

## The Billionaire's Twins Play Matchmaker Book Two: Chapter Twenty-Nine



Silas stirred. It was late and the heavy curtains prevented any outside light from reaching him as he lay in bed. Even with his eyes adjusted for it the room was almost pitch black. He was beginning to see why Ava took such issue with it. She was a warm, good natured person so this kind of darkness was unsuitable for her. He was eager to see just how she planned to change it.

With a sigh his embrace tightened keeping her body firmly against his while she slept. The evening hadn't gone as he planned but perhaps it had gone as it was meant to. Ava confronted both her sister and her mother and walked away from them with confidence. Growing up she had always been the wallflower but now she was emerging as quite the social butterfly and he was thrilled to bear witness to the transformation.

His heart still pounded with the way she kissed him. It may have been only a small peck on the lips but it was the first affectionate gesture she initiated. And it was not the last. Throughout the evening anytime she was called away to speak to someone she gave him a kiss to reassure him she would be fine.

Each time Silas had to suppress his desires that seemed limitless when she was near him. A few of the other guests joked she had him tied around her fingers. But he didn't mind: not the jokes and certainly not the fact it was true. It seemed Ava was beginning to realize it as well even going as far as to tease him throughout the night.

He only planned to stay for an hour afraid of Ava becoming uncomfortable but as the evening progressed he found her enjoying herself more and more so he changed his mind. This was how he wanted her to be: confident, happy and worry-free. It truly was thrilling to watch especially as he kept an eye on Marilyn and her mother. Neither seemed as excited about Ava's new look and attitude. Marilyn in particular was not happy with the attention her sister received while her mother seemed more confused than anything. Both left the gala early and neither was missed.

As their night wore on it became obvious Ava had a little too much to drink. Silas had been monitoring it closely and given her small frame it was clear she reached her limit quickly. Tracy seemed to agree giving Ava sparkling water instead of champagne and shooing away overeager servers when necessary. Eventually he decided to call it a night. Snaking an arm around her waist he reclaimed his fiancée from the group she was chatting with and took her home.

The limo ride back was much more relaxed than the ride out. Instead of being anxious Ava was cuddled up against him twisting her fingers in his hair. Silas fought the urge to undress her right there as every touch and caress sent erotic shocks through him. He was quite sure she had no idea what she did to him.

Silas was immensely relieved when they finally made it home. Ignoring Thomas's smirk Silas escorted Ava inside. Surprisingly Duncan was waiting to take their coats. The butler was better able to hide his mirth at Ava's drunken clinging but his eyes sparkled with amusement. Though Duncan hadn't said as much he worried about her quiet, unassuming nature wondering how she would cope with Silas's strong, domineering one. Seeing Silas now as he swept Ava into his arms to still her inebriated movements it was clear she would be fine. Perhaps it was Silas who was in trouble.

"You have something to say?" Silas glanced at the man who had been around since he was a boy.

"Not at all, sir," Duncan managed to speak evenly and was almost convincing. "The children have been quiet all evening."

"They have?" Silas didn't know why but the news made him nervous.

Over the course of the last month he learned his children were more than a little devious. When they were loud they acted like normal kids but when they were quiet they were busy plotting their revenge on behalf of their mother. Silas hadn't asked for details because he didn't want to know but they already confessed to preparing their grandfather's ultimate downfall. Considering the skills they already revealed to him there was no doubt they were serious. He was just happy not to be on their hit list.

"I see." Silas finally said.

"Will you need anything else?" Duncan asked.

"No." Silas glared at him. "Nothing more tonight."

Wanting to avoid the butler's laugh Silas carried Ava up the stairs and didn't relax until they were safely in their bedroom. Ava mumbled as he carefully set her back on her feet. He considered how best to get her out of her gown and into bed where she could sleep off the alcohol she imbibed.

"Okay Ava. We're almost to bed," he told her holding her to keep her from falling in her heels.

"Sounds good," she answered suddenly gripping his face and pulling him close for a passionate kiss.

His shock turned to arousal even as he fought the urges running through his mind. She needed to sleep. Yet her hands eagerly peeled off his clothes. Her fingers caressed his skin bringing another shock.

"Ava."

"You don't want to?" she almost whimpered.

"I...didn't say that."

"Then shut up." She kissed him again.

The urge to resist melted. She had never been so forceful and he was eager to see how far she would go. Their clothes pooled on the floor as they stumbled to the bed. Silas found himself forced down as she straddled him. Her first time in control had been awkward as she had no experience with the position but with the champagne lowering her inhibitions she was surer of herself.

