



all  
we  
want

IS HER BETWEEN US

MAREE ROSE

# **All We Want**

Maree Rose

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by Maree Rose

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## Blurb

The Blackstone brothers are some of the best at what they do.

They own a company that takes care of all of your physical security needs... but under the surface, they also run a company of mercenaries and black ops personnel taking care of high security jobs.

Scarlette is also one of the best at what she does.

She owns a tech security company that is one of the best in the business... but under the surface, she is a thief for hire.

When she receives a contract to steal from the Blackstone brothers she utilizes their staff Christmas party to gain access and get the job done. She thought that she had it all covered, that they would be just a job completed and money in the bank...

She didn't count on getting caught...

Or the consequences.



## Foreword

Hello readers!

Thank you so much for picking up my book!

Please be aware that this book is a reverse harem, meaning our leading lady Scarlett will not have to choose between her men, because #whychoose.

There is explicit language and explicit sex scenes, including encounters with more than one of her men at the one time. This is absolutely an adult romance and is intended for readers 18+ due to the language and content. Please do not blame me for any ruined panties... I advice not even bothering to wear them while reading this...

Lastly, this book ends with a very minor cliff... I wouldn't even really call it a cliff, maybe a steep hill that you get to have a breather at the top of...

Thank you and I hope that you enjoy All We Want.

PS. Mum, you might note I gave up on warning you a couple of books back... have at it... just don't talk to me about

certain scenes afterward...

For those who don't care about the content warning and like to live on the edge, skip the next page... for those who take the warning seriously, don't skip it...

# Content Warnings

Dubcon

Forced Masturbation

Gun play

Breath Play

Spitting

Voyeurism

Mild Exhibitionism

Mild Breeding

Group scenes

Thievery



*When all you want for Christmas is dirty talking Irish  
brothers to fuck you like they own you...*



## Glossary of Irish Terms

*gadaí beag* = little thief

*binneas* = sweetness

*cailín maith* = good girl

*rós beag* = little rose

*banríon diamaint* =

queen of diamonds

*a stór* = darling

*mo stór* = my darling

*mil* = honey

*dia dhuit* = hello



## Prologue

### DECLAN

I still remember the first time we saw her.

It was on a security camera as she walked calmly out the front door of our building, after stealing priceless information from my personal computers.

I had always found it convenient that we built our penthouse apartment on the top floor of our office building, until now. Though who could really have predicted that someone would take advantage of the Christmas party we hosted for our employees to utilize the easy access.

And it's not as though she was hiding from the cameras as she left.

But she had somehow bypassed all of the security and cameras inside our office, our private elevator from the office to the penthouse and then all the way into our private office.

Except for the tiny camera hidden in the bookshelf and just as off the grid as our computers. If it wasn't for that tiny camera we would have probably dismissed the vixen, dressed in ruby red velvet, as just another guest, exactly how she intended.

I'm not even sure how I hadn't seen her during the party itself, and she would have caught my attention if I had. She was dressed to fit in with the other ordinary party guests, but there was nothing ordinary about her.

Her black hair was piled high on her head in a riot of black curls, some having come loose to trail down the skin of her neck and back. The dress she wore was almost a work of art in itself, but I couldn't decide if that was because of the dress or how it clung to her hourglass figure.

Replaying the footage from the building foyer, I watched the gentle sway of her round hips as she walked from the elevator and toward the front door, underneath where the camera is mounted. It captures the tiny moment her blue eyes look directly in the camera and a smile curls on her ruby painted lips.

The party was long over before we knew anything was amiss. But I could feel it in the air the moment I walked into the office. And there was a subtle scent in there that didn't belong. The scent itself wasn't subtle, it was bold and spicy, but it was only a slight lingering wisp of perfume.

I knew instantly that someone had been in our space who didn't belong. Nothing could be seen on all the wired security systems so I checked the one I have hidden for this exact

reason. It was only through that camera that we even knew the files she had stolen since it was aimed at my computer.

It's a pity the information she stole was going to get her tortured and killed.



## Chapter 1

### SCARLETTE

**T**here was nothing like the feeling of success.

That combined with the adrenaline of a successful job has me practically flying high. Who would have thought that stealing from the Blackstone brothers would be so easy?

Okay, fine, it wasn't that easy; it took weeks of planning and a lot of technology to bypass all of their security systems. But I managed it. And now I was going to be a million dollars richer.

I can't help smiling to myself as I key in the code for my front door. It had astounded me the level of security that they had on their building and then they had twice as much on their penthouse. I wasn't unfamiliar with high security, I owned a tech security company after all, but theirs was next level.

Walking inside my front door, I move over to the security panel on the wall, putting in the second code and scanning my handprint. The green glow appears moments later, and I hear the locks disengage on the internal entry doors.

Humming under my breath, I move into the main part of my house, leaning against the wall in the entryway to remove one red high heel and then the other. I breathe a sigh of relief at the coolness of the marble tiles under my feet.

I start humming under my breath again, and I realize it's one of the songs that was playing at the Christmas party in the Blackstone Enterprises offices. I grin again, setting my purse onto the black dining table and retrieving my phone. Pulling up the entertainment system, I find the same Christmas music and press play. The upbeat song instantly surrounds me from the speakers throughout the open area.

Humming and singing along, I reach around my back and start unzipping my party dress as I make my way toward my kitchen. Letting it fall to the floor, I step out of it and continue walking in just my bra and underwear, opening one of the glossy white cabinets to retrieve a wine glass.

Bending down to look at my wine rack, I shake my hips in time with the music. Christmas was my favorite time of the year. I loved the music and the cooler weather, but I also loved how easy my jobs became when people were distracted by the season. Important people hosting important parties like the one that the Blackstone brothers held tonight was an easy way to get whatever I needed with minimal effort.

Picking out a bottle of wine, I continue dancing to the music as I open it and pour myself a generous glass. Taking a sip of the wine, my eyes focus back on my purse, my smile getting wider as I sway my way back over to it, picking the dress up along the way to hang over the back of a dining chair.

Reaching into the purse, I dig out my prize.

Holding the silver USB up to the light between my fingers, I take another sip of wine as I look at it. It's such a small inconsequential looking item, but the information it held was going to make me a lot of money.

In all honesty, I didn't even have a clue what the information was. I just had the project name, found the files with all references to it and copied them onto the drive. It could have been the plans for the next city graveyard for all I knew, all that mattered was that someone was willing to pay a lot of money for it.

Closing my whole hand around it, I make my way away from the open living area and toward my office.

As I enter my sleek home office, I can't help but feel a giddy sense of accomplishment. The room is dimly lit, the only source of light coming from the glow of multiple monitors and the ambient Christmas lights I've hung around the room.

The floor to ceiling glass window paired with the house being built into the hills that skirted the city afforded me an uninterrupted view of the city lights and skyscrapers. It made me feel like a queen and the moment I saw the view, I had paid the ridiculous asking price for the house.



I sit down at my secure computer, a state-of-the-art system designed to keep prying eyes at bay. Placing my glass of wine on the black surface of the desk, I activate the machine and it hums to life. I navigate through layers of encryption and security protocols.

The buyer had made it clear—no online transfer. This transaction had to be handled with the utmost discretion, and I was more than capable of meeting those requirements. My fingers dance across the keyboard as I draft a carefully worded message to the buyer. They requested a deadline of the following weekend, so I provide instructions for the rendezvous on the day they set.

I smirk as I consider the irony of the situation. The Blackstone brothers, masters of security, completely unaware that their prized information was now in my possession. It's a sweet victory, and I revel in the fact that I outsmarted their elaborate defenses.

Once the message is composed, I encrypt it and attach it securely to an email. I send it through an intricate network of anonymized servers, leaving no trace of my location or identity. The buyer will receive the instructions without a clue about the mastermind behind the operation.

As I lean back in my chair, I take a moment to appreciate the view of the city skyline. The twinkling lights below just add to the exhilaration coursing through my veins. I drink the last of my glass of wine, savoring the rich taste.

The following weekend can't come soon enough. Until then, the USB containing the mysterious and valuable information will remain safely in my possession. I shut down the computer, ensuring no digital footprint is left behind, and dance toward one of the other walls in the office.

The wall has four pieces of artwork in a line, each done in shades of black, gray and metallic gold. They were the four queens of the card deck, the queens of clubs, spades, diamonds and hearts.

Pulling the queen of diamonds away from the wall, I key in the codes and scan my prints to open the safe hidden there. Sliding the USB onto the shelf next to the other contents, I then close the safe and move the painting back into place.

With the job done, I move to my bedroom and change out of my underwear and into more comfortable clothes. The Christmas music still fills the air, and I find myself dancing around the room, relishing in the triumph of a well-executed plan. Little do the Blackstone brothers know, they've just become a footnote in my long list of successful endeavors.



## Chapter 2

### DECLAN

**T**he image of the vixen in red is up on one of the big screens in my office when Aiden walks in.

He chuckles when he sees it, but I can still see the hint of appreciation in his eyes at the image. “Are ye still lookin’ at that? I woulda thought ye would have tracked the lass down by now.”

Just from the extra Irish in his speech, I can tell he has just come from spending time with our recent recruits. We moved to America when I was ten, or when we were wee lads, as our da would have said. I’m the oldest with barely a year between each of us. Most of our Irish has been smoothed out over the years, but get us in a room with others from home, then it brings out the best in us.

I raise an eyebrow in his direction. “Oh, I have. It wasn’t easy. She’s good, but I’m better.”

Aiden grins and turns more toward the screen, rubbing his hands. “So? When we goin’ after the wee minx?”

“Ronan’s already doin’ some recon.”

He freezes and turns back to me with overly wide eyes. He has always been the most visibly emotional of the three of us. “Are ya sure dat’s wise?”

I huff at him as I roll my eyes. “He ain’t doin’ anythin’ more than recon. Location, tech, security and all that. He knows he can’t try to go in until he brings us all the information.”

Frowning, he pauses for a moment, I can see the thoughts rapidly crossing his face in the tiny changes to his expression. “An’ how do we find out if she has already offloaded the information?”

I’m already shaking my head before he finishes his question. I’m the analytical one, I’ve already run through all the information on the vixen that I was able to find on public and not so public records.

Although she is the owner of a successful tech security company, it was her life below the shiny corporate surface that intrigued me. I had only been able to gather a limited amount of information, but it was enough to assure me she still had the information she stole.

“She’s too precise an’ methodical. She won’t send the information over the internet where anyone can intercept it. She would be doin’ a physical drop, and she won’t do it

straight away. She would wanna make sure the buyer is credible and not goin' to screw 'er over."

Aiden taps his fingers together as he brings them to rest against his lips. Then he points a finger at me and I know he's going to annoy me. "Ya admire her."

I hum softly, looking from him back to the image of the vixen on the screen. There is admittedly a fascination there. I wasn't able to find out as much information as I normally would for anyone I look into. She was a mystery wrapped in a seductive package.

Almost like our own personal Christmas gift that I want to unwrap layer by layer.

"She is the first to get past da walls."

He wanders over to lean against my desk, following my own gaze back to her image again. "That don't necessarily make her special."

The image continues to captivate my attention, and I can't deny the truth in Aiden's words. She is special, not just because of the successful heist, but because she's managed to breach the fortress of my usually impenetrable mind.

"Special enough that we need to be cautious and strategic." I reply, leaning back in my chair and crossing my arms. "I want Ronan to gather every scrap of information he can before we make a move. We don't want any surprises."

Aiden nods in agreement, his expression growing more serious. "Aye, surprises are what get people caught. And we

can't afford any mistakes, 'specially not with what's on the line."

I nod, acknowledging the gravity of the situation. This isn't just any piece of information; it's going to be a high-stakes game, and we need to play it right. The vixen might be skilled, but she's up against a team that prides itself on being a step ahead.

As Aiden continues to discuss the potential risks and rewards, my mind wanders back to the enigmatic woman in the image. What is her story? What led her down this path of high-stakes theft? I find myself more intrigued than ever.

"She's not like the others," I murmur, almost to myself. "There be a certain elegance to her methods, a finesse. It's almost refreshin'."

Aiden arches an eyebrow, a mischievous glint in his eye. "Refreshin', huh? So there be more than admiration goin' on here?"

I contemplate Aiden's remark. The truth lingers in the air, and I decide it's time to admit what I'm feeling, not just to myself but to my brother as well.

"Maybe," I say, a smirk playing on my lips. "Ya can't tell me you don't feel a little intrigued. No one has truly been a good challenge since we started this company."

"Oh, I wasn't denyin' it. I was already there when you told us 'bout it las' nigh'. And I know Ro agrees, otherwise he wouldn't be out doin' 'recon'." He uses his fingers to

emphasize the word 'recon' as though he didn't really believe that Ronan would simply stick to the set task of gathering information. Which admittedly, knowing our brother, there is a high chance that he was right.

I frown at him anyway though, which just makes him laugh.

“So what now?” He asks.

His almost puppy dog eagerness just reinforces my already simmering thoughts. “Now we find out if the lass still has our files and den we find out everythin' there is to know about our mystery lady in red.”

“An' how do we go about doin' that?”

I finally let the smirk stretch across my lips as my focus returns once again to the image, my fingers tapping lightly against the hard surface of my desk as a slight thrill goes through me. The pieces of this game were already in motion, and oh what a game it will be.



## Chapter 3

### SCARLETTE

**M**y last meeting of the day ran long. All I want to do is get back to my office and out of my high heels. The day had been long and filled with meetings. I was looking forward to calling it a day and heading home to a bath and a glass of wine.

Walking back toward my office, at the back of the highrise, my assistant looks up at my approach and gives me a kind smile. Susannah has a motherly vibe and is always bringing in treats for me that she baked, especially at this time of the year. She has also taken it upon herself to cover most of the office space in decorations, not that I'm complaining as I love the season too.

“Your last appointment arrived already and I've put him in your office with a coffee. Please tell me this is more than just a work thing because that man is hot.”



She was always trying to encourage me to date at every opportunity.

But also, I did not have any more appointments. I had made sure of that.

I stop walking as I narrow my eyes at her. “I don’t recall having another appointment set up today.”

She gets flustered for a moment, turning back toward her computer. “It’s in your schedule, dear. Maybe you forgot? It doesn’t have a company or many details listed which is why I thought maybe it was more of a personal nature.” She looks back up at me a little chagrined. “Do you want me to move him to a meeting room?”

Now I feel bad for making her feel bad.

“No, it’s fine, Sue. You’re right, I must have forgotten. Why don’t you head off for the day and I’ll see you in the morning.”

Susannah smiles appreciatively, her motherly concern evident. “Alright, dear. Don’t stay too late. And if it’s a date, give me the details tomorrow!”

I nod, acknowledging her with a grateful smile, and continue down the hallway toward my office. The sound of my heels clicking against the polished floor is a constant reminder of the long day that’s about to get a bit longer.

Opening the door to my office, I’m greeted by the warm aroma of fresh coffee. The man Susannah mentioned is standing in front of the glass wall on one side of my office, his attention focused on the city skyline visible through the glass.

The soft glow of evening light is casting a warm hue over everything. It silhouettes him, and I can see the man's physique that is only accentuated by the suit that is hugging his body.

He turns as I enter, and I am glad for the carefully constructed mask that I wear most of the time. Declan Blackstone is standing in my office.

Declan fucking Blackstone.

He should not be in my office.

He should not even know of my existence.

I continue walking to my desk and place my laptop and notepad on the surface. Moving in his direction, I smile at him and secretly hope that he cannot see the way I'm trying to swallow past the lump in my throat at his presence in my office.

It's not just because I stole highly classified files that were worth a lot of money, it's also because Susannah was right, the man is hot.

His black wavy hair comes down to his shoulders, curling around his neck. Dark lashes make his clear green eyes stand out like a cat's. High cheekbones and full lips give him an air of confidence, and the subtle stubble on his chiseled jawline adds a touch of ruggedness. A perfectly tailored suit hugs his frame, emphasizing a physique that suggests both strength and control.

I approach him, maintaining a composed exterior despite the internal chaos. “Good evening, I’m Scarlett Monroe. I’m sorry I seem to have misplaced my notes on this meeting, how can Monroe Security help you?” I inquire, my tone professional as I hold my hand out toward him.

He offers a charming smile, and I can’t help but feel a slight twinge of nervousness. His warm hand slides into mine and takes a firm grip. He doesn’t shake it, only holds it. “Ms Monroe, I’m Declan Blackstone,” he says, his voice smooth and commanding with a hint of an Irish accent. “I jus’ recently read about ya impressive company and skills. And I’m hopin’ ya could be of assistance to me.”

Both his hand, his smooth voice and smile are heating parts of me that definitely shouldn’t be reacting to him. This is not good.

Quickly extracting my hand, I motion toward the sitting area where Susannah has placed his coffee. He motions that I go ahead of him in response, and I turn toward the sitting area. His intense green eyes haven’t left me since I entered the room and my heart is racing.

The little sitting area in my office had three chairs surrounding a small table, so there is no chance of putting a whole chair between us. Taking a seat, I cross my legs and almost instantly regret it when my dress creeps up my thigh, which is normally hidden under my meeting tables and desks.

His eyes flick to the exposed skin. I spread my hand down my knee in an attempt to shift the material.

Hoping to distract him, I continue. “So, how can we be of assistance, Mr. Blackstone? I’m aware of your company, and I can’t imagine you would need assistance from a company like mine.”

He hums as his eyes return to mine. “Well it recently came to me attention that our internal security seems to be lackin’.”

Fuck. Me. This was not going to end well.

He obviously knew I breached his Christmas party, but did he know I had stolen his files? He couldn’t possibly know that, I was meticulous in making sure the cameras didn’t capture me in their penthouse.

The tension in the room is palpable as Declan Blackstone leans back, his gaze penetrates through the carefully crafted facade I maintain. He seems to be studying me, a knowing glint in his eyes that sends shivers down my spine. I can’t help but wonder how much he truly knows.

Internal security issues, he claims. It could be a ruse, or he might genuinely be oblivious to my extracurricular activities. Regardless, I need to tread carefully.

“I see,” I respond, feigning surprise. “Internal security is a delicate matter, Mr. Blackstone. It requires a thorough investigation and precise solutions. If you could provide more details, we can determine the best course of action.”

