

Sin City Suits



HIGH

Stakes



IVY NELSON

High Stakes

Ivy Nelson

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High Roller

About the Author

High Stakes

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A Note From The Author

High Stakes contains depictions of BDSM. This book is the author's interpretation of BDSM fantasies and is not intended to be an educational tool. BDSM is different for everyone, and this is just one perspective. Everything in this book is fictitious and should be read as such. If you choose to participate in BDSM, please remember consent above all else and please do educate yourself with something that isn't a work of fiction.

I hope you enjoy this creation.

Ivy Nelson

P.S. You can find what I like to call a shopping list on the next page! It contains triggers and a list of the yummy kinks you'll find inside.

High Stakes

Chapter One

Prologue

Eleven Years Ago

Owen

“To Toby.” I raise my glass of scotch and toast one of my best friends. He’s graduating high school in a couple of weeks, and he’s been accepted to Cambridge on a full scholarship. Not that his acceptance was ever a question. Not only is he a genius and a nerd, he’s part of a powerful family that could get him into any school he wanted to attend. My family is equally powerful, and I’ll be heading off to Yale next year.

“My visits to London won’t be the same,” Bellamy says from her spot on a lounge chair next to me. We’re in my parents’ pool house drinking my father’s expensive alcohol, while the adults meet and presumably plan our futures. That’s life in families like ours. You attend the school you’re told to attend; you marry the girl they pick out for you. And you take your place in the family business when the time is right.

Not me. I’ve never wanted that life, and I’m going to escape. Step one was convincing my father to let me attend a university in the states. I’m still a little fuzzy on the details of step two.

Bellamy leans over and takes Toby’s glass from him and sips the high-dollar booze. The face she makes has us both

laughing until she fixes us with a glare.

The three of us have been inseparable since we met at another meeting of our families seven or eight summers ago, so Tobias—aka Toby—heading for college and leaving us behind is strange. We might not see him again for a while.

“I’m diving in,” Toby says as he stands and strips off his shirt. Bellamy follows him, but I stay back. She confided in me that she has a crush on him. Not going to lie, that stings. But she’s one of my closest mates, and so is he, so I won’t cause drama over it. They would be a good match.

Toby cannonballs into the pool, splashing us and the expensive scotch we’ve been drinking. Bellamy squeals as the water hits her skin, but she doesn’t miss a beat slipping out of her dress to reveal the swimsuit underneath. She dives in after Toby with grace, her dark curly hair fanning out behind her.

I set down my glass and fold my arms across my chest, watching them chase each other around the water. Their laughter echoes off the stone walls of the pool house. Despite my plan to escape, I’m going to miss this. Our friendship has been steadfast, and we’ve spent our summers getting into trouble and telling each other our deepest secrets. I hope we can remain close when I break free.

“Come on, Owen!” Bellamy calls from the pool. “The water’s perfect.”

I shake my head. “One of us has to man the scotch in case the parents come looking for us.”

“They’re too busy scheming to care what we’re up to,” Toby says. He jumps up to sit on the edge of the pool, rivulets of water running down his face. At eighteen, he looks every bit the wealthy young man he’s being groomed to become. “Forget them for once. I’m starting school soon. Who knows when I’m going to see you two again?”

He has a point. I shed my shirt and shoes and cannonball in after them. For now, the pressures of family and responsibility can wait. Tonight is for the three of us.

We’re in the middle of a splash fight when Julian Harper, Bellamy’s father, steps outside and scowls at all of us.

“Bellamy, I need to speak to you inside, immediately.”

The smile slides off Bellamy’s face as she swims to the side of the pool, and I get a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Bellamy

There's something about the look on my father's face that makes me climb out of the pool without hesitation. He's always been easygoing, but lately he's been gruff and very no-nonsense. And today's meeting of our three families is important. I'm in the dark as to why, but it's been on his mind for months.

"Coming, Daddy," I say as I pull a towel around myself and search for my wrap dress. Tobias stands from his spot on the steps of the pool and hands it to me with a wink. I pull it on and secure the belt as I step into my sandals. Walking into the Thorne's home feels unusually awkward today. I've spent many summers in this beast of a mansion. In some ways, it's like a second home. Today there's a sense of doom as I trail behind my father through the kitchen.

Daddy leads me into a study, but we're not alone. Mr. Thorne and Mr. Hunt stand, and both of them approach me, kissing my cheek before they leave.

"What's going on, Daddy?" I ask when we're alone.

He motions for me to sit. I'd prefer to stand, but his no-nonsense face has me lowering myself onto the leather sofa near the door.

"We've reached an agreement about your marriage," he says, without warning.

Marriage? I'm not even seventeen. I keep that to myself. Arranged marriages are not uncommon in families like ours. My mother tells me they keep us safe, but I'm not sure I buy it. And I thought I had at least until I graduated college to worry about it.

"Who?" I ask when he stays silent.

"You'll marry Tobias when he finishes college and is ready to take a wife."

Toby? I've secretly loved him since the day we met. This should thrill me. But I don't want to marry him because I'm forced to. Our friendship is unique. Even when we're not in the same country, we're talking. Tobias, Owen, and I started a group chat that hasn't been quiet for a single day since we all got phones. I've never worked up the courage to text Toby outside of our group. What if he doesn't like me back? Well, I guess that doesn't matter now. It seems I'm going to marry him in a few years.

My father puts a hand on my shoulder. "This is a good match, sweetheart. You must stop looking at him as one of your tomboy friends. It's time for you to grow up and act like a woman."

His tone makes me bristle, and I shy away from his touch as he looks at my damp dress and curls with distaste. Just because I don't spend my days worried about the latest fashion and I don't paint my nails doesn't mean I'm not feminine. But my father thinks I spend too much time with male friends. He's always trying to find girls for me to socialize with.

“I do act like a woman, Daddy. I just happen to be friends with Toby and Owen.”

“Tobias. Stop calling him Toby. He’s going to be your husband, and you shouldn’t use such a childish nickname.”

It’s a fight to keep my eyes from rolling into the back of my head. Everyone calls him Toby except for our parents.

“You’re going to dinner with his mother and sister tonight.”

“I can’t. Owen and Toby—Tobias and I are seeing a movie.”

“Well, your plans have changed. This is a business trip, Bellamy. Your job is to get acquainted with your future in-laws. Do not embarrass me.”

A knot forms in my stomach as he walks out of the office. A question burns in my mind, and I stop him. “Wait. Does Tobias know?”

“Tobias has known it was a possibility since he was thirteen. Today was just about finalizing the details.”

My mouth drops open. That bastard knew for the past four and a half years and never told me? I want to storm out to the pool and make a scene, but that won’t be well received. These marriage contracts are about business, so I have to be cautious about the way I confront Toby. But I’m damn sure confronting him.

Four Years Later

Bellamy

“If Tobias doesn’t marry my daughter soon, we’re going to have to renegotiate the contracts. You’ve kept us waiting for too long.”

I sit in my father’s office and listen to him speak about me as if I’m a piece of land or one of his precious backroom deals. In a way, that’s exactly what I am. My arranged marriage to Toby—Tobias Hunt—is intended to give him access to political and business resources he’s wanted for years.

“Tobias isn’t ready for a wife yet. It’s not urgent. Gabriel is in training to take my place as head of the family. When the time is right, Tobias will propose, and we’ll have a proper engagement. Until then, let the boy do what he wants. And right now, he wants to build a business for himself. Something I’ve encouraged all my children to do.”

Mr. Hunt’s voice is calm, but there’s a thread of sinister running through it as he eyes my father coolly. It’s no secret that Daddy is getting a lot more out of this deal than the Hunt family is, and if he wanted to, he could make our lives miserable. I don’t pretend to know all the details, but my father needs this deal to work. And it’s that reason alone that I

haven't put my foot down and shared how I really feel about the idea of arranged marriages.

It's also true that all the Hunt children have built businesses for themselves. I suspect their father uses their legitimate companies to mask his own illegal dealings, but I wouldn't dream of saying that out loud. And Tobias was always starting new projects when we were teenagers. It wouldn't surprise me if he'd started more than one business since we've been apart. I'm supposed to marry him someday—presumably soon—and I don't have a clue what he's up to.

My father slams his hand on the desk, making me jump. “I could have taken the deal Ernie offered me, but you were offering me the better terms.”

Their incessant arguing over my value as a wife is fueling my feminine rage—something my parents are appalled I've developed in college—and I can't take it anymore. I stand with a huff. “Do I have to be here for this?”

My father stares at me for a moment, as if he's forgotten I was there.

“No. You may go. Just don't be late for dinner. If Tobias is there like he's supposed to be, you need to spend some time with him.”

Although I'm rolling my eyes in my head, I keep my expression neutral. I still have another semester of college, and my father is already trying to force the wedding. The original deal our parents agreed on was that we would marry when we'd both finished our educations. It seems Tobias has other

ideas. I do too, but my ideas are rarely considered in these discussions.

There's no point in listening to them squabble over when I'll be married off to a man I haven't seen in more than three years, so I escape to the kitchen and pour myself a glass of wine.

My phone chirps as I'm taking the first sip, and I press the side button to turn on the screen. A familiar name makes me smile.

Owen: Hey love, I have a proposition for you. Join me for dinner tonight?

My heart skips a beat. Our relationship has changed since the marriage contract saying I would marry Tobias someday was signed. At first, my father thought it was inappropriate for us to spend so much time together when I was promised to another man. But he relented when I attended the same university as Owen and begged to let him be in charge of my security instead of a stranger he wanted to hire. Now I've fallen in love with him. I could never say that out loud, though, or my father would demand that I cut all ties with him, and it could cause issues with the deals he has with the Thornes.

My family often makes choices I don't agree with, but I won't purposely betray them, so I keep my connection to Owen quiet. They don't need to know that he's the one I lost my virginity to. Lately, things have been strained between us because we are both aware the wedding is likely to happen in

the next year or two. And then I'll have to take on the role of Mrs. Tobias Hunt.

