, I knew she wasn't Gabriela the second I laid eyes on her. True, she looks identical to the woman that infuriated me yesterday when I was attempting to finalize a deal with Tyler to help him expand his brand. He has one restaurant in town that does well, but it's not in the best location. I use it to meet with clients I don't want in my home, as I rarely go into the office any longer.

His food makes up for the location in my opinion, but I know he wants to attract a more affluent clientele. Most won't set foot on his side of town, which means he needs a new location for a new restaurant. I offered to invest, and we've been meeting to go over options. I know I'll recoup my investment with the right spot and his menu, but I wanted to have a say in the location to know he'll do it right, not just fast.

The snarky comments from Gabriela hit a nerve thanks to an ex-fiancée and I lashed out. I wasn't in the mood to apologize to Tyler, so when he promised he'd have Gabriela come by and do it, assured me he'd fire her before allowing her to say something so erroneous about or to me again, I accepted it to save face. I intended to get an apology from her, then inform her that her assumptions were grossly incorrect, that far from having to pay the women to be dining with me, in fact, they were paying me for my time as they're all clients.

I simply don't draw attention to it as they've hired me to be their attorney, represent them in divorce proceedings. Hence for many, not having them come to my home because far from not wanting my personal attention, several have made it quite clear they'd gladly accept more personal services from me than merely my representation in the courtroom.

The moment I laid eyes on this woman, I knew she wasn't Gabriela because my body awoke in an instant. That has never happened with Gabriela. I've never even thought of Gabriela except for when I saw her at the restaurant. This identical beauty though...I'm certain I'll be thinking of her constantly now, and that she'll be screaming my name quite soon. Committing it to memory for the rest of her life—which I intend to be spent with me.

After I punish her for lying to me.

“Cat got your sweet tongue now, my little liar?” I tease, lifting my knuckle to stroke down her cheek. Her eyes glaze a bit, turning them into liquid caramel, and a hint of color hits her cheeks, as she breathes in sharply.

“Mr. Prince...”

“Jeremy,” I state, stopping her once more. “The name is Jeremy, and if you were Gabriela and not her...twin,” I guess watching her swallow hard confirming it, “you would know that. So tell me, what's your name, and why are you pretending to be your sister?”

“I...” Her eyes close for a moment and a growl slips up my throat, wanting them back on me. “Alright, my name is Daniela, yes, Gabi's my twin.”

“Daniela,” I state, savoring the sound of it on my tongue. It's as sweet as I'm certain my girl is going to be, I already know her heart is sweet as can be if she's here in her sister's place.

“Dani,” she says but I shake my head no, liking her full name much better. “Everyone calls me Dani. It's easier to pronounce correctly.”

“It's not nearly sweet enough for you, and I can tell by your scent alone how sweet you'll taste,” I muse, watching her pulse flutter wildly in her throat as she gasps in a quick breath. “I'll be tasting everything soon enough, my little liar. Right now, you need to tell me why you walked your sweet little self into my den and not your sister—whom I have absolutely *no* interest in for the record.”

That draws another little gasp from my girl, and I lower my face towards hers a hint, smiling at the thoughts that rush through her gaze. Her red tinted lips tempt me, but I hold back, barely, waiting for her answer.

“Gabi...knew she’d never manage an apology and she loves her job. It’s the first one she’s ever kept for more than a few months, and she knew she’d never get another like it if she was blacklisted. I agreed because it’s what I do—I take care of her, have since our parents died because she doesn’t have a clue how to live in the real world. She was still living with them when they died five years ago. I was here in college, living on campus, but after they died, I found us an apartment, made sure what we had left of their estate would cover the rent and food. When I graduated a year later, got a job, I got us a better apartment, but I’ve spent the last four years making sure everything was covered still whenever she would just up and quit a job,” my girl says, and I gently stroke her cheek with my knuckle again, amazed at just how sweet she is. She’s all mine now and I don’t intend to let her go—ever.

She’s nothing like my ex-fiancée. Cara was like a lot of the women I end up representing—money hungry leeches that want everything they can get their hands on, with the least amount of work. When it comes to my job, I don’t care who I screw over, even idiots that didn’t financially secure their fortunes before marrying the fakes. In my personal life, well, after I saw the truth about Cara, I swore off dating and women altogether. Promised myself if I ever did end up getting married, it’d either be with an ironclad prenup to produce a child or two, or if I was lucky enough to find some sweet, someone real. I simply didn’t expect to ever find the second, but Daniela...fuck she’s amazing.

I could tell the apology was just words, not something that she seemed to really be invested in, and it told me even more that it wasn’t Gabriela here pleading for her job. Everything she just told me though, not one single lie was in there.

I didn’t expect more than a simple I’m sorry from Gabriela to be honest, a reluctant one at that. I was holding onto the assumption that the apology would turn into another snarky

comment from her really. Every time I've seen her, she's always had some sort of retort, some smart response, especially to some of the men that asked her out while their dates were away from the table, or they were.

It's no surprise my girl is here though, not with what she's done for her sister already, especially when she was grieving their parents as well. From now on, my sweet little liar is the one that's going to be taken care of—by me.

“How much begging did it take you to agree?” I ask, sliding my hand back behind her head, holding her neck to keep her where I want her.

“She had my favorite takeout and wine and begged for a good ten minutes. She said you were a big playboy asshole and that's one thing we don't like with guys—although I'm wondering about the playboy thing now,” Daniela says putting a smile on my lips.

“Just the playboy part, not the asshole?” I tease.

“I might have seen hints of it here and there since I got in here.”

“You'll likely see plenty more of them in our lifetime, my little liar. It goes with the territory of the job,” I add sending her brow upward a hint and I smile further at her curiosity. “I'm a divorce attorney.”

“You were having meals with clients,” she guesses, and I nod, enjoying the hint of a smile that hits her lips. “Gabi said you were a prick to several of the women, and that there seemed to be a never-ending supply of them.”

“You win one big case and they all flock to you, wanting a big payday. If the client can afford me, I generally haven't cared who they are. The ones I take to the restaurant are ones I don't want in my home again, usually because they've been handsy. I don't sleep with clients, and I certainly don't date women like them,” I assure her, gliding my thumb along her neck, making her shiver. “Your sister should buy you a months' worth of your favorites for coming in her place, but I



think I've gotten the better end of this deal, so I might have to thank her for sending you to me."

"You're not mad?" Daniela says, her eyes wider giving me more of the gorgeous caramel depths.

"Not even when you clearly didn't know my first name," I tease, enjoying the blush that hits her cheeks. "Not even when you were giving me some stock apology, knowing you didn't mean a word of it. Not even when I realized your sister sent you instead of coming herself before you even said a word."

"You couldn't have known," she protests as I close the small space between us.

I press my hips into her belly, letting her feel just how hard I am, savoring her little gasping moan in return. "I knew, because the second I laid eyes on you, this is what happened to me, and it *never* happened when I saw your sister. Never thought of how graceful her neck is, or how her eyes reminded me of caramelly goodness. Never wondered if her mouth would be as sweet as a cherry when she was wearing that red lipstick you both seem to prefer," I add, lowering my mouth to an inch of hers. "Never knew in a heartbeat that she'd be mine."

"Swear?" she whispers, her eyes growing heavy with desire.

"On my life, my sweet Daniela," I promise, before claiming those lips, making them mine.