He leans forward, his eyes never leaving mine. The intensity in his gaze makes it clear that he’s not a man easily fooled. I

can feel the weight of his scrutiny and the heat radiating from his body that is now even closer to mine.

My heart races even faster, and I grip the edge of my seat, careful not to let my anxiety show.

He smirks, the corner of his lips lifting ever so slightly, as though he can tell exactly how he is affecting me. “I’ve heard good things abou’ your company, Ms. Monroe, but I’m also interested in the person behind the company. That be why I suggest meetin’ outside the confines of a typical business settin’. The Christmas Charity Ball tomorrow night, to be precise.”

I raise an eyebrow, trying to maintain my composure. “A charity ball is an interesting choice for a meeting.”

He chuckles, the smooth sound like velvet across my skin. “I find dat people reveal more about themselves in relaxed environments. Besides, tis for a good cause. I wanted ta see if we connect as people first before we delve into business matters.”

Before I can respond, Declan leans even closer, his fingers lightly brushing against the exposed skin of my leg. My breath catches, and my lips part in surprise. The touch sends a jolt through me, and for a moment, all professional pretenses fade away. His eyes lock onto mine, a sly smile playing on his lips.

“Wear somethin’ red tomorrow night,” he murmurs, his voice a seductive whisper. “It suits ya better.”

I blink in surprise, caught off guard by the suggestion. He holds my gaze for a moment longer, his expression unreadable, before gracefully standing up. The proximity is broken, and I can feel the absence of his presence like a sudden cool breeze.

“Until tomorrow night, Ms. Monroe,” he says, his tone reverting to its previous businesslike demeanor. With a nod, he heads towards the door, leaving me with a racing heart and the lingering warmth of his touch still resonating on my skin.

The dress I was currently wearing was green. He definitely saw me at his party.



## Chapter 4

### AIDEN

The little minx has already ruffled the unflappable Declan.

He may think he isn't showing it, but I know him better than anyone else. The way he is obsessing over the little details or lack thereof of her theft. How he can't find more than the surface level data on her when normally nothing is outside of his reach. And the way he looks at that fucking image.

I'll admit that the image and what little I know about her has drawn me like a moth to a flame also. But I have always been drawn to pretty things.

And pretty doesn't begin to describe the little minx. I just wanted to bury myself in all of her curves.

The opening of the passenger door of my Mercedes startles me from my thoughts before Declan slides into the seat. I raise

an eyebrow at him but he just keeps looking out the windshield of the car.

“Ya look a liddle warm there, Dec.”

He flashes a scowl in my direction that just has me laughing. I enjoy teasing my brother until he snaps at me, which doesn't happen often. When he suddenly holds up a hand, I know he is serious and the laughter dies instantly.

When he points a finger out the front of the car, I watch as a matte black Mustang exits the underground parking garage of the building we are in front of. I hum softly in appreciation of the vehicle as it turns onto the street and drives away from us.

Once she has turned out of sight, I start my car and follow. I don't need to follow closely, I know where she is going, and being too close would just cause alarm. I honestly didn't know how the cops figure they can tail someone so close, cause that shit just raises alarm bells.

Declan brings his phone to his ear. “She's headin' ya way now... O'course I didn' say anythin' specific, jus' my presence in her office did all the work for us... See ya soon.”

When he slides the phone back into the pocket of his jacket, he turns to look at me with a smirk. “Oh the reaction to me bein' there will live on in me memory for a while now.”

I grin as I shift gears, I can still see her, but she is giving the speed limit a good nudge. I know I will have to back off when we reach the edge of the city, but I am enjoying being able to watch her work that gorgeous machine before then.



“Tell me she didn’t break that easy... this won’t be nearly as fun if she did.”

He chuckles and even without looking at him, I know he is probably replaying the whole encounter in his mind again. “Didn’t even falter. If I hadn’t been watchin’ so close at her reflection and then at her, I woulda thought we had the wrong lass.”

I flicked a glance at him, waiting for him to elaborate, and I can tell from the smirk still on his face that I was right. It was strange to see him so affected when he was normally all calm, controlled, and analytical. I wait him out though; I know he will share the details if I let him, and he doesn’t take long.

“I could almost smell da fear an’ panic. The slight widenin’ of her eyes, the way her breathin’ increased. But she didn’t miss a beat, acted like she had no’ a clue why I was there, introduced herself like it was a normal business meetin’. She stayed strong the whole time, I’ll give the lass that.”

We had reached the city edge so I backed the car off, allowing the lights of the mustang to fade from view as we started to ascend the hills. The houses start to spread out the higher we climb and the trees grow more dense.

It wasn’t too long before I was cutting my lights and slowing to a stop. I could see her car now in the driveway of the house up ahead. There were outside fences to the property, but I could guarantee she would have security on all possible entries to the house itself.

If I hadn't already expected the sound at my window it may have startled me, as it was, it just had both Declan and I exiting the car.

A figure detached from the shadows again and met us at the back of my car. We all looked similar, but Ronan looked a little wilder than me or Dec. Because he is.

His black hair reached his shoulders and when he didn't let it stay out and wild, he had it tied back at the nape of his neck, like he had it now. It was the opposite of mine; I kept mine short. All three of us had inherited our mother's green eyes, but the occasional look of crazy in Ro's eyes belongs completely to him.

He gives Dec a look before passing him a phone. "Did exactly as ya said. Ran straight to it to make sure it was still there."

Dec chuckles as he looks at the screen. I lean over his shoulder so I could see video of inside the house.

"Well, she has a sense o' humor. They say diamonds be a girl's bes' friend."

I look up from the video of her checking her safe at Ro. "That video don' look like it was taken from outside da house."

A smirk spreads across Ro's lips and judging from the look in his eyes, I'm not sure I want to know how he got the video.

Dec makes a noise that has me looking back at the device in his hand, and I can't help the shocked chuckle that escapes me.

Once the adrenaline had stopped feeding her panic, it had obviously moved in a totally different direction. The little minx had completely shed all her clothes right there in her office as she stood with her back against the same wall of art where her safe was hidden.

I watch through the tiny screen as one of her hands cups and squeezes her generous breast while the other hand slides between her pretty thighs.

“What the fuck happened between the two of ya in her office?” I rasp as I continue to watch her movements, now not able to look away.

We both groan as she appears to realize where she is and stumbles out of the room. Dec looks up at Ro. “Please tell me ya creepy arse put dem elsewhere too.”

Ro snickers and takes the phone, tapping a few times before handing the device back. Dec rumbles a deep appreciative sound.

She made it to her bed and was lying on it spread out like a Christmas feast. Her hands were once again on her breast and her pussy, but now we could see more details. Wherever Ro had placed the camera was a perfect angle to take in the whole bed, it was up high so I was assuming he somehow managed to get it on the ceiling.

A hand interrupts the view of the screen for a second as Ro reaches over to tap something else and instantly the most glorious sound fills the air around us. She put on soft sultry

Christmas music in the background, but over the top of that was the sweet sounds of her breathy moans.

Dec slides his own fingers across the screen and the view zooms in so her whole body is taking up the screen. “Now dat’s a pretty fuckin’ pussy.”

I grunt in response, my own hand reaching down to squeeze my already hard cock. We were extremely comfortable around each other so I knew they wouldn’t have cared if I took care of it in front of them, but I wanted to wait until we were home before I took my time with my release.

Our little minx on the other hand, doesn’t seem to have that patience. I watch as her fingers move rapidly over her clit, her other fingers squeezing hard on her nipple and pulling.

*So she likes a little pain too, good to know.*

I can tell by the increase in the pitch of her moans that she is chasing her orgasm. I wonder to myself if she ever took the time to go slowly, to enjoy the build, to create a feeling like she is exploding like a supernova.

Even still, the sound she makes when she reaches her climax almost has me spilling in my pants like I’m a little lad at school again, and my hand squeezes hard on myself through my pants.

Dec makes a sound halfway between a grunt and a groan. I can already tell from the way he narrows his eyes at the woman panting in her bed and the way he rolls his lips between his teeth that his mind is racing.

Glancing up at Ro, the heavy lidded look and smirk on his lips tells me all I need to know.

“Oh, tis the most wonderful time of the year...”



## Chapter 5

### SCARLETTE

The panic set in seconds after Declan Blackstone walked out the door of my office. And once I finally assured myself that my security and the USB were still untouched, the other feelings from his visit slammed into me like a tidal wave.

The USB containing the stolen files was safely tucked away, and my security measures seemed intact. Yet, the encounter left me feeling exposed in ways I hadn't anticipated. The thrill of danger mingled with an unsettling attraction that had me questioning my own judgment.

The intensity of his stare, the spicy scent that wrapped around me, the brief brush of his skin against mine, had me chasing relief to the throbbing ache inside of me.

It was short lived and still left me feeling unsatisfied.

I had contemplated getting out some of my toys, but at that point the adrenaline had crashed over me and I just wanted to sleep.

The morning still brought with it a sense of paranoia, so I chose to work from home today. This allowed for the extra benefit of avoiding Sue's questions about my last meeting of the day. It was also good for me, because how the hell do you tell your assistant who doesn't know about your secret life that 'oh that's just the guy I stole top secret documents from, who probably wants to kill me'.

The healthy dose of arousal he served me was also like the finest wine I've ever tasted.

Yeah, not sure Sue would completely understand.

As I focused on my tasks, the hours flew by, but my thoughts kept drifting back to the upcoming charity ball. The invitation had added an extra layer to an already complex situation. And I couldn't decipher Declan's true intentions.

When I first saw him standing in my office, I thought perhaps Sue may be returning the next day to my dead body. There were subtle hints in what he said to me that made it clear he knew about me and what I had done, but he seemed almost like he was taking that as an open invitation instead.

I found myself torn between the allure of the unknown and the potential dangers that lurked beneath the surface. The Blackstone brothers, notorious bachelors, were an enigma in their own right. I didn't fit the mold of the women they usually

associated with—skinny, blonde models who graced the covers of magazines.

I ponder over the possibilities as I prepare for the evening ahead. Choosing a red dress, as suggested by Declan, I can't ignore the irony of dressing for a man whose motives remained a mystery. The dress clings to my figure, showing off my ample cleavage and hips, and every glimpse of the shimmering red reflection reminds me of the brief touch of Declan's fingers against my thigh.

Anticipation and anxiety fill me. I couldn't help but wonder if I was walking into a trap or a chance encounter that could alter the course of my carefully guarded life.

With a deep breath, I remind myself of the game I chose to play. Whatever awaited me at the charity ball, I would face it with the same resilience that kept me afloat in the world of secrets and shadows.

The ballroom hosting the charity ball was adorned with elegant decorations and glittering lights. The hum of conversations blended with the soft melodies of classical Christmas music.

Almost instantly Declan Blackstone emerged from the crowd, his gaze finding mine with an intensity that sent a shiver down my spine. He approached with a confident stride, his eyes lingering on the red dress that clung to my curves. "Ms. Monroe, you look absolutely stunning," he remarks, a subtle smirk playing on his lips.



I acknowledge the compliment with a subtle smile. He looks devastating himself in what could only be a very expensive and tailored black suit.

“Thank you, Mr. Blackstone,” I reply, maintaining the mask that I perfected long ago. The tension between us was palpable, the unspoken dialogue echoing beneath the strains of the Christmas music.

We are interrupted by other guests wanting to greet each of us with pleasant words and well wishes for the season. After the fourth time Declan turns to me. “How bout we escape the crowd a moment? Perhaps over a drink?”

We walk away from the crowd toward a more secluded bar and he steps up to speak to the bartender. Moments later, he turns to pass me a glass of red wine, the deep crimson liquid a perfect match for the shade of my dress.

His own drink of scotch in one hand, he moves his empty hand to my back, not so subtly directing me toward a secluded balcony.

As we step onto the balcony, the chilly night air brushes against my skin, adding an extra layer of intensity. The city lights below twinkle like distant stars, and the soft murmur of the party behind us provides a comforting backdrop.

Declan’s hand on my back was a subtle yet commanding gesture as he guided me towards the railing. The quiet balcony offered a reprieve from the festive chaos inside, and for a moment, it felt like we existed in a world of our own.

The city lights sprawl beneath us, creating an enchanting backdrop. Declan leans against the railing, his gaze fixed on the skyline. “Quite a view,” he remarks, his voice carrying a hint of appreciation.

I take a sip of the red wine, its velvety richness dancing on my tongue. “And quite the choice of drink,” I quip, acknowledging the seamless match with my preferences.

Declan’s gaze turns toward me, the city lights reflecting in his eyes. “Details, Ms. Monroe,” he says with a knowing smile. “They make all da difference.”

I grin, matching his playful tone. “Ah, details. The little things that add flavor to life.” I gesture with the glass of wine in my hand. “Like this, for instance. A man who knows the perfect drink for a woman he barely knows. Impressive.”

Declan chuckles, a low, enticing sound. “Ya be a mystery worth unravelin’, Scarlett Monroe.”

I couldn’t deny the thrill of his words, the undercurrent of attraction weaving through our banter. “And what about you, Declan Blackstone? Any hidden mysteries behind that composed exterior?”

He leans closer, the city lights casting a glint in his eyes. “Maybe, but some secrets are meant to be discovered in due time.”

Declan’s response hung in the air, filled with promise and a touch of danger. The dance of words continued, a carefully

choreographed exchange that hinted at depths beyond our casual banter.

His gaze locked onto mine, and in that charged moment, he took a step closer. The distance between us diminishes, and I feel the warmth and strength of his presence.

“But here’s a thought,” Declan says, his voice a soft whisper against the backdrop of the city sounds. “Why talk ‘bout mysteries when we can experience them?”



## Chapter 6

### SCARLETTE

**B**efore I comprehend his suggestion, he smoothly shifts, one hand extending towards me. “Care for a dance, Ms. Monroe?”

Surprise flickers through me. “Dancing? Right here on the balcony?”

Declan’s confident grin never wavers. “Why not? We’ve been dancin’ around topics all nigh’. A real dance migh’ just be the perfect way to express what words can’t capture.”

As if heeding his unspoken invitation, the soft strains of music from the ballroom below reach us. A rhythmic melody, an unspoken cue to join the dance.

Without waiting for my answer, Declan takes my wine glass and his whiskey glass and places them on a nearby table. He then takes my hand and pulls me into a slow, intimate dance.

The balcony transforms into our private stage, the city lights below mere spectators to the dance between Declan and I. The music embraces us, its gentle rhythm guiding our steps.

As we sway in the quiet dance, Declan's hand on my back creates a tangible connection. The soft graze of his fingers against the exposed skin sends a shiver through me. His touch was confident, each movement deliberate, and his hand pressed me closer, his hard body molding seamlessly against mine.

The black of his suit is a stark contrast to the vibrant red of my dress, and the sensation of fabric against fabric heightens my awareness of our proximity. Every step, every subtle turn, draws us closer, and the dance becomes a subtle exploration of boundaries.

The crisp night air carries a hint of his cologne, a spicy, intoxicating fragrance that adds to the heady atmosphere.

Declan's eyes hold a lingering intensity as the final notes of our dance fade into the night. He smiles, a predatory curve that plays at the corners of his lips. "You fit perfectly in my arms, Scarlett," he remarks, his gaze unwavering.

I meet his smile with a raised eyebrow, unable to suppress a comment that danced on the edge of my thoughts. "That smile of yours," I say, "it's almost like that of a wolf, cunning and sly."

His smile deepens, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "Observant as always, Ms. Monroe. The wolf is a fittin' comparison. Should I start callin' ya Little Red Ridin' Hood?"

A chuckle escapes me, the tension between us pulsating with a mixture of danger and intrigue. “I don’t recall ever needing saving from a wolf, Mr. Blackstone. Besides, I can handle myself in the woods.”

Declan’s gaze bore into mine, the wolfish smile persisting. “I have no doubt ‘bout that. Perhaps the woods are where da real adventure begins. Let’s say Little Red stumbled into the wrong cottage. Should da big bad wolves eat ‘er alive or let ‘er go.”

His question holds layers beyond the surface, and I couldn’t help but be intrigued. “It depends on the kind of ‘eating’ you’re referring to, but I’m sure I could get behind either scenario.”

In response, he chuckles, the glint of humor still dancing in his eyes. His fingers, warm and firm, brush distractingly against the skin of my back, sending heat through my entire body.

“What if Red already possesses what she needs and slips away before the big bad wolves even catch her scent?” I ask, my tone carrying a subtle blend of challenge and amusement.

“Are ya sure ‘bout that?” he inquires, a sly smile playing on his lips that turns the question into a tantalizing proposition.

“Yep, pretty sure.”

Suddenly, I find myself pressed firmly against him. His face draws close, his breath grazing my neck, and his lips brushing softly against the shell of my ear.

“And I be pretty sure the wolves have ya scent now, and ya don’ have what ya need anymore,” he murmurs.

I attempt to pull away, but his fingers dig firmly into the skin of my back where they rested during our dance. After momentary resistance, he lets go, and I edge away, endeavoring to mask both my body’s reaction to his touch and my mind’s response to his words.

The savage grin he flashes only accelerates my racing heartbeat. An urgent need to escape, to return home and ensure the safety of the USB, grips me. Yet, it feels as though I am immobilized under the weight of his attention.

Declan reaches out a hand, his fingers sliding against my skin. Gripping my throat he pulls me toward him until our faces were hovering so very close together. His lips brush mine, sending tingles through my entire body.

“Till next time, little red.”

Suddenly released, I watch his retreating back, left bewildered by the whirlwind of sensations and wondering what the fuck just happened.

I rush home with a sense of urgency gnawing at me. The dance lingers in my mind, but the pressing need to ensure the safety of the USB takes precedence.

Upon reaching my house, I fumble with the keys and the security, my hands trembling slightly. As I enter, the dim lights cast an eerie glow on the familiar surroundings. I navigate through the space with a singular purpose, the panic that set in

after Declan's departure intensified with each passing second. My mind races through the possible scenarios, but a sinking feeling gnaws at the edges of my thoughts.