Neither of us have seen Tobias more than once or twice since the engagement was announced. He was a year older than both of us, so he went to college first and graduated last year. Now he's in California of all places, but I'm not sure what he's doing.

I tap the screen and consider how to respond.

Bellamy: I'd love to. Unfortunately, I'm having dinner with the Hunts tonight. Drinks after? I could meet you in a few hours.

All I get back is a thumbs up emoji, but it brightens my day. I finish my wine and go in search of Tobias's sister. My father is right. I need to spend time with this family that I'll be marrying into someday. And it will happen someday. Whether I want it to or not. Unless Tobias decides he doesn't want it. Something tells me he could put a stop to this whole thing if he wanted to. But he doesn't. He just ignores my calls and gets photographed with supermodels.

Tobias doesn't show up for dinner, and it turns into an argument between our fathers again. I texted him as we sat down to eat, but as usual, I got no response. They don't even notice when I slip out of the dining room and ask a driver to take me to the bar where I'm meeting Owen.

He's standing outside waiting for me when I arrive, and my pulse races at the sight of him. Handsome doesn't even begin to describe him.

“Hello, love.” He pulls me in and kisses my cheek, then loops my arm with his, and together we go inside and sit at a secluded table. Owen orders our drinks for us without asking what I want, since it never changes. We make small talk until the server comes back with our cocktails, and Owen instructs him to leave us alone unless we wave him over. He’s being very stern and commanding tonight. It’s turning me on, something I’ve been trying to avoid where Owen is concerned.

“Do you want to move to Las Vegas with me?”

I nearly choke on my drink.

“Excuse me?”

He laughs. “Not today. But when we graduate. We’ve both got a semester left. I’m moving to Las Vegas to open a business with some friends, and we’d like you to join us.”

“What on earth for?”

“Help us run it.”

I frown. “I don’t have any experience running a business.”

“Sure you do. You’ve kept books for your father before, and you’re earning a degree in business.”

This is so confusing, and not at all what I was expecting when he invited me for drinks tonight.

Owen reaches over and puts a hand over mine. “What are you doing after you graduate?”

I make a face. “You know what I’m doing. I’m marrying Toby.”

His nose wrinkles. “So that’s still on, then? When I heard he was living in California, I thought maybe the contract was off.”

He knows it’s not off. But we have this conversation every few months. “Nope. Our fathers were arguing over the value of our contract just tonight. Disgusting. The whole damn thing. But I have to do it, Owen.”

He drops his head, his shoulders sagging, and my heart aches. Then he looks up at me and smiles. “I know you have to. But I still want you to join me. Even if it’s temporary.”

“Owen... nothing has changed.”

He smiles and squeezes my hand. “That’s what I’m counting on, love.”

“That’s cruel. We almost got caught. I can’t risk my father deciding he doesn’t want to work with your family anymore. He’s vindictive and desperate for this contract with the Hunts. I have no desire to be the reason a war breaks out between us.”

Right after I started college, Owen and I got romantically involved. Tobias seemed to all but reject me, despite our supposed engagement, and it stung. Turning to Owen for comfort was natural, and that comfort turned sexual. That sexuality turned more... exotic as time went on, and we explored power exchange among other things, which explains why I find his commanding nature such a turn-on.

But when my mother nearly caught us a few months ago, I put an end to it, and insisted we remain friends only. Since

then, we've seen less of each other. Owen is still head of my security at school, but he says it's too hard to be around me without having me, so he put one of his family bodyguards on my detail and checks in from time to time.

"I understand nothing has changed. Just consider it." There's a pleading tone to his voice, and I want to say yes.

"So, what's this business you're opening?" Even if I don't go, I'm curious about what he's up to. Then again, the prospect of going back to Philadelphia to live with my parents and wait for Tobias after college is not something I look forward to. What if this is my chance at a little freedom?

I stare at Owen expectantly, but he doesn't respond.

"Come on, Owen. I'm not agreeing if I don't know what's involved. What are you starting?"

He looks at the ceiling and puts his hands on his head, tipping his chair onto its back legs. Finally, he blows out his breath and looks back to me. "We're starting a BDSM Club. I want you to join me as my submissive."

Chapter Two

Chapter 1

Present Day

Owen

“I understand that we were best friends, but I’m struggling to be comfortable letting Bryce back into the inner circle.”

I lean my chair back on two legs and listen to Matteo Bennett lay out the options for what to do with Bryce Cameron, as I roll an unlit cigar between my fingers. The cigar bar one of our members opened next door to the High Card has become a popular meeting space for the owners of the exclusive BDSM club. The past few months have been chaotic to say the least, and I hate not being able to control the chaos.

Bryce Cameron was one of our more valuable assets because of his knowledge of the Russian gangs who ran this town before we moved in and saw to it that they were dismantled.

He’s also Skylar Cameron’s older brother, and Skyler is Matteo’s girlfriend and submissive. The two had a falling out when Bryce found out he was sleeping with his sister. But they patched things up a bit, and Skylar is still deciding how much of a relationship she wants with the brother who stood by and watched their father beat her.

Like I said, chaos I can’t control. So many emotions and relationships are involved, that any choice we make could

cause issues.

“I think you’re the one who has to make this decision, Matteo,” Luke Bowden says. “He was your best friend, and he’s Skylar’s brother. If those relationships are too damaged to trust his work for us, then I believe you and I support not letting him back into the fold. We sent him out of state to make a decision. The time to make that decision is now.”

Victor shows his support of Luke’s statement with a grunt and raises his glass to the Irish mobster.

“I think it’s important to think about what he knows and make sure that he’s not going to use it against us. Otherwise, I’m in agreement,” I offer.

We move on from Bryce, and I give the group a rundown of everything I know about the financial trail I’ve been following since we discovered that a relative of the Russian gang we replaced in Las Vegas might be after revenge.

“Anya Agron, aka Renda St. Claire, was not working alone on her attempt at revenge. We can’t discount a contact we’ve made in Las Vegas being behind all of this. Look at Senator Pratchett.”

Pratchett recently used Zara Blair—now Luke’s wife—to try and take us out. It didn’t work, and Pratchett ended up dead in a seedy motel room.

Our meeting finally breaks, and I glance at my phone. The name on the screen makes me scowl. Tobias-fucking-Hunt has been texting me a lot the last few months. He has no idea I’m

in love with his fiancée. And I don't know how to tell him. We used to be the best of friends, but when the marriage contract between Bellamy and Tobias was signed by their parents all those years ago, things changed. Tobias fell in line with his family's wishes. Despite the fact that his older brother Gabriel will be the head of the family when their father dies, Tobias seems to still have a sense of duty to take his place in family leadership. I have no such loyalty, no matter how much I love my family. And Bellamy is a woman, so she doesn't have the weight of becoming family leader on her shoulders. No, she just has to marry whichever man her father decides is most beneficial.

It should have thrilled me that Bellamy was marrying someone safe, but as soon as I heard, I was furious. Then college happened, and Bellamy became mine. For now. I know from family meetings that Tobias is spending less time on his business in California—a mystery to me, and more time on the family business in London. A sure sign that he'll be ready to marry soon. He'll be coming to take Bellamy away from me any day now, and it's going to hurt like hell. Because Bellamy is too fucking honorable not to go through with the contract. She tried for our first couple of years in Las Vegas to talk her father out of it, but it proved useless, and she resigned herself to someday following through.

I shouldn't have taken our relationship as deep as I have. It's dangerous and could cause a major rift in our families. Our three organizations work closely together with a hand in much of the organized crime in London and on the U.S. East Coast.

And as much as I'm happy to have started my own thing in the states, I know that we have to be careful. The last thing I want to do is bring harm to her family or mine.

I step into the dungeon at the High Card and look for Bellamy. A half hour into my meeting tonight, I sent her a text telling her to take a break, and I expect her to be waiting for me somewhere near the bar. She works hard at the club, and tonight we're taking time to enjoy each other.

I spot her sipping a cocktail, and a glass of scotch sits at the second place on the small table.

I take my time crossing the room. Bellamy is fun to watch. Her eyes dart around the room, taking in the visual that is everyone enjoying the play space we've created here. Her lips part and her tongue darts out to wet them as she sets the cocktail glass down, and her eyes lock onto a specific couple playing on a spanking bench. She twists the silver charm bracelet she wears as a sign of her commitment to me and to this club. I still remember the day I slipped it on her wrist. I never dreamed it would last for as long as it has. Now, I can't imagine her taking it off to marry another man.

Before I reach her, a familiar face stops at her table, and I pick up my pace.

"Bryce," I say, offering my hand when I reach them.

"Owen, my man. Good to see you again." He gives me a hardy shake and flashes a grin.

I don't smile until I glance at Bellamy.

“Does your sister know you’re here?”

Bryce isn’t as openly kinky as the rest of us, and before Skylar came back into town, he only came to the club to socialize, so he’s largely agreed to stay away for his sister’s sake.

“I’m just here to talk to Matteo. I’ve been feeling iced out lately.”

Saying anything about how he’s to blame would just make things worse, so I give him a curt nod. “He should be back any minute. If you’ll excuse us, I have plans with Bellamy.”

He shoves his hands in his pockets and backs away. “Good to see you again, Bellamy.”

She gives him a ghost of a smile as I step closer to her and put a possessive hand on her shoulder.

“You look exceptionally stunning tonight, love,” I say when we’re alone.

She glances up at me and smiles. “Thank you, Sir.”

Our exploration of power exchange went much further than either of us expected, and now we’re in our roles almost continually. Even at home, she calls me Sir and follows my orders to the letter. For Bellamy, my word is law, and we wouldn’t have it any other way. It doesn’t mean we don’t have fun. Bellamy loves to laugh, and I love being the one to make that sexy giggle bubble over.

I sit and pick up the scotch, thanking her with a wink as I take the first sip.

“What are we going to do tonight?” she asks as she twirls the toothpick of cherries in her drink.

“Tyson is in town.”

