

It took over a week before she could look either of them in the eye again. She spoke as few words as possible whenever she was required to, and then hurried off to do whatever task she had been assigned. Innita wasn't avoiding them out of anger or fear...she just couldn't face them without remembering a few things and blushing. It was embarrassing. Doran...the one actually named Doran...treated her with the same casual indifference as ever, like he did everyone, making it easy to pretend nothing outside of work had ever happened. Zeek also took no pains either to avoid her or get her attention. Both of them seemed content to act as if they'd all had a smashing evening in Vegas, basically...and what happened in Vegas stayed there.

Now that she knew the secret, it was easy to tell when the brothers traded off each Monday. It was also obvious to her now that they must have practiced acting like each other, at least somewhat, to make the contrast of their personalities a little less stark. But each still clearly favored their own natural attitude.

So it was a little surprising, both to Doran and Innita, when she knocked on the door of his office some weeks later. "Hey, can I talk to you about something?"

He considered her with a serious look for a moment, then motioned for her to come in and close the door. "What's bothering you, Innita? You haven't quite been acting yourself lately."

"Well...actually, I wanted to talk to you about my job. And...what happened a few weeks ago."

Any pretense of affecting Zeek's demeanor was immediately dropped. "I am sorry, but we don't really do repeat meetings. And if you're considering compromising our secret, you should be aware that you would not be the first to threaten it."

Innita blinked at him. "Wow...you really *are* a son-of-a-bitch sometimes, aren't you?"

"I've been told as much, yes," Doran readily admitted, though he didn't exactly seem angry. Just very to-the-point and uncompromising.

"Okay, well, actually I wasn't considering anything of the sort. I was flattered at being let in on the secret, and I intend to keep it. What I don't intend to do is continue...working...here..." Her voice got quieter as she finished the sentence, as though she was either ashamed or frightened of the confession. Doran just gave her an inquiring look, silently inviting her to continue, if there was more explanation to be given. "I'm...I'm really not good at this, but I don't have to tell you that. If someone else doesn't come along and double-check my sums at the end of each day, a lot of things will get screwed up. I *like* the work, but I suck at it, and that's...embarrassing."

The genet nodded sagely. "I agree on all counts. For what it's worth, you do the work well enough that you do *not* merit firing, and what you lack in mathematics you do make up for with a keen eye for formulas and discrepancies. Have you considered applying to the auditing branch? You might do well in detecting frauds."

Innita tilted her head...and, after a minute, smiled. "I'm going to take that as a compliment. Thank you. But no, I actually had another prospect in mind. Which brings me to...um..." Her courage faltered. She'd been thinking about this for the last three weeks straight. Well, 'fantasizing' might be a more accurate word. But Doran and his brother were a very odd pair, to say the least. They just *might* go for it. That was at least worth a shot. "You,"

she emphasized the word in hopes of making it clear she was referring to the *other* genet, "Mentioned that morning that you get lonely sometimes. And that house is *huge*. It must be a pain for one person to keep clean."

She paused to get a feel for how he might respond. It was hard to read Doran's business-face, but he seemed to be getting an idea of where she was going with this, and he didn't stop her. With that shadow of encouragement, Innita took a deep breath and continued, "Sooo...I would like to apply to be your maid. And 'company', as you put it."

"And what sort of compensation would you expect?" the genet asked without changing expressions in the least. Innita breathed an inward sigh of relief. The fact that he asked the question at all meant he would at least consider it, and she was fairly sure she could pitch the proposal well from there.

"Room and board. I repeat: that house is huge! And a modest salary. Say...fifty thousand annual?"

Still no shift in expression. "What makes you think we could afford that much out-of-pocket?"

"Um...there are two accountants in the room," she pointed out, "One of whom is in a very high position in a publicly traded company. Your salary range is posted on the company website. I'm not great at math, but even if you're making on the low end of that range, I'm pretty sure you can swing what I'm asking."

"You make more than that here," he observed.

"Yes, but with no rent, no mortgage, no grocery bill, and my usual non-existent dating expenses, I can drop practically all of it in savings until...well, you cut me loose or I find better prospects." In short, she'd make a killing if they would agree.