I capture her soft moan as my fingers delve into her hair, knocking it down from the low twist she threw it in. Her tongue meets mine in a timid embrace, and I rip my lips from hers, dragging in a deep breath to get myself under control. Her timidness is intoxicating, making me wonder just how many men have gotten a taste of it, while wanting every one of them dead so the only person alive that knows it, is me.

"Jeremy," she cries softly, her eyes opening to the fire raging in mine.

"You are the sweetest thing I've ever tasted, and I haven't even tasted the best part of you yet, sweetness. I'm going to

lay claim to every last bit of you, so you better tell me right now if there's another man out there that thinks you're his," I warn, sliding the coat off her shoulders, my eyes taking in the dress beneath it. I don't like it, know it's not hers, but most likely Gabriela's, and even more likely, one of Gabriela's least revealing dresses. The coat has to be hers. Not even the bold color of it distracts from the classic lines of it, emphasizes Daniela's sweet side even more.

"No, no one," Daniela says, before following my gaze down her body. "It's Gabi's dress."

"I can tell. It might fit your body, but it doesn't fit you," I add at her surprise. "The coat is yours, the dress isn't something you'd pick out, the shoes however are yours. You would likely have paired the coat with a tea-length dress even if it was black, instead of this mini."

"I don't know how..."

"I could know that?" I tease, letting my hands slide down her body, discovering her slight curves. "You're not comfortable in it. If you were, you'd have taken off the coat the moment you got here. The coat and the shoes, they're both sweeter styles than a trench coat of similar length and stilettos might be. Your sister likely wears both."

"Her only coat this length is a red silky trench coat that I hate," she says with a little laugh. "Gabi looks gorgeous in it, but it's not my style for certain."

"For a dinner with just me, I might want to see you in something like it, but to go out...no. Gorgeous as you are, I'd want to know other men don't get any ideas to touch what's not theirs, stare at something that's not theirs. You're mine now, sweetness, and I don't share what's mine with anyone. Your exes better stay clear, or they'll find out what I'm willing to do to make them disappear," I add, pressing soft kisses to her face, trailing from her temple, down to her lips.

"No exes," she says stopping me from claiming a deep kiss. My head pops up in shock to stare at her, trying to find the lie, but there is none, increasing my need for her

immensely. “I’ve been too busy with school, then taking care of Gabi, and then work to date.”

“Other men should say prayers of thanks because if one of them had touched you, saw your sweetness bare...let’s just say they’re damn lucky, Daniela, and so the fuck am I to get you now.”

“Very lucky,” she agrees with a grin that I steal, lifting her until her legs wrap around my waist, and I press against her hot core. There’s one advantage to this short dress, getting to the sweetest part of my girl a fuck-ton sooner.

I carry her over to my desk, sitting her down on it, claiming my chair, as I claim her lips, devouring her first sweetness, before I make my way to the rest of her. I want to savor every part of it and taking her for the first time in my office is not something that’s going to happen. Taste her in it, sure, but not claim her as mine for now and ever in here.

## *Chapter 3*

### *Daniela*

**T**he loud peal of my ringtone jerks me back from the most amazing kiss I've ever dreamt of, let alone experienced.

My body rebels hotly as I pull back from Jeremy's mouth, his hands on my thighs, making me tingle and wet in ways I didn't know was possible. I don't want this to end but that's my sister's ringtone and knowing where she is, makes it important to check it.

"That's Gabi," I groan resting my forehead against his for a moment. Shudders run through me at the loss of his heat when he stands.

He grabs up my bag, setting it on the edge of his desk as he returns to me, and I dig out the once again ringing phone. I force a deep breath in through my nose and exhale it through my mouth before I answer, hoping my sister doesn't hear the need in my voice. Especially as Jeremy sits back down in his chair, his eyes glittering as they roam over me, and heat fills my cheeks realizing how on display I am with my legs parted wide, my ass on the edge of his desk like this.

I start to close them, but he resettles himself closer to the desk and me. His hands slide up my thighs again, and a wave of need rushes through me so deep I don't know how my sister doesn't sense it on the other end of the phone.

"Hi, is everything okay?" I ask her when she hisses out a hello. Worries mount instantly inside me, certain I'm about to hear that I'm fired. It doesn't mix well with the need sizzling through my veins though, and I put my free hand on top of Jeremy's stopping it from trailing further up my leg, no matter how much I want it.

"Holy crap, Sis. Please tell me your boss doesn't know that we're...you know," Gabi says, surprising me entirely that that's what she says.

“No, I’ve never said that we’re...you know,” I reply, seeing Jeremy’s eyes brighten a hint as he watches me.

“Crap, are you still there? It’s ten-thirty already. I figured you’d be in and out, unless the jerk’s making you wait,” Gabi scoffs, and I can’t help but smile as Jeremy smirks a bit clearly overhearing her.

“It doesn’t matter right this second, why are you asking about Oliver for?” I ask, smiling further when Jeremy’s smirk falls, a jealous look crossing his face instead.

“I don’t know, it just felt weird I guess. We’re taking a short break and hopefully we’ll be done by twelve-thirty, so I can meet you at the café then. You think you’ll be able to make it still, right?”

“Yes, twelve-thirty should be fine,” I state, smiling even further as Jeremy shakes his head no at me. “What is going on at the office to make it feel weird?”

“Does he always call you Miss Scott because he’s been calling me that non-stop except for when I first got here today,” Gabi states, and that lets me relax a bit further.

“He only calls me by name when we’re alone. In meetings or talking to others it’s Miss Scott because there were several who tried to treat me like a dumb teenager when I first started despite being twenty-one. He just does it to make sure they treat me professionally.”

“Thank god, seriously, I swore he knew I wasn’t you. Okay, I think that means I can get through the rest of this morning without any issues. Shit, tell me you’re alone right now,” Gabi adds on a gasp, and I laugh softly as my phone buzzes with a text message.

“It’s fine, nothing to worry about,” I promise her. “I’ll see you in a bit. Just behave and for the love of god, don’t get me fired.”

“I’ll do my best. I should probably get back inside for the rest of the meeting. See ya,” Gabi says, before ending the call and I let out a breath before dragging it back in quickly seeing my boss’ name on the screen with the text message.

“Shit,” I mutter to myself, before opening it, my eyes widening in shock.

“What’s wrong, sweetness?” Jeremy asks, but I can’t quite believe what I’m reading.

I hit Oliver’s name and call him back, shocked at the lightness of his tone when he answers.

“I’m sure you had a good reason for sending your twin to work in your place, but it doesn’t even matter at this point, Dani,” Oliver says as Jeremy takes my phone, enabling the speaker function while staring at me in question still. “The only thing I need from you right now is to clue me in on how long you intend to play out this switch.”

“How did you know it was Gabi and not me?” I ask him, still not quite sure what the heck is happening.

“Well, first off, she came waltzing in here wearing stilettos that I know you’d never be wearing, then she ditched your favorite blazer and your usually demur blouse was only buttoned half-way. I’ll admit at first, I thought you’d gone in for a slight makeover, and it threw me because you certainly weren’t the girl I’ve spent the last four years working with without even the faintest hint of attraction obscuring the employee-employer line. Which had me wondering if you weren’t doing it because of a certain individual that was coming to the meeting this morning, who’s asked me more than once what you looked like,” Oliver adds, and I flush under Jeremy’s questioning gaze.

