

DOUBLE PUNCH by Tilly Greene

Excerpt

“She is my mate.”

“...my mate.”

Simultaneously, the two men looked at the other with confidence, and spoke from their hearts. Unfortunately, they had come to the same conclusion, and vocalized the same claim. Both Pollux and Castor claimed her as their mate, their other half, their one love, and that couldn't be right.

It should've been a special moment, one they'd looked forward to experiencing, but it wasn't as grand as it should be. They couldn't claim the same mate, it wasn't possible. They could share a woman they wanted, give and receive pleasure and fulfillment, they'd done it plenty of times. However, Castor didn't think such a lady could possibly complete them both. Not both their hearts and souls, it would take a very special woman to be able to do that. They were twins who weren't really twins, they were individuals.

For a second, he thought about the history of his homeland, and was coming up blank. Mount Olympus had never had a truly mated trio. There'd been plenty of gods, goddesses, immortals and mortals who explored multiple partners, but as far as he knew, there was only one true love, one mate, for each person. Despite history working against them, a solution to their particular situation needed to be found, and fast. Then it came to him, there was only one option open to them, at least as far as he was concerned.

“I think I know the only solution to our problem. We've been attracted to the same women before. Of course, never a mate and never with a timeline, but I think we can move forward from here. Why don't we let Anissa decide the matter and we'll both abide by her decision.” Castor quietly and emphatically voiced what he believed to be the best route forward and, knowing his brother, understood he would as well. Privately, he vowed to give up his chance at experiencing the once in a lifetime love for his brother. Letting him have the joy he missed by giving up his immortality to save him, even if for a limited amount of time, it was the best he could offer to make amends for his past mistakes that cost him everything.

“Fine.” Pollux's agreement was terse. Looking carefully at the other man sitting across the table from him, Castor saw how he didn't look to be completely satisfied, and that was something for him to worry about. He knew his brother and the man wouldn't rest until he found what he thought was the best solution.

Fidgeting didn't help ease the tension between his legs. He drank some of the water he'd requested with the last visit from their waiter and it didn't help either. Out of the corner of his eye, Castor noticed his brother was in much the same discomfort as he was, and finally confessed what he believed they both were thinking. "She is so beautiful, smart, funny, and definitely adventurous. Anissa George is everything I had hoped my mate would be and so much more."

"I've been hard since she walked into the meeting room. She speaks and my cock throbs like it's never felt a woman's wet clinging cunt before." Pollux whispered, as if anything too loud would break his tenuous control on his passion.

"When she laughs my dick stretches further for her attention. I fear I'll shame us and come without so much as a touch from her sweet hand, much less the clinch of her pussy." Castor knew the awe he heard in his voice was etched on his face. Already, without even a touch, she made him feel so much than he had ever felt before, and it sounded like his brother was experiencing the same things.

"Maybe we should stop tag teaming her." Pollux spoke up with concern. "When she returns, ask her out on a proper date. Anissa should be treated like a goddess, wooed, coddled. After you've had your date, then I'll go out with her. Once she's had a chance to get to know us as individuals, we'll then ask her to decide which of us she would like to spend more time with." Pollux looked to be on edge and kept glancing back to where their date had disappeared.

Castor almost laughed out loud, what stopped him was the essence of what his brother was doing which tugged on his heart. Pollux always had a plan, for everything, and, as was his habit, he was putting him first. Probably, as the eldest, he was used to being in control, but he was an adult. He could make plans and take responsibility for the outcome.

There was something else that could wreck both their plans. It was possible that she wasn't attracted to either one of them. Castor was sure that, while they liked everything about her and wanted to get closer, the feelings may not be reciprocated. Of course, that was a brief thought, there and gone in a flash, because their desire was always returned.

"Yes, you're right, Pollux, but I think we need to tell her what's going on while we're all together. I don't want her confused, possibly thinking what we're offering is a game or concerned one of us will be jealous of the other."

Pollux nodded an agreement and they both relaxed, a very small bit, and lost themselves for a few moments in their own thoughts. Castor knew the next two weeks

weren't going to be easy. Even if she agreed to go out with them and wanted to get to know one of them better, he wondered if it would be any easier to have a small taste of happiness or would having none at all be less difficult to handle. After a few minutes, his brother voiced the questions that had started to concern him as well. "Did we scare her away?"

"I don't know, although women do seem to take forever when they go to the bathroom." Unsure of where they stood with Anissa suddenly made Castor feel edgier than usual. "Should we go make sure she's all right?"

"No, I see her. She's coming back to us now." Pollux's relief was apparent and he felt some anxiety ease and sensual tension build further.

When she arrived at the table, both men stood and Castor deferred to his brother in assisting her with the chair. Once they were all settled, he looked to Pollux to take the lead and start the important conversation they needed to have with the woman sitting between them.

"Anissa, please know that no matter what you decide within the next few minutes, your professional services are very important to Double Punch. We hope you won't leave, but what we'd like to discuss with you, we believe, is that important to us both." The elder twin began with a sense of calm Castor was sure he wasn't feeling.