"And what sort of services can we expect?" He was *still* as cool as if they were discussing the advantages of buying a new software license to keep the books, but her heart was pounding triple-time in her chest and she could feel her cheeks turning pink beneath the fur. She might be horribly mistaken...and that would be a terrible let-down to her...but she was almost certain he would not still be leading her on if he wasn't also seriously considering accepting.

"The usual chores, obviously. I'm not half bad as a cook, either. I do windows," she added with a giggle, then the red of her cheeks really deepened and she lowered her voice a little, "And 24-7 access to willing 'company'? I figure outside dating is out of the question for the duration of this, and I'm fine with that." He continued to look at her, like a statue, and her confidence began to crack. "...I'll even wear the apron?" she added.

Doran looked at her sternly for several breath-taking minutes. "You are not the shy, timid ocelot I invited out for drinks a few weeks ago," he observed at last, "She could never have made a proposal like this."

"Yeah...I think you might have broken something in me."

"Forty thousand."

She blinked, confused. "What?"

"It will be forty thousand annually. That should be more than enough in light of all else. If you are serious about this, you can turn in your notice at the end of the day and be at my front door by 6:00 this Friday."

She almost fainted in the chair.

The den practically glowed. Innita, sitting on one end of the love-seat with a steaming cup of tea in her hand, felt justifiably proud of the work she'd done in here today. After three weeks of learning just *how* to really clean all the delicate, expensive, or just plain stubborn items in the house, this was the first day she'd managed to finish any one room with enough time to consider her handiwork.

"Not bad," complimented the genet standing in the door to the kitchen, causing her to all but melt. Doran, who had been primarily responsible for teaching her the house-keeping duties, was *never* satisfied the first time around. If he didn't have any complaints...

"You forgot the sills."

"I am going to hit you with this mug."

Doran just shrugged. "I seem to remember you wanted this job. I keep a very high standard at work...did you think I would do any less here?"

"No," she admitted, though she was still smiling proudly, "Will you at least admit I've made some progress?"

"Happily. And if it makes any difference, you also look good in the apron."

She laughed then, setting her tea down and getting to her feet to do a little curtsy. Although she'd offered to do it during the "interview", Zeek had been the one to insist they actually buy her a maid's outfit and that she wear it every single day while she did her job...at least on the weeks he was home. She'd quickly taken to wearing it even when he wasn't, just out of habit.

It had been an odd three weeks in their home...*her* home now, actually. And she'd come to appreciate what Zeek had told her that very first night about the place being just that, rather than some sort of museum or collection. She wasn't afraid of it now (which made it much easier to clean), and found the whole place exceedingly comfortable...emotionally as well as physically.

"I have to admit, I'm surprised you guys haven't put me in more outfits," she observed as she took her tea back up, "Actually...I'm surprised you haven't done a *lot* of things with me. I very clearly recall agreeing to them in my contract."

Another shrug. Doran was never the terribly expressive type. "You do have an actual job to do. We're not paying you merely for our pleasure. Not strictly, anyway. And you'd never be able to get the dusting done if we bothered you half as much as Z would like."

That was part of why he'd had her start so soon, instead of putting in the more common two-week notice. Doran had wanted her first week on the job to be one where he was at home, and could be trusted to show her how to do the cleaning properly. The following week, Zeek had mostly just kept out of her way, openly enjoying her with his eyes but keeping his hands and all lewd comments to himself. She hadn't found out until that weekend that Doran had made him promise to restrain himself, so that she could have a chance to get settled into her new routine and get a feel for her job without undue distractions. Apparently he had been "drooling like a horny teen with his first playbunny magazine," as Doran described it, when the cooler genet had first explained the ocelot's request to his brother.

She was grateful they'd kept their promise. Innita *had* been a little worried that she would see more of the bedroom than any other room in the house for the first few days. But now she almost looked forward to a little "distraction."

"Speaking of Zeek, isn't he late?" she asked, noticing the time mainly by the buzz of a kitchen timer telling her that the roast needed to come out of the oven.

