
Chapter 1

Rory McCauley had never been so frustrated! He had never had any problem attracting girls and women. Rory was a tall, muscular and ruggedly handsome guy. He was a successful businessman and he knew how to be charming and how to have a good time. So, when he was introduced to the extraordinarily attractive maid-of-honor at his cousin Cade's wedding, he employed his usual moves to get her attention. But everything was different with this girl.

Rory had dated many women and he usually went for tall, leggy blondes. So he was surprised by the intense attraction he felt when he met Lola. Lola was the identical twin sister of his cousin Cade's bride, Lydia. She was a tiny thing, not even reaching his shoulder when they stood together posing for the photographer. Her waist-length titian hair was remarkable and the green of her eyes had him mesmerized. Her skin was luminously fair. She had a ready and dazzling smile that lit up her heart-shaped face. He was so taken with her that he felt a little silly—like he was in a rom/com movie. Her physical looks would have been enough to encourage him to ask her out, but he became that much more intrigued that she was the truly identical

sister of Cade's bride and though hearing-impaired, had a vibrant personality. He definitely wanted to get to know her better.

Unfortunately, Lola was having fun with everyone but him at the rehearsal and wedding. It seemed that she took one look at him after they were introduced and spent the rest of the wedding weekend avoiding him. This surprised him then annoyed him and finally, he got downright angry—especially when she consented to dance with anyone but him.

Finally, the bride and groom left the reception and the DJ played the last dance for those who remained. Rory grabbed Lola firmly by the hand and led her to the dance floor. She struggled a little but did not want to cause a scene so she relented. Lola was small but seemed to fit perfectly against him. He had never felt skin so soft and the fragrance she wore drove him wild. When the dance ended, he did not let her go. He pulled her to the empty end of the bar, planted her on a bar stool and trapped her between his arms as he leaned in. He spoke slowly, hoping she could understand by lip reading and watching his actions. He said, "You've had a few drinks. I'm not sure it's safe for you to drive. I'd like to take you where you are going tonight."

Lola shook her head vehemently and tried to escape but he held her arms. "Answer me. Where are you staying?"

Lola huffed and pulled out her phone. She used it to text him a message. "*I am staying at our house on campus and I will be just fine getting there. I'll find a ride. Goodbye!*"

Rory snatched the phone away from her and replied to her text, "*Let me put it this way. I will be taking you home tonight! And we're leaving now!*"

Rory had her arm in an inescapable grip as he led her to the door. Once outside, she tried to pull herself away and even kick him. Rory bent down, hoisted her over his shoulder and made his way to his truck. Lola was still squirming and squealing as he opened the cab door so he bent her under his arm and adminis-

tered half a dozen hard spanks to her bottom. She went still so he lifted her into the truck and fastened her seat belt. Then he shook his finger in her face and said, "Sit still—while you still can." Rory spoke slowly and used hand motions effectively. Lola understood what he was saying and though she glared at him, she complied.

It took them about thirty minutes to get to the house Lydia and Lola had shared all through college. It sat empty now, as Lydia had married Cade and moved to his home and Lola had left for grad school months ago.

Rory pulled into the driveway as Lola quickly unfastened the seatbelt, opened the door and jumped out, hoping to escape into the house before Rory could follow her. Unfortunately, in her haste, she miscalculated the distance from the seat to the ground and as she landed, her ankle turned painfully underneath her. She collapsed onto the ground holding her ankle and trying not to cry.

"Goddammit, Lola! What the hell are you doing?" Rory said as he rushed around the truck. He bent to look more closely at her ankle but she batted him away. He picked her up and carried her to the door. She signaled that the key was under the mat and they made their way into the dark house. Rory turned on some lights and got Lola situated on the couch in her living room. She tried to get up but he held her there and took her chin in his fingers. "You sit still while I see if anything is broken."

Lola folded her arms in front of her and looked defiant. Rory could see that he would have his hands full with this little girl but for now, he called on his EMT training to press gently above her ankle bone. She flinched but it did not seem to be broken. He took her phone to text a question about whether her ankle felt tingly or numb. He also observed that while some swelling was appearing, it was not severe. It was most likely a sprain, he told her. She would need ice.

When Rory returned with some ice wrapped in a towel, Lola

had texted him a message and thrust it in his face. "*Thank you for your help. I am fine now. You can go!*"

Rory grabbed the phone and began to text when Lola signaled him to stop. She signaled that she wanted to show him something on the phone. Lola pointed to an app whose icon was an ear. The app was myEar, a voice recognition app that worked quite well. She tapped the icon and signaled for Rory to speak into the phone. Rory said, "I am not going anywhere tonight. I will sleep on the couch and see how you are in the morning." After he spoke, Lola showed him the phone. There on the screen were the exact words he had just spoken.

"What?" said Rory. "This app translates my speech into text?"

Lola nodded.

"Great!" he said. Then, using the app, he spoke into the phone. "*Look, Lola, I don't want to leave you here alone tonight. Let's get you comfortable and I'll sleep here on the couch. Then I can check your ankle in the morning.*"

Lola looked at him skeptically and then yawned.

Rory scooped her up and said, "It's been a very long day and you're tired. Let's go." Rory carried her to her bedroom, pulled back the covers, laid her down and went to get some aspirin and water. When he came back, she was already sleeping. Asleep, she looked younger than her twenty-three years, causing Rory to wonder if the five year age difference between them would be a problem. He felt his protective instincts aroused.

Rory looked down at Lola's angelic face now peaceful in sleep. She was still in the soft pink dress she had worn to the wedding and he took a moment to appreciate her small but lovely form. He was falling hard and fast, and the idea that she would fly out tomorrow to go back to school, tugged at his heart. With a sigh, he tucked her in and went to see if he could cram his large body onto her couch. It would be a long night.