She raises an eyebrow. “What does that mean, Sir?”

Amusement tugs my lips into a wolfish smile, and I lean forward, cupping her flawless cheek. “Nothing like that, love. Though I’m sure Tyson would love a chance to play with you. He’s serving a meal for the owners and a few VIP guests.”

She knows this. Bellamy is the office manager and organizes virtually everything that goes on at the club. But when we’re together as Dom and sub, she puts that part of her aside and lets me take the lead, and pretending she doesn’t know what’s going on helps her set aside the office manager side of her brain.

“It’s high protocol, yes?”

“The highest,” I confirm. “Can you handle that?”

She may submit to me without question, but she struggles if another of the club owners gives her an order. Usually, I let her mouth off to them because they’re like my brothers, and it’s funny. But tonight, that won’t be allowed.

“I know my role,” she says, her eyes drifting shut for a moment as she takes another drink.

Something is bugging her. I’m not sure what, but I’m going to give her a chance to tell me on her own before I press her for information. She’ll tell me if I press, but I prefer it when she shares freely.

We sit in silence, watching the crowd around us for two solid minutes before she clears her throat and looks down at her lap.

“Tobias called me today.”

My gut twists. This is the thing I’ve feared for the last several years, and since he’s been calling me, I had a feeling it was only a matter of time before he called her.

“What did he say?”

Bellamy looks up at me, and I hate the anguish on her face. “Nothing. I missed the call.” She drops her head again and twists the toothpick of garnish in her glass. “I’m scared to call him back.”

I pull the drink out of her reach and pick up her hand. “So, don’t. Not until Monday. Give me one last weekend before we have to face the music.”

She slowly raises her gaze to meet mine. “I can do that, Sir.”

“Good girl. Come have dinner with me.”

We rise, and I pull her close for a deep kiss. When I break free, I point at the floor. “You’ll crawl behind me tonight, love.”

Her demeanor shifts, and she sinks to her knees. This is my favorite part of owning her. The shift into total surrender is delicious to watch, and I have to adjust my cock so I don’t embarrass myself as I head for the private room where Tyson Vance—chef extraordinaire to most of the world, and sadist you don’t want to cross in the club—is laying out a feast.

As we walk through the space, the energy is intoxicating, and I square my shoulders and walk a little taller as eyes follow me and Bellamy. The vision of her crawling behind me is mesmerizing, and people can't help but stop what they're doing and watch us.

Only the people lost in their own sensual scenes don't pay attention.

When we reach the private room where dinner is being held, I motion for Bellamy to kneel along the wall with the other submissives. The Doms will take their places at the table, and the submissives will serve the meal before kneeling at their owners' feet to be fed by them.

The entire night is highly choreographed to be as sensual as possible, and our VIP members have paid mid-five-figures to take part. Ours is an exclusive club, and we make no apologies for the fact that we are extremely picky about who we grant access.

I take a last glance at Bellamy and sit at my place with the other owners. Knowing that Tobias is in contact with Bellamy again makes tonight feel like goodbye. I know it's not. But I also know goodbye is coming, and my heart is twisted into pieces about it.

Am I really going to lose Bellamy after all this time? It seems that way, and in some ways, it's like I'll be losing Tobias all over again.

Determined not to dwell on such unsavory thoughts tonight, I adjust my tie and scan the long table. The amount of power

seated here is astounding.

Tyson enters from a door at the back of the room followed by a woman I don't know well. Sabrina, I think her name is. She travels with Tyson a lot and is serving as his submissive tonight.

He motions for her to join the other submissives along the wall before launching into a description of the first course. When he is done, Sabrina rises, and the other subs follow suit. They disappear for a few moments and return with plates to serve us at the table. Bellamy's head bows as she puts my plate in front of me. I smack her ass and she doesn't make a sound. "Good girl," I murmur.

Tonight, the subs remain silent. Any noise from them at all is met with punishment. That doesn't mean we won't tease our subs mercilessly and try to get a noise out of them. If I can make her squeal, I get to force her to her knees beneath the table, where I'll gag her with my cock until the meal is over. Not that I can't do that anyway. It's just so much more fun this way.

But Bellamy is the epitome of perfection tonight, and by the time the third of six courses is served, I'm ready for dinner to be done so I can reward her.

When it's time for dessert, I pull her into my lap and spoon feed her the decadent creation Tyson has crafted. His food goes beyond mere cooking and into the realm of art. The meal is soon over, and I nudge her from my lap and stand.

“You were amazing,” I murmur as I pull her close to me. “We’re going to my playroom now to finish the night.”

She nods into my neck, and I hold her tight. Another group of submissives in training will clean up the space, so those of us who took part in the dinner are free to take our leave. I’m dying to bury myself in Bellamy, but I have plans for her before I’ll allow myself to give in to those urges.

Before we can exit the dining room, Tyson approaches us, pulling Bellamy into a hug, and shaking my hand.

“Amazing food as always, Sir,” Bellamy says.

“Thank you, Bellamy. It’s an honor to cook for you. Unlike the bastards I get to cook for when I come back into town in a few weeks.”

I raise an eyebrow. “What’s going on?”

He blows out a long breath and drags a hand through his hair. “Just politics, so I can get my new restaurant up and running. I thought having Novak on my side was going to make everything smooth, but the mayor and her snotty son are holding me up.”

I put a hand on his shoulder. “Sorry to hear that. If there’s anything I can do let me know. But right now I have plans for this one.”

He grins when I nod Bellamy’s direction, and he leans in to kiss her cheek. “Have fun, you two.”

I take Bellamy’s hand, and we walk through the club. We’re in the Diamond play space in seconds.

Each of the four owners has a playroom that we curate to cater to various kinks and the fantasies of our most prestigious clients. Tonight, my space is largely an open play space because the VIP couple I was supposed to host had to reschedule their trip to Las Vegas.

We stand in the entry of the room, and I glance over at her, my eyes following her perfect curves, enhanced by the corset I chose for her to wear tonight. Black leather and laced with thin chain down the front. It's feminine and edgy all at the same time. Her dark hair is a cascade of curls around her shoulders, and I can't help the sense of pride that blooms because she belongs to me. Bellamy has never done anything but make me proud. I squeeze her hand, and we move towards the middle of the room.

The music thumps around us as we pass through the crowd of people indulging their hedonistic impulses. She presses herself closer to me as we move, her gaze constantly moving as she takes in the sight before us. She loves it here as much as I do.

The atmosphere of the club is electric, all anticipation and heat. The room is filled with people indulging in every desire imaginable. In one corner, a woman sits atop a man, her head thrown back in pleasure as he spans her while she rides him. In another, a man is bound in rope, his eyes alight with pleasure as his partner teases every inch of his body.

Everywhere I look, I see passion and pleasure being explored. It's one thing I love most about this place. Seeing

people indulge. And tonight, I plan to indulge in Bellamy. I can feel the heat radiating off of her. Tonight is going to be one of those nights that is forever seared in both of our minds forever.

“Are you ready?” I ask her, my voice low and husky. She nods, her eyes never leaving mine. I draw her further into the center of the room to a play space I reserved for us. We rarely play in a space where we are the center of attention—despite Matteo’s insistence that I’m an attention whore. But tonight it seems important to remind everyone of what we share. Even if it’s our last time. Perhaps especially if it’s our last time.

The area we’re playing in includes a chaise lounge and a massage table along with a small table to hold toys and other supplies. Tonight, I’ve laid out the equipment to put on a show for everyone who stops to watch us. Fire play always draws a crowd. Despite its sensuality, there is an element of fear to fire play that is fun to play with.

When Bellamy sees what I’ve set out, she reaches into the pocket of her leather skirt and pulls out a hair tie.

“Such a good girl, always anticipating my needs,” I say as she pulls her hair into a high ponytail that will keep the gorgeous curls out of harm’s way.

I pull her close and stare at her for a moment before leaning in for a kiss. Our lips press together softly at first, tasting one another with tenderness and reverence. After a moment, I deepen the kiss, our tongues entwining, sending sparks of

electricity between us. My hands grip her waist tightly, my fingers tracing the curves of her body as I pull her even closer.

Our mouths move in perfect synchronization, my hands never leave her. The heat radiates from our embrace, her deliciously soft body melting into mine. Her heart is beating against my chest in anticipation of what's to come.

The noise of the club around us fades away as we lose ourselves in the kiss. Bellamy's taste is a sweet nectar on my tongue, and I savor it a moment longer before I break the kiss and nudge her gently to the massage table.

I tug at the chain on her corset and pull it free so I can unzip it from the front instead of messing with the more complicated lacing strings in the back. The corset falls away, revealing firm round breasts that I enjoy lavishing with attention.

Methodically, I remove the rest of her clothing and lay it on the chaise lounge nearby. Then I take off my suit jacket and tie and roll up my sleeves as she stands naked waiting for my instructions.

“Lay on the table,” I command.

As she arranges herself where I want her, I double check that I have everything I need laid out before we begin. It's all there, so I move to where she lays and smile down at her.

“This could be our last weekend together before we have to face reality,” I say as I trail a hand up and down her abdomen. “And if that's the case, I want the vision and sound of your orgasm permanently seared into my brain. And I want you to

never forget what I'm capable of doing to you. So, I think you owe me at least ten before we're done tonight."

She blinks at the number and then grins. Her eyes sparkle in the dimly lit room. "Are you trying to break me, Sir?"

"You can take it," I say with confidence.

I love the way her eyes flare with desire at my words. She craves this game as much as I do, and my smug confidence that she can take anything I tell her to take turns her on.

Because I'm playing with fire and orgasms at the same time, I make the choice to tie her to the table. It's rare for me to bind Bellamy, I love having her hands on my skin. But tonight, I need her safe and at my mercy.

I capture her wrists and lift them above her head, fastening them into the wrist cuffs attached to the top of the table.

"Should I restrain your legs, or can you keep them still for me?"

"I can keep them still," she says, her voice husky with need.

I lean down and kiss the sensitive spot behind her ear as I palm her soaked pussy.