I hurry to my office, the heartbeat in my ears drowning out all other sounds. The painting of the queen of diamonds, concealing the safe that housed the USB, looms large before me. I pull it aside, revealing the cold metal of the safe beneath.

Putting in the code and scanning my prints, I open the door and dread settles inside of me. The safe once containing the valuable USB, now stares back at me, empty. The panic transforms into a chilling certainty, and the weight of the situation settles in the pit of my stomach.

A myriad of emotions surge within me—anger, fear, disbelief. How had he managed to take it? The dance, the banter, it all felt like an elaborate distraction, and I fell right into the trap.

In a state of shock and anger I reached for a vase sitting innocently on a nearby table, turning and throwing it clear across the room until it smashes against the far wall. But my focus has already been pulled away from the sight and into the startling green eyes of the man leaning back against my desk. And the gun he's holding in my direction.

My eyes widen as he chuckles. "Temper, temper, *gadaí beag*."





## Chapter 7

### SCARLETTE

I can feel my dress pulling against my chest with each deep breath I'm taking. My heart is already racing, but seeing Ronan Blackstone, standing in my office with a gun pointed at me, doesn't help.

I suppose I should have expected it. They now have the files back, so there is nothing stopping them from eliminating the threat to their empire.

“So he sent you to collect it while he distracted me?” I am annoyed at how stupidly betrayed I feel.

The grin widens across his lips. “‘Twas never a matter of him sendin’ me, we are a team. We be just extensions of one another. Just with slightly different personalities.”

My gaze flicks over him. He is right, they could be simply extensions of each other, more alike than simply bothers. I

knew they almost looked similar enough to be triplets but they aren't. They all looked far too handsome for their own good. Ronan's hair was much longer than Declan's and currently tied back at the nape of his neck.

His clothing was a complete contrast to Declan. He wore tight black jeans, a black shirt, leather jacket and biker boots. In the dim light I can't make out where the USB hides in his clothes.

He chuckles again, the gun still steady in his hand. "Oh, *binneas*, don't bother. I no longer 'ave the drive, Aid collected it before ya even stepped onto dat balcony."

Fury once again flares inside of me. "So what was that then, just him playing with me?" I spit the question at him.

Ronan's chuckle reverberates in the room, his grin unwavering. "Playing with ya? Oh, lass, you misunderstand." He lowers the gun slightly, the glint in his eyes revealing a different kind of game. "Declan wasn't playin' with ya. He was about to, but not in the way ya thinking."

Confusion and anger wrestle within me as I try to decipher his cryptic words. The air thickens with tension, and the weight of the situation settles around me like a suffocating shroud.

"Now, Scarlett," Ronan continues, the grin on his face undeterred. "Ya still wearin' dat pretty red dress. I suggest ya start makin' yourself more comfortable."

The combination of his casual tone and the firearm in his hand has my heart racing. My breaths quicken, the dress clinging uncomfortably as I process what he said.

The dim light casts shadows on Ronan's face as he stands there, a formidable presence, his grin resembling a predator eyeing its prey. The urgency to comply clashes with my instinct to resist, but the cold reality of the gun kept any protest at bay.

"I don't take orders from anyone," I retort, defiance lacing my words, though the bravado feels feeble in the face of the gun-wielding Blackstone.

Ronan's laughter rings through the room. "Ah, Scarlette, we're past the point of defiance. Ya see, this is a different kind of dance."

He advances, the gun still a menacing presence. My mind races for an escape plan, but the options seem limited in the confined space of my office.

"Remove da dress," he commands, the mirth replaced with a stern edge that brokers no disobedience.

Fury and the edge of heat collide within me, but I start to comply, fingers fumbling with the fabric. The room echoes with an unsettling silence, disrupted only by the sound of the zipper sliding down.

The dress falls to the floor with a soft rustle, pooling around my feet, leaving me standing confidently in my lingerie. I lock eyes with Ronan, refusing to show the vulnerability churning

beneath the surface. His appreciative gaze lingers on the view before him, a silent acknowledgment of the power play unfolding.

“Now, that be a sight,” he remarks, the low timber of his voice laden with a mixture of amusement and desire. The room seems to shrink, the air thick with tension.

The shadows flicker over my exposed skin, and I can feel the weight of his gaze intensify. His next command cuts through the charged silence. “Now, the lingerie, lass. Leave da heels.”

I hesitate for a moment, the resistance still simmering within me, but the gun’s presence reminds me of the precarious situation. Slowly, I comply, peeling away the lingerie, piece by piece, until I stand before him in only the heels. The dim light casts a subtle glow on my exposed form, and Ronan’s eyes drink in the scene with a predatory hunger.

His tone remains steady, almost casual, as he instructs, “*Cailín maith*. Now, *binneas*, take a seat in one of them chairs, facin’ me.”

“Why?” I ask, a mix of stubbornness and confusion lingering in my voice.

Ronan smirks, the gun now resting casually in his hand. “Last night, ya gave us quite da show. I reckon I deserve a better one, don’ you think?”

My eyes narrow at his words, the realization sinking in. “You watched me?”

“Aye,” he admits, unapologetically. “And tonight, I wanna front-row seat.”

I raise my eyebrow at the implication. “You aren’t going to touch me?”

He chuckles again, his voice low. “I would break you, *binneas*. And though he hasn’t said anythin, my brother wants to be the first to touch tha’ pussy. Now. Sit. Down.”

The cool leather of the chair contrasts sharply with my overheated skin as I take a seat, facing Ronan. The air in the room is charged, the intensity of his gaze making it difficult to maintain a facade of composure.

“Spread ya knees,” he commands, the casualness of his tone at odds with the explicit demand. My reluctance shows in a subtle hesitation, but the glint of the gun serves as a stark reminder. Slowly, I comply, feeling the weight of his scrutiny intensify.

My body flushes hot at being on display for this man that I don’t even know, that I have only read about.

He gives a soft groan as his eyes darken at the sight of my exposed pussy. “Such a good girl.”

I shift my legs further apart in response to the praise, my hips shifting closer to the edge of the seat and making my back arch further.

The room is thick with tension as I hold Ronan’s unwavering gaze, an unexpected surge of empowerment coursing through

me. The dim light casts shadows that dance across my skin, and the subtle sounds of his approval spur me on.

His eyes, dark with desire, trace the contours of my form, and the knowledge that I hold a certain sway over this dangerous man ignites a spark of defiance beneath the surface of my compliance.

“Give me a better show, Scarlett,” he commands, his voice low and demanding.



## Chapter 8

### SCARLETTE

Ronan's gaze lingers, and a predatory smile plays on his lips. "Now, use ya pretty fingers. Show me how ya pleasure yourself, *binneas*." The challenge in his words stirs a conflicting mix of arousal and resistance, but the weight of his gaze and the gun in his hand compels me to comply.

With a measured deliberateness, my fingers trace a slow, tortuous path along the heated skin of my thighs. The room feels like a pressure cooker, the intensity of Ronan's stare creating a palpable tension that hangs in the air.

As my fingertips approach the apex of my inner thighs, a shiver courses through me. I finally allow my fingers to touch my pussy, the contact sending a jolt of electricity through my senses. Ronan's eyes narrow, an unspoken satisfaction evident in his gaze as he watches my every move.

The subtle sounds of my own pleasure mix with the charged atmosphere, creating soft music that echoes through the confined space.

Ronan's voice, low and commanding, breaks the silence. "That's it, Scarlette. Show me how ya enjoy it. No holdin' back, *binneas*."

I have never been as turned on as I am at this moment. My arousal creates a throbbing beat deep inside me, my clit already aching to be touched. It wouldn't take long to reach my climax.

The movement of my fingers against myself is deliberate and teasing. With a slow, rhythmic motion, I trace the contours of my pussy, savoring the warmth and wetness that my touch elicits. My fingertips move in languid circles, occasionally dipping inside before moving back up to my clit.

Ronan's voice cuts through the air, disrupting the rhythm of my fingers. "But don't touch ya clit, *binneas*. Not yet."

A soft moan slips from my lips as Ronan throws down the challenge. My fingers, moving slow and seductive, tease the edges of my pussy, avoiding the one spot that aches the most. The denial makes every touch more intense, a sweet torture building a desperate need for more.

The room turns electric, a mix of my needy moans and the subtle creaks of the leather chair as my hips start to rock creating a symphony of lust. Ronan's eyes stay locked on me, his predatory grin revealing he enjoys every moment of this show he's conducting.



My body rebels, hips arching for a direct touch, but the weight of Ronan's gaze. The anticipation builds, the teasing pushing me to the edge of pleasure.

Just when I'm on the brink, Ronan's voice, cool and commanding, cuts through the air. "Stop, *binneas*."

My fingers freeze mid-motion, and I whimper in frustration as the climax withdraws, leaving me hanging on the precipice. Ronan's gaze holds me captive, the intensity of his stare amplifying the unfulfilled ache.

"Ya look desperate, Scarlette," he comments, a hint of amusement in his voice. "Now, start again. But remember, no touchin' ya clit."

With a blend of frustration and anticipation, I resume the movement of my fingers. Finding my rhythm again, tracing the soft folds of my pussy with renewed urgency. My body throbs with tension as Ronan watches, his satisfaction evident in the way his predatory smile deepens.

Ronan's voice, a low murmur, is like silk brushing over my already sensitive skin. "Ya sound good, *binneas*, but I wan' more. I wanna hear ya desperate, beggin' for release. Show me how badly ya need it."

A mixture of arousal and vulnerability floods through me. The rhythm of my fingers falters for a moment, the realization sinking in. Ronan's desire isn't satisfied with mere moans; he craves the raw, unfiltered need that spills from the depths of desperation.

Swallowing hard, I resume the movements, my fingers tracing the path of my pussy. The room becomes a stage for the sounds of my desperation, each movement a plea for release. Moans turn into desperate whispers, and I find myself on the verge of uttering the words he demands.

Ronan's voice, dark and velvety, echoes. "I wanna hear ya, Scarlette. I wanna hear how desperate ya can be. Beg for it."

The intensity in his command makes me even more aware of the pulsing warmth inside of me, and I feel the building pleasure mingled with a growing need for release. I let out a needy whimper as my movements become more erratic, more desperate. My fingers slide and tease at the wetness of my pussy.

"Please," I murmur, my voice carrying the weight of longing. "Please, Ronan."

The room hangs in suspense, his predatory gaze locking onto mine. His satisfaction is palpable as I give in to the plea, the desperation in my voice echoing through the confines of the room.

"More," he demands, a hint of satisfaction in his tone. "Beg for it like ya mean it."

Driven by a potent mixture of arousal and submission, I let the desperation creep into my voice. "Ronan, please, I need it. I need to... cum."

His predatory smile widens, and he leans back, enjoying the show. "That's it, *cailín maith*. Beg for da pleasure ya crave.

Make me believe how much ya want it.”

I continue, the words tumbling out in a desperate plea as my fingers keep circling but not touching the place I desperately need it. “Ronan, please, let me... I need to cum. I need it so bad.”

Ronan’s smile deepens as I utter the desperate pleas, his satisfaction evident in the control he maintains over my desire. With a deliberate slowness, he comes to stand beside me, the raw desire in his eyes matching the need in my voice.

Without a word, he unbuckles his belt, pulling out his hardened cock. The air crackles with a new tension as he instructs in a voice that drips with dominance, “Spit on it, Scarlett.”

Compelled by the magnetic pull of his command, I comply, my saliva glistening on his cock. Ronan’s gaze holds mine, his satisfaction evident in his eyes.

“Use it,” he commands, guiding my other hand to wrap around his length. The combination of pleasure and control intensifies as he dictates the rhythm, each movement a calculated display of dominance.

My fingers grip him, and I start stroking in a rhythm to match the movements of my hand on my pussy.

He groans. “That’s it, show me how desperate ya are for me cum, how much you wanna cum for me.”

His words fuel the intensity in the situation, the tension building as I synchronize the movements of my hand on his

cock with the rhythm of my own pleasure. Ronan grunts in approval, a dark satisfaction gleaming in his eyes.

“Squeeze harder,” he orders, the dominance in his voice sending a jolt of submission through me. My grip tightens around him, and he groans again, reveling in the control he has over my pleasure.

As the chorus of our shared moans reaches a peak, Ronan, with a feral look in his eyes, groans deeply as he cums, catching his own release on his fingers.

“Now, *binneas*,” he instructs, his voice low and demanding. “Touch that clit. Cum for me.”

The command hangs in the air, and with a mix of obedience and longing, I finally allow my fingers to reach my throbbing clit. Rubbing it in circles before squeezing it. The touch is electric, jolting through me and making me arch harder against the armchair. Ronan watches hungrily as I succumb to the pleasure he orchestrated.

As my climax crashes over me I cry out and Ronan seizes the moment, pushing his cum-covered fingers deep into my mouth. The taste is an unexpected blend of salty and sweet and I moan around his fingers, our sounds echoing through the room.

Ronan, with a predatory satisfaction in his eyes, swiftly puts himself away and holsters the gun. With a smirk, he leans in, his breath brushing against my ear. “Ya put on quite da show, *gadaí beag*. I enjoyed it. We’ll be seein’ each other again

soon.” His words hang in the air, a promise that leaves me both exhilarated and uneasy.

He gives a final lingering look before disappearing into the shadows, leaving me alone in the room with the remnants of our shared intimacy.

And an empty safe.



## Chapter 9

### SCARLETTE

“Now dear, if you’re going to have early morning meetings with hot men you need to give an old lady some warning. I haven’t even had time to prepare coffee. Or my face.”

Sue’s words stop me in my tracks as I make my way briskly toward my office. I had been mentally cursing out the Blackstone name and this just seemed to add the proverbial cherry on top of the Christmas cake, so to speak.

I open my mouth to comment but decide against it. The last twenty-four hours put me into a state of annoyance, but it wasn’t fair to take it out on Sue. I needed to take it out on a certain Blackstone, who was apparently conveniently waiting inside my office.

Something must show on my face because her eyes widened in surprise. “I’ll just hold your calls, shall I?”

Flashing her a grateful smile, I continue on toward my office, stepping in and closing the door behind me. The sight before me isn't what I expected and the words that I mentally prepared on the way die on my tongue.

A boisterous laugh comes from the man currently lounging in my office chair with his feet propped up on my desk. "Ya were expectin' a different Blackstone?"

I bite back a retort, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. "Whatever did I do to draw the attention of all three Blackstone brothers?" I quip in my sweetest voice, though the irritation lingers. Because fuck this shit, they already had their files back. Why were they still bothering with me?

Aiden throws back his head and lets out another laugh. The fact that it shows off the muscles moving in his chest and the long line of his neck and adam's apple just frustrates me more.

He looks back at me with his eyes still twinkling with mischief. "Oh, ya know exactly what ya did, *gadaí beag*. I'm no' like me brother, I don' mince me words or play fancy word games. But let's be honest, even if ya hadn' taken the detour, we woulda ended up here the moment we crossed paths."

"I doubt it, I don't really fit in with blonde models," I scoff as I resume walking toward where he is occupying my office chair, placing my bag onto the floor beside it and pushing his feet off my desk.

I'm caught off guard when his hands snap forward, gripping my hips. With a swift motion, he jerks me closer until I stand

between his spread thighs. The proximity was unnerving.

I'm wearing a black pencil skirt and green satin blouse today and the color only makes the green of his eyes more intense as his gaze trails up the center of my body. Warmth floods me at how he is positioned.

His voice turns serious, the mischief giving way to a raw intensity. "Ya right, *rós beag*, ya don' fit in. Ya stand out. Exactly like a *banríon diamaint*."

His words, wrapped in the Irish lilt, bring heat to skin. The foreign terms leave me both intrigued and confused. My breath catches in my throat as his hands slide down my skirt, fingers moving beneath the fabric and grazing my skin. The sly smile on his lips only deepens, and the tension in the room crackles with an unspoken promise.

"What does that mean?" I ask, my voice breathy. The intensity of his gaze leaves me almost panting.

His grin turns sinful, hands continuing their exploratory journey. "Queen of diamonds."

I almost growl at the meaning of his words, but at that moment, Aiden lifts me effortlessly from the floor, his hands firmly on my hips, and drops me onto my own desk. The sudden shift in height leaves me disoriented, his predatory grin intensifying as I struggle to regain my composure.

Aiden leans in, his body now pressed against mine, a gleam in his eyes. "A queen should have a throne, don't ye think, *rós*



*beag?*” His Irish accent caresses the words, adding an extra layer of allure.

I attempt to regain control of the situation, mustering a defiant look. “I don’t recall inviting you to my kingdom, Mr. Blackstone. Nor do I recall agreeing to be treated like a chess piece.”

His response is a low chuckle, the sound sending ripples through the tense air. His hands are still underneath my skirt, and his fingers trace patterns on my skin that feel like he is playing with my raw nerves. “Oh but ya did when ya stole from us. But sometimes, love, the best moves are made off the board.”

Aiden’s lips graze my ear, his breath sending shivers down my spine. “Ya played ya cards well, Scarlette. But now, it’s time for a different kind of game.” The hint of mischief returns to his voice, blending with a newfound intensity.

I struggle to find the right words, my mind a chaotic whirlwind of conflicting emotions. I need to create a wall against the charm these men exude, like some drug to lure me into a trap. “I’m not here to play games, Mr. Blackstone. I have a life to live, work to do.”

He tilts his head, a wry smile playing on his lips. “Life’s a game, Scarlette. We all play, whether we admit it or not. The question is, are ya ready to play by a different set of rules?”

I can’t stop the soft moan as his fingers find the edge of my lace underwear. “And what do you win in this game? What do you want?”

His eyes meet mine, a flicker of something more serious underlying the playful demeanor. “Isn’t it obvious, *rós beag*? We want you.”

The room pulses with a charged energy, and I feel the magnetic pull drawing me further into their web. Aiden’s fingers continue their teasing exploration, and my breath hitches with every subtle movement.

Before I could form another sentence, Aiden’s fingers squeeze my clit through the lace of my underwear as he closes the distance between us, capturing the gasp on my lips with a searing kiss. The world around us blurs, and for a moment, all that exists is the intoxicating sensation of his lips on mine, his tongue sweeping in to slide against my own in a seductive dance that I could feel with my whole body. His kiss was a potent blend of hunger and need, leaving me breathless and craving more.