“And I’ve already told you that I want nothing to do with Zack Prescott more than once,” I remind him for Jeremy’s benefit.

“Well, you might have simply been keeping things close to the chest until after the merger was handled. It only took a minute speaking with the ‘you’ this morning to know that the Dani standing in front of me wasn’t you, and while I wasn’t aware that your sister Gabriela was actually your identical twin, I knew she was your sister that you constantly were looking out for. It wasn’t much of a stretch to realize that she was actually here instead of you. Which, I’m quite thankful

for and angry about at the same time, Dani,” Oliver says, and I suck in a breath in worry.

“I’m sorry, I...”

“I’m angry that you didn’t bring her by anytime in the last four years for me to take her off your hands,” Oliver adds, stopping my beginning of an apology.

“What?” I gasp out, swearing I just heard him wrong.

“You know that I’m not one to waste time when there’s something I want, and the moment I saw her, I knew I wasn’t letting Zack get close to her—even if I was surprised to find that I wanted my assistant suddenly,” he tells me, and I honestly can’t help but feel relief wash through me at the thought of there being someone else to help with my sister. “I know she’s a handful, but I think I can handle her. I simply need a bit more time with her since we’ve been in this meeting all morning. Hence the call to you to see what the plan was, and also to ensure you’re okay.”

“I’m fine. This was Gabi’s idea to start. Her mouth got her in trouble at work, and she was supposed to come apologize to the person she offended, but after hearing her impressions of him, we both knew she’d just get herself deeper into trouble, so she asked me to handle it for her. I told her no when she said it was supposed to be today at ten because of the meeting, but she promised she wouldn’t do anything stupid, just set up the conference room and record the meeting. We’re supposed to meet at the café on Main at twelve-thirty to switch back,” I add rubbing Jeremy’s jaw that’s twitching slightly.

“That won’t be happening, but it does give me the perfect opportunity to get closer to Gabi. Is everything with this other person handled or do you need me to...”

“You worry about Gabi and leave Daniela to me, Wilmont,” Jeremy butts in with, shocking me at his interruption but even more with his use of my boss’ last name.

“Jeremy?” Oliver says, deeper in shock than me it seems.

“Yes, and you’re lucky that you said you’ve had no interest in my girl since you met, because if I ever learn differently, you’ll be on the wrong side of my fists again,” Jeremy states, sending my brow up a bit higher.

“Wait, what the hell is going on?” Oliver asks, and I’m certain he’s scratching his jaw right now, trying to puzzle this together. I’m right there with him trying to figure out how Jeremy and Oliver know one another. Especially know one another well enough to recognize their voices.

“What’s going on, is that Gabi was supposed to come apologize to me for assuming the women I meet at the restaurant where she works were all dates, and that I was simply a rude asshole, and they were just with me because they’re after money. She was half-right about them being after money since they’re all clients, but I’ve forgiven her for all of that and more for putting Daniela in front of me. She might think they were still on for switching back for the afternoon, but that was never going to happen. In fact, don’t plan on seeing Daniela for the rest of the week,” Jeremy adds making my jaw drop. “I have no intention of letting her go anywhere that I’m not anytime soon, and no intention of letting her go period.”

“Dani?” Oliver says, and I can’t help but smile at the look that crosses Jeremy’s face. It’s a hint of jealousy and anger that he’s being questioned, I’m guessing because he’s being questioned about me, and I like that—a lot.

“I’m fine, better than fine. Just don’t hurt my sister, okay?” I add as Jeremy’s shoulders relax.

“I won’t, same goes for you Jeremy,” Oliver warns. “Don’t hurt my best assistant that I’ve ever had and the sister of my woman.”

“Daniela is mine to worry about first and foremost, which also includes ensuring that her sister is also safe. Luckily for you, I know you, which is the only reason I’m going to say thank you for looking after my girl the last four years—even if was simply in a professional way,” Jeremy replies, pulling me down onto his lap, his arms wrapping around me fully. “Now,



if you'll excuse me, I have something extra sweet I'm about to enjoy for Valentine's Day. Good luck taming Gabi's mouth."

"Oh, I have no intention of taming it, enjoying the spice that comes out of it—hell yes. I'll see you next week Dani. I have a meeting I need to get back to and some plans to make for this afternoon."

"Thank you, Oliver," I say, before ending the call, glancing up at Jeremy in question.

"We were fraternity brothers in college. I might have given him the money to start his company during school as well," Jeremy explains, and I wrap my arms around his neck, grinning further at him.

"So in a roundabout way I have my job because of you, and you've been taking care of me the last four years as well," I tease, making his brow lift a hint. "I only have the job because he has his company. On top of that, my boss has his company because of you, and now he likely has my sister because of you, as well it seems."

"I think that means I should be rewarded handsomely doesn't it, my sweet little liar," he returns, his eyes darkening making me shiver as his hardness presses against my core. "After all, not only is there all of that, but Oliver taking your sister off your hands means taking away most of your stress, doesn't it, sweetness?"

"How..."

"That sweet heart of yours has kept you worrying about everything, handling everything, which means no one's been there to worry about you. Until now," he states, standing from the chair with me. His arm slides under my knees, keeping me in them rather than putting me down, and I shiver when he holds me with one arm, grabbing my bag, then my coat, as he heads for the door with me.

"Where are we going?" I ask, playing with the bottom of his hair as we move up the hallway I walked down not even an hour ago to meet this man.

“Upstairs, you might still have a punishment coming for lying to me, but I’m not taking you in my office our first time. I’m sure there will be plenty of days I have you spread out over my desk, but not today, not our first time,” he answers, his lips brushing against mine, making me shiver, wanting all of what he just said, and more. So much more, especially whatever punishment he might have in mind.

He doesn’t stop teasing me with little kisses as he moves up the stairs, taking me down another hallway. This time I don’t see anything but him, but that doesn’t bother me in the least, especially not when we reach the end of the hall and he moves us into a room, closing and locking the door behind us.

He sets me on my feet, catching my coat and bag before they can fall, and I swear, he steals the last bit of my heart when he takes my coat and hangs it on the back of a chair rather than simply toss it onto it. Clutter and messes are my nemesis, which includes my clothes being on the floor or simply discarded wherever like Gabi does. It drives me up the wall, which makes me crave a release—something which has only been by my own hands until now.

I can’t help the smile that’s on my lips as Jeremy heads back to me, his hands digging in my bag, and I’m not sure what makes his brow lift in surprise until he pulls out my polaroid type camera I bring everywhere with me.

“What’s this?” he asks holding it up, as he sets my bag on top of a dresser, my phone landing next to it after he turns the ringer off with the button on the side.

“I like to disconnect from my phone during lunch, so I use that to take pictures if I see something I want to remember. I like photos I can hold in my hands more than ones on a screen. It’s because of something my mom use to say to us when we asked for digital cameras instead of ones that used film still,” I explain as he closes the space between us once more. “She told us that the whole process of having to finish a roll of film, then develop it, made the memories last longer. Polaroids might be a bit of a shortcut, but they still produce something I can hold other than a screen for when I know I won’t have time to develop the film.”