"Not really. He's probably out having drinks with your replacement," Doran explained. At her slack-jawed look, he quickly reassured her, "It's not like that. The new accountant isn't even female. Z wasn't just coaxing you out on the town when he told you that we like to get to know our employees outside the office, you know. It helps foster loyalty and cooperation in the workplace, and just plain makes everyone a little less touchy."

"Oh? Not female?" she tilted her head with a sly grin, "And why should that matter? I thought you two swung both ways."

Doran rolled his eyes, following her into the kitchen as she went to get dinner out of the oven and onto the table. "Despite what Z frequently alludes to, we *both* prefer girls. I just happen to enjoy the tails over heads is all." This just as she had bent almost all the way over to pull the roast out. She could feel the heat in her cheeks before she straightened up and set the tray on top of the stove. "The only males we've ever given serious consideration to are each other," he concluded at last.

Innita cleared her throat, and tossed the oven mitts down beside the tray. "I do remember him suggesting something like that," she said, coming over to take a seat at the table with Doran while they waited for the meat to cool, "And I also remember thinking...um..." Her cheeks burned as she tried to think of a way to put her thoughts into words that wouldn't be completely rude. Doran, insightful as ever, seemed to be reading her mind while she hesitated.

"Yes, you mentioned you liked that mental picture. So you want to see it?"

She hid her face in her hands. "Am I that transparent?"

"Sometimes," he nodded.

She forced herself to put her hands down despite the tingle still in her cheeks. "I'm sorry. That was rude to even--"

"You'll have to play, too."

No two of the next six or so syllables to pass her lips belonged to the same word...but they were all more-or-less an attempt at a confused expletive. "Explain," she got out at last, oddly finding a two-syllable word somehow easier to manage at just that moment than a single-syllable one.

Doran rarely smiled. When he did...well, to be honest, she found it a little scary. Especially when he wasn't even trying to channel Zeek. So her ears flattened against her head a little when he gave her that smug smile of his. "Well first, don't panic. We're not going to force anything on you, especially not the first weekend. But my brother and I are both of the opinion that it's only fun when it's fun for *everyone*. You may have noticed that the first time we invited you over."

Innita nodded sincere agreement to that.

"So we'll give you a little boy-on-boy show, but you have to put hands on the boys. I doubt very much that Z will protest so long as you agree to that."

The burning sensation in her cheeks spread down her throat to the tops of her breasts. "You will do anything it takes to shock me, won't you?"

The smile was gone. Doran was back to his usual, indifferent self...but she could still *feel* him grinning on the inside. "I'm just trying to get all the shocks out up front. Besides, this way will make it easier to face that inevitable moment when you walk through the door on the way back from getting groceries and find us flashing you a double-moon from the couch."

Innita nearly fell out of her chair...for about the third time that afternoon...and decided to shut him up by slicing the roast and stuffing his face with it.

The white base of her fur had turned a subtle shade of pink from her ears all the way down to her toes. She shivered as she stood in front of the door to that same room Zeek had guided her to that first night he brought her home, already stripped and straining her ears for the chime of the clock downstairs. They'd very clearly told her to open the door on the last stroke of the hour.

This room was the obvious choice for tonight's "show", having the largest bed in the house and already being deliberately arranged for minimal restrictions and maximum comfort during sordid threesomes. It still left her a-quiver with memories of that night and anxiety about what the pair had in store for her *this* time. They'd gone ahead to "get ready" while she was still doing the dishes about half an hour ago, telling her only which room she would find them in, when to open the door, and to be sure she lost her clothes before she got there. She still had no idea what they expected her to *do*, as her part of this little soiree...but she was looking forward to finding out.

The clock began to ring out the hour. She counted each silvery note. "...Nine...ten...*eleven*." Then she opened the door.

He was sitting on the edge of the bed, with his brother stretched out over his lap, tail curled coily around his neck like a scarf while he lightly, playfully caressed the soft curves of the rump underneath it. Exactly which one "he" was, she couldn't tell at first. They were both looking at her with a perfectly matching grin, like a mischievous cat sitting outside the canary's cage. The one stretched out on his belly sighed and arched his rump up as his brother's touches became more firm, turning from caresses to squeezes, and one hand drifted further up to massage his back. Then he carefully rolled onto his back, keeping his hips snugly between his brother's knees, giving her a fine view of his rock-hard erection as it rose up to rest against his brother's belly.