His fingers move against me, rubbing my pussy and circling my clit through the lace, but never delving under it. He has my body on the edge quicker than when his brother made me touch myself last night. And all I could think was that I want his fingers buried deep inside me, I want *him* buried deep inside me.

When he finally pulls his lips and fingers away, I am almost whimpering with need. A predatory gleam lingers in his eyes. “Ya taste like the sweetest fuckin wine, Scarlette, I wanna drown in it.” he remarks, his Irish accent making his words sound so sexy.

I struggle to regain my composure, my mind still reeling from the intensity of the kiss. “I didn’t ask for any of this when I stole from you.”

Aiden chuckles, his fingers tracing patterns on my skin. “Sometimes, love, da things we want find us, not da other way ‘round. Even if we never knew we wanted dem beforehand.” His gaze holds a knowing glint, as if he understood the tangled web of emotions I am navigating.

I try to catch my breath, my senses reeling from the unexpected turn of events. Before I utter a word, he straightens, a sly smile playing on his lips. “Dinner tonight at our penthouse. Consider it an invitation to da next move in our little game. Don’t keep us waitin’, *rós beag*.”

With that, he saunters toward the door, leaving me perched on my desk, with a whirlwind of emotions and the lingering taste of his kiss. The office door closes with a soft click, leaving me wondering what the fuck just happened and what their next move would be.

The weight of the situation begins to settle in. My usual control eludes me, slipping away like sand through my fingers. This wasn’t the carefully orchestrated dance of secrets and shadows I was used to; this was uncharted territory where the Blackstone brothers seemed to hold the map.



## Chapter 10

### SCARLETTE

**W**hen my brain finally comes back online after Aiden left, I am left fuming and frustrated. The audacity of the Blackstone brothers and the liberties they took left me seething. I couldn't believe they had the nerve to toy with me like this, leaving me on the edge with no climax and a head full of confusion.

The remnants of Aiden's touch linger, the ache between my legs a constant reminder of the unfulfilled desire. I curse under my breath, both at them and at myself for being affected by their advances. It was a dangerous game, and I wasn't sure if I wanted to play or if I had a choice in the matter.

As I try to gather my scattered thoughts, a sinking feeling settles in my stomach. I promised files to a buyer, and now I no longer possess them. The repercussions of my actions loom

over me, a shadow threatening to unravel the delicate balance I carefully maintained.

With a deep breath, I straighten up from the desk and pace the room.

I have no idea what I am going to do. I still have several days to come up with some sort of plan, but by now the buyer would have received my communication confirming that I had what they wanted. My inability to deliver the promised files would undoubtedly have consequences. My reputation, carefully crafted through years of covert dealings, teetered on the precipice.

But I doubt I could somehow steal the files a second time from the Blackstone brothers. And at this point I am not entirely sure I want to.

I need a plan, a way to navigate the treacherous waters I find myself in.

The office walls seem to close in as I grapple with the conflicting forces tugging at me. On one side, the tempting allure of the Blackstone brothers, the memories of my interactions with each of them echoing in my memory and body. On the other, the carefully constructed empire I built, teetering on the brink of jeopardy if I fail to deliver the promised files.

The Blackstones threw a wrench into the well-oiled machinery of my life. Their magnetic pull, both physical and mental, entangled me in a game where the stakes were higher than anything I faced before.

I needed to do more research into both sides of this battlefield. Obviously, I clearly didn't know the players in this game beyond the details of the job. I looked into the Blackstones enough to gain surface level knowledge of them and their company and then only the details of how to get in and get the files undetected. And the buyer I planned to do my due diligence on this week before I delivered the files.

There was no way for me to do that research here in my office though. The security on my computer here was good, but nothing compared to home. I also had a full day of work ahead of me, including a client meeting within the hour that I couldn't get out of.

And now a dinner to attend tonight.

With the chaos still swirling in my mind, I return to my desk, hoping to find some solace in the routine of work. I dial Sue and let her know she doesn't need to hold my calls anymore. I take a seat, attempting to focus on the tasks at hand.

As I delve into my work, Sue brings me a coffee, a thoughtful gesture that momentarily lifts my spirits. She arches an eyebrow, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Rough day, dear? Need something stronger in that coffee? I mean, it's not even nine o'clock yet, but I'm sure it would be acceptable given what just walked out of here not long ago."

I chuckle, appreciating Sue's attempt to bring a touch of humor into the mess that is my day. "I'll stick with caffeine for now, Sue. I need a clear head to navigate through this chaos."

She winks. “You got it, dear. But if you change your mind, I’ve got a stash of the good stuff hidden somewhere.”

Taking a sip of the coffee, I sink into my chair and glance at the clock. The client meeting looms, and I need to gather my thoughts. Sue, ever perceptive, leans against the edge of my desk, her eyes flickering with curiosity.

“So, spill the tea, or whatever it is you kids say now. Who are these hot men causing a storm in our usually calm office? Friends or foes?”

I sigh, contemplating how much to share with Sue. “I’m not entirely sure. The Blackstone brothers. They’re complicating things and seem to now want to inject themselves into my life.”

Sue raises an eyebrow, a smirk playing on her lips. “The Blackstones? Dear, even I’ve heard of them, they are the hottest topic in the city. If they were circling me as closely as they seem to be circling you, I would be panting like a bitch in heat.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at Sue’s colorful description. “Well, they’re certainly making their presence known and not in the most subtle way. In fact, I’m now supposed to have dinner with them tonight.”

Sue’s eyes widen. “Dinner? Well, isn’t that an interesting turn of events. Hot men, dinner plans. Are you sure you’re not living out a romance novel?”

I shake my head. “If this were a romance novel, it would be a lot more straightforward. This feels more like a suspense thriller with a touch of chaos.”

Sue laughs. “Suspense thriller, romance novel – who cares? As long as there’s eye candy at dinner, I’d be all in for the show.”

I chuckle at Sue’s enthusiasm. “Eye candy or not, I can’t shake the feeling that this dinner is just the beginning of something complicated. The Blackstones are not your average romantic leads.”

Sue winks. “Well, dear, not every story has a predictable plot. Sometimes the best ones are the unpredictable, thrilling ones. Who knows, maybe this dinner will be the start of a blockbuster.”

Taking another sip of coffee, I can’t help but smile at Sue’s infectious energy. “You always find a way to lighten the mood, Sue. I appreciate it.”

She grins. “That’s what I’m here for, dear. That and to organize something hot and sexy for you to wear tonight so I can live vicariously through you. Now, onto less exciting topics, your meeting should be here shortly.”

Sue’s ability to seamlessly shift from the thrilling to the practical never ceased to amaze me. With a nod of gratitude, I refocus on the tasks at hand, attempting to push aside my whirlwind of thoughts.



As the client meeting progressed, I found myself slipping into the familiar rhythm of negotiations and presentations. The adrenaline from the earlier encounter with Aiden still pulsed beneath the surface, but professionalism demanded my full attention. My phone buzzed half way through my meeting but I ignored it. The client, unaware of the chaos within, seemed satisfied with the progress, and as the meeting concluded, I couldn't help but feel a sense of relief.

My mind and body started to relax again into my routines.

Once the client departed I looked at the message I received.

*6pm at the penthouse. Don't be late, gadaí beag,*

*you won't like the consequences if you are.*



## Chapter 11

### DECLAN

It was cute that she decided to announce herself at the reception desk this time instead of finding a way to sneak in. Though admittedly the last time she had gotten in was during a party, where she was able to bypass the main penthouse security.

I had been on edge for the entire day after Aiden delivered the request that she attend dinner, along with the very detailed play by play of how he delivered it. I had also already watched the recording of the show that Ro had made her perform last night, and then had to fuck my fist twice from the memories of her face and the sounds she made.

Now I was walking a very thin tightrope of control.

And as the elevator doors open to the foyer where I'm retrieving her, I'm surprised that the tightrope doesn't snap. Fuck. Me.

She is wearing a stunning red velvet dress. The top of it dips low between her gloriously ample breasts, but then there is a line of cuts pinned by a gem clasp every few inches. The cuts lead all the way from the dip and then in a curve until it reaches the top of her left thigh where it completely splits open. The split at her hip makes it very clear that she doesn't have any underwear on at all.

My jaw tightens involuntarily as I take in the sight of her, the red velvet hugging her gorgeous curves in all the right places. She seems acutely aware of the effect she had on me, a playful glint in her eyes as they lock onto mine. The dress, provocative in its design, leaves little to the imagination and stirs a primal desire that I struggled to contain.

“Good evening,” she purrs, her voice laced with a hint of mischief.

I manage a curt nod, momentarily caught off guard. The scent of her perfume wafts through the air, adding to the sensory overload.

As she steps into the elevator, the doors shut, enclosing us in an intimate space. The silence crackles with tension, the unspoken awareness of each other.

Then, in a heartbeat, my control snaps with a resounding “Fuck it.” In a swift motion, I shove her against the wall of the elevator, my hand wrapping around her throat with a possessive grip. Our mouths collide in a searing kiss, the hunger that built inside me throughout the day unleashed.

My other hand finds its way to her leg through the provocative slit in her dress. She responds by lifting her leg and wrapping it around mine, the connection between us intensifying.

Breaking the kiss, I look into her eyes, my voice low and rough, “Tell me, *a stór*, if I move me hand higher, will I find ya wet pussy bare for me?”

A mischievous smile plays on her lips. “Why don’t you find out for yourself?” she teases.

The elevator continues to ascend and so does my hand, each floor bringing us closer to the penthouse, while my hand grows closer to its destination.

Her skin is so warm and soft under my fingers as I trail them higher. But nothing compares to the hot, wet heat of her pussy when my fingers find it, completely bare.

A soft, breathy moan escapes her as my fingers slide through her folds. I lightly tease my fingers around her clit and am about to plunge my fingers inside of her when the elevator reaches the penthouse. The doors open behind me before I can even move.

“And here I thought ya told us we couldn’ skip straight to dessert.”

I glance over my shoulder at Ro and see him holding the elevator open while smirking at me.

I withdraw my hand slowly, a reluctant separation from the intoxicating warmth between her thighs. She bites her lip, a

mixture of frustration and desire evident in her eyes. The tension in the elevator lingers, the unspoken energy between us crackling like electricity.

“Well, ya know I’ve always had a sweet tooth,” I retort. The atmosphere is charged, and Ro’s knowing grin only adds fuel to the fire.

“Sweet tooth or not, Aiden’s waitin’. Let’s not keep him waitin’ any longer,” Ro suggests, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

With a nod, I lead the way out of the elevator, she follows closely behind, and Ro brings up the rear, still wearing that infuriatingly amused smirk. The tension hangs in the air as we enter the penthouse.

Aiden stands in the living room, a glass of amber liquid in hand. His gaze flickers up as we enter, a knowing smile playing on his lips. “Took ya long enough,” he remarks, his eyes moving from me to her, capturing every nuance of the charged atmosphere.

Ro saunters past me, slapping me on the back as he heads towards Aiden. “Well, someone wanted to ‘ave his cake and eat it too,” he quips.

Aiden looks from me to her with an arched brow and a grin.

Scarlette huffs in response. “There was unfortunately no eating involved.”

Ro’s laughter echoes through the room as he takes a seat, clearly enjoying the spectacle.

Aiden observes us with an amused glint in his eyes. “Well, now that we be all here, can we focus on the matter at hand?” he suggests, his tone betraying a hint of impatience.

Scarlette straightens her dress with a composed demeanor, a smirk playing on her lips. “By all means, let’s get down to business. I’m sure that’s what we’re all here for, right?” she replies, her gaze shifting between Aiden and me.

Aiden chuckles, setting aside his glass as he approaches us. “Business first, pleasure later. Always da priority.” His eyes do another sweep of Scarlette, before he leans down to brush a kiss against her cheek and murmur something in her ear that has her eyes fluttering and heat coloring her cheeks.

Scarlette allows Aiden’s whispered words to ripple through her, a momentary distraction before she refocuses on the task at hand. As he straightens, she fixes her gaze on me, a challenge brewing in her eyes.

“Let’s not dance around it,” she states, her voice steady. “Get the business part over with, so we can all move on to whatever it is you have planned.”

Ro, with a lingering smirk, nods in agreement. “Straight to da point, I like dat,” he comments.

Moving to sit across from each other, the tension returns. Scarlette’s demeanor shifts subtly, becoming more guarded.

Leaning forward, I fix my gaze on her. “Da name of da buyer. I wanna know who be comin after us.”

Her eyes narrow, and a flicker of annoyance crosses her features. “You think I’d just hand that over?” she retorts, a hint of defiance in her voice.

“Yes, *a stór*,” I reply, my tone unyielding. “It’s non-negotiable.”

“If that’s all you’re after,” she says, standing abruptly, “then I’m done here.” Her heels click sharply against the floor as she moves toward the elevator, determination in every step.

Before she can press the button, I call out to her. “You really think we’d simply let ya walk out, *gadaí beag*?”

She scoffs, dismissing my words, and presses the elevator button confidently. The doors open, but to her surprise, the elevator doesn’t respond to her command. A flicker of frustration passes over her face as she tries again, but the elevator remains uncooperative.

I stand, a grin on my face. “We knew ya wouldn’t jus’ hand it over. But did ya really think we’d make it dat easy for ya to walk away?”



## Chapter 12

### SCARLETTE

**S**cowling, I press the button yet again with still no response. I glare at it as though it's personally responsible for keeping me here, even though I know that they have done something to stop it from working.

Turning my glare back in the direction of the men, I shouldn't be surprised to find a gun aimed in my direction. Or that Ronan is the one holding it.

And he hasn't lost the smirk since I arrived, like all he can imagine while looking at me is when he shoved his fingers into my mouth covered in his cum.

"This feels like *deja vu, binneas.*" He motions with both his fingers and the gun for me to step back off the elevator.

At this point, I'm filled with more fury than common sense, walking right up to him until the gun is pressed between my



breasts. A look crosses his face that I can't decipher, and his smirk stretches further.

He drags the barrel down my skin slowly and provocatively, sending a shiver down my spine. "Ya love my gun don't ya, *binneas*," he taunts. "Keep spittin' dat fire at me, and I jus' might fuck ya with it."

Before I can retort, another presence makes itself known. Declan steps forward and his hand wraps around my throat with a possessive grip, his voice a low growl in my ear. "Stop flirtin with danger, *a stór*. He really would fuck you wid that gun. But as we said, business before pleasure."

Declan's grip on my throat tightens, forcing me back with an assertive strength. The smirk on Ronan's face lingers as if he's enjoying the show. My fury simmers beneath the surface, but I comply, allowing Declan to maneuver me back to a chair. With a forceful shove, he sends me sprawling into it.

I shoot a defiant look at all of them. Declan leans down, his voice a low rumble. "Seems ya forgotten exactly who ya dealin with, Scarlett. Remember, we play by our rules."

I shoot him a venomous glare, the frustration of being cornered boiling within me. The chair creaks beneath me as I shift, attempting to regain some semblance of control. Ronan's gun remains a threatening presence, but also at the back of my mind it serves as a reminder of what I had done with that gun aimed at me previously.

Declan straightens, his expression unreadable. "Now, let's get back to the point. Who's ya buyer?"

I continue to glare at him and remain silent.

Declan's gaze narrows, and from his jacket, he produces a gleaming knife, the blade catching the ambient light. He twirls it skillfully between his fingers, the steel flashing dangerously. "Do we really need to use this to get da information we want?" he asks, the threat implicit.

I lean back in the chair, my lips curling into a sardonic smile. "A knife, Declan? That really isn't the threat you think it is."

He leans in, the sharp edge of the knife hovering dangerously close to my skin. "Ya don't think I will use dis, Scarlette?"

I chuckle, the sound echoing through the room. "Oh, I hope you do. But a knife won't make me spill what you want to know." I lean forward, closer to the knife in his hand, until I'm sure he can feel my breath on his skin. "It might make me cum though if you use it right."

Declan shudders, and I can almost see his tight control breaking before my eyes, but suddenly he's wrenched away from me as Aiden shoves him in the direction of the bar.

Ronan is snickering as Aiden turns back to me with a frown. "Fuck, marry me, *binneas*."

Aiden flicks a look at Ronan before focusing on me again. "Ya know, I think he was gonna go gentle on ya, *rós beag*. But ya cut that tether and ya only have yaself to blame for what he does to ya."

I roll my eyes at him, silly men. “A little knife play won’t break me. I’m pretty sure there is nothing you can do to me that I won’t like. You think I steal from people for the money? I have a very successful company and more money than I know what to do with. I do it for the thrill, the adrenaline. You might have better luck fucking it out of me.”

Aiden chuckles, a dark undercurrent in his amusement. “Thrill-seeker, are we? Well, my dear, we might just have the perfect thrill for you tonight.”

Ronan, still grinning, holsters the gun, and Declan saunters closer again, eyeing me with a mix of curiosity and something darker. He tilts my chin up with his fingers, his touch surprisingly gentle. “Ya got our attention, Scarlett. Now, let’s make dis interesting for everyone involved.”

I scoff, maintaining a defiant front despite the unsettling tension in the room. “Interesting? You’re the ones holding me captive, and you think this is some twisted game.”

Declan smirks, his thumb tracing my lower lip. “Ya quick, I’ll give ya that. But ya not in control here. And, as much as ya might enjoy it, not everything is bout pleasure, *a stór*.”

I watch him warily, not entirely sure what game they’re playing. The air is charged, and it’s now becoming clear that these men seem to revel in a darkness I was familiar with.

Aiden turns his attention to Declan. “Find another way to get da information we need, Declan. We wouldn’a want to damage our prize too quickly.”

Ronan laughs, his eyes still locked on me. “Besides, we’ve barely begun to unwrap our gift.”

As the three men exchange glances, I can’t shake the feeling that I’m a pawn in a dangerous game, and the rules are anything but clear.

Declan moves with a controlled intensity, grabbing my arm and pulling me up from the chair. His grip tightens, fingers pressing into my skin, and he wraps his hand around my throat again, asserting dominance. I meet his gaze defiantly, refusing to let fear show.