Silas groaned enjoying her touch as her hands traced the definition of his muscles. His head was buzzing and the erection he had been fighting all night was engorged wanting to be inside her. Yet he fought the urge to roll her under him. He wanted her in control. He wanted to watch as she pleased herself on him. When she took him inside her he moaned with ecstasy. His hands caressed her thighs as she grinded her hips against his rocking back and forth.

Silas couldn't take his eyes off her as her expression became soft with pleasure. Her mane of brown curls floated around her and settled on her shoulders as her chest heaved and her breasts wiggled in front of him like tantalizing fruit. He caressed her hips gripping her ass as he thrust upward in time with her motion.

Every time her body clenched around his with her orgasm he fought to hold back not wanting this moment to end. But he couldn't hold back forever and when she reached her final peak he released himself inside her pumping every last drop of himself deep within her.

Ava moaned as they came together. Her body utterly relaxed and seemingly lost all strength. Silas cradled her tenderly holding her as she finally succumbed to the rest he knew she needed.

"...Silas."

"Shh. Sleep beautiful."

"...I love you."

Her mumbled words rang in his ears even now as she slept peacefully in his embrace. He could only hope she remembered it in the morning because he would never forget this night not if he lived a hundred years.

His phone buzzed. Groaning he reached for it on the table belatedly remembering it was lost somewhere among his discarded clothes. Wanting nothing more than to forget it until the sun rose he carefully disengaged from Ava without disturbing her slumber and rolled out of bed. Blindly he stumbled forward tripping on his clothes before leaning forward and searched for his phone.

He found it as it buzzed again and opened his messages. Not surprisingly he saw the messages were from Thomas. The first asked if he survived but the second urged him to call. Debating whether to comply or go back to bed Silas finally hit the call button.

"Oh good, you did survive," Thomas's voice answered almost immediately.

"It's four o'clock in the morning," Silas sighed. "This better be good."

"I got good news and bad news."

Silas nearly growled in irritation at this familiar game.

"Good news, you and Ava definitely made waves. Everyone is singing her praises so I don't think you need to worry. You'll have to call a board meeting soon though. They've already started calling me."

"Fine. Is that it?"

"The bad news. I think your kids have been up to their old tricks."

Silas got a sinking feeling recalling Duncan's earlier warning, "What did they do?"

"Well, good news is I can't prove it was them so they've covered their tracks pretty thoroughly but I don't know anyone else with an axe to grind against the old man and the balls to actually do it."

"Okay. So what did they do?"

"Check your email. I sent it to you. Looks like they are planning to take their aunt out and let me tell you they are not holding back. They are vicious. I just thought you should have a heads up because I don't know how this is going to fall out."

"I'll look at it and get back to you."

"So how is she doing really? I mean, she was pretty drunk."

Silas glanced at the bed where she was safely tucked in. In the dim light of his phone her expression was soft and her breathing even. He would never have guessed how forceful she could be in bed and the memory of it threatened to bring him to full arousal again. Shaking off the thoughts he kept his voice even.

"Asleep. Last night was pretty exhausting but I think she needed it."

"After confronting her sister like that I can see why. Well I'll let you go. Be sure to check your email."

"Right." Silas hung up with a sigh. He considered going back to bed but instead opened his email. If Thomas thought it was important enough to call at this hour than it had to be imperative.

The headline that greeted him was enough to make him shudder. The article that followed was mercifully short but it was as vicious as Thomas warned. Silas had no idea how they were able to find the information assuming it was true.

Emerson was sure to be on the warpath if this got back to him but he supposed that was the point. Silas wasn't sure if he hoped the news was true or faked. In either case there was sure to be fallout even if the author had been careful to leave out any mention of Ava there was no way they would be able to avoid it.

He had half a mind to wake up the kids and demand an explanation but thought better of it. They were only just beginning to warm up to him and he certainly didn't want to appear to be on their grandfather's side. They would have to have a serious discussion and sooner rather than later. Ava had suffered enough and he refused to allow her to be blindsided by her family. He wanted to make sure the kids understood that they needed to be careful.

It would be one thing if they were still living in obscurity. Any backlash would certainly have passed over them unharmed but now they would be notable figures. His protection could only extend so far. No matter what happened to Emerson or Marilyn Silas would not sacrifice Ava or the kids' future.

Ave stirred, "Silas?"

Setting down his phone he climbed back into bed before she woke fully. Kissing her he settled her back into his embrace. She relaxed remaining sleep. This was where she belonged.