She figured out then that it was Doran sitting down, and Zeek stretched out across him, as in the next moment they ignored her in favor of each other, their features sliding into the subtle distinctions that identified them. Zeek ran his fingers playfully through the fur of Doran's belly and up to his chest. Doran, meanwhile, cupped one hand beneath his brother's balls, lifting and very carefully beginning to massage and tug at them, while his other hand curved behind Zeek's shoulders and lifted him almost to a sitting position in his lap. Zeek began to play with his brother's nipples, carefully squeezing and tugging them while his tongue bathed a small area on the side of Doran's neck. Doran sighed, his hand moving from Zeek's balls up to his belly and onto his own chest, returning some of the treatment as the brought their faces closer, gazing fondly into each other's eyes...

Without quite intending it, Innita suddenly realized she'd begun fondling her own nipples, and felt the dampness of her sex on the tips of two fingers, while she stared slack-jawed at the scene playing out before her. It was then that she also realized exactly what the two were playing at: each was pretending the other was a woman, and "appreciating" her accordingly. They really *had* used each other as practice...

And she nearly melted as she watched them kiss, deep and hot and thick with tongue. It was only after they broke that embrace that Zeek finally turned eyes to her...eyes hungry with lust and glowing with desire. He reached one arm back to pat the mattress behind him, near the head-board. It took the ocelot a moment to understand he was beckoning to *her* to come join them on the bed...but she finally complied, sitting on one of the pillows with ankles crossed and hands folded across her muff, trying valiantly *not* to continue masturbating herself until she figured out what part they wanted her to play.

Zeek made it a little easier for her by scooting back to lean against her, his head pillowed between her breasts and the curve of his back rubbing tantalizingly against her muff. With his brother now out of his lap, Doran rolled onto his side and then onto his tummy between Zeek's knees, filling his hands with Zeek's sac and the thick base of his shaft, running his tongue up the underside and around the rim of the head until he'd coaxed it to a full throb.

Innita's breath was coming hard as she watched Doran's nose slowly descend over that rod of meat, sliding smoothly down until it touched the soft fur just below Zeek's belly, taking his brother all the way into his throat. Zeek closed his eyes with an encouraging sigh, his hands drifting up to cup the breasts on either side of his neck. Then Innita discovered first-hand exactly how carefully he had practiced the proper technique for toying with those guilefully erogenous centers.

"You are...just too much," she breathed, returning the favor by running her own hands up and down the shapely contours of his torso while she watched his brother go down on him like a world-class girlfriend.

"And you...talk too much," he whispered back, grinning with his eyes closed as he soaked in every erotic sensation. For the next few minutes the only sounds in the room were the quiet shift and sigh of the sheets beneath them, the wet slurp of tongue on flesh, and heady, labored breathing. They could both tell as Zeek was approaching his climax (he had a tendency to vocalize quite a lot at his peaks), and Innita tipped his chin back to silence him with a sultry kiss on the lips just as he came. With one eye peeked open, she watched Doran greedily drink every last drop. It sent a lusty shiver through her spine.

As he began to come back down from his momentary euphoria, Zeek gave the ocelot a dreamy-eyed smile before rolling over and sliding down far enough to push his muzzle between her thighs. She gasped in shock as his tongue lapped roughly at her excited clit once. Twice. By the third time she couldn't take anymore and sank back against the headboard, squeezing her own breasts as the waves of bliss washed over her, stealing her breath and sending an almost painful tingle right through her hips and tail.

When she opened her eyes again, Zeek had backed even further down the bed. He was still laying on his tummy with his legs mostly over the edge and Doran running his hands in long presses up and down the length of Zeek's back. A clear bottle of personal lube had

magically appeared on the bed beside Zeek's cheek, suggesting they'd been making some preparations while she was oblivious in her orgasm, and both were now looking at her expectantly. It was Doran who finally gestured for her to come around behind him, where he stood at his brother's tail-end.