“Ya want a thrill, *a stór*? Ya about to get one.” he growls, his voice a low rumble against my ear. “I’ll get the name from ya, one way or another. Are ya ready for what be about to happen?”

I lock eyes with him, a challenging smirk playing on my lips. “Give me your worst.”

Without a word, Declan rips my dress apart using the strategically placed gaps, exposing the bare curves of my body. The fabric tears with a sound that echoes through the room, leaving me in tatters.

He forces me down to my knees, a hand gripping the strands of my hair in a fist tight enough to make my eyes water. I keep my gaze steady, determined not to show any vulnerability.

Aiden and Ronan watch with predatory interest, the air thick with anticipation. I can sense their arousal, the thrill of control over me heightening the tension in the room.

Declan digs the fingers of his other hand into the skin of my cheeks, forcing my mouth open. “Ya migh’ not enjoy this as much as ya think.” Then he spits into my mouth.



## Chapter 13

### SCARLETTE

**T**he taste of him hits my senses and drags me back to the heated kiss we shared in the elevator. I slowly curl my tongue around the spit in my mouth and swallow, showing him after that it's gone.

He groans but in the time he stepped away, he regained some of his control. Letting me go, his hands go to the belt in his pants and for a moment, I think I'm finally going to get a taste of his cock, but instead he pulls the belt off completely. Then he wraps it around my throat and does it up.

The leather belt tightens around my throat, and I find myself gasping for breath. My hands instinctively reach up to grasp at the belt, feeling the pressure intensify with each passing second. Declan watches with a predatory gleam in his eyes, a twisted satisfaction evident in the way he exerts control over me.

Aiden and Ronan move to lounge in the seats but remain silent spectators, their eyes fixated on the unfolding scene. The room is suffused with a charged energy, a blend of arousal and menace.

“I’m going to take ya advice, *gadaí beag*. We will fuck that information out of ya. But first, how bout a game of Russian roulette?” He shoves me backwards and sends me sprawling onto the tiled floor. I try to arch my back away from the coldness of the tiles, but then Declan is there pressing a hand down on my chest as he pulls the belt to the side and holds it tight.

Ronan appears between my sprawled legs, pushing them further apart and leaning over my body. “I did warn ya, *binneas*.” Then he’s pressing the cold metal of the gun barrel into my open, gasping mouth. I whimper slightly as he pushes it in far enough that it hits my throat. “Lick and suck like it’s one of our cocks. And trust me, *binneas*, ya wanna do a good job of getting it all wet.”

The taste of metal fills my mouth as Ronan pushes the gun barrel deeper. I can feel the cold steel against my tongue, and the weight of the weapon triggers a slight surge of fear. My breath catches in my throat, not only from the pressure of the gun but also from the constriction of the belt around my neck.

I resist the urge to gag as I hesitantly comply, my tongue swirling around the cold metal. As my tongue traces the contours of the gun, I can’t shake the unsettling feeling that

I'm descending into a darkness from which there may be no escape.

After only a few seconds, Ronan is pulling the gun back out of my mouth, holding it to the side but still in my eyeline. Declan loosens the belt just enough that I'm not struggling to breathe.

"Who is the buyer, Scarlett?" Declan growls once more.

Once again, I turn my head and glare at him defiantly.

The humor that sounds from each of them has a more sinister edge to it now.

Cold metal presses to my pussy, and my breath catches for a completely different reason. My eyes widen as I quickly look back at a grinning Ronan. I make a sound of protest and start to actually struggle now.

Declan pulls the belt tight again, cutting my airway as Ronan holds one of my legs wide and Aiden joins us to hold my other leg.

"I wouldn't move so much if I were ya, *binneas*, wouldn't a wan' it to go off accidentally." Ronan's voice is filled with dark humor as he continues to push the gun inside of me, until it can't go any further.

I try to gasp past the belt, the cold metal invading me, sending shockwaves through me. My body tenses around the cold hard metal, my pussy clenching down in response.

Declan's voice breaks through the sinister atmosphere, his demand still echoing in the room. "Give me a name,



Scarlette.” he growls, his grip on the belt unforgiving.

I try my best to shake my head, my hands still clawing at the belt around my neck. Ronan moves the gun inside of me, sliding it partly out and then back in. The movement along with the belt has both pleasure and pain creating a chaotic storm within me.

Fingers slowly slide onto my clit, and I look at Aiden in wide eyed panic. He grins wider as his fingers press down and start moving in a circular motion. I can't stop my hips from bucking up and another whimper escaping me. The gun shifts inside of me at the movement, the metal digging into my sensitive walls.

“Now, *binneas*, ya know how this particular game works, right?” Ronan's voice is a sinister whisper, each word sending a jolt through me. “We now have modern guns, so I can't exactly remove bullets from da various chambers. This gun ya squirming on has a fully loaded clip.”

I whimper again, but I try to still my movements in response to his words.

“Did ya know that even with the safety on there be the slim chance that a gun will fire anyway when ya pull da trigger?”

My body trembles as Ronan's words send a chill down my spine. He shifts the gun again inside me as Aiden continues to slowly move his fingers on my clit.

I'm filled with a chaos of pleasure and pain. A wild ride that's playing havoc with my senses. The cold, unyielding

metal of the gun starts to thrust in and out, a relentless rhythm that pushes me to the brink. The leather belt, wrapped tight around my throat, adds a dangerous edge to the whole twisted affair.

With each thrust, the pleasure ramps up, blending with the sharp edges of pain until it's this electrifying, mind-bending sensation. It's like they've tapped into some dark, secret place in my body, and I can't help but respond.

My initial resistance starts to crumble. The pleasure takes over, weaving through me like a drug. The pain is still there, but it's morphing into something else, something that's pushing me higher and higher.

My body, which had been fighting against this sadistic game, is now betraying me. The tension builds, and I can feel the pleasure taking control. A climax is barreling towards me, and I'm teetering on the edge.

Just as it's within reach, everything stops. Ronan and Aiden both stop moving, and I whimper as the orgasm slides away.

"Tell us da name, Scarlette." Declan's voice is so close to my ear. He loosens the belt enough for me to take gasps of air.

I wasn't wrong with what I had said earlier. They could fuck the information out of me, probably slowly. Edging me though, was a fast track to get me to break and Ronan had already absorbed that information it seems.

"Ya have 'til da count of five to tell us before Ronan pulls da trigger."

Everyone in the room seems to hold their breath, except Ronan who gleefully starts counting. The threat of the loaded gun hovers over me. My mind races, torn between the fear of what might happen and the lingering echoes of pleasure that still pulse through my body.

I clench my jaw, I can't give in to their demands. I would be throwing away the empire I built if I did.

I grit my teeth, summoning the last vestiges of my resolve. I won't break. I can't. But as the count reaches its final number, I feel my heart race and my stomach drop. I know the line between pleasure and pain, defiance and submission, has never been thinner.

Then I feel when Ronan's finger moves and he pulls the trigger.



## Chapter 14

### SCARLETTE

The deafening click of the trigger echoes through the room, and for a moment, time seems to freeze. My whole body flinches and jerks at the sound, my pussy tightening around the cold metal once again.

Nothing happens.

I gasp, my eyes widening in disbelief. The rush of adrenaline courses through my veins, leaving me lightheaded.

Ronan grins, his amusement evident. “Well, looks like luck is favoring our little game, *binneas*.”

Aiden’s fingers return to their torment on my clit, and Ronan resumes thrusting the gun inside of me. The gun’s cold metal, the belt around my throat, the fingers dancing on my clit—all weave together again in a chaotic storm of pleasure and pain.

Declan tightens the belt, his demand echoing in the room. “Who be da buyer, Scarlette?” he growls. Resistance burns within me as I lock gazes with him.

My body responds in ways I can't control. The pleasure builds, pushing me to the edge of climax.

Just as ecstasy is within reach, everything stops again. Ronan and Aiden freeze, denying me the release I crave and I cry out in frustration as it slips away.

Declan's voice cuts through the stillness. “Tell us da name, Scarlette.” He loosens the belt, and I gasp for air, whimpering when he looks at Ronan who starts to count slower and more drawn out this time.

Leaning down close to the side of my face Declan breathes into my ear. “No one will know ya told us, we will take care of it so it doesn'a come back on ya. Tell us and da roulette stops and I'll make ya cum.”

Declan's promise hangs in the air, a tempting offer that cuts through the tension. My breath comes in ragged gasps and my mind races as I weigh the consequences.

As the count gets higher, my resistance wavers. The line between defiance and surrender blurs, and with a shuddering exhale, I give in. “Caleb Stone,” I gasp, the admission escaping in a rasp.

Ronan withdraws the gun, leaving me empty, aching, and wanting.

A triumphant grin spreads across Declan's face. "Good girl," he purrs, and with a swift motion, he pulls my body up and flips me over with a strength that momentarily shocks me.

I barely register the motion before he is thrusting his cock into me hard enough that it propels my body forward. But I didn't move far before the belt snapped back into place, tightening and pulling my body back and cutting off my air again.

Declan let out a deep groan as his fingers trail down my spine, leaving a trail of fire in their wake.

The stretch is almost painful, not even having the gun inside me could prepare me for having him filling me up. I was already so sensitive that I could feel him everywhere.

"Fuck, you feel so good, *a stór*."

I tried to move myself on his cock, trying to lessen the burn but all I managed was to wiggle a little. And I received a resounding slap to my ass cheek in response. But he doesn't start fucking me like I want.

Lifting a hand to where the belt is wrapped around my neck, I manage to create some breathing room, enough to rasp out, "You promised to make me cum."

He chuckled and I could feel his cock twitch inside me in response. "So I did."

Snapping the belt tight again, he uses it to forcefully lift my upper body back towards him. His other hand comes around my body, his fingers circling my throbbing clit.

I can't breathe, my hands go to where the belt is cutting off my air and it's so tight I can't get my fingers under it. The lack of air is starting to make me lightheaded and at the same time his fingers are moving on my clit. Circling and running it again and again, and I feel like I'm being dragged behind a fast moving vehicle climbing a hill and approaching a cliff.

The lightheaded feeling is getting worse. the edges of my vision getting darker, and I can't make any sound. The belt is effectively keeping me silent and when Declan lands a hard slap against my over sensitive and throbbing clit, all I can do is scream silently as my body feels like it's coming apart.

Air rushes back into my lungs as Declan releases the belt. I barely catch myself on my hands when he digs his fingers into my hips and starts fucking me hard, each powerful thrust pushing me further into a frenzy.

I am a whirlwind of sensations—pleasure, pain, and everything in between. My body responds with a twisted kind of eagerness and it takes a moment for my brain to catch up and come back online.

“Wait!”

Declan freezes with a growl, still buried balls deep inside me, his fingers digging even more painfully into my skin. “Make it fuckin quick, *a stór*.”

Panting I glance back toward him. “Condom, you need a condom. I'm not on birth control.”

The sound that comes from him is almost feral and suddenly I'm being yanked up against him by my hair, his other hand wrapping tightly around my throat. I can feel the possessiveness in his grip on me all the way to my bones.

“That’s da wrong thing to say to us, *a stór*. We ‘ave wanted ya from the moment ya sauntered dat fine ass out of our foyer after stealin’ from us. All we want is ya between us. And if I have to fuck a baby into ya to keep ya there, then so fuckin’ be it.”

Declan’s response is feral, possessive, and utterly unyielding. I don’t object. Instead, I feel a possessive hunger of my own, a dark desire that mirrors theirs. I am caught in their web and surrendering myself to them willingly.

His grip on my hair tightens, his fingers digging into my scalp. The pain, the pleasure, and the raw intensity of the moment create a heady feeling that leaves me breathless and wanting.

I gasp out a plea, my voice hoarse. “Please, Declan, I need \_\_\_”

He cuts me off with a harsh, possessive kiss that steals the air from my lungs. The taste of him is overpowering to my senses. I can almost feel his dominance and desire from his kiss alone.

Declan pulls away just enough to look into my eyes, the taste of him lingering on my lips. The intensity in his gaze is overwhelming, a storm of desire that threatens to consume me.



His voice, low and rough, rumbles through the room. “Ya need what, Scarlette? My cum? Tell me ya need my cum in this tight pussy.”

I take a shaky breath, my body still quivering from the raw intensity of the moment. “Yes. Please, fuck, yes.”

A predatory grin spreads across Declan’s face, and lets go of me to push me back into position. “That’s be what I wanted to hear.” Without further words, he resumes his relentless thrusts, the harsh sound of our skin slapping together echoing through the room.

He leans over my back and reaches around to cup my breasts, teasing and squeezing hard, his touch possessive and commanding. I arch into him, a silent invitation for more.

“Please,” I whisper, the word barely audible.

Declan’s fingers find their way to my clit, and he circles it with a deliberate slowness that makes me writhe beneath him. The pleasure builds, sending shockwaves through my body, and I can’t hold back the moan that escapes my lips.

He leans down, his lips brushing against my ear. “Ya ours, Scarlette,” he breathes. “Ya can’t escape this, and ya don’t want to.”

I don’t respond. I can’t. The truth in his words hangs heavy in the air. The edge between pleasure and pain is a fine line, and I’m teetering on the brink.

Aiden and Ronan, no longer content to stand back and watch, kneel in front of me. Ronan’s hands find their way to

my breasts, squeezing them and teasing my nipples, while Aiden positions himself in front of me. His fingers trace the contours of my face, a gentle touch in the midst of the storm. His lips met mine in a messy and devouring kiss.

The sensation of being filled, possessed, and overwhelmed by them is both intoxicating and frightening. And my body responds eagerly. As they continue their relentless assault on my senses, I feel a climax building within me, a storm that threatens to consume everything in its path.

And when it washes over me, all I do is hold on and scream into the face of it.



## Chapter 15

### SCARLETTE

I'm barely starting to come down from my climax as Declan loses his rhythm and groans loudly, following me over the cliff. My pussy continues to throb and squeeze around him, his climax managing to drag mine out further.

My arms give way and Aiden tries to cushion me as I collapse forward. Declan follows me down, bracing his arms against the ground and bracketing my body. We are both breathing heavily, and I can feel the damp sweat on my body.

Declan has managed to keep his suit on this whole time, only managing to shove his pants down to his knees in his haste.

He presses a gentle kiss to the back of my shoulder before pushing himself back into a kneeling position and pulling out of my pussy. He groans, and when I glance back he is focused entirely on my exposed pussy. He drags his finger up the length of it before shoving his fingers inside of me.

I moan as my pussy clenches around the movement and Aiden chuckles, reaching under my arms and lifting me up and into him until my legs are straddling his waist.

“Come here, *rós beag*, or Dec might fill ya up again.”

I chuckle at Aiden’s words. “Or are you just too impatient to fill me up yourself?”

“Yes,” he mumbles before his lips are devouring mine, his tongue sweeping in.

My stomach suddenly drops as he stands with me in his arms, and I gasp against his lips. My protest is met with laughter as he licks at my bottom lip.

“Stop being so shocked, Scarlette, ya are not heavy.” Aiden’s voice is full of humor as he moves us together toward one of the couches.

“I am! You shouldn’t be carrying me, you will hurt yourself. You’re going to hurt your back.”

He sits on the couch with my knees on either side of his hips. I use the solid surface to raise myself away from him, hovering over him so my weight isn’t bearing down on him.

A yelp leaves my lips as he lands a hard slap against my ass cheek, his hand coming up to grab a fist full of my hair and direct my head so that I’m looking into his bright green eyes. “Don’ ever talk about yaself like dat again. If I hear you talk that way again I will chain ya to a wall and turn ya skin so red ya will fit in with da Christmas decorations.” His words are a

harsh growl, demanding my attention. “The only back dat will be hurt will be yours when I bend ya in half and fuck ya raw.”

The threat and promise mingle, and my body responds with a primal ache, craving the dominance they provide.

I can’t stop the moan that passes my lips at his words. These men and their dirty fucking mouths. “I thought you were going to feed me,” I tease, the air thick with tension and need.

“Keep talkin’, and I’ll happily feed ya my cock,” Aiden responds, his voice low and husky.

My body is on fire, craving the touch and possession of these men. “Please,” I rasp, my voice betraying the desperation within.

His hands are already tearing at his pants, freeing himself underneath where I’m hovering. “No, I want that pretty pussy,” Aiden declares, his eyes burning with desire. “I’ve been dyin’ to feel ya wrapped around me.”

I meet Aiden’s gaze with a playful glint in my eyes, my lips curling into a teasing smile. “Well, you’ll have to earn it,” I challenge, my fingers dancing along his chest.

Aiden’s eyes darken with amusement and desire. “Is dat a challenge, Scarlette?” he growls, his hands gripping my hips possessively.

“Maybe it is,” I reply, reveling in the power of my words. I shift my weight, deliberately pressing myself against him, feeling his hard length beneath me.

He groans in response, his hands tightening on my hips. “You’re playin’ a dangerous game, *rós beag*.”

“Life’s more fun that way,” I counter, and my fingers trail down his chest, teasingly plucking at the buttons of his shirt that he still has on.

Aiden’s patience wears thin, and with a swift motion, he spins me around to lay me on the couch. My head hangs off the arm, and he kneels between my legs, the air heavy with anticipation.

He unbuttons the shirt and tugs it off, revealing heavily tattooed skin and sleek muscles.

I take a moment to appreciate the view, allowing my gaze to roam over Aiden’s inked canvas. “You sure are pretty to look at,” I comment, a playful smirk on my lips.

Aiden grins, “I’m startin’ to get a new appreciation of Dec’s kink for cuttin’ off ya air. Ro,” Aiden calls out, and I turn my head to see Ronan approaching. He has also shed his clothes to expose more tattooed muscles, and he has a predator’s gaze fixed on me. “Occupy her mouth.”

Ronan’s grin widens as he positions himself at my head, the tip of his cock teasing against my lips. The anticipation is palpable as I part my lips, welcoming him with a hungry tongue. I lick along his length, tasting the saltiness and feeling the texture of his velvety skin.

Aiden wastes no time, taking advantage of the distraction to thrust into me as soon as I take Ronan into my mouth. The

sensation is overwhelming—Aiden’s hardness filling and stretching me while Ronan explores the wet warmth of my mouth.