“I wish she was still here to be able to thank her then, because I have a feeling, I’m about to have some photos that will stay in my memory forever,” Jeremy tells me, before his hands lift to my face, and his mouth covers mine once more, sending me straight back into the heights of need I’ve never experienced, but want more than anything.

## Chapter 4

### Jeremy

**D**aniela's taste is beyond anything I've ever experienced, and I know I'm a lucky bastard, because I get to enjoy it for the rest of my life. I'm never going to let her go, but I certainly am going to indulge in this for as long as I can today before my girl can't take anymore.

Her camera is calling out to me for certain, especially knowing there won't be a digital image someone else can steal, because any photo I take of her today will be for my eyes only. Well, mine and Daniela's.

My hands find the zipper for the dress, and I peel it away from her body as I break off the kiss, needing to see her and holy fuck...I wasn't prepared for the sweetness overload of her gorgeousness wrapped in the cutest fucking bra and panties. They're covered with little pink hearts, and I want to kiss every one of them, along with every inch of Daniela's body they're covering.

"It's Valentine's Day," she says with a little shrug as I stare at her, trying to get myself under control so I don't lay her down on the bed and rut her like a beast this instant.

"And you are the sweetest treat I've ever gotten for it," I tease her, before grabbing her camera and snapping a few photos before she tries to stop me. "You look far too delicious to not capture this moment, sweetness."

"Why don't you come over here and kiss me some more, get a real taste instead of playing with my camera?" she teases, taking a step back towards the bed, and before she can get halfway there, I'm on her, my mouth savoring hers once more.

She lets out a loud giggle that hits me straight in the heart when I pick her up and toss her onto the bed, my eyes never leaving her as I strip out of my dress shirt and slacks. I leave

my boxer-briefs on for now to keep my beast in check as I stalk towards her.

“I still owe you a punishment for lying sweetness, I haven’t forgotten about that, but you’re too damn tempting to get to that just yet.” I crawl up over her, letting my hands drag along her sides, before sliding the straps of her bra down, loosening the cups over her sweet breasts.

My mouth explores all of her bare skin, baring more until I capture her tight tip, as my hand dips beneath her panties, sliding through her wet lips, and one finger delves inside her moist heat, pulling a gasp from her, that has her arching into my hands entirely. “Jeremy...oh god,” she cries, her pussy grasping my single digit tight.

“Just me, sweetness. It’s just me and you here, and my name is the only one I want to hear,” I tease her, nibbling along her breasts, until I reach the other peak. “You’re so fucking tight. I swear you’re going to break me before I can even get inside you.”

“Mmm, please, Jeremy,” she moans, her hips rolling as I plunge my digit further into her slick heat.

“You want to come on my finger or my tongue?” I ask, trailing my lips back up to hers, teasing her tongue with mine while continuing to rub her pussy. She’s so fucking wet there’s no friction, just the tightest sheath I’ve ever known, and there’s no way to get inside her this second without hurting her.

“Both,” she whines as I remove my finger from her heaven. I tease her lip with it before inhaling the most alluring scent. It makes my mouth water entirely, and I have to have a taste.

I slide down her body, pushing between her legs and take a long lick, cleaning up the stickiness coating her thighs. Heaven doesn’t begin to describe it, and there’s no stopping me from getting more of it now.

I pull her panties down her slim thighs, smiling at her anxious help, before sliding my hands under her ass, lifting it

off the bed, before diving in. First for a smell, and then a long, delicious drink when it's too much and not enough all at once.

Her thighs tighten around my head, her hips pushing upward as I send her over for the third time, my face covered in her heaven, and I swear, it's still not enough.

When I go back for another taste, she pulls away, moaning out my name as she writhes against the silk of the comforter beneath her. "I can't."

"You can and you will," I tease, moving up to kiss her, letting her taste how sweet she is. "I've never tasted anything so good, and you won't deny me more, will you, sweetness?"

"Jeremy..."

"You don't want me to stop, do you, Daniela?" I add, seeing the look in her eyes. They tell me she wants and needs more, but she's not sure she can handle it right this moment. "You don't want to stop until I'm buried deep inside you, making you come again and again."

"Yes, please," she moans, arching into my hands once more, and I slide her bra off, lifting her against my bare chest, letting her feel just how hard I am for her, along with the wet spot on my boxers from how much precum I've leaked.

"That's my girl, but first," I add, smiling as her eyes widen a hint more, the desire pooled so deep in them it's like seeing into her soul, "your punishment for trying to convince me you were Gabi and not my sweet Daniela."

I flip her over onto her stomach, lifting her up onto her knees before she can even release her little gasp of shock. The sight of her spread out on my bed, her legs open, her pussy glistening with her need, nearly makes me nut, and I palm her ass cheeks, before diving in for another taste of her heaven.

This time, I push her straight to the edge, but pull back when she's almost there, teasing her, until she's shaking and crying out for more. I've barely managed to get two fingers inside her, and I know my cock will be an even tighter fit, which only makes me harder.

Her ass is too tempting, pointed up at me right now, and I give her cheek a hardy slap, listening to her quickening breath, and little cry as I do it again. Her muscles clench after the third spank, her asshole winking at me, and I slip up, teasing it with my tongue, before sliding my finger through the tight ring, when she moans louder.

I don't know who moans louder this time when I add a second with almost no resistance, and I move up over her back, caging her in, teasing her ear with my lips when my third slips into her ass with ease. "I think someone has something she needs to tell me, don't you?"

"Jeremy...shit," she moans, pushing further back onto my fingers as I pinch her nipple.

"Tell me, Daniela, because your sweet little ass just took three fingers while I couldn't even get two fully in your pussy."

"I...oh no, don't," she moans when I remove my fingers, wrapping my arm around her waist instead. "Please don't stop."

"I'm stopping until you tell me," I warn. "I know that pussy is virgin tight, but your little ass doesn't seem to be. I want to know who's been getting a taste of it, so I can kill them, because no one but me is going to know how amazing you are, sweetness."

"No one," she answers me. Her tone says it's the truth, and I can't wait any longer to make her mine entirely now. I lift up, shedding my boxers, and she looks back at me, biting her lip as she shivers. "I swear, Jeremy."

"No person, perhaps, but there's been something inside your sweet little ass to let it stretch so easily," I return, sliding back over her, teasing her wet lips with the head of my cock.

"Beads, plugs...a dildo," she admits as I keep teasing her opening and clit with my cock. "I started in college, needed something to..."

"Manage your stress," I guess, sliding a finger back into her ass, while rubbing her clit with my head.

“Yes!” she shouts, her ass gripping my finger tight while a tiny orgasm washes through her. “I’d use a vibrator on my clit, but it wasn’t enough. I could wear a plug for longer, feel it inside me, know that as soon as I got back to my place I could let it out.”

“And now you have me to do it for you,” I whisper against her ear, grabbing a condom from the nightstand. It’s been ten years since I’ve been with a woman, but Albert still had hopes I might find one, and keeps them freshened should the need arise, and I’m damn glad for it now.

I tear it open, sheathing myself as I give Daniela a soft kiss, before teasing her ass with my head, making her moan deeper. “I know what you need, sweetness, and I’m going to give it to you, but the way I want as your punishment for lying to me earlier.”

“Jeremy,” she moans, as my head breaks through the tight ring. She spasms on my cock, nearly making me come as tightly as she grips me, but her little cries tells me it’s not an orgasm that’s overtaking her.