"You're soaked for me."

Fire play requires two hands to do safely, so I pick up a remote-control toy and slip it inside her. Its v shape allows it to penetrate her and also sit against her clit, providing double the stimulation completely hands free.

I ready my fire wands and a special solution of rubbing alcohol and prepare to start our play.

When people realize I'm playing with fire, they stop what they're doing and pay attention before I even light the first flame.

I run a straight line of alcohol from just under her breasts to her bellybutton, and then light my wand on fire. I touch it to her and watch the alcohol ignite and dance across her skin. She gasps as I wipe the fire away with a damp rag.

It's a dangerous form of play, but there's nothing painful about it as long as you don't make a mistake.

I flip the toy on, and she squeals, squirming as it buzzes to life against her clit.

"Be still," I remind her before I set her ablaze again.

This time, I draw a heart shape on her abdomen, and I let the flame dance all the way around the shape before I put it out.

Her eyes dart between my face and the fire as she fights to hold still while her body is bombarded with sensation. I bend and pull her right nipple into my mouth as I kick the vibrator up to the highest setting with the remote. She bucks against me, and I put a hand on her hip, stilling her.

"Still," I whisper as I pull away and prepare for another round of flames. "I want to see you come with fire on your skin."

Bellamy

My body is overcome with more sensation than my brain can process. The intense buzzing on my clit and g-spot are over stimulation enough. But the chilling effect as he rubs alcohol on my skin that is immediately followed by the warmth and brightness of the flame overloads my senses.

There is always a spark of fear as the fire dances around the alcohol path he's laid on my skin. And that's just one more sensation adding to the overload. It's almost more than I can handle.

But I will endure it because Owen asked me to. The experience he's giving me is delicious as always, but there's something different about our play tonight. His desire to sear the sounds of my orgasm into his brain because it might be our last time together almost makes me cry.

It's not literally our last time. It can't be. But the end is in sight and we both sense it. Tonight is the first time we've both acknowledged that there will be an expiration to this relationship, and that makes our time together all the more meaningful. Even his choice of play is significant. The symbolism, the showmanship, the fear factor, they all went into his decision. Owen does nothing without consideration.

He trails alcohol around the underside of one breast, and eventually over the whole thing. The heat from the flame as it touches my skin warms my face. It doesn't hurt. Not even a

little. If I had to describe it, I would liken it to stepping into a bath that is the perfect temperature. But the fear that he might not douse the fire in time or that something might go wrong is still there. And fear does things for my libido that I can't explain.

Seeing one breast literally on fire sends a bit of that adrenaline straight to my clit, and I cry out as the first orgasm hits. He's wiping the fire away with the wet rag, but it barely registers as I ride the wave of the ultimate pleasure coursing through me.

Warmth explodes across my skin again, and I realize he's already laid the next path for the fire to follow, and it's dancing along my upper thigh.

The vibrator never stops assaulting my clit, and I can barely think straight as another orgasm hits me. I jerk against the cuffs above my head. I don't enjoy being bound. It's not normal for Owen to restrain me like this. But I understand why he did. If I move the wrong way, I might set something other than the alcohol on fire.

He repeats the process over and over again. The entire time, he's encouraging me, caressing me, and telling me to come for him.

I'm riding my fourth orgasm when he sets his fire wands aside and bends to kiss me harshly as he pulls the vibrator from my pussy and switches it off.

"We've put on quite a show for people tonight, love. But I think I'm done sharing you. What do you say we head to our

room?”

He had me reserve one of the club’s thirteen private suites for us tonight, and I’m grateful.

“Yes, please.”

He tosses me a robe and tells me to put it on while he cleans up. As I’m tying the belt, he waves over one of the club submissives assigned to the Diamond room tonight and tells her to disinfect our space. Then he scoops me into his arms and carries me into the hallway that houses the suites. He stops at the King and types in his code, then carries me inside, where he drops me on the bed.

Without being asked, I shove off the robe and toss it aside.

He unbuttons his shirt and comes to stand in front of me.

“Touch me,” he commands.

I sit up on my knees and run my hands along his bare chest as I push his open shirt off his shoulders. Touching Owen is one of my favorite things to do. And I love how much he enjoys having my hands on him. I never have to ask permission to touch him. It’s a common rule I’ve seen in D/s relationships, and I’m glad we don’t have it in our dynamic. Touching him is too addictive.

After a minute, he sits on the bed beside me, then scoots me back to lean against one of the high pillows. My body is humming with pleasure, and I’m already anticipating what he’ll do to me next. My pussy is wet from the vibrator, and my skin is flushed pink because of the heat from the fire wands.

He scoots away from me enough to spread my legs, and then he buries his face in my pussy. I'm so sensitive, that the first swipe of his tongue across my clit makes me twitch. He'll have me coming in minutes. His dark hands grip my thighs, and I do my best to memorize the way he looks with his head between my legs and his hands gripping me. It's a beautiful sight that I never want to forget.

My heart aches at the thought of this experience fading to nothing more than a memory while I live out my days as the wife of a mafia boss. But I'm determined to make the most of the time we have left, so I put the sad thoughts out of my mind and focus on the tantalizing man in front of me.

After a few slow swipes with his tongue, he devours me. His enthusiasm nearly makes me combust. I cry out and grip the bedspread as the orgasm tears through me. Is that five tonight? Suddenly my brain isn't working, and I've lost count. It doesn't matter. Owen isn't nearly finished with me.

One more orgasm later, he sits up and plunges two fingers inside my soaking pussy as he leans over me. Our mouths tangle and I taste myself on his lips. He continues to finger fuck me as he explores my mouth with his tongue and I meet his thrusts with my hips, unable to quench the fire that burns in me for him.

“Owen, I love you,” I gasp when he breaks the kiss.

He rests his forehead against mine, and his fingers go still inside me. “I love you too, Bellamy. More than you'll ever know.”

I want him inside me.

Now.

So, I reach for the clasp on his pants and undo it. He sits up and pulls the zipper down then strips off his pants and boxers. I take a moment while he's standing to drink in his gorgeous body. There's a scar on his right shoulder that he got when we were kids. And another where he got shot as a teenager. I'm pretty sure that experience is what made him want to escape the life his parents laid out for him, but we don't talk about it much.

And of course, I can't help but enjoy the vision that is his cock. It's thick and hard and ready for me, and I crave every inch. I love that this man is mine.

He climbs back onto the bed and kisses me tenderly before he positions himself at my opening. We stopped using condoms years ago, and I love the way he feels as he invades the most sensitive parts of me. He fills me in one smooth motion and stays still for a moment before he moves.

As he fucks me, he keeps his eyes locked on mine, and I can't look away. It's as if he's trying to memorize my facial expressions while he's buried deep in me.

I put my hands on his arms and smile up at him as he picks up the pace.

"I love the way you fuck me," I say.

"That's good since it's my favorite activity," he teases breathlessly.

We fall silent after that except for grunts and moans as he fucks me harder still. I'm quivering around him, on the verge of yet another orgasm.

I want our climaxes to collide, with him exploding in me as I let go one last time, so I beg. "Please. I need to feel you come inside me, Sir."

Shy is not something I've ever been with Owen. Not in the bedroom, anyway. He encourages me to be vocal and ask for what I need. And right now, I need him to come.

At first, I think he doesn't hear me, so I beg again. But then he stiffens, a sure sign he's on the verge.

He thrusts deep one more time and I squeeze around him, setting him off. He lets go with a loud growl, and his release fuels mine. An orgasm overtakes me, and I cry out and cling to him.

We both ride out the pleasure for as long as it lasts before he pulls out of me and lies on the bed. When we've recovered from our orgasms, he reaches into the nightstand and retrieves a rag to clean me up with, then he insists on a shower together before we both get dressed. It's getting late, and he needs to make at least one more appearance in the club to greet some VIPs that would have arrived while we were playing, but the shower is the perfect end to our night together, and I love that he always takes the time to put a period on our scenes, no matter what is waiting for him when we're done.

As we're stepping out into the hallway, I look at him with a cheeky grin. "I thought you said I owed you ten before the

night was over.”

He shuts the door and pushes me against it, taking my mouth in a harsh kiss. “You act like I’m not going to fuck you again as soon as we get back to my place.”

With that, he turns and heads down the hall without me. I watch him walk away with a half-smile on my face. Owen never disappoints when we play, and tonight has been no exception.

But now it’s time to think about the end of the night. Shutting down the club is always an undertaking. For me, it means updating a half dozen spreadsheets and making sure everything is in order for the following night.

I head to my office lighthearted and happy as I sit behind my desk to do what I can before we officially close. Reports from the bar will have started coming in, along with initial numbers from the front door. Our team of security and dungeon monitors submit reports too, but our jobs are always easier when their paperwork is light, so that’s what I hope for as I log into the main system.

I’m deep into data entry, when my cell phone buzzes against the desk, startling me out of my work.

“Hello?” I answer, without checking the caller ID. A mistake on my part.

“Bellamy, I’m glad you’re awake.”

I tense at the sound of Julian Harper’s voice. “Hi, Daddy. You’re up early.” He’s on the east coast. It’s not even five in

the morning there.

“How are your travels?” He asks, ignoring my observation.

He thinks I’m traveling the world until Tobias is ready for marriage. His faith in Owen to keep me safe has worked in my favor. The man has no idea I’ve been living in Las Vegas for five years.

“Things are good. I’m in Canada with some friends,” I lie.

“It’s time to come home. I can send a jet for you in the morning.” My stomach lurches, and all the lightheartedness I came in here with has vanished. Tension settles in my neck and shoulders, and I know I’ll have a headache within the hour.

“But I’m heading to Las Vegas tomorrow.” Lying to my father has become something of an art form. Owen even populates my social media with fake photographic evidence of my adventures, and once a month he checks in and assures my family that his people are watching me like a hawk.

It’s ridiculous the lengths we go to keep our relationship under wraps.