I can’t fit Ronan completely, and I reach up to wrap a hand around what doesn’t fit. Aiden’s thrust pushes me further onto Ronan, his cock hitting the back of my throat and I have to force down my gag reflex to swallow around him. A low growl escapes Ronan’s throat, his fingers tangling in my hair.

Aiden’s rhythm is powerful and unrelenting, each thrust driving me deeper into the pleasure. Ronan tightens his grip on my hair, guiding my movements as I take him in.

Sliding an arm under my back Aiden drags me higher into the air. He was serious about bending me in half as my back bows even further, arching me until my head is almost upside down. Ronan takes advantage and uses his grip on my hair to position my mouth exactly where he wants it, thrusting harder and forcing himself further into my throat until I’m forced to relax around him.

Aiden’s voice cuts through the haze. “Swallow him, Scarlette, take every inch,” he commands, his fingers gripping my jaw. I comply eagerly, taking Ronan deeper and swallowing around him.

As Ronan groans above me, Aiden’s pace quickens. The room is filled with a symphony of our moans and the wet sounds of our bodies colliding. I’m lost in the rhythm, in the sensation of being utterly claimed by these men.

“I love watchin’ these big fuckin tits bounce.” I feel Aiden’s tongue between my breasts before he takes one of my nipples into his mouth, licking and sucking on it before his teeth nip it teasingly. I moan in response, my pussy tightening around him.

He grunts, sitting back up to grip my hips tightly enough to bruise as his thrusts become harder and more urgent, his hips slapping against the flesh of my thighs. I groan when Ronan’s hand wraps around my throat, cutting off my airway and squeezing around his cock.

Aiden’s fingers find their way to my clit, circling and pressing in rhythm with his thrusts. My body responds eagerly, the tension building once again, and I can feel the familiar edge of my climax approaching.

With a final, forceful thrust, Aiden pushes me over the edge. My body convulses around him, my moans muffled by Ronan’s cock in my mouth. I barely register the sound of their groans as they follow me into the abyss, Aiden filling my pussy as Ronan’s cum slides down my throat. The intensity of the orgasm crashes over me, a wave of pleasure that leaves me trembling.





## Chapter 16

### RONAN

After what felt like a physical claiming of my *binneas*, my sweetness, I wanted her to stay with us, but she insisted on returning home. She made a joke about the penthouse not being Christmasy enough before citing the need for actual work clothes for tomorrow and not scandalizing her assistant more than she already was.

It was understandable. She didn't yet fully grasp how obsessed we all were with her already.

Once she was dressed in one of our business shirts and a pair of boxer shorts, I still made her wear one of our long winter coats over the top. I didn't care how hot she got, no one else was allowed to look at what was ours so freshly after we had her skin flushed red and the sweet sheen of sweat coated her skin.

She has only been gone for not even ten minutes before I am already itching to see her again, to touch her beautiful fucking skin.

I sit on the same couch where I fucked her throat and pull out my phone. I am only half listening to the conversation between Dec and Aid as we all sip on our scotch.

“What do ya make of wha’ she said?” Aiden asks. I know what he is talking about, it has been playing on my mind too.

I glance up briefly to see Dec frown down into his glass before I return to navigating through the apps on my phone.

“I know dat’s who she thinks it is, but she be obviously mistaken,” Dec responds.

Opening the app on my phone with the video feeds for Scarlette’s house, it takes a moment to load. When it loads my screen is filled with darkness. To anyone else this might just simply seem like the darkness of night, but I know that some lights are still visible in her house, the city lights, technology, little things to make it never truly dark.

I rewind the video feeds, trying to make sense of what is on my screen. And then I’m out of the chair cursing loudly.

Aiden is asking what the problem is as I rapidly bring up the contact I saved in my phone with Scarlette’s number. It goes instantly to voicemail.

My heart pounds in my chest as I make another attempt to reach Scarlette. The calls keep going straight to voicemail, and a knot of worry tightens in my stomach. Ignoring Aiden and

Declan's questioning looks, I hastily run to my room and throw on a shirt, my mind racing.

"What's going on, Ro?" Aiden demands, his eyes narrowing with concern.

"She's not fucking answerin'," I growl, frustration and concern evident in my voice.

Declan sets down his glass, simply accepting my worry and moving in response. "Try again," he orders, his tone brooking no argument.

I make another attempt, but the result is the same—straight to voicemail. Panic claws through me, and I curse under my breath.

"Get dressed, Aid," Declan commands, rising from the couch. "We're goin' to her place."

In record time, we're all ready, and we storm out of the penthouse, a sense of urgency propelling us forward. The drive to Scarlett's house feels agonizingly long, each passing second amplifying the worry gnawing at me.

They don't ask again about the cause of my panic, simply taking my word that something is very wrong as Aiden drives toward our destination well over the speed limit.

As we approach, I notice that the lights are on inside, but there's an eerie stillness surrounding the house. Even the squeal of Aiden's tires doesn't really disturb it.

My heart pounds in my ears as we rush inside, the familiar scent of Scarlett's perfume hanging in the air. The house

looks like it had been hit by a cyclone from the inside. Everything had been torn apart.

The Christmas decorations that had been decorating the inside of her house were strewn everywhere amongst the stuffing of her couch pillows and broken pieces of furniture.

Declan and Aiden's mouths were agape as they took in the destruction of her home. But then Dec is moving rapidly in the direction of her bedroom while Aiden moves toward her garage. But I know where she would be.

Entering her office, relief floods through me seeing her standing in the center of the room. Similarly to the other rooms in her house, her office is destroyed also. On the tail end of relief, anger enters me at whoever dared to do this to her.

The chair that I had watched her come apart in has been cut open and torn to shreds and it makes fury pulse through me.

She doesn't even see me enter the room, her focus on the wall that held the queen playing card artwork. Or what used to be artwork.

All four paintings were slashed and on the ground, the knife marks cutting specifically through the faces of the queens. There had been two safes behind the paintings. One in the area that I knew had held the Queen of Diamonds while the other had been behind the Queen of Hearts.

Both were open and empty, and between them was a piece of paper pinned to the wall by a large knife. Even I could see

from where I stood what was written on it and what had completely captured Scarlett's attention.

*Wrong move.*



## Chapter 17

### SCARLETTE

It was all fine, everything was fine.

I had just started to sing a Christmas carol in my mind when something touched my arm, startling me. I swing out automatically, but my hand is caught and I'm pulled into a body.

“Shhhh, tis me Scarlette.” Ronan’s voice is soft next to my ear.

I can’t stop my body from relaxing into his embrace, letting him softly cup my face and turn it into his chest. I breathe in his now familiar spicy scent, letting it calm the turmoil in my mind that had been raging since stepping into my home.

The door had been wide open, whoever did this had bypassed the extensive security I had in place. If there had been any notifications on my phone I hadn’t seen them before

my phone had somehow died with a full battery. It hadn't even come back online during the drive home so I had no warning of what I was about to walk into.

And what I walked into had been complete chaos. I was momentarily grateful that whoever had destroyed my home had chosen not to stick around, I was so focused on my home that I wouldn't have noticed anyone else in the room.

Just like I hadn't noticed when Ronan approached me.

But I did know when Declan and Aiden entered the room. They both touch me as though to reassure themselves that I'm okay but they don't take me from Ronan.

Turning my head back toward them, I watch as Declan walks over and pulls the knife and note from the wall. He frowns down at them before he walks back toward me, his eye briefly taking in all of the destroyed furniture before his eyes return to mine.

He brushes the side of my face with his free hand before he curls it around the back of my neck, pulling my face towards him to place a gentle kiss against my forehead. "Go with Ro and pack some clothes, *a stór*, ya comin to stay with us."

I nod, feeling the weight of the situation sinking in. Ronan's grip tightens for a moment, offering silent reassurance, before I reluctantly step away. As we head towards the bedroom, I can't shake the unsettling feeling that the chaos in my home is just the beginning.

I hadn't even made it to my bedroom before, being so focused on my office. There was nothing untouched in there, nothing left intact, and I feel violated.

Completely avoiding the bed, I move to the walk-in closet. They had been there too, but not to the extent of everywhere else. I could see that things had been pulled off shelves and pushed aside on the hangers but thankfully nothing was destroyed.

They had been looking for something, and if I were to hazard a guess it was the item that had already been stolen by Ronan.

I glance at him as he pulls out a bag for me to pack clothes into. "How did you know to come?"

The start of a smirk curls his lips as he looks at me but it doesn't last long. "Remember when I said we enjoyed the show?" He gives me a look as my body heats slightly at the recollection, even with my life in a mess, he can still manage to turn me on with a look and a few simple words. "I installed cameras that first day. The house security was good, but I managed that jus fine. The safe security was completely different. I didn'a know which safe ya put the USB in, and I didn know what other security measures ya had on them, so I installed the cameras to find out and get the code. We already had ya fingerprint from the penthouse."

I almost want to bang my head against a wall for my own stupidity. For someone who prides herself on being the best, those were ridiculous mistakes to make.



Ronan wraps a hand around my arm and tugs me into him again. The look on his face has a level of intensity that has my heart racing in my chest. “I checked da cameras because I wanted to make sure ya got home safely, and they had been cut off. When I went back on the recording I saw someone else break into da house before the feed was cut.”

Ronan’s grip tightens, and he admits, “I couldn’t get through to ya on ya cell, Scarlette. I’ve never known that level of fear before—the fear dat something had happened to ya.” His words linger in the air as the weight of the situation becomes even more apparent. I realize how close I was to a danger I hadn’t fully grasped.

I nod as I start to load clothes into the bag, accepting his explanation. “They must have somehow tampered with my cell first. I have an alarm set on my phone for any security breach, and when I left the penthouse it wasn’t working and wouldn’t turn on. It never occurred to me that something could have happened here.”

The hand on the side of my face makes me pause and look at him. “I can’t even describe how I woulda reacted if somethin’ had happened to you. If someone had stayed here and hurt ya, or taken ya, I woulda burned dis world to the ground.”

“We... We would have burned it down.”

I glance over and see both Declan and Aiden leaning in the doorway. The look of possessiveness in their eyes makes my breath catch in my chest and my heart race.

In that moment, surrounded by Ronan, Declan, and Aiden, I realize how quickly I've forged a connection with these three formidable men. Their protective instincts and genuine concern make me feel a sense of belonging I hadn't anticipated.

Declan breaks the contemplative silence, his gaze unwavering. "Let's go home."



## Chapter 18

### SCARLETTE

**A**fter the long and emotional day, the brothers set me up in their very spacious guest room with instructions to rest. But I couldn't settle.

The room is beautiful, large and decorated in grays and blacks. The bed is like laying on a cloud. The floor to ceiling windows allow views of the city lights just like I enjoyed. But my mind was still turning at a million miles an hour. My body was buzzing with energy.

It felt like my life had suddenly hopped onto the bullet train, and I could no longer get off. And yet at the same time there are some things that I'm not sure I want to change now.

Sliding out from between the soft sheets, I wrap a robe around myself and walk out of the room in search of some water. It's only when I'm placing the empty glass onto the drying rack that I notice the light on in their office. The door is

half open as though someone had thought about closing it but then changed their mind.

Through the gap I see Declan at his desk typing away at his laptop with a look of frustration on his face. Leaning against the entryway I watch him grow more frustrated before I clear my throat.

He looks up at me and the look slides from his face, replaced by something I can't decipher.

"Hey, everything okay?" I ask as I hesitantly step into the office. The last time I had been in here I had been stealing from them.

"Yeah, *a stòr*, just doin' some research. Why are ya up? Ya should be sleepin'." He stands from the desk and meets me in the center of the room, sliding a hand around the back of my neck and bringing my forehead to his lips. He's dressed in loose dark green pajama pants and a tight black shirt that stretches over the muscles I previously felt under his suits. Tattoos run down the length of his arms, showing that he is just as painted in artwork as his brothers.

The soft kisses seem to be becoming an automatic gesture for him, and it warms my heart each time.

"I couldn't sleep, just feeling a little restless and jittery."

He looks at me for a moment, a smile curling his lips. Looking back at his computer he hums softly before focusing on me again. "T'was in this office that I saw ya for the very first time. I mean the theft part was the wrong angle to see ya

properly.” His voice starts taking on a huskiness that has my body responding instantly. “But watchin these seductive fuckin hips sway as ya walked ya sexy ass right out da front door with that smile on ya lips, dats a memory I will replay over and over again.”

Gripping my hips hard he moves me around and then starts walking me backward and it’s not long before my back is hitting the wall of glass showing the twinkling lights of the city. I’m not entirely sure what Declan has planned but I’m on board with whatever it may be.

His hands go to the belt of my robe and slowly undoes the tie. Each pull and tug on the length of material is like he has a direct line to my pussy, my whole body heating at the look of feral desire he has in his eyes.

“Dats the moment I knew I had to have ya. Not only had ya shown ya could be even better than me in some things, which be a challenge I would happily rise to, but dat sassy little attitude had me wantin’ to devour ya before punishin’ ya for it.” He takes handfuls of the robe and yanks it from my shoulders, letting it fall to the floor and leaving me completely naked before him. The glass wall is cool against my overheated skin.

Sliding his hands along the skin of my waist and up to cup my breasts. He squeezes and kneads the flesh before ducking his head down to drag his tongue around one of my nipples. He closes his mouth around it and sucks on it hard, and I feel the pull in my pussy, my clit throbbing in response. Giving it

another lick and nip, he then moves to repeat the action on my other nipple. I moan when he sucks on it, leaning back more heavily on the glass.

When he moves his face away again, he goes back to squeezing them with his hands, taking my sensitive nipples between his fingers and pulling and squeezing them until I'm arching against the glass, pushing my breasts harder into his hands. "These tits make me mouth water every time I see dem. I can't wait to see dem even bigger when ya round with our babies."

My stomach swoops low at his words, but he chooses that same moment to slide his hands down my body and slowly lower himself to his knees.

"What are you doing?" I breathe, my voice a soft rasp as I look down at where he is kneeling before me, looking up at me. The look in his eyes is dark and possessive.

"Aid was right, ya are the Queen of Diamonds, *a stór*. But ya be also the Queen of Hearts because ya already have all of ours." He lifts one of my legs and hooks it over his shoulder, shuffling closer he brings his fingers up to slide through my dripping wet pussy making me moan softly. "So watch me worship ya, my Queen."

Declan's eyes lock onto mine, the intensity of his gaze holding me captive. He's on his knees, and the vulnerability in his posture contrasts with the dominance in his eyes. I do feel like their queen.

His fingers continue their exploration, tracing the outline of my folds and teasing my entrance. The anticipation builds as he maintains eye contact, his touch deliberate and unhurried. I'm at his mercy, and the thought excites me.

“Ya so fuckin beautiful,” he rasps, his voice a low growl. “And this... all of this is ours. Every inch of ya belongs to us, Scarlette.”

I bite my lip, trying to contain the feelings of both desire and vulnerability that flood through me. His words, possessive and tender, wrap around me like a velvet chain, tying me to him and his brothers in ways I never could have predicted and had never felt before.

His mouth descends on my inner thigh, leaving a trail of kisses as he moves closer to his destination. The contrast between the soft caresses, and the hard glass behind me sends my senses into overdrive.

When his tongue finally meets my pussy, I gasp, a surge of pleasure coursing through me. He explores me with a skilled and relentless determination, drawing out every moan and whimper as his tongue dips and slides along me. I clutch at the strands of his hair as his tongue circled my clit, sucking it into his mouth. My body arches against the cool glass when he sucks on it just as hard as he had my nipples.

Declan's fingers continue to explore me before he pushes two deep inside my pussy, working in harmony with his tongue. My climax builds steadily, and I can feel the tight coil of pleasure winding within me.

As I approach the edge, Declan intensifies his efforts. His gaze never leaves mine, and the connection between us deepens with every flick of his tongue and every thrust of his fingers.

Then I shatter against him as he keeps me pressed against the glass. My cries echo, and my back arches as I give myself over to the waves of pleasure rolling through me. And yes, I feel worshiped.





## Chapter 19

### SCARLETTE

**D**eclan rises as my attention returns to him. His eyes never leave mine, and he stands with a predatory grace. He pulls me into a searing kiss, tasting of me and feeling like a caged animal with feral energy.

“Ya ours, Scarlette,” he breathes against my lips.

At that moment, I truly feel it. Like there is no going back. That I somehow opened a door that could never be closed again. By simply walking into their Christmas party.

He steps away from me, leaving me panting against the glass. Reaching behind his head, he pulls off his shirt, revealing so much tattooed covered skin. I understand his sentiment earlier because all I want to do is devour him, and lick every inch of his tattooed skin until he feels owned by me in return.

Tugging at the cord to his pants he lets them fall to the floor also. The tattoos stretch down both legs and cover most of the skin he keeps hidden underneath his pretty suits. He looks like a machine, and I can't focus on any of it when he wraps his hand around his hard cock and squeezes.

I'm not sure what he is seeing in my face, but it makes him smirk in a decidedly Ronan manner.

“Turn ‘round, *a stór*.” His voice is still husky but that edge of dominance has returned that makes me obey him without a second thought. Turning around, I'm struck by the view in front of me. The city lights twinkle and stretch as far as the eye can see. And the flash of my reflection reminds me that I am very naked.

“Put ya hands on the glass, and don't move ‘em until I tell ya.” I lift my hands and place them against the cool glass, my fingers spread apart. His hands grip my hips, and he uses them to pull me back and move me where he wants me. “Ya remember what I said I wanted to do when I first saw ya sassy attitude right, Scarlette? I said I would devour ya, and then punish ya for it.”

The sound and feeling of his hand hitting my left ass cheek reaches me before the pain. I gasp at the sharp sting, the sound echoing through the room. My hands press harder against the glass.

“Count ‘em for me, Scarlette,” he commands, his voice low and demanding.

“One,” I breathe out, the word almost a moan.

His hand caresses the reddened skin, soothing the ache before the next hit lands. He strikes my right cheek this time, and the sensation shoots through me, merging with the lingering pleasure from earlier.

“Two,” I continue, my voice a whisper as I brace myself for the next strike.