“Your dildo wasn’t as big as me, was it?” I ask, kissing along her face, over her eyes that are closed tight, until her breathing relaxes.

“Not even close,” she answers on a moan, her hips lifting her ass further against me.

“But you still want more, don’t you?” I don’t need her words to know it’s a yes when she pushes back into me even more. A need to claim every part of her fills me full, and I pull back a bit, not leaving her ass, before drilling her fully with my pulsing cock. My hands grip her hips tightly, keeping her where I want her, taking her with me on the fastest journey to the heavens possible.

“Jeremy, please, oh shit, please,” she cries, her legs quivering, and with a circle on her clit, she falls straight over the edge, pulling me along with her.

The last thing I want to do is leave her body, but I pull out, then slip off the condom, teasing her with a kiss as I toss it into



the trashcan on the opposite side of the bed. I lift her up against me, holding her close, stroking her cheek as she shivers, snuggling deeper into my chest.

“You are amazing, sweetness, but I’m nowhere near done with you. That condom is the last time my cum ends up in anything except your little pussy until you’re bred with my baby though,” I add, pulling her eyes up to mine. The heat, the hunger blazing just as high as mine, and I steal her lips before stealing her from the bed.

She doesn’t argue at all when I turn on the shower, taking my time to wash her thoroughly, tasting every bit of her body trying to decide my favorite spots. Her mouth is certainly one of them, along with her pussy.

I go back to her breasts, teasing them to tight peaks once more when I have her laid out on my sheets, working my way down to her sweetness again.

This time I leave her on the edge, her moans when I lift my mouth from her glistening lips has me sliding back up along her body, laying out against her entirely, as I slide my cock into her opening. My hand slips under her head, my thumb brushing against her cheek, and I steal her mouth with a hard kiss as I thrust forward, swallowing her shout of pain while her nails dig into my shoulders.

I keep kissing her, teasing her mouth as I force my hips to stay still, letting her get used to me, my size. The last thing I want is to give her pain I can’t take away, can’t make her enjoy, but there was no other way around this one.

“Jeremy,” she moans, her body sinking deep into the bed, pulling me with her. Her leg lifts further around my hip, her heat edging further down my cock, but it’s the look in her eyes that puts me on the brink of coming far too fast.

“You need more now, sweetness?” I ask, hoping for a yes. There’s no way I’m going to last much longer.

“So much more,” she hums, lifting up against me, and I stop holding back. I claim her lips, plunging my tongue into

her mouth the same way I plunge in and out of her sweet, heavenly warmth.

Her hips move in rhythm with mine, her body buffeting against mine, sending everything up and up and up, until there was only heaven left to reach. The instant she tightened around me, it sent me over with a hoarse cry, that overrode her scream of bliss.

“Jeremy, that was...”

“The best I’ve ever had and we’re just getting started, sweetness,” I finish when she can’t seem to find the words. Her eyes tighten a little and I turn her further towards me, wrapping her up tighter. “I’m going to tell you this once and then I’m sure we won’t need talk about it anymore.”

“Talk about what?” Daniela asks, her tone breezy but I can see the jealousy in her eyes and I’m going to shut it down now.

“Since you work for Oliver, I’m sure you know we’re thirty-five,” I state, and she nods. “I was your typical frat boy, partying and playing the field. Ten years ago just after I finished law school, I was engaged, to Cara. Our relationship is what pushed me into the world of divorce law. She had a friend that was wanting to leave her husband. They had a prenup, but she swore he was cheating on her, which was one thing that would negate the prenup. The more we got into the case though, the more my relationship with Cara started to fall apart. I started to see the little things that I uncovered about my client were things I saw in Cara, and it started to wake me up to see what Cara was really after—my family’s money.

“We fought more and more, and it ended badly. One of the reasons I reacted to the snark yesterday is that it was very similar to something that Cara said to me during our last argument. It hit a nerve more than I realized because while I wasn’t dating any of those women, most were simply after me for money. Mine or what I could get for them in a divorce. After Cara and I broke up, I focused on work and nothing else. You are the first woman I’ve been with since then, and the only woman I’m going to be with for the rest of my life,” I

promise, brushing the hair from where it stuck to her temple. “I swore I wasn’t going to get serious with another woman unless I knew she was the real deal, or solely to have a child if it ever got to the point where I needed at least an heir. Then you walked into my office, and it was clear that you were everything I’ve ever been looking for, Daniela. Anything that happened in my twenties happened to a different person. You are it for me and have nothing to worry about other women, there aren’t any in my life and won’t ever be, unless we have a daughter at least.”

“That would be nice,” she says, her eyes fluttering shut as the sweetest fucking smile spreads across her lips.

“Sleep for now, sweetness. We have all the time in the world to talk more,” I whisper, brushing soft kisses over her eyes, unless her breathing evens out, and she slips asleep, wrapped in my arms.

## Chapter 5

### *Daniela*

The smell of something delicious wakes me with a smile, my body is deliciously sore, but all I want is to do it again. I never imagined anything as good as what happened with Jeremy and don't want to lose it—or him. I definitely didn't think I'd fall so hard and so fast for someone, but here I am, pretty sure I'm in love with the man already.

Just yesterday I would have sworn that's not possible, but today—not so sure it's not.

The enticing smell grows, and I stretch, loving the luxuriousness of the sheets I'm wrapped in. I'd rather be wrapped in Jeremy's arms, but if he's gotten us something to eat, I'm not going to complain. I couldn't stomach anything this morning before heading here, combine that with workout he gave me, and I'm starving.

“Time to open those pretty eyes of yours, sweetness,” Jeremy says, his breath tickling me before his mouth takes mine in a soft, silky kiss that makes me just as hungry for him.

“Mmm,” I sigh, my eyes finding his when he pulls back, his hand brushing the likely ratted hair out of my face. It has a wave to it and the shower earlier would have made it more prominent, even if I didn't ever fully wet it.

“Mmm is right, sweetness. But as much as I'd love to indulge in your goodies again, right now, you need to eat. So sit up here and put this on for me,” he adds, taking my hands until I'm sitting up as he stands next to the bed. There's a tray on the nightstand, but my eyes flow past him to the pink that's on the edge of the bed. It's the exact same shade as my favorite nightie and robe set.

“Did you...” I stop as he picks up the nightie, the one spot of lace that's torn telling me it's actually my nightie and not

something new.

“You decided to do a bit of a sleeping beauty routine on me,” Jeremy says, popping the silk over my head, his eyes sliding over my body before it’s hidden away by the nightie. “Seeing the soft bruises under your eyes, I knew you needed it, so while I woke up after a short nap, hungry to eat more of my sweet Valentine treat, I decided to let you sleep.”

“Then went and stole my nightie from my apartment?” I ask as he slides the tray over my lap, before settling on the bed facing me from the other side of the tray.

“I wanted you to have something that was yours to wear instead of your sister’s dress, so I borrowed your keys, took a glance at your id to find your address, and went to grab you a bag. It wasn’t difficult to tell which room was yours and which was Gabi’s,” he adds, making me laugh softly before I moan as he lifts a bite of tender beef to my lips.

“Oh my god, where did you get this?” I ask, savoring the taste.