“Tobias is visiting from London and wishes to see you. Plans are being made,” my father says.

It doesn’t surprise me that plans are being made without me. Still, I frown at the news. “He tried to call me today. I was busy.”

Julian clears his throat. “He wasn’t sure if you were ignoring him. So, he asked me to call you.”

I roll my eyes. “Of course I wasn’t ignoring him.” It’s not an outright lie. I missed the call, but only by a minute or two. I could have called him back. “Tell him to come see me in Vegas. I really don’t want to give up that trip. It’s for a friend’s bachelorette party.”

A lie I’ll have to make sure I tell Owen about. It won’t make him happy, but he’ll handle it. Because that’s what Owen does.

“I’ll talk to him,” my father agrees. “But the time has come. You will marry Tobias in the next ninety days.”

Chapter Three

Chapter 2

Bellamy

My hand trembles as I press the button for the elevator down to the casino floor. I'm having dinner with my fiancé. A man I've seen only a handful of times since we got engaged eleven years ago.

But I'll do it because it's my duty.

I step into the elevator and clutch the strap of my purse. We took one photo together three years ago at a family event where we announced our official engagement, and we exchange Christmas gifts during family holidays. The ones he bothers to show up for at least. Other than that, I haven't seen him since the summer he left for college. Tonight is our first real date.

To keep up with the lie that I'm in town for a bachelorette party, I'm staying in a suite at The Elysium—one of three casinos owned by the Novak Group. Owen is head of security for all three, and he arranged it at the last minute. Things haven't been the same between us since my father's phone call two nights ago, but we haven't said our final goodbyes. The thought of that is too painful.

In the lobby, I make a beeline for the central bar where I've told Tobias to meet me.

What the hell are we supposed to say to each other?

My breath catches when I spot him at the end of the bar. He's let his hair grow out well past his shoulders, and it's pulled up into a half ponytail. His facial hair is neatly groomed, and his expression is severe until his eyes lock with mine and he smiles. It's a breathtaking smile that would melt the heart—or panties—of any woman in its path.

“Bellamy, love, it's good to see you again.”

I cringe at his use of Owen's go to term of endearment for me. Rationally, I understand it's a common thing. Half the people I spent time with during my summers in London called me love.

Still, it's a reminder of what I'm walking away from to fulfill my family obligations. My heart shatters as he pulls me into a hug and kisses my forehead.

“Tobias,” I say, nodding my head in greeting. The single word is all I can manage without my voice cracking.

He pats the stool next to the one he'd been sitting in when I approached. “Sit. I'll buy you a drink. Our dinner reservation isn't for another forty-five minutes.”

The bartender approaches and I order a lemon drop, while Tobias orders a scotch.

“How have you been?” I ask when we're alone again, still unsure of my voice. It's such an odd question to ask the man I'm going to spend the rest of my life with. We've technically been engaged for eleven years. I should know how he's been.

“I've been well. Business is thriving.”

He wanted a few years to start a legitimate business outside of the family business. Something he could call his own. Ultimately, he set it up and hired an executive management team to keep things running while he went back to London to work beside his father and older brother. I expected to marry him three years ago when we announced our engagement, but he said he wasn't ready yet. I suspect he was seeing someone else and wanted to get out of our marriage contract and couldn't. There is no proof of that, though.

“You look good,” he says as the bartender sets our drinks in front of us.

I blush and tuck a wayward curl behind my ear. “Thanks. So, Daddy says you want to talk about the wedding.”

Tobias squeezes my shoulder. “Correct. We need to make the final arrangements. I'd hoped you could come back to London with me in two days, but if you have pressing things on your schedule, you can come later. The wedding just has to happen in the next three months.”

My stomach churns and I shove my drink away. Alcohol is not a good idea right now. My father said ninety days, but I'd hoped it wasn't a hard deadline. “How am I supposed to plan a wedding in three months?”

Tobias puts a hand over mine. I'm surprised and grateful that I don't recoil at his touch. It's helpful to not hate being touched by your husband.

“You never wanted a big, fancy wedding when we were teenagers. I assumed it wouldn't be a big deal.”

I laugh. “It’s still a big deal, and even small weddings take time to plan. Especially when you bring the politics of our families into it. We have to negotiate who gets invited and who doesn’t. And there are pre-wedding dinners to plan to soothe hurt feelings for those who don’t get invited. Don’t you pay attention to other weddings in your family?”

He laughs. “I guess not to that level of detail. But there’s nothing to be done about the timeline. My brother is...” He ducks his head. “My brother is dying, and I’m expected to take on his responsibilities.”

“Tobias, what happened?”

He lifts his head to the ceiling, and I can see emotion thick on his face. “Cancer. Terminal. Doctors gave him less than a year. Father insists we marry now.”

The gravity of my situation hits me, and empathy for Tobias squeezes my heart. I place a hand on his arm. “I’m so sorry. You two were always so close.”

“So, you’ll do it?”

I blink. “Of course I’ll do it. That was never a question.”

“You tried to talk your father out of the contract no less than half a dozen times over the last few years. There were definitely questions,” he argues.

I cock my head to one side and give him an are-you-kidding-me look. “Because you disappeared as soon as the contract for our marriage agreement was signed. I don’t want to marry a

man who doesn't want me. And then I went to college and things got... complicated."

"Was there someone else?" he asks quietly, as if he's afraid of the answer.

I close my eyes. If he's going to be my husband, he probably deserves the truth about Owen. But I can't bring myself to say anything. Not yet.

"Was there anyone else for you?" I ask.

Tobias grips his drink. "I'm no virgin, if that's what you're asking."

There was a time in our world that I would have been expected to remain 'pure' for my future spouse. Thankfully, those archaic ways of thinking are starting to disappear. Still, I can't admit to being a sexual submissive with slave-like tendencies for the past five years.

I choose to tease him instead. "Toby, you haven't been a virgin since that summer you got caught with Savannah Peckham."

He scowls. "Don't call me that. I haven't been Toby for nearly a decade."

What happened to us? At one time, his natural response would be to tease me right back.

"I'm sorry," I mutter and reach for my drink again.

"We need to take some pictures for the announcements," he says, ignoring my apology. "I'm hoping we can at least do that

before I leave town.”

Tobias

I had no intention of telling my fiancée about my brother tonight. But even when we were young, it was easy to tell Bellamy Harper things. Despite the awkwardness of our first meeting in years, it's good to realize some things haven't changed. Her reticence to marry me is understandable. But beyond signing the papers to legally become my wife, I won't force anything on her. That's not who I am. Eventually, I'll win her over.

We finish our drinks, and I stand, offering her my arm. “My driver is waiting to take us to dinner.”

She raises an eyebrow. “Where are we going?”

I smile. “The oldest steakhouse in town.”

Bellamy's lips part as if she wants to say something in protest, but she thinks better of it and slips elegantly off the barstool and puts her hand through my arm.

When we arrive at Golden Steer Steakhouse, I am unimpressed by the outside. But it's where Sinatra used to hang out, and many of the staff members have been here for decades. Everyone says it's the best steakhouse in town. But it's in an old strip mall, and the outside doesn't do it justice. If I hadn't been assured of the quality inside, I might have asked the driver to take us somewhere else.

I help her out of the back of the car, and we enter the restaurant.

The manager is waiting to greet me. “Good evening, Mr. Hunt. We’re ready for you.”

Bellamy glances around the empty dining room. “Did you buy the whole place out?”

When I confirm as much, her cheeks flush, and her fist clenches against my arm. Is she mad? “You didn’t need to do that, Tobias. It must have cost a fortune.”

“And I’ve got fortunes to spend. I wanted to be able to talk freely with you, and I’ve heard good things about this place.”

“And you’re a history buff. That’s the real reason you wanted to come here.”

That she remembers my love of history gives me another flash of hope. I am committed to seeing this wedding through for the good of our families, but I do not wish to be trapped in a miserable marriage.

I pull out her chair and wait for her to sit before I move to my chair and wait for the server to make a show of placing the wine list in front of us.

After perusing the list, I select a bottle. I made our food order before we arrived.

“So how am I supposed to pull off a wedding in three months?” she asks when we’re alone.

“Let my mother take care of most of it. Make a list of what you do and don’t care about, and she can handle anything that isn’t dire.”

“Yes, because I’ve always wanted my future mother-in-law to plan my wedding for me.”

So, she’s going to be stubborn, I see.

“It will give her something to focus on besides the fact that her son is dying.”

Bellamy’s lip trembles, and she reaches for her water glass. “Of course, forgive me. I wasn’t thinking of it like that.”

I lean in and tuck a hand under her chin. “There is nothing to forgive you for, Bellamy. But you like helping people. I thought looking at it from that perspective might make it easier for you to let her take some of it on. Can we set a date tonight?”

She puts the glass down and toys with the cloth napkin in front of her. “I need to look at my calendar and see what has to be rearranged. You need to understand that I’ve been free to do as I please for years. I’ve made commitments and connections. You’re sweeping in and asking me to break those and give up my freedom. This will not be an easy transition for me.”

Her childish desire for freedom is going to cause friction between us. I’m taking over a dynasty that is rife with conflict and danger. As my wife, she’ll be expected to be by my side to remain safe. There will be no gallivanting around the world the way she’s been doing these past few years. I’ve secretly

followed her social media, and she loves to visit new places. Because of that, I've planned a long honeymoon. But when it's over, she must be content to travel when I do.

The other part she doesn't understand is that there are factions within my family organization who don't think our alliance with the Harpers is a good one. Her family works in a gray area that combines politics and crime and some are worried they'll choose to screw us over to climb the political ladder. But if I marry Bellamy soon, I can stave off any uprising against it.

"I will do my best to make the transition comfortable. But you will become my wife in the next ninety days."

"Why can't we just go to the courthouse and get it over with?" she asks dryly.

The server interrupts us to confirm the order I placed ahead of time. I'm quick to send him away so we can return to our conversation.

"You know that's not how things are done in our world. You said it yourself; the politics of our union requires a lot of moving parts, and the wedding is one of those pieces."