He caresses my burning skin before I feel his breath so close to my ear. “How does it feel, Scarlett? Being on display for the whole city ta see? All them people watchin’ as I paint this pretty skin red and wishin’ they could have ya. But ya ours, Scarlett, ya belong to us, and no one else is to ever touch ya again.”

His words, possessive and commanding, resonate through me, heightening the intensity of the moment even before his hand lands against my left cheek again.

“Three,” I manage to say, the burn and heat intensifying with each count. His words echo in my ears, a declaration that sends shivers down my spine.

Declan’s hand moves with precision, alternating between my ass cheeks, leaving a delicious ache in their wake. The air is thick with desire, and my body throbs in time with my rapid heart beat.

“Four,” I moan as he lands another strike. The warmth spreads through me, a heady cocktail of sensations that blur the line between pain and pleasure. The dominance in his touch, the knowledge that I’m on display, heightens the eroticism of the moment.

His fingers trail along the curves of my ass, soothing the heat he's created. The room is filled with a raw, primal energy.

"Such a good girl," he purrs, his voice intensifying the ache. His hand cups my sex, feeling the wetness he's elicited, and I whimper at his touch. "Ya love this, don't ya? Bein' marked, owned."

"Yes," I manage to gasp out, my breath fogging the glass in front of me as I try to press my overheated skin to it. My forehead and breasts are slick with sweat and slide deliciously against the smooth surface. I welcome the coolness against my skin.

"Open ya legs," he instructs, his voice commanding. I comply, spreading my legs slightly, offering myself to him. Declan's hand leaves my skin, and for a moment, there's a pause. I can hear his heavy breaths, matching my own. The cool air brushes over my heated ass, and then his fingers trail along the reddened flesh, creating a delicious contrast.

His other hand moves between my thighs, and I can feel his hard length pressing against me. The teasing contact makes my clit throb, and I'm acutely aware of how vulnerable and exposed I am against the glass.

The anticipation builds as he positions himself, the head of his cock gliding along my wet pussy.

"Ya want this, Scarlette?" he murmurs, his voice a seductive growl. "Tell me ya want it."

“Please, yes,” I moan, the word barely escaping my lips before he thrusts into me. The fullness and the sudden stretch make me gasp, my body adjusting to his size. He holds still for a moment, letting me accommodate him, and then begins a hard, deliberate rhythm.

His hands grip my hips, guiding the pace. Each thrust is a testament to his control over my body, the pleasure building with each movement. I’m pressed against the glass, my skin rubbing against the smooth surface with each thrust, the city lights a distant blur as my focus narrows to the sensations he’s evoking.

I moan as he claims me. The sounds we are making and the harsh slap of our skin together are better than any Christmas carol I have ever heard.

“Ya ours. Mine,” he growls, his breath hot against my ear. The possessiveness in his voice ignites a primal response, and I arch my back, welcoming him deeper. As the pleasure builds, Declan’s thrusts become more urgent, each one pushing me closer to the edge.

“Cum with me, *a stór*.” His thrusts are hard and powerful as our climaxes slam into us, my moans mingling with his guttural groans. He holds me against the glass, our bodies pressed together as we ride out the waves of ecstasy.

As we catch our breath, I realize that the door I opened at their Christmas party led me not only into a world of desire, but also into a profound connection with these men. A connection I hadn’t known I craved.



## Chapter 20

### AIDEN

The walls inside the penthouse are thin enough that I'm woken at the first cry that leaves my *rós beag*, my little rose. And I'm instantly hard at the sound.

It takes only a moment to comprehend, and to realize that Dec has his hands on her. I could hear her moans counting out what I assume are strikes landing against her gorgeous skin. Both Dec and Ro have a thing for inflicting pain. Both of them even liking the use of weapons and toys, but Dec was the one that was controlling enough to make her count each strike.

I should have expected she wouldn't make it through the night without one of us seeking her out, I probably would have sought her out myself at some point. Now I was just grateful for the soundtrack as I spit into my hand and wrap it around my own throbbing cock.

The sound of her breathy moans and cries is like a sweet melody. My arousal surges as I listen to her, the sounds painting a vivid picture of the scene unfolding.

In my mind, I can almost see the intoxicating color bloom across her skin from the strikes I know Declan would be landing. I can imagine the look of pleasure mingling with the small twitches of pain as she rides that thin line between the two.

As I stroke myself, the mental images meld with the captivating sounds, creating an intoxicating blend of desire.

With her cries getting louder, I know that Ro would also be awake by now, but he wouldn't be satisfied with simply letting his imagination create the scene for him. He would already have the security footage open on his cell and be watching the scene play out live. I could do the same if I wanted, but I'd prefer to let my mind take over, that way I could even place myself into the moment.

In my mind, the room was dimly lit, the shadows playing across Scarlette's flushed skin. The city lights act like the Christmas lights that she loves so much as they glimmer and change with each passing second. One moment highlighting the red marks across her perfect ass and the next reflecting off the glittering sheen of sweat on her skin.

As I continue to stroke myself, my hand tightening and twisting along my length, the mental images intensify. Scarlette's breathless moans and cries became a soundtrack to the vivid scenes playing out in my imagination.

I can tell by the rhythmic sound of slapping skin that Dec is now fucking her. I envision the arch of her back, the slight tremble in her limbs, and the raw, unfiltered pleasure etched across her face.

Pleasure winds its way through my body. My hand strokes my cock in time with the harsh sound of skin on skin as I imagine my own cock thrusting inside her beautiful body.

In my mind's eye, she could be riding Dec's cock, that glorious ass moving and rippling with each of his thrusts. I could push her forward onto him, and spread her beautiful cheeks to expose her tight hole. I would spit directly on her puckered flesh and use it as lube to push my fingers inside of her, stretching her out and preparing her for my cock.

I could almost feel the tight grip of her ass as I imagined pushing my cock into her slowly, her tight muscles gripping me.

My hand tightens hard on my length, the moans and cries in my imagination matching those that Dec is dragging from her wherever they are. The rhythm of the sounds speeds up, and my hand moves to match the pace.

The sounds she would make between us would be the sweetest. she would arch, and I would use her tits to anchor her so we could pound into her tight, wet body. I could be surpassed only by the sound of her choking on one of our cocks if we were to all take her together.

Pleasure sings through me at the thought, the tingling at the base of my spine forecasting my climax that I feel rapidly



approaching. I hear her shatter at the same time as my balls draw up and the pleasure hits me like a train. I groan loudly as my hand continues to pull hard on my cock and ropes of cum land on my stomach.

As the orgasm subsides, I get up and move toward my ensuite. Now we have her, and she is where she belongs All I want is to spend forever enjoying her, both her mind and her body.



## Chapter 21

### SCARLETTE

I'm treated to a full Irish breakfast. Declan practically carried me into his bedroom, and wrapped himself around me after we finished last night. but I woke to an empty bed and the smells and sounds of cooking.

As I entered the kitchen, the brothers were already gathered, each one engrossed in their own morning routine. Aiden, sporting a knowing smirk, glances up from the stove. "Well, look who decided to join the land of the living," he remarks, a playful glint in his eyes.

With breakfast served, we gather around the table, sharing laughter and discussing our plans for the day, which is mainly work and meetings. The easy camaraderie among the brothers makes me feel like I was part of a tight-knit family, a sensation that both thrills and comforts me. They include me in all of the discussions and it feels natural to be there with them.

They all seemed to enjoy the noises I made in appreciation as I practically inhaled the food. So much so that Ronan snuck into my shower when I went to get ready for work and fucked me hard against the glass in a scene reminiscent of how Declan took me the night before. Only Ronan went that one step further and shoved the fingers of one hand inside my mouth as he wrapped his other hand around my throat, cutting off my air.

I wouldn't have thought that with the amount of orgasms they had wrung out of me over the last twenty four hours that I could cum as hard as I did. The explosion of pleasure almost brought me to my knees inside of the shower.

Now I'm applying a coat of ruby red lipstick to match the silk shirt I have tucked into my skirt. Slipping my feet into my black stilettos, I walk out of my temporary room and back toward the living area.

As I enter the living room, Aiden is the only one present, his eyes lighting up as he catches sight of me. He approaches with a playful smile, his gaze lingering on the crimson hue of my lipstick. Without a word, he pulls me into a gentle yet teasing kiss, leaving me momentarily breathless and thankful for smudge proof lipstick.

"Hey, *rós beag*," Aiden greets, his voice a soft murmur against my lips. "That lipstick be a dangerous weapon," he adds, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. His fingers play along the skin at the edge of my skirt. "An dis reminds me of the last

time I was in ya office. Had ya sitting on ya desk, if I recall correct. I showed great restraint not to fuck ya on it.”

I couldn't help but blush at the memory, the encounter echoing in my mind.

Before I could respond, Declan joins us as he finishes buttoning up his shirt over the inked skin of his chest. A smile tugs at his lips as he takes in the scene. “Aid, ya be out of time, Scarlette needs to get ta work and doesn'a have the good fortune to live above her office.”

Chuckling, I step toward him, taking the tie from his hands and helping secure it around his neck before I use it to drag his lips to mine briefly. “Is it really good fortune when I used that to break in here?”

I'm already turning away from him when he grabs a handful of my hair and yanks me back toward him. “Yes,” he growls at me as his mouth takes mine in a possessive kiss.

My body is buzzing, and I'm breathing hard by the time he releases me again. As I catch my breath, I manage to ask, “Where's Ronan?”

Aiden grins, his hands smoothing out my hair where Declan messed it up. “Ah, he already be downstairs. Had some early morning inductees he needed to train.”

I nod, slightly disappointed to have missed saying farewell to him. Declan notices and his gaze softens. “Anythin' we can do to make ya more comfortable here, Scarlette?”

I consider his question for a moment, a playful glint entering my eyes. “Well,” I begin, a mischievous smile forming, “it’s a bit depressing in here without any Christmas decorations. Can we please decorate for Christmas? I want some holiday spirit in this penthouse, and not just of the alcohol variety.”

Both Declan and Aiden burst into laughter, the sound echoing through the room. Declan shakes his head, still grinning. “Decorate for Christmas? Why does that request not surprise me?”

I playfully roll my eyes. “What can I say? I love Christmas. It’s the most wonderful time of the year, after all.”

The brothers exchange amused glances before Declan nods. “Alright, let’s make it happen. Now, let’s get ya down to the foyer so ya can get to ya office. We’ll ride down with ya, and tonight, we’ll pick ya up from your office at the end of the day. We can get some decorations then.”

As I make my way toward my office, I’m filled with excitement for the end of the day, hoping that the time passes quickly. But it doesn’t.

My day is filled with staff meetings, client meetings, client work, and the gentle teasing from Sue about the men who are suddenly in my life. I’m just on my way back to my office at the end of the day, counting down the minutes until I can leave with the brothers when Sue approaches, pulling her handbag onto her shoulder.

She huffs at me, but I can see the teasing playfulness underneath. “We really do need to have a conversation about

all these sexy men visiting you in your office.”

I almost choke on how dryly she says those words, a grin spreading across my face.

Losing the fake look of seriousness on her face, she reaches out to squeeze my shoulder. “Seriously though, I’m so glad to see you happy, you needed some of that in your life.”

My eyes widen as I try not to laugh harder at her. “Some of what, Sue?”

“Some of whatever is making you so happy, and making me leave the office before I hear it. Merry Christmas, dear.”

With that, she lets go of me and continues toward the elevator, waving at me over her shoulder.

“Merry Christmas,” I’m left calling out after her as I chuckle at her retreating back. I continue towards my office, looking forward to leaving with the brothers.

I’m still grinning as I push into my room, but the man in my office is not who I expected, and neither is the gun pointed in my direction. And this time I knew it would not lead to anything happy.



## Chapter 22

### SCARLETTE

The distinct difference between the man in front of me, and the men I expected is the cold look in his eyes. and the large scar cutting across a large part of his face. It is a jagged line traveling from his temple, through his eye and then through his lips, stopping at his sharp chin. Whatever had caused it turned the eye that it cut through milky white.

Once upon a time, it must have been the same hazel of his other eye.

Sue wasn't wrong, the man was very handsome if you looked past the scar. But in my eyes that may have been because he reminded me of the Blackstone brothers.

His hair was short and a lighter brown, but he had a similar build and look. He looked to be around Ronan's age, but instead of the slightly crazy energy that Ronan gave off this man is nothing but icy calculation.

Tilting his head, he motions with his free hand for me to move further into the room, and closer to where he is standing. “I guess I ca’ see wha’ had ‘em so ‘nchanted so quick. I didn’a see it before.”

His Irish accent is harsher than that of the brothers, more prominent. Like he had spent far longer in Ireland and more recently.

I narrow my eyes at the man, curiosity mixing with caution. “Who are you?” I inquire, my voice steady but laced with suspicion.

He doesn’t directly respond to my question. Instead, he smirks, the scar on his face contorting with the expression. “If I’da known dose fools would fall over demselves for ya so easy, I migh’ have paid ya to kill ‘em instead o’ jus’ stealin’ from ‘em.”

His words hang in the air, the revelation sinking in. I take a step back, analyzing the situation. The atmosphere in the room shifts. The coldness in his eyes intensifies, making it clear I’m dealing with someone entirely different from the Blackstone brothers.

This was the man who hired me to steal from them. The one who destroyed my home.

“Why would you want them dead?” I ask, my mind racing with a possible way out of the situation.

His gaze remains steady, and he casually motions to the scar on his face. “An eye for an eye, *mil*,” he says, the words



carrying a weight of revenge. It becomes apparent that there's a history, a vendetta that goes beyond a simple business rivalry.

I swallow hard, sensing the depth of the animosity between this man and the brothers. "Did you ever consider talking to them, resolving things without resorting to violence?"

He chuckles darkly. "Talkin' doesn't bring back what they took from me."

I raise an eyebrow, unimpressed. "Well, kidnapping me isn't going to fix that either."

His smirk widens, and he steps closer. "Oh, I think it will, *mil*. Now I'll have the means to make them understand what it's like to lose something precious."

I sigh heavily, propping my fists against my hips. "I really need to have a word with Sue about who she lets into my office."

"Yes, you do, *a stór*."

I'm already turning but the man wraps a hand around my arm and jerks me toward him, putting me in front of him. I yelp at the sudden pain, but stop breathing when he presses the gun into my temple.

Declan and Aiden are both standing on the other side of the doorway, their bodies out of the door frame but their arms holding guns steady and aimed at the man who has me.

"Ya alright, *rós beag?*" Aiden's voice is filled with concern but his entire focus is on the man behind me.

“Yes,” I breathe out and the gun presses harder into the flesh of my temple.

“*Dia dhuit*, Caleb.” Declan’s voice is cold enough to cause frostbite. In the very short time that I have known him, I have never heard his voice so ice cold, and I am thankful it isn’t directed at me.

“Declan.” The response from Caleb is accompanied by him pressing the gun harder into my temple. I can’t stop the flinch crossing my face. I hear a growl from Aiden, but Declan holds out a hand in his direction to silence him.

Declan’s gun doesn’t waver. “Ya know, when I realized wha’ file had been taken I though’ it odd. But didn’a give it a thought after we got it back. But then *mo stór* told us who she took it for.” His gaze remains unyielding as he speaks, his voice slicing through the tension in the room. “Caleb, you should be dead,” he states, his words carrying the weight of a history between them.

Caleb chuckles, the sound low and menacing. “Ya tried, but I’m still standin’. Not so easy to get rid of, am I?”

Declan’s voice turns colder. “You should’ve stayed dead. Now you’ve involved her,” he motions towards me, “and that’s a mistake.”

Caleb’s one good eye narrows. “Involved? She’s just a pawn, a means to an end.”

I feel a flash of annoyance at being referred to as a pawn in this dangerous game. The tension in the room is palpable, and

the gun pressed against my temple serves as a constant reminder of the perilous situation.

Declan's expression remains impassive. "What end, Caleb? What game are ya playin'?"

Caleb's scarred lips twist into a cruel smile. "The game of revenge, Declan. The one where I make ya suffer like I suffered."

Aiden growls in frustration, and Declan shoots him a warning look. "Ya killed Simone," Caleb sneers. "And now, I'll make ya feel the same pain."

Declan's eyes narrow, and he doesn't flinch at the accusation. "We had a government contract, Caleb. You were killin' people with no justification, just for the fun of it. Simone was helpin' ya."

Caleb's laughter echoes through the room, harsh and devoid of any warmth. "Justifications, contracts. All excuses to make ya feel better about pullin' the trigger. You're no different from me."

Declan's expression hardens. "Simone was helpin' ya kill innocent people. She made her choice."

Caleb's grip on me tightens further, and he spits out, "And now, I'm makin' mine. How could ya even accept a contract to take out ya own blood? Have ya gone so far down the rabbit hole that ya willin' to kill family?"



## Chapter 23

### SCARLETTE

**D**eclan's response is cold and measured. "Family? Ya no family of ours, Caleb. Ya just a stain from the past."

Caleb scoffs at him. "Stain? We're blood. Flesh and blood."

Declan shifts slightly, his eyes never leaving Caleb's. "Half-blood, Caleb. We all share a father, but that's where it ends. We even left Ireland to get away from you and your mother. You were crazy even back then."

Caleb's voice contorts with anger. "Ye all abandoned us, Declan. Left us with nothin'."

Declan's voice remains steady. "We left to escape the madness. You and your mother were a never-ending nightmare. Da wanted a life away from the violence and chaos you brought."

"Ya didn'a kill me back then," Caleb sneers.

“We were children ourselves back then. And Da couldn’t bring himself to do somethin, even with you already showin’ signs of bein’ a psycho. Ya should have stayed in Ireland, Caleb, then maybe it wouldn’a had to be us.”

The tension between them is palpable. Aiden’s fingers twitch on the grip of his gun, and I can feel the fear coursing through me, knowing that one wrong move could escalate this situation into a violent confrontation.

Caleb, however, seems unfazed. “I came to be with my Simone. America was her home, and my home was Simone. And then, ya took that from me. Fate was on me side dat I could survive and avenge her.”

Aiden speaks up, his voice a mixture of frustration and concern. “Scarlette is not part of this feud, Caleb. She shouldn’t be punished for somethin’ she has no control over.”