“Well, after I stopped by your place to get you a bag, I might have stopped at the restaurant to reassure Tyler that I was still going to invest in his expansion, as well as to let him know that I accepted Gabi’s apology,” he explains, and I lift a brow his way wondering what he told him. “I might have also mentioned that she brought her sister Daniela with her to keep her in line, I took one look at you and decided to keep you as mine. Which had Gabi stopping by your office to let your boss know you were delayed, to which he decided to keep her, and not to expect her tonight if she was scheduled to work. He was okay with it since by all accounts, it’ll keep men from pissing off their girlfriends by watching Gabi instead of focusing on them.”

“She hates the guys that ask her out when their girlfriends or dates are in the bathroom, or when they claim to be going to it but really seek her out,” I muse, leaning over to kiss him. “Thank you for taking care of it though, and for the food.”

“I told you, you don’t have to worry about things and stress about it anymore. That’s my job now. Yours is to just

enjoy yourself and be happy, leave the rest to me,” he replies, sending warmth fully through me and there’s no doubt about it, I’m completely in love with him.

I give him another kiss, smiling even more when he slides his hand behind my head, kissing me a hint deeper, before pulling back with a groan, and feeding me another scrumptious bite. I don’t know if this was something special just for Valentine’s Day and not on the everyday menu or what, but it was delicious, and I enjoy every bite he feeds me.

My belly is full when he sets the tray aside after picking up a covered dish with a smile at me. I shake my head, smiling stupidly, so happy he’d order dessert, but I can’t eat another bite. “I’m stuffed, there’s no way I can eat...”

I stop short, letting out a little gasp when he lifts the cover, revealing a gorgeous ring instead of dessert, my eyes flying up to meet his. The heat in his gaze makes me want him all over again, and I lean forward, kissing him before he can speak.

He pulls back, cupping my cheek and I can’t stop the shiver that rushes through me when he slides the ring onto my finger. “I might have made one more stop before the restaurant. I didn’t expect him to have anything ready, but when I saw it, it was exactly what I wanted for you. I’m not asking, because I know the rational part of your brain is going to say this is too fast, but I’m sure about you and us, sweetness. I fell the second I saw you, and I’m not letting go, so don’t try to make me.”

“Never,” I promise, sliding my arms around his neck, then let out a little squeal of surprise when he picks me up, carrying us into the bathroom.

He fills the tub before divesting me of the nightie, then his clothes, and joins me in the tub. His chest is warm against my back, and his hold wraps fully around my heart as the heat of the water soothes the soreness away. His lips wake the hunger deep down in me, and I can’t wait until he’s inside me again.

“No attempts to argue with me?” Jeremy teases against my ear, his fingers making my nipples hard as he rolls them, giving them the tiniest pinch. It sends a wave of pleasure

straight to my clit, and that just deepens my need for him even further.

“Why would I when it’s exactly what I want as well?” I muse, pushing my ass against his dick, feeling how hard it is. “I want that too, Jer.”

“You’re going to get it, my sweet Daniela. I simply want to make sure your little pussy isn’t too sore from me breaking it in earlier,” he adds, a hand trailing down to my slit. I breathe in tightly as he pushes a couple fingers inside me, trying to ignore the more than slight ache it causes. “Looks like my girl needs a bit more time before I claim this pussy again.”

“It’s not that bad. I want more,” I add when he pulls his fingers away from my pussy. “Please...”

“I’ll never take pleasure from you that might hurt you, sweetness,” he says, shaking his head as I glance back at him, his fingers sliding down to my ass. They tease me until he slides them inside me, nearly making my eyes roll back in my head as he suckles on my neck, his other hand teasing my clit. “You’ve been such a good girl making sure this sweet ass of yours was able to be owned by me from the start. I think it deserves a reward, don’t you?”

“Please,” I beg, the need rushing through me so deep I can’t even think of not sating it now.

He lifts me onto his lap with ease, his hard cock pressing against my ass cheeks, and I can’t wait. I reach down, gasping slightly when I can’t wrap my fingers all the way around his thickness, amazed that fit inside me, and hungry for it to again.

“That’s it, sweetness, push that little ass down on my cock. Let me fill it up since I can’t fill your little pussy again tonight,” he growls at me as I tease his head with my ass. This time the stretch doesn’t hurt, except in a pleasurable good way, and I lean back against him when I’m completely seated, just enjoying the fullness of having him inside me.

“So good, it’s so good, Jer,” I moan, swirling my hips, while his fingers go back to teasing my clit. His other hand moves up to play with my nipples, making my ass clench around him in delight.

“Not so fast this time, sweetness. I want to enjoy being inside you and if you keep clenching that ass on my hard cock, you’re going to unman me fast,” he warns, his lips continuing to suckle on my neck. “You just sit still, with my big dick filling your ass, and let me play with you.”

“Oh fuck,” falls from my lips as he shifts slightly, raising his legs, making mine fall onto either side of his, entirely under his control, and I love it.

“That’s my girl,” he teases, nibbling on my ear. His hips lift and fall, softly, slowly, as his fingers play with the rest of my body, pushing me up towards the peak. The need coils deep inside me, and with a scrape of his nail against my clit, I fall over, shuddering as I come down to his hardness still inside me.

“Jeremy…”

“I’ve got you, Daniela,” he whispers to me, sending shivers through me with the sweet sound of my name on his tongue. “Tell me what you need, what you want, and it’s yours.”

“More, I need more,” I plead, circling my hips, feelings the waning ebb of pleasure reignite every time I do.

“Like this?” he asks, lifting me off him, pulling a huge whine from my lips until he turns me to face him, pulling me back onto his lap. His cock nudges against my ass again and I can’t control the shout of bliss when he fills me swiftly.

“Yes, fuck yes,” I cry, holding onto his shoulders, when his hands guide my hips in time with his. My clit rubs against his pelvis as he grounds me against him, each time his hips slam up into me, and I’m a mess, long before his mouth steals the sounds coming out of mine.

His hand slides up to the back of my head, holding me in place, his hips hammering up into me faster. I fall hard as he



holds my hips in place with a strong arm wrapped around my waist.

White bliss surrounds me, the warmth and scent of Jeremy keeping me there, as I try to catch my breath. I don't want to lift my head from his neck. His scent is intoxicating, but I can also feel the pounding of his heart against my cheek, and it's rushing along with mine, as his grunts soften.

"Did I send you back to sleep or are you still with me, sweetness?" he asks, his tone making me smile, and I finally lift my face, seeing the heat is still in his, and I never want to lose that. "I don't have to ask if you're okay based on that smile."

"Never better," I assure him, resting contently in his hold.

"Just wait until I can claim your pussy like that without it being sore," he replies, and I can't help the little laugh that bubbles up. "I love that sound but not nearly as much as I love you, sweetness."

"Jeremy!" I gasp, shocked he said it.

"I know it's fast..."

I shake my head, stopping his words, and smile as I give him a little kiss. "I love you too. It might be fast and crazy, but I do, and I don't care what anyone else thinks. I've been waiting for you for a long time. I don't want to waste any of what we have now that I have you either."

"Good, and so you know up front. I'm willing to let you keep working for Oliver for now if I have to, but my rings are going to be on your fingers while you do it. I know you won't do it without your sister there, so, I think you should give her a call and see if she's available this weekend. I have a couple appointments Friday with clients, but we can leave that afternoon, fly to Vegas or if you'd rather somewhere else, we can check out the Bahamas or Hawaii," he says, sending my brows upward in shock. "I'm sure Oliver will be okay with you missing a few more days of work if he gets invited as well."