"God, forbid you don't get to parade your new property around in front of all your uncles," she mutters.

I narrow my gaze. "I don't view you that way, and I never will. But the show of it all is important. You're not blind to these things."

She shoves her wine glass away, and I wrap my fingers around her slender wrist. She's wearing a silver charm bracelet with four diamond charms. Each one is in the shape of one of the four suits of cards.

"I didn't take you for the type to wear tourist-trash jewelry," I say with a raised eyebrow.

Her hand jerks away as if I've scalded her, knocking her wine glass over in the process.

"It's not tourist trash, and I won't sit here and take your condescending insults Tobias Hunt," she hisses as she leaps up.

Well, fuck. This is not how I wanted tonight to go.

She's heading for the door before I even get up from my seat. "Stop. I wasn't trying to offend you. Clearly, the bracelet has more meaning to you than I realized. My apologies. Now come sit back down. We have things to discuss."

I put a hand on her elbow as I speak, stopping her from fleeing.

Her shoulders sag, and she allows me to lead her back to the table.

"It's nothing," she mutters, twisting the bracelet on her wrist as she sits. It's more than nothing, but I don't push.

The staff are immediately on the spill, and our table is reset within moments.

When our food arrives, I try to make small talk, but my comment about her taste in jewelry has shut her down, and I desperately want to understand the meaning of the trinket.

I am not mean by nature, but I can be merciless when needed. And tonight, I'm just cruel enough to drag our meal out through three courses. She needs to get used to my ways, and tonight is the perfect time for her to start.

Halfway through our steaks, her shoulders relax some, and she gives me more than single word answers to my questions about her travels and friendships. I'm not cruel enough to tell her that most of those friendships are going to fall by the wayside after we're married. She's smart enough to figure that out. But she is to be my right hand, and I can't risk unknown friends getting in the way of our business.

"Owen isn't answering my calls. With our wedding approaching, I need to coordinate with him for my people to take over your security."

"Why haven't you kept in touch with him all these years?"

I set my steak knife aside and meet her gaze. "How do you know I haven't?"

She looks at me like I'm the biggest idiot on the face of the planet.

"Come on, Tobias. We were inseparable. Just because you cut ties with him, doesn't mean I did. Even before he took over my security, we still spoke. And just because he protects

me doesn't mean we aren't still friends. We are. Lifelong. So why did you cut us both off the way you did?"

I scowl. Now is not the time for this conversation. I have my reasons for doing what I did, but I will not explain myself to her. Not now. Not ever.

"There were things at play that you know nothing of. I did what I had to do. But I'm back now and I need to speak to him. So, since you're so buddy-buddy, why don't you tell him to fucking answer my calls."

It comes out harsher than I intend, and I close my eyes, silently kicking myself.

But she doesn't respond, just twists her bracelet, and picks up her fork.

The rest of the meal is quiet, and my plans for dragging it out seem childish now. I tell the server we are skipping dessert and stand, offering her my hand.

She stares at it for a moment before reluctantly putting her hand in mine. A little gasp escapes her at the same time a spark of electricity zaps my fingers. It's probably just static, but I'd like to think it was something more.

At the hotel, I offer my hand to assist her out of the car and push her against the side of it. I've been staring at those soft lips all night, and I want a taste.

"What are you doing?" Her question is forceful, but there's a hint of curiosity in her tone.

Despite wanting a kiss, I'm not a monster. I won't force myself on a woman who doesn't want it.

"We're getting married in a few weeks. It would be good to get used to kissing me. You'll have to do it at least once when we say our vows."

She puts a hand on my chest, and I think she might refuse. But she leans in and offers me her mouth. I stare at her for half a beat before I lower my head.

When my lips touch hers, I know I'm fucked. She's soft and sweet, and I want to devour her, but I manage to show some restraint, and I keep the kiss short, but I make sure she feels it. I can't resist lifting a hand to her cheek and brushing my lips to her forehead before I let her go completely.

To my surprise, she wraps her arms around my neck and pulls me down again, initiating a second kiss. Still soft, her lips are inviting against mine, parting to let me in. There is an electricity between us as my tongue darts into her mouth. It's unexpected and I want to take this further. But I'm already pushing my luck as it is.

Her cheeks are flushed as I pull away, and I regret ending the kiss instantly. In an attempt to salvage my gentlemanly facade, I offer her my hand. "Come up and have a drink with me?"

As soon as the question is out of my mouth, a blank expression falls over her face, and she straightens her shoulders as if the kiss didn't faze her at all. "No, thank you."

"Afraid you won't be able to control yourself?" I tease.

Her eyes flash, and she adjusts her purse on her shoulder. “As fun as that was, I’d like to enjoy my freedom for another few nights if it’s all the same to you.”

So, it’s pure stubbornness keeping her from joining me. At least she thought the kiss was fun. I can work with that after we’re married. I put a hand on her shoulder. “You’re going to have to come to grips with the fact that your life is changing, love.”

“Find another name for me,” she snaps, jerking her arm from mine.

God she’s touchy about the weirdest things. I wish I knew why.

“OK, little vixen,” I murmur.

Her mouth opens as if to protest, but she snaps it shut again.

After another moment of awkward silence, she moves closer to the entrance. “I’m going to sleep. I have an hour tomorrow morning to do a quick photo shoot if you’re free.”

“I’ll be here,” I agree, giving her a little wave.

Before she can walk into the hotel, I call her name and she turns expectantly. “Where is your security?”

She smirks and waves her arm. “They’re around. If you haven’t spotted them, they’re either superb at their jobs, or you’re not so great at yours. Goodnight, Toby.”

Chapter Four

Chapter 3

Owen

“I wouldn’t go in there if I were you.”

My shoulders stiffen as my hand pauses above the door handle.

“What are you doing here?” I demand. I turn to find Bryce leaning against a car outside the restaurant I’m about to go in. Tonight is the rehearsal dinner for Bellamy’s wedding. I was invited, of course, but Bellamy pleaded with me not to come. And yet, here I am ready to make a fool of myself to keep her from marrying Tobias.

“Matteo sent me to stop you from doing something stupid.”

I snort. Of course, Matteo is still sending Bryce to do his dirty work.

“Get out of here, I’m fine. Just going to get what’s mine.”

But deep down, I realize there’s nothing I can do to stop Bellamy. She doesn’t belong to me. Not anymore. The marriage deal was signed in blood years ago. That’s not the sort of thing people like us walk away from. Not without consequences, anyway.

Bryce shrugs. “I’ll be in the bar if you want to talk about it.”

Taking a deep breath, I turn to leave after he disappears. Me being here will only hurt Bellamy. But the restaurant door swings open and Mrs. Hunt, Tobias’s mom, steps out.

“Owen, you made it. Come in, come in. I was stepping out for some fresh air and here you are.”

I plaster a smile on my face and offer her my arm to escort her back into the dining room. “Lovely to see you again, Mrs. Hunt.”

The large tables are filled with familiar faces, and the alcohol is flowing freely. But I don’t care about any of them, I only have eyes for Bellamy. She sits at the table in the front of the room, but Tobias isn’t with her. Without thinking, I stroll to her table and sit down in the seat that is presumably his.

“What are you doing here?” Bellamy whispers, her eyes wide with fear. “Please don’t make a scene.”

I drape an arm casually across the back of her chair and flash her a bright smile. “What makes you think I would make a scene, love? I’ve come to wish you well and say hello to Tobias. He’s been trying to get in touch with me anyway. Where is he?”

She glares at me, and I glance down at her wrist. The bracelet is still there. I don’t fully understand why that gives me a small sense of satisfaction, but it does.

“He had to take a phone call,” she finally says.

Before I can respond, a woman I don’t recognize stands and someone hands her a microphone.

She gives a cheesy toast to Tobias and Bellamy, gushing about what a perfect couple they make, and even spouting

some nonsense about how they were always meant to be together.

As the tipsy woman finishes, I find myself walking toward her, with Bellamy hissing at me as I go. I take the microphone, and the room falls silent as I lift it to speak. All eyes are on me, and a knot tightens in my stomach, but I push through it.

“Good evening, everyone,” I say, my voice echoing through the room. “I have something to say about Bellamy and Tobias that may surprise some of you.”

I glance around the room, noting the looks of confusion and curiosity on many faces. Ignoring them, I focus on Bellamy and look her directly in the eyes.

“Bellamy Harper is an incredible woman. She is beautiful and smart and strong—a force to be reckoned with in all aspects of her life. I’ve had the pleasure of spending a lot of time with her over the last few years, and I’m so proud of everything she’s accomplished. She is someone who knows what she wants and goes for it without hesitation or fear. She is inspiring and admirable in so many ways...and I love her deeply. More than any of you will ever understand.”

Gasps echo throughout the room as I confess my love for her, and I can feel Bellamy’s glare burning into me. I spy Tobias in the doorway of the private dining room, and I’m certain he’s heard my confession. I lift my glass his direction and continue.

“And it thrills me that she’s marrying our childhood best friend. Just because we’ve both been busy with our lives,

doesn't mean I don't know him, and I know he's going to be everything she needs in this life. Congratulations to both of you."

I can almost feel the collective sigh of relief as I finish my toast in a respectable way.

Stalking toward the table, I can see on Bellamy's face that she isn't relieved at all. She's pissed. But I match her glare as I loom over her, still gripping the microphone. It's not what I wanted to say, but it's what came out after seeing the look on her face. So I bend down and whisper what I really want to say in her ear.

"I'm begging you, Bellamy. You're everything to me. Don't do this."

Tobias

“What’s going on?”

I approach the table and put a possessive hand on Bellamy’s shoulder as Owen towers over. I walked in during his speech, and it takes every ounce of willpower I possess to not rip the mic from his hands and bash him over the head with it. There was nothing sincere about his congratulations, but his declaration of love came from the heart.

“Nothing. Owen was just leaving,” Bellamy insists.

“It sounds like that might be a good idea.”