Caleb scoffs again. “Punished? Simone was punished for fallin’ for me. It’s only fair that this one suffers for fallin’ for all of ye.”

A chill runs down my spine at Caleb’s words, and I can hear the determination in his voice. He’s not just here for revenge; he wants to inflict pain, to make me pay for a connection I never asked for.

Declan’s jaw clenches, his eyes narrowing at Caleb. “Let her go, Caleb. This is between us.”

Caleb’s laughter echoes through the room, filled with malice. “No, Declan. This involves her now. She’s now a part of our

story, whether she likes it or not.”

Aiden snaps, his anger and frustration bubbling over. “Because you made her part of it!”

Declan’s gaze hardens, the coldness in his eyes cutting through the tension-filled air. “I don’t regret tryin’ to kill ya, Caleb. I don’t regret that as a result it brought us her,” he nods towards me, “but what I do regret is that we still can’t let ya live to kill more innocent people. Scarlette is not gonna be one of those innocent people.”

Caleb maintains his grip on me, the gun still pressed against my temple. “Innocent people?” he sneers. “There’s no such thing. We’re all capable of darkness. Some of us just embrace it.”

Declan’s jaw tightens, his eyes revealing a mixture of anger and regret. “There are lines that should never be crossed. Simone crossed those lines with you.”

The room is thick with tension, and I can feel the weight of the situation pressing on everyone. I can tell Declan is searching for a way to defuse the escalating crisis. “Caleb, whatever you think you’re doing won’t bring Simone back. It won’t erase the pain.”

Caleb’s laughter echoes, harsh and bitter. “Pain? Ya think I care about pain? I’ve lived with it physically since you tried to kill me, and emotionally every day since Simone was taken from me. This is about justice, about makin’ ya feel what I felt.”

Declan's gaze doesn't waver, and he takes a step into the doorway. "Caleb, let her go. Take me if ya must, but let her go."

"Ya not gettin' off that easy, Declan. Ya gonna watch as everythin' ye love crumbles around you. Ya whole world is going to disappear. Startin with her."

Suddenly, a noise breaks the tension. From above, a ceiling tile gives way, and Ronan drops down, moving with a speed and grace that catches Caleb off guard. Ronan lands a powerful blow, knocking Caleb away from me, before he launches himself at him and takes him down to the ground.

Aiden seizes the opportunity and rushes to my side, pulling me behind him to shield me from the unfolding chaos.

Declan also moves in front of us, steadying his aim at the two men grappling on the ground. Ronan and Caleb are locked in a fierce struggle, each trying to gain control of the gun that has fallen between them. The room is filled with the sounds of their grunts and the scuffling of bodies.

My heart pounds in my chest as I watch, paralyzed by fear and uncertainty.

Declan's voice cuts through the chaos, cold and measured. "Enough, Caleb. This ends now."

Aiden, protective and determined, shields me with his body, his eyes never leaving the unfolding scene. "Scarlette, stay behind me."

The struggle intensifies. Ronan fights to disarm Caleb while Caleb desperately clings to the weapon. In the midst of the chaos, a gunshot rings out, and time seems to freeze.

The scream that leaves my mouth in that moment is raw and filled with terror.





## Chapter 24

### SCARLETTE

A wet cough sounds as Ronan rolls away from Caleb. There is blood everywhere, or that's what it feels like to me.

I try desperately to get past Aiden, but he holds me back as Declan moves forward, his gun still steady and aimed at Caleb. Only when Declan makes it to the gun on the ground and kicks it aside does Aiden let me pass.

I launch myself at Ronan, my hands reaching out to touch him, to confirm that he's still with me. He wraps his arms tightly around my trembling body, providing a momentary anchor in the midst of the chaos.

Declan, kneeling beside Caleb, watches as blood spills from the wound. Caleb coughs, his body convulsing with the effort, but his eyes lock onto Declan's with a twisted determination.

“Ya think this is the end for me, Declan?” he sneers, blood spilling from his mouth. “I survived bein’ shot in the face once. A bullet in the chest won’t stop me.”

Declan’s jaw tightens, regret etched on his face. “I didn’t want it to come to this, Caleb. But ya won’t be leavin’ here alive.”

Caleb chuckles through the pain. “Too late, Declan. The wheels are already in motion. Even after I’m gone, the Blackstone Company will fall. I only used Scarlette to access that file because it wasn’t on the server. But there be still a lot on the server I was able to get to, including the names of all ya agents.”

A chill runs down my spine at Caleb’s revelation. The gravity of the situation deepens as we realize the extent of the danger that still looms over us.

Declan’s expression darkens with anger and concern. “What are ya talking about, Caleb? What did ya do?”

Caleb’s laughter is strained, his face filled with both pain and defiance. “Ya will find out soon enough. It’s too late to stop it. The Blackstone Company’s secrets will be exposed, and justice will be served, even if I be not around to witness it.”

The room feels charged with an eerie stillness. Caleb’s body weakens, but his eyes remain defiant. He glares at Declan, unrepentant.

Declan’s resolve hardens. “Even if what ya say is true, it won’t justify the lives ya have taken, the pain ya have caused.”

Caleb's response is a bitter smile. "Just wait, Declan. The storm is coming, and there's no shelter from it."

With those ominous words, Caleb's body goes limp, his eyes glazing over. The room falls silent, the weight of Caleb's words settling like a dark cloud. The confrontation may be over, but the aftermath promises a storm of consequences. The shadows of the past linger, casting a long and uncertain future for all involved.

Ronan gently eases me away from his embrace, his gaze filled with concern as he cups my face. "Are ya okay?" he asks, his voice a soothing balm in the midst of the turmoil.

I nod, still processing the whirlwind of emotions. Aiden stands beside us, a silent pillar of support. My eyes shift to Declan, who rises from beside Caleb's lifeless form. His expression is a mix of anger, regret, and determination.

Declan approaches us, his gaze softening as he looks at me. "Scarlette, ya still have a chance to leave. After what Caleb said, we won't force ya to stay with us, as much as we want ya to. Ya will always be ours, but if ya don't want to be a casualty of what Caleb started, ya can still leave."

I meet Declan's eyes, his words lingering in the air. There's a flicker of uncertainty in his gaze, a silent plea for understanding. Ronan's arms are still around me, protective and reassuring, but I don't hesitate. The choice is clear to me.

"It's too late for that, Declan," I say, my voice unwavering. "I'm already yours, and you're already mine. We're bound

together, and I won't leave you to face this storm alone. Whatever Caleb set in motion, I'll stand with you to face it."

Declan's expression shifts, a mixture of surprise and gratitude. He reaches out, his hand gently touching my cheek. "Scarlette..."

I interrupt him, my tone resolute. "I made my choice when I chose to be with you. I won't turn away now, not when you need someone by your side."

Declan's hand slides from my cheek to the back of my neck, his fingers threading into my hair. With a fierce possessiveness, he pulls me to my feet and presses his lips against mine in a kiss that holds a raw intensity, fueled by adrenaline and emotions.

When he finally releases me, Aiden comes up behind me and kisses my neck, a breathless gasp escaping my lips. "We need to finish this later, someone needs to take care of that first," I say, motioning to Caleb's body. "We can't leave that for Sue to find."

Ronan chuckles as he climbs to his feet. "Maybe we should, then she might think twice about allowin' men into your office."

I groan, holding a hand to my face. "Oh, God. I can already hear Sue. 'Dear, I didn't mean for you to kill someone when I said I wanted to live vicariously through you.' I'll never hear the end of it."

Declan smirks, a glint of amusement in his eyes despite the gravity of the situation. “She would have a field day with dis one.”

Aiden, his expression a mix of amusement and concern, adds, “She would have a story to tell for years. ‘Remember that time Scarlette had a dead body in her office?’”

I roll my eyes, but a small smile tugs at the corners of my lips. “Let’s just get this over with. Sue can’t find out about this. I can’t handle the lectures about keeping my personal life at home. She is already afraid she is going to one day hear us fucking in here.”

Ronan grins mischievously. “Now there’s a thought,” he says, grabbing me around the waist.

I playfully push him away. “Nope. Besides, Declan and Aiden promised me Christmas decorations.”

They all laugh in response. I didn’t care, a girl had to have her priorities.



## Chapter 25

### SCARLETTE

It turned out that cleaning up a dead body was easy when you had a clean up crew on speed dial. I should have been concerned that they had them on speed dial, but after listening to everything that Caleb said and with everything I already knew about the Blackstone's, it didn't really come as a surprise.

We left them in my office with the promise that when I returned to it, I wouldn't even know that anything happened there. We all took the opportunity when we returned to the penthouse to wash away the events of the last few hours so that we could at least spend the night not thinking about what may be on the horizon.

Now we were putting the final touches on the excessive amount of Christmas decorations throughout the penthouse, dressed mostly in our pajamas for comfort. My phone is

connected to their internal sound system and currently playing some of my upbeat Christmas tunes. I shake my robe covered ass to the music and hang yet another sprig of mistletoe.

Aiden, always one to seize an opportunity, smirks as he notices the mistletoe. “Well, would ya look at that, *rós beag*. Mistletoe.”

Before I can react, he captures me in a passionate kiss, his lips claiming mine with a hunger that leaves me breathless and needy. The world fades away, and for a moment, there’s only the heat of the kiss and the electricity that courses through us. The weight of recent events momentarily forgotten, replaced by the intensity of the connection we share.

When Aiden finally releases me, a wicked glint in his eyes, I catch my breath, but then Declan comes up behind me. He slides his arms around me, jerking me back into his body hard, his lips trailing along my neck. The combination of Aiden’s fiery kiss and Declan’s controlling touch makes me shiver.

But then, as if on cue, they both pull away, leaving me slightly dazed. Ronan comes up beside us with a smirk as Aiden looks at me with a grin, and Declan, his expression serious, speaks, “Scarlette, we know ya said ya would stand with us. But we want more than dat. We want to officially join forces. I wasn’a lying when I said ya pointed out the flaws in our tech security. Together, we can build an empire that surpasses all other security companies.”

I glance between them, the weight of their words sinking in. “You want to merge our companies?”

Aiden nods. “Exactly. With our combined skills and resources, there’s no limit to what we can achieve. We’ll be unstoppable.”

“But it’s not just about business,” Declan adds, his gaze intense. “We want ya close, Scarlette. We want to build somethin’ powerful together, not just in the business world but in every aspect of our lives.”

I take a moment to process their words. The gravity of it all settles in, the potential for a new beginning and the chance to create something extraordinary. Despite the chaos that brought us here, there’s a sense of opportunity, a silver lining in the storm.

“Let’s do it,” I say, my voice firm. “Let’s build something that no one saw coming.”

Ronan finally speaks up, his deep voice soft. “What about the other aspects of our lives, *binneas*?”

I turn to face him and without a word, I close the distance between us. I reach up, cupping his face in my hands, and pull him into a heated kiss. The taste of him is now familiar and intoxicating, a balm to the tumultuous events that transpired earlier.

As the kiss deepens, the world around us fades away. There’s only the sensation of Ronan’s lips on mine, his arms wrapping around me with a possessive strength. I can feel the intensity of his desire, mirrored by the fire in my own veins.



When we finally part, our breaths mingling, I look into Ronan's eyes with a newfound determination. Turning to also look at Declan and Aiden in turn, I whisper, my voice filled with a mix of longing and certainty. "Make me yours."

Ronan reaches around and unties the robe, tugging it off my shoulders to reveal the red Christmas lingerie I have on. The festive lace and satin accentuate the curves of my body, and it adds an unexpected spark to the moment. Declan groans, stepping forward to brush a finger over my lace covered nipple, drawing a gasp from me.

Ronan's hands come around my body, cupping my breasts. His touch is possessive, as he whispers, "Ya already be ours, Scarlette, but we'll gladly remind ya whenever ya like."

Declan's hand suddenly fists my hair, his gaze intense on mine. "Ya wanna reminder of how ya belong to us? Get on ya knees, Scarlette." He pushes me down to my knees, using the painful grip he has on my hair. "Show us how much ya want our cocks."

He is already using his other hand to release his hard length from his loose pants, and I don't waste any time wrapping my mouth around it, my tongue sliding against the sensitive skin. My hands run up his thighs, feeling the warmth of his skin beneath my touch.

Using the grip he has in my hair, he pushes my head further onto his cock. I fight my gag reflex and open my throat until he is pushing himself into it with a groan. "Fuck, *a stór*, that's it, swallow every inch of my cock."



## Chapter 26

### SCARLETTE

**A**iden and Ronan come up on either side of their brother, having already shed their clothing to reveal beautifully tattooed skin. My hands come up to wrap around their cocks, squeezing them.

Declan pulls me off his cock and directs my head over to Aiden's as he releases me and steps back. I waste no time pushing Aiden's hard cock all the way to the back of my throat also, moaning around him as their combined flavors have my pussy throbbing.

I move my head up and down his length a few times before lifting my mouth away from him. I gather the spit in my mouth and dribble it onto the head of his cock. Using my hand, I spread it, stroking him as I turn toward Ronan.

I use my tongue to tease the head of Ronan's cock before he grabs my hair, and shoves me down onto him in a move that

has another moan escaping me. I rub my thighs together, trying to get relief as I bob my head further onto Ronan's cock, my hand squeezing and sliding along Aiden simultaneously.

Declan returns and pulls my head off Ronan using my hair, a gasp leaving my mouth as pain shoots through my scalp. "This is going to be hard and fast, *mo stór*, and it may hurt."

I'm already panting at the thought. "Make it hurt, Sir, I need to feel you all for days to come." His eyes flare, I'm not sure if it's from me calling him Sir or simply the thought of hurting me.

"Good fucking girl, now go sit on Ronan's cock." He releases his hold on me and I see that Ronan has already taken a position laying on a soft rug in the center of the room.

I rise to my feet, my body already burning, and move over to straddle Ronan, who tears my underwear clean off my body. Lowering myself onto his cock, I moan and whimper at the feel of him stretching me until he's buried inside me to the hilt. His hands grip my hips with a possessiveness that sends shivers down my spine.

"Ride me, *binneas*, I wanna see those fuckin tits move."

I don't need to be told twice, moving my hips to rock against him, lifting myself up and then dropping back down. The pleasure is already building inside of me, and I'm almost lost to the rhythm when Aiden kneels behind me. Pushing me forward with a hand on my spine, he puts slick wet fingers against me, teasing at the entrance to my ass.

Ronan stills my movements as Aiden presses his fingers more firmly against me, eliciting a gasp from me. He slowly pushes them into my ass, gently moving them in and out, adding more lube and scissoring his fingers inside me. The initial pain gives way to pleasure. I can feel Ronan's cock twitch inside of me as my body tightens on Aiden's fingers.

Another finger is added, briefly stretching and thrusting until I feel needy pleasure curling inside of me that has me moaning and pushing back against his fingers. I rock my hips and Ronan's fingers dig into them, trying to stop my movement with a groan of his own.

"I'm going to cum before ya get inside her if ya don' hurry up."

Aiden pulls his fingers out, and I hear more lube before the head of his cock is pushing into me. I moan at the feeling, my body stretching to take them. The combined sensations of Ronan deep within me and Aiden slowly entering my ass sends waves of pleasure coursing through my body.

"Ya ass feels so much better than I imagined, *rós beag*. It's fuckin' heaven."

Holding my cheeks apart, he slowly withdraws before pushing back into me with a groan. Then he slaps my ass and thrusts into me hard, making me cry out in both pleasure and pain.

Not giving me time to fully adjust they both start thrusting into me. They find a rhythm between them that has them gripping my hips to hold me still as they slam into me in

alternating thrusts. I can feel every inch of them, every ridge and vein pressing and sliding inside of me. My moans and whimpers fill the room alongside their groans, the sounds of our pleasure drowning out the Christmas carols.

Declan appears at my side, taking a fist full of my hair again and thrusting his cock into my gasping mouth hard and fast enough to make me gag. Pulling back, he lets me breathe for a moment before pushing back into my throat and then setting a punishing rhythm that matches his brothers.

And my body recognizes that this is where it is meant to be. This is where it belongs, between my Blackstone men. The room echoes with our moans and the wet, rhythmic sounds of our bodies colliding. And it is perfect.

The pleasure builds relentlessly, a coil tightening within me. Ronan's cock twitches inside me, Aiden's rhythm becomes more urgent, and Declan's thrusts into my mouth quicken. I'm on the precipice, teetering on the edge of ecstasy.

Then finally they push me over the edge. The waves of pleasure crash over me, and I moan around Declan's cock as my body convulses with the force of my climax. My body clenches and pulses around their hard cocks. My release triggers theirs, my body effectively tightening like a fist on them until their cum is flooding my body and throat, their groans matching mine like the peak in a song of pleasure.

We collapse together in a tangled heap of sweaty limbs, catching our breath as the echoes of our shared ecstasy linger in the air. The room is filled with a warm, satisfied silence,

interrupted only by the soft hum of Christmas carols playing in the background.

Declan fetches some blankets and pillows, and we curl around each other. The lights are turned off so that the only light is the twinkling of the Christmas lights that decorate the room.

It occurs to me that it is Christmas Eve tomorrow. And even with the warning of whatever Caleb unleashed, right there in that moment, I felt like it was fate that led me to be here. Meant to be surrounded by these men, and the season I enjoyed the most.



The End

For Now....



## Author's Note

I hope you enjoyed *All We Want*!

Thank you to my husband for being so supportive of my writing.

As always thank you to my team of amazing alpha and beta readers, you are all wonderful and I wouldn't be where I am without you.

Thank you to my Street and ARC team for being great spokespeople for a relatively unknown indie author.

And thank you to my readers for picking up this book and supporting me, I appreciate you.

xx

Maree Rose





## About the Author

Maree is a indie author who although she has been writing most of her life, never thought she would ever get something published, which is now why she published this herself. She has always been an avid reader since a young age after roaming through book exchanges with her mum when she was just starting to read serious big girl books.

Maree lives on the East Coast of Australia with her wonderful husband, her son and her two gorgeous squishy british bulldogs.

When she is not writing she is working in a financial career (for something completely different to the creative side) or she is working on her photography (which is just as hot as her books).



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