Still a little weak in the knees, Innita complied, quickly circling around behind the standing genet. She laid her hands on his hips and he immediately pulled them around his chest, drawing her breasts up close against his back, where she could look over his shoulder at the proffered posterior below. Then he knit his fingers with hers, palms on the backs of her hands, and pressed them against Zeek's rump. He let her enjoy the softness of it for a minute, while Zeek encouraged her with little wiggles and moans, then brought one of her hands down to his rock-hard rod and let her line him up while he gently spread his brother's cheeks. Innita blushed at the sight of him nestled against Zeek's back door, and almost felt a little bad for the genet. Neither of them was anything like small...

Doran reached one hand behind him, pulling her hip snug up against his own rump and making her lean into him as he slid slowly into Zeek. After going only about halfway, he pressed his hips back against hers, leaning her back and withdrawing. When he started to pull her forward again, she got the hint and leaned into it, using her own weight to gently drive him forward...this time to full penetration.

Within the next couple of strokes they got their rhythm in sync, her driving in, him pulling back. The genet bent over the bed was grunting and clutching at the sheets, occasionally grinding back against them. Doran reached behind himself again, this time sliding his hand between their hips to press her clit with two fingers each time she rocked forward. Between the control they'd given her and the pleasant press of each thrust, it almost felt like she was fucking Zeek herself.

Doran's breath became more ragged, and he started to lose the rhythm as his arousal reached its peak. With a harsh sigh, he buried his full length one more time beneath his brother's tail and held it there, emptying himself into Zeek's backside. Innita ground her hips against Doran's tail, her own arousal begging for release at the lusty sight, but he'd withdrawn his fingers.

She wrapped her arms around his chest and sighed as he finally withdrew. "You two are..."

"Not done yet," interrupted Zeek with a chuckle as he stood up...and massaged his abused bottom lightly. She could tell that was not his favorite practice, though he didn't seem to mind it. "He likes taking it even more than giving it, you see."

Doran was already crawling onto the bed. He curled up on his side and motioned for her to lie down in front of him. He had her face him, similarly curled, and cupped a hand between her thighs as Zeek stretched out behind him. "Just watch his face," Zeek whispered, as he lifted Doran's leg high and buried himself to the hilt without hesitation. Doran drew a sharp breath at the sudden intrusion, but not in protest.

She understood what he meant as Zeek began to pound his brother's backside gently. It was possibly the most expressive she'd ever seen Doran: sometimes scrunching his face up so much it almost looked painful, sometimes smiling softly with eyes closed, one time even gazing at her with lustful eyes while his mouth hung open and his tongue practically lolled out.

And each time his brother thrust into him, Doran's fingers also dove into her, his thumb rolling carefully around and below her clit. He clearly did not intend to leave her arousal unfulfilled, but was trying to draw it out a little while.

"Harder," Doran urged his brother with a whisper.

"Nngh...deeper," she begged at nearly the same time, lifting a leg and spreading herself to give him as much room as she could manage. If he could reach just a quarter of an inch further...

One fingertip brushed over a slightly rough spot inside, coaxing a squeal from Innita and making her clench around his fingertips. It was the first time anyone had touched her G-spot. She'd always wanted to know what that felt like. Sadly, wonderful as it was, it was simply too difficult to reach for real pleasure. But it was nice to know, just once...and the next roll of his thumb across her clit sent her over the edge.

Doran was at full erection again, panting hard against her breast as she came back down off her climax. But by the sound of it, Zeek was going to reach his climax first...and did, just a few strokes later. Doran groaned as his brother filled him, ground his hips against Zeek, all but whimpering with a need nearly fulfilled. It was so sweetly unlike the Doran she usually knew...she reached under his upraised leg and behind his balls to caress that spot between his sac and back-door...and instantly felt a splash of warmth against her thigh, as Doran's climax poured out against her leg and onto the sheet between them.

"Ah...mmm..," Zeek sighed, coming down from his climax while Doran was still writhing, "You know what the best part of this is? ...Not having to clean the bed ourselves anymore."

"Oh, I am so going to slap you," she sighed, resting her forehead against Doran's as they both tried to catch their breath, "Just as soon as we all get in the shower." Taking both of their hands, she led them into the bathroom for the coziest, warmest shower ever.