Owen stares at her a moment longer and sets the microphone down.

When he’s gone, I sit and turn my chair so I’m facing her. “Tell me what that was. Is he into you?”

She drops her head.

“How long?” I ask, barely controlled anger simmering in my tone. “How fucking long, Bellamy?”

“Almost seven years,” she whispers. “It started during college.”

Jesus Christ. That’s not the answer I was expecting.

“Well, don’t get any ideas about continuing that relationship once we’re married.”

Her mouth drops open. “I would never. He knows it’s over. It’s just hard. We’re in love. That can’t be turned off in an instant.”

Great. Not only is our marriage arranged, it’s a complete and total lie because she’s in love with my childhood best friend. If there weren’t so much riding on this, I would call the whole thing off or at least postpone it until I can woo her. Unfortunately, I’ll have to win her over after the paperwork is signed.

“I’m here, Tobias. That should count for something,” she murmurs.

She’s right. I won’t deny her that. If she’d wanted to, she had the means to refuse me. It would have made her family’s lives hell though, and she’s too good a person for that.

But I’m irritated enough that it’s best I don’t speak, so I give her a curt nod and turn back to face the rest of our guests.

Dinner is painfully long, and we get to do it all again tomorrow after the wedding. But it’s the way things are in our family. No less than three major business deals will be conducted over the course of our marriage celebration.

When dessert has been served, I am no longer able to sit there stewing over Owen and my fiancée, I stand and hold my hand out to Bellamy. “Come. There are people you need to meet.”

There is no hesitation, and I let that soothe some of the anger still simmering. She’s here with me, and tomorrow she’ll be

my wife.

We make our way around the room, and I introduce her to family, friends, and business partners.

“Are you done parading me around like a show horse?” she asks after the fifth introduction. My future bride has spunk, I’ll give her that.

“One more stop,” I say, not bothering to deny what I’m doing. It’s important for all the families I work with to recognize that she’s mine and she’s off limits. It also solidifies that we are firmly aligned with the Harper family.

We approach the bar where my final introduction of the evening is sitting. The Trentini family sent representatives this weekend. I was expecting Danny. Instead, they sent a man named Lorenzo. I’m unfamiliar with him, but we’re looking for a connection in Chicago, and the Trentinis are the only way to get that.

“Tobias Hunt,” I say, offering the man my hand.

He ignores me and stands, offering his hand to Bellamy instead.

“Ms. Harper. It’s lovely to meet you. I’ve heard a lot about you from my cousin.”

I frown. “And who is this cousin?”

“Matteo. Danny’s brother.”

I stare at my fiancée with a raised eyebrow. “You know Matteo Trentini?”

She chews her lip as if deciding whether or not to tell me the truth. “I met him in college. We became friends.”

I hum. That’s either good for me, or really dangerous. I make a mental note to dig into Matteo later. What little information I have says he marches to the beat of his own drum, and hasn’t taken a place in the family business since their father died.

“Word is Danny wants to do business,” I say to Lorenzo. “You tell him he should have had the decency to come himself. It would have gotten him a much better deal. Now, he’ll be an idiot to turn down the pennies I’m going to offer him.” It’s mostly an idle threat, but I want to see how Lorenzo reacts. There’s a reason Danny sent him instead of attending himself.

Lorenzo scowls. “Watch yourself, Hunt. Danny can’t be everywhere at once, and he’s still cleaning up the mess of his old man getting killed.”

Ernesto Trentini went down in a fire fight in Las Vegas a few months ago and it left a power vacuum that his oldest son is desperately trying to fill. But if he’s not up for the job he should step aside. Which brings me back to Matteo. Just how well does he know my fiancée? I find myself jealous of a man I’ve never met. And it’s all my fault for not claiming her sooner.

“We’ll talk tomorrow,” I promise, putting a hand on Bellamy’s back.

Escorting her back to our table, I lean close to her ear. “Were you friends with Matteo Trentini the same way you were

friends with Owen?” Her posture stiffens, and her expression becomes stony. “I won’t even justify that with an answer, asshole.”

I pull her chair out for her, and she shrugs my hand away from her shoulder as she sits. It’s not a good sign that she’s freezing me out the day before our wedding, but things will thaw between us eventually. Bending, I kiss her cheek, lingering until she glares. I trail a hand down her cheek and straighten. “I’ll be back. There’s something I need to take care of.”

Something tells me Owen didn’t leave the property, just the dining room, and I can’t go another second without confronting him.

Sure enough, I find him in the bar nursing a scotch.

“You are not to speak to my wife again.”

He lets out a mirthless laugh. “She’s not your wife yet, mate.”

“She will be in less than twenty-four hours. I appreciate that we were close growing up, so I’ll give you the respect of not beating the shit out of you or telling my family what you and Bellamy have done. But you can’t see her anymore. I’m sure you’ve been invited to the wedding, and it would look bad if you didn’t come. But you’re to leave as soon as the ceremony is over. You’ll get called away on business. I don’t want to see your face at the reception.”

Owen's face twists into a sneer. "You're a real piece of work, you know that? Thinking you can ignore her for years and then waltz in and claim her like she's some kind of prize."

I place a hand on his shoulder so people around us will think we're just having a friendly chat.

"You know me better than that, Owen."

"Do I? You abandoned her. Hell, you abandoned me. And I was there to console her when she didn't understand why you wouldn't take her calls or pay her the smallest amount of attention."

There are things Owen doesn't understand about my life. Things I'm not about to stand here and explain to him. So, I lean in close and reiterate the reason I came.

"Your friendship with Bellamy is done. Our families do business together, but that is the extent of our relationship. Am I clear?"

Owen doesn't respond. Just empties his glass and slides off the barstool.

I let him go, but something tells me my former best friend will not give up so easily. I certainly wouldn't if I were in his position.

Chapter Five

Chapter 4

Bellamy

Standing in a dressing room in the cathedral, my hands tremble as I adjust my wedding gown. The dress was the one thing I cared about, and I spent hours with a designer getting it right. It's so beautiful that it almost makes up for not getting to choose my groom. Almost.

It's a soft, cream-colored silk fabric, with intricate ivory lace around the neckline and hem. The bodice is beaded and gives off a subtle shimmer when light hits it. The waist is fitted and hugs my curves perfectly before flaring out into a full skirt and short train.

Behind me, the door opens, and my future mother-in-law enters.

"There you are. I expected to find you with your bridesmaids."

If you believe the movies, the bride and her bridesmaids are supposed to be drinking champagne in matching sweatpants while getting their hair and makeup done. But that sounds like torture to me. Not to mention the friends I wanted as bridesmaids couldn't be invited to the wedding without raising questions, so aside from my two older sisters, I barely know the women in the room next door who will stand as witnesses for me as I walk down the aisle.

For someone who didn't want a big wedding, my bridal party certainly is full.

"I just needed some quiet."

Alone time is something I've always valued, and once the wedding starts, I won't have any for hours.

"Do you want me to go?" the older woman asks.

I smile and shake my head. "No. You can help me with the back of the dress. I couldn't quite reach the last few buttons."

Before she came in, I'd been talking myself into going and asking someone in the other room for help.

"That was quite the toast our Owen gave last night," Mrs. Hunt says as she closes the first button.

My heart plummets to my stomach. Does she suspect?

"He's been a good friend over the years," I say.

"And we're always going to be grateful to him for the way he's protected you. Just make sure you give Tobias the same chance to get to know you, and your marriage will be fine. At least you've known him most of your life."

Then why does it feel like I'm marrying a stranger? I keep that thought to myself as she buttons my dress. Even after our date in Las Vegas, our time together has been limited to scheduled meetings to go over wedding details, and two dinner dates. I still don't feel like I know Tobias at all.

"It's not something I talk about often, but I met my husband two days before we got married, and he locked me in his

bedroom because I tried to run away. I'm grateful we don't do things like that anymore. Tobias wants you to be happy, I can guarantee it."

I smile at her in the mirror. "Thanks for that. I'm glad we don't do things that way anymore, too."

But we still have a long way to go. The whole concept of arranged marriage is wrong. It's my duty to see this through, though. I understand the stakes. People could die if I don't go through with this wedding. So, I'll play my part because I refuse to have blood on my hands.

That doesn't mean I don't miss Owen. My heart will ache for what we had for many years. Saying goodbye to him was the hardest thing I've ever done.

The doors to my dressing room open again, and my mother and sisters pour in. They're excited for today. It's the last wedding for our immediate family. My sisters took their dutiful places beside their chosen husbands three and four years ago. But my wedding is probably the most important. The families that will be unified today will create a powerful alliance that will be unrivaled by any other criminal organization in the world.

I tried to talk my father into letting me marry Owen. But an alliance with the Thornes had already been solidified when my sister married his cousin.

"Darling, you look stunning. You made the right choice with the dress."

“Thank you, mother,” I murmur as I adjust the tiara I’ve chosen to wear instead of a traditional veil.

“I understand that you’re not entirely thrilled about this day, Bellamy. But you’re going to make a wonderful wife, and your father is proud of you.”

My eyes narrow, and I clench my fist, digging my nails into my palm to keep from snapping. “I’m not going to talk about that. Today is what it is, and I will play my part.”

She’s smart enough to say nothing else.

The wedding is set to start in fifteen minutes, so I put the finishing touches on my hair and makeup, and we make our way to the foyer of the church where I will enter and walk down the aisle.

I didn’t want a church wedding, my thoughts on God are none too kind, but my husband-to-be and his family insisted, and I didn’t have the energy to fight them.

My father waits for me near the entrance and offers me his arm with a bright smile. “Bell, you look stunning. Tobias is going to be blown away by the beautiful bride he is getting today.”

“Jesus, I’m not a car.”

“Enough, Bellamy. That’s not how I meant it.” His voice is stern, and I want to jerk my arm away from his and walk down the aisle by myself. But that would be scandalous. The joining of the two families wouldn’t be complete if my father didn’t literally hand me to Tobias like I’m a piece of property.