“You’re serious? You want to go get married this weekend?” I ask, not at all upset at the idea of not having a huge wedding. I’ve never wanted an over-the-top ceremony to start, losing Mom and Dad made me want one even less, so something with just us, Gabi, and Oliver sounds amazing.

“Unless you want something more elaborate, then I’m willing to give you two weeks, but no more than that,” he states, and I can’t stop the smile that hits.

“Something intimate with just us sounds perfect. Not sure if I should risk interrupting Gabi and Oliver right now though,” I add, with a glance down at our nakedness.

“Only one that gets to see you undressed is me, sweetness,” he growls, making me laugh again, before he steals my lips with a hot kiss.

It ends with us in the shower, a happy sigh leaving my lips when he pulls out my shampoo from home, turning it into a moan when he washes my hair himself. I fall more in love with him when he washes every part of me, before wrapping me in a towel, helping dry my hair. My feet don’t touch the ground as we move back into the bedroom, and I love feeling pampered as he slides my matching robe over my shoulders.

“What’s this for?” I tease, plucking at the robe when he settles me onto the bed again.

“I’m sure you’re going to want to show off the ring to Gabi, and since it’s possible for Oliver to be there to see, he’s not getting a peek at what’s mine.”

“Umm, you do recall that Gabi and I are identical twins, don’t you?” I tease, earning a hot kiss that makes my toes tingle.

“The rest of the world might think that, but I know better, sweetness. There’s a world of difference between you and what’s mine is just mine. And you’re mine, aren’t you?” he retorts, and I nod, smiling as he heads over to the dresser, picking up my phone.

Giggles pop out seeing the number of texts from Gabi. Ones asking where I am, then warning ones that Oliver is at

the café. They move onto questioning ones of what she should do because he has another meeting he claims, before stopping with ones asking what the hell is between us because they're at his house.

“I take it Oliver made his move?” Jeremy says, coming back to me with just a pair of joggers on and they look damn good on him.

“Looks like it, it also looks like you need a shirt,” I add making him chuckle. “I think it's only fair. Gabi might not be attracted to all your thick muscles, but Oliver might not like it. Come on,” I argue when he shrugs, “what if it was him without a shirt on?”

“He's not allowed near you without a shirt on,” he grumbles, and I simply smile, waiting for him to retrieve one.

I've never once seen Oliver without a shirt, and I have no desire to. Although he's almost as tall as Jeremy, he's lankier. I guess he has muscles, but his work shirts hide them, whereas even Jeremy's dress shirt showed how thick his arms are. It's nothing compared to his shoulders and chest, let alone his thighs. He's big everywhere and I love that it's all for me now. His ex is an idiot to have only been after him for his money. I used to tell my college roommate when she tried to set me up on dates that I'd rather work to cover my bills than be with someone I didn't have feelings for, let alone want. She argued that they had money and that alone would be enough, but I stood firm. I'm so glad I did because all of that still true, especially now that I've actually experienced it.

I click over on Gabi's name to FaceTime her, not sure if she'll answer or not, but wanting to check-in regardless. It keeps ringing as Jeremy slips back onto the bed with me, his arm wrapping around my shoulder and I lean my head on his, smiling up at him.

I miss Gabi answering but her gasp lets me know she's there and seeing us.

“What the hell?” she says, pulling my attention to the phone, and I laugh seeing her hair is worse than mine before the shower. She likes wearing hers straight and it's absolutely

not that now. It looks like Oliver's had his hands in it more than Jeremy had his in mine.

"Hi," I state, unable to keep the grin off my face at her expression.

"Hi? That's it? Hi? What on earth is going on today?" Gabi exclaims pulling a deep chuckle through the phone.

"Well, how about your opinion on which is better for a wedding this weekend, Vegas or the Bahamas?" I tease, holding up my hand, showing off the beautiful heart-shaped pink ring on it.

"Holy shit! Tell me that's not..."

"A genuine six carat, brilliantly clear pink diamond for the sweetest woman ever?" Jeremy offers making my jaw drop.

"Diamond?" I ask, surprised it wasn't just a sapphire or morganite.

"Only the best for you, Daniela," he says with a nod, and I can see the surprised look on Gabi's face hearing my full name from him.

"If I wasn't so freaking tired I'd be coming over to make sure he didn't drug you," Gabi states, giving Jeremy a glare.

"No drugs, no alcohol even," he says, pressing a kiss to my temple. "You're forgiven by the way. Sending Daniela to me is more than enough to make up for your mouth, as long as you keep it away from her in the future at least."

"Don't," I say when Gabi's lips purse a bit. It's accompanied by the sound of a smack, and a little gasp from her, before Oliver comes into view, thankfully dressed similarly to Jeremy.

"I've got her handled, Dani," he says making me grin at her little huff.

"Handle me my..."

"Before this goes sideways," I state, letting out a laugh when Oliver gives her a hard look at the same time. "You also might want to say thank you because Jeremy did cover for you

with Chef Tyler, so if you want to keep your job, you better play nice.”

“How’s that?” Gabi asks, a little smile sliding onto her lips when Oliver lifts her onto his lap, wrapping her up against him, and I know it’s exactly what she needs.

“Jeremy told him that you brought me along with you and he was more interested in getting to know me than in being angry with you, but you went to tell my boss he was going to steal me away for a bit, and Oliver happened to want to do the same with you. You don’t even have to come up with an excuse for why you’re not there right now,” I remind her. “So, are you going to play nice and come join me to get married this weekend or are you going to be a brat about it?”

“You do know that he dates...”

“I don’t,” Jeremy says, stopping Gabi and Oliver’s arms wrap tighter around her when she lets out another little huff. “Those women were clients that I’m representing in their divorces. They aren’t allowed in my home where I work from ninety percent of the time, and I hate going into the office even for scheduled meetings because other women try to arrange run-ins to get me to either agree to represent them or to attempt to get my attention. I’ve wanted none of it and that’s what you’ve seen. Daniela is mine, and I won’t let her go, or hurt her.”

“We were undergrads together, he went to law school, I finished my MBA, then started my company with an investment from Jeremy. He’s solid, Gabi,” Oliver adds, calming her entirely.

“Alright, and if you’re asking, well... Vegas could be an awesome place for a bachelorette party,” Gabi states, grinning fully and I have to laugh when both men let out growls.

It only grows when they both state, “Bahamas it is,” together.

“And so I know you’re not out causing trouble, we should probably plan for two instead of just one,” Oliver states,

holding up a box to Gabi, shocking her silent, and I laugh, seeing the red stone glittering in it.

“Bye, I’ll call you tomorrow when you’re less busy,” I tease as Gabi attacks him with a kiss, ending the call before Jeremy wraps me up tight against him, happier than ever.

# *Epilogue*

## *Jeremy*

I press a kiss to Daniela's forehead, running a cool cloth over the rest of her face as she breathes out hard. She's still the most breathtaking thing I've ever seen, even with her belly huge, her feet and ankles swollen, making her miserable.

It's been eight years since I found her. Eight years to the day, and I can't help but smile knowing we're having our baby today. Daniela grumbled from the moment the doctor told her the suspected due date was March third. Insisting that the baby was bound to come early, which meant our anniversary plans would be out the window.

I teased her, telling her a new baby was bound to be better than takeout, even from Chef Tyler's premiere restaurant. She just glared at me, telling me this was my fault for not getting snipped as I told her I would after her last pregnancy.

Granted that was right after we learnt it was twins—again.

Now, she's just as excited to welcome these new babies as I was when she told me she was pregnant. Even if I did have to get the snip to assure her we wouldn't end up with yet another set of twins.

I can't blame my wife though. Not when this is our fifth set of twins. Even our doctor was just as shocked when every time it ended up being twins. Even more so when they all ended up being identical twins.

After our third set, we had the boys tested, and all three sets turned out to be as identical in DNA as they were in just looks. Our fourth set of boys weren't any different, so it's not something we could control, and damn do I love my boys. There's plenty of money and room at the house to raise all of them, even if we add in two more boys today.

The last four times we knew they were boys, this time, Daniela said she didn't want to know. I think it's hard on her,

seeing Gabi with her two girls and not being able to do the same things they were, even if they did include Daniela with them. Spending the day playing dress up or tea parties with the girls is vastly different than the ruckus our boys get up to, and tea parties would only result in mud being dragged into the house.

Daniela is incredible with the boys. She quit working for Oliver once she was pregnant, and shortly after I stopped representing clients in divorces. Now, I handle things for Oliver when he needs something legal reviewed, otherwise, I spend my time with my family, letting the law firm that was once my father's and became mine after he died when I was thirty, go along pretty much without me. I deal with things there only when necessary. Much preferring to be a hands-on dad than to be one that only cared about billable hours like mine.

My girl doesn't miss working at all and even watches the girls for Gabi when she's at Tyler's original restaurant, managing it. They're now seven and five, almost six, both in school, just like our eldest four are, so it's only on school holidays that she gets them. Our third set of twins will be going to a preschool in September, turning five in October, so Daniela will only have the babies that are coming today, and our boys who will be three soon at home daily.

I honestly don't know how we didn't end up pregnant before now, timing and exhaustion I suppose. Or perhaps just luck on my side since I forgot to mention that I never actually went through with the procedure just the initial appointment to discuss it.

"I hate you right now," Daniela mutters to me, and all I can do is smile in return.

"I love you, so much, sweetness. You are so beautiful right now, and soon, we'll have two more babies you get to love and adore," I remind her, holding her hand through the rest of the contraction.

They ramp up even more, and I don't mind the tight grip she has on my fingers as she pushes, bringing our first new



baby into the world. They lay it on her chest, wiping it down, but before Daniela can do much more than kiss it's tiny little head, she lets out a moan, gripping the bedrail tighter.

“Looks like these two don't want to be separated any,” Dr. Pritchard says, and a nurse takes our baby over to be weighed and do the newborn tests. Daniela's insistent on doing everything here in the room with us unless there's an absolute need to take them to the NICU. Thankfully, none of the others ever needed it, none of them have come earlier than four to five weeks before their due dates. These two are actually late considering Daniela's due date is only two and a half weeks away.

Within eight minutes, our second baby is here, crying up a storm as they lay it on Daniela's chest. The smile on her lips says it all, tells me why I hesitated to have a vasectomy before now, and it just grows when the nurses bring both babies back over to us.

“These beautiful little girls are absolutely perfect,” Dr. Meyers, our pediatrician, says, pulling Daniela's head up even faster than mine.

“What?” she gasps, looking to me, then down to our babies in shock. Both are wearing white caps, and it takes a minute to realize Dr. Pritchard never told us what they were when they got here.

“We thought we'd wait to share the news when they were together,” Dr. Pritchard says, giving us a huge smile. “I know you said you didn't want to know until they were here, but I knew based on the ultrasound we did ten weeks ago. I saw Dr. Meyers checking a couple newborns earlier and let him know that yours were likely to be here soon if he wanted to join in the surprise.”

“Now am I forgiven?” I ask my beautiful wife, moving so she can see what I'm certain are our identical girls at the same time.

“More than,” she whispers to me, giving first me, then each of our babies a soft kiss.

“We finally have our Lucia and Elisa,” I tease her, kissing away her tears. I know they’re happy ones, but I don’t like any in my girl’s eyes.

“Just took five tries,” she returns, her beautiful smile the sweetest she wears, and I have to taste it, get some of that sweetness, since I won’t be getting any other kind until these little girls are older.

Hours later we have the girls wrapped up with us once again, when Gabi comes in with the kids. All eight of our boys hurry over, as Oliver and his parents stay back with their girls, and Gabi comes over, lifting our two youngest up to see the new babies better.

“Are they…” Gabi begins, stopping as she glances back up to us.

“Boys, meet your little sisters, Elisa Briar and Lucia Rose,” Daniela says, pulling groans from the four middle boys, while our oldest two just grin.

“We got girls?” Gabi’s youngest, Jada, asks, and Daniela nods. “Yay!”

“So much better than yet another boy, especially two more,” Gabi’s oldest, Ana, adds, sticking her tongue out at the boys when they start arguing in return.

“Congrats, Sis,” Oliver says, helping round up the kids. “At least they’ve got eight older brothers to look out for them in the future.”

“Ana and Jada got us too,” our oldest, Matt, says. His twin, Mark, nodding in agreement. “We already make sure the others in school don’t bug them.”

“Even if they don’t appreciate it,” Mark adds.

“They will one day,” Daniela says, giving our family a smile. “Just like these two will, even if they say they don’t.”

“We always need someone to watch out for us,” Gabi states, leaning over to kiss Daniela’s cheek. “I’m glad sending you to watch out for me worked out so well.”

“For both of us,” Daniela muses, giving kisses to the boys, as we promise we’ll be home as soon as the doctors sign off on all three of them leaving. Daniela never wants to stay in the hospital long after having our babies. We’ve hired nurses each time we brought the boys home, to help and keep an eye on things we might miss thanks to sleep deprivation.

Gabi, Oliver, and their girls will stay at our place until we’re released, even though they live just down the street from us now. His parents enjoy being grandparents to our kids, which we all appreciate. They’re the only ones still living with both Daniela’s and mine already gone. They’re extremely hands on with all of our kids. In fact, George and Linda have been staying with us for the last two weeks to help Daniela with the boys during these last weeks of the pregnancy.

Daniela’s eyelids droop once we’re alone, and I make sure the girls are tucked in their bassinets before I slip back to my girl. I wrap her up in my arms, holding her just as I did the day I first found her as she falls asleep. The best Valentine’s by far, even if my dick might disagree. He’ll get plenty of others to enjoy the sweetness that’s ours. This one belongs to our new babies and the sweet treat they’re bringing back to my wife’s decadent breasts.

That’s a Valentine’s gift I’ll get to enjoy for the next year, and I definitely will enjoy it, since it’ll be the last time. We might have to include a birthday party for our girls now, but I’m already making plans to spend Valentine’s Day indulging in all of the sweetness my girl has next year. It’s bound to be the best anniversary ever, because it’ll be filled with all sorts of goodness for Daniela and me, on top of our sweet family.

I never imagined it possible to have something this amazing as mine until I found my sweet girl. I won’t let anything take it from me, this family is everything to me, and I’ll always make sure it’s happy and safe, just like my girl is right now, peacefully sleeping in my arms, forever.

## *Thanks*

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