Soon enough, it's time to begin the processional. The bridesmaids go down the aisle, followed by a flower girl and ring bearer. Tobias's niece and nephew, I think. The music changes, and now it's my turn. The butterflies come to life in my stomach again and I grip my bouquet harder than necessary.

As we step into the church, my heart stops. But not because I catch sight of my future husband.

Owen is sitting in the third row.

He was invited, of course. The Thornes are important allies. But I begged him not to come. Especially after the scene he made last night. It could have been worse, but he still confessed his love for me in front of everyone. I should have known he would still show up given that he ignored all of my text messages last night. Part of me hoped he would go back to Las Vegas. But no. He's right here, glaring as my father escorts me to marry another man.

We reach the end of the long aisle, and my legs tremble as Tobias stares at me with no expression on his face. The minister waits for the audience to sit back down, and I swear it takes ten minutes for everyone to settle.

He opens his mouth to say, "who gives this woman," when the back doors of the sanctuary slam open. Time slows down, but not before I hear the recognizable pop of a gun being fired.

Someone screams.

Then all hell breaks loose.

Chapter Six

Chapter 5

Bellamy

At least three men charge up the same aisle I just walked with my father, guns in hand. Women and children scream, and some race for the back door via side aisles. My breath hitches, and a scream lodges in my throat when thick hands grip my waist and I'm dragged into a nearby room. It's not until we're away from the chaos that I catch a familiar scent, and a flash of relief rushes through me.

"What's going on, Owen?" My voice is panicked, and it's all I can do to stay calm, despite feeling safer with him.

"No clue, love. But we're not sticking around to find out. I'm parked on this side. Let's go."

"Owen, no. We can't do this."

The door bursts open and I scream as he scoops me up and pushes his way through a nearby exit. A bullet ricochets off the door frame, and Owen swears. My wedding day has turned into something out of a goddamn nightmare.

"Where's Tobias? We can't leave without him."

"Don't bloody worry about that. We have to get you somewhere safe and then we'll find him."

"I'm right behind you. What the hell is going on, Thorne? If this is your people, I swear to god I'll kill you."

I look over my shoulder to see Tobias running after us, gun in hand. He wore a fucking gun to our wedding. I expected

some of the men to be armed. We don't have family gatherings without some kind of security. But the groom packing heat is a step too far for me. Does that mean he expected trouble today? If so, why didn't he tell me? It doesn't bode well for our marriage if he's already hiding things.

Owen doesn't respond as he races for an SUV. He jerks open the back door and shoves me inside. Tobias hops in beside me without a word, and Owen is already in the driver's seat with the engine running. The side door we ran out of swings open again, and he peels out into London traffic.

"This isn't the Thornes," he finally says when we're well away from the church. "But I'm sure Bellamy has already told you about our history, so I understand why you would think that."

He glances in the rear-view mirror at me, and my face heats.

"What makes you think she told me?" Tobias glances down at me and holsters his gun.

Owen's lips quirk up in a knowing smile, his eyes still darting between us and the road. "Because Bellamy is a good girl and wouldn't want any strife between the two of you. Especially not after last night."

His eyes dart to me again before refocusing on the road. "I'm sorry about that, by the way."

Owen

Was I tempted to stop the wedding when the minister asked if anyone had any objections? Yes. But I had no intention of giving into that temptation. Now, someone else has stopped it. And a tiny part of me is thrilled that Bellamy isn't married yet. But the logical part of me knows this is a fucking mess that I'm not sure how we're going to get out of. I'm not sure how we're going to deal with that. Someone else didn't want this wedding to happen and we need to find out who.

The unfortunate thing is that because I grabbed Bellamy and fled, there is a chance they are going to think it was the Thornes, and that could cause a war. Tobias already asked, and he's not going to be the only one thinking it.

We need information, so I tap an icon on the screen in the dash and wait for the call to connect.

“Did you make a fool of yourself yet?”

“Shut up, Matteo. We've got a serious situation on our hands. Someone just attacked the wedding. I grabbed Bellamy and ran, but we don't know anything else.”

All hints of teasing left Matteo's voice.

“Is she in the car? Can she hear us?”

“She is and she can. Tobias, her fiancé, is here as well.” Just saying that makes me want to grind my teeth.

“Hi, Matteo,” Bellamy says from the backseat.

“Hey, Bellamy. Sounds like you’re having quite a wedding day. I’ll get into it and see if I can find anything out through our network of contacts.”

“Who the fuck is Matteo? Matteo Trentini? Just how good of friends are you with him, Bellamy?” Tobias asks.

“I’m sure Owen will explain that later,” Matteo answers before I can.

I glance at Tobias as I slow down for a light. Irritation radiates from his stiff posture.

“Give me an hour to see what I can find out, Owen. Is this a safe number to reach you at?”

“It is. We’re going to a safe place to come up with a plan. Unfortunately, I’m going to have to deal with Tobias and his opinions as well.”

Tobias glares at me, but if he’s smart, he understands that he has me to thank for keeping Bellamy alive, so he won’t say anything... yet.

“We can go to my place—my headquarters,” Tobias offers from the back seat.

“Is it safe?”

“I’m insulted you think I would suggest a place that isn’t.”

A cell phone rings, and Tobias reaches into his pocket.

“We’re safe. That’s all you need to worry about,” he snaps into the phone.

Tobias glances behind him as the person on the other end of the call speaks.

“Shit. We’ll lose them.”

My senses go on high alert, and I watch for signs of the tail Tobias thinks we have.

He tucks his phone away and puts a hand on Bellamy’s shoulder.

“Get down.”

To me he says, “I assume this thing is armored?”

“Of course it’s bloody-armored.”

Bellamy ducks as much as her dress will allow, and Tobias turns to keep an eye on traffic behind us.

“Do you see them?” I ask as I try to stay focused on the road.

“Fuck. Motorbike. Coming up on us fast.”

Bellamy squeals as I jerk the car into another lane and make a hard right turn. I can’t turn this into a high-speed chase from the movies, but I can’t let that bike catch up to us either.

“Parking structure two blocks ahead. Duck in there.”

“Got it.” I push the gas a little harder.

In the garage, I park between two other SUVs and pull out my phone.

With a few taps, I’m inside the security system for Novak’s resorts in Las Vegas. I built a program for them that will let me

tap into cameras all over the world, including London. I find one for our location, and try to find the motorbike.

“Bike turned a block before the garage. Is there another way in here?”

Tobias shakes his head.

That means we should be safe, but I get into another camera near where the bike turned just to be safe.

“Let’s switch cars.”

Tobias makes a call before I can answer him, and five minutes later another car is pulling up beside us.

Begrudgingly, I make the switch, but I tap a few buttons on the dashboard screen and wipe the call history and navigational data in the SUV. Just in case.

Tobias gets to the driver’s side of the new car before I can.

“You clearly have some fancy gadgets there. I’ll drive. You keep an eye on things.”

It’s petty, but I agree just so I can sit in the backseat with Bellamy.

Tobias races through the city as I tap into cameras along our route. So far, all is safe. “Are you sure this place is safe? We have no idea who this was or what they wanted. Who has access?”

Tobias glances at me in the mirror. “It’s safe. It’s mine. Belongs to my company. Not the family.”

For now, that's enough for me. It would be the equivalent of me taking us to The High Card in Las Vegas.

We're outside of the city proper now, and Tobias pulls up to a gate and scans a card. It whirs open, and we pull up a long drive.

The house is smaller than I expected it to be for such an ostentatious drive, and I wonder why his company owns it. It's still good sized, and there will be plenty of space for me to work inside.

We rush inside, and Tobias leads us to the second floor where there's a conference room.

"We'll be safe here for now. I need to check in with my family and find out if we lost anyone."

"Fine. I need more tech to be able to properly run an operation. What do you have in the building?"

"Laptops, tablets. Just tell me what you need, and we'll find it."

At least he's not objecting to my help. We may have grown distant over the years, but if he's smart—and he is—he's tried to keep tabs on me all this time because I was protecting his fiancée.

He holds up his phone as he steps out of the room. I try not to look at Bellamy as I set up my laptop and log into all of my systems.

"It would be nice to get out of this dress," she says quietly after a few minutes.

I glance up at her. “There are sweats and a t-shirt in my bag if you want to borrow them.”

She frowns and looks down at the gown she’s wearing.

It’s stunning, but I can’t stand the sight of it, knowing what it represents.

I jerk my head toward the bag I’d tossed in the middle of the table, and she hesitates. She fucking hesitates, and it kills me.

“Jesus Christ, Bellamy. Don’t act like you haven’t been free to go through my stuff for the past seven years. You know where they are.”

Her shoulders droop and she plays with a piece of beading on the front of her dress. “I’m sorry. Things are different now. You have to admit that.”

“Don’t apologize. Just go change if you want to.”

She opens the bag and grabs my clothes then ducks into a bathroom Tobias pointed out.

A few minutes later, as I’m scrolling through footage from a camera near the church, I hear a loud noise outside the conference room as Tobias curses.

Jumping up, I reach for my gun and ease into the hallway. But Tobias is alone, and there’s a hole in the plaster the size of his fist.

He faces the wall with his hand above his head pressed against it.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, my voice tight.

“Gabe took a bullet. They don’t think they can save him. He’s on life support, but there is little chance of recovery.”

Fuck. Gabe is his older brother.

“Toby, I’m so sorry.”

We both turn at the sound of Bellamy’s voice. I didn’t hear her open the door.

Tobias looks at her blankly. “You changed.”

She offers him a half smile and glances at me. “Owen was thoughtful enough to let me borrow some of his things. I don’t want to ruin my dress.”

“I need to go to the hospital and be with my mother. Let me get you some better clothes and you can come with me.”

I hold up a hand. “That’s not a good idea. Let me show you something.”

I grab my laptop and show him what I saw on the security feeds. “If I had to guess, Bellamy was the target today.”

Tobias scowls at the screen, then brushes past me to Bellamy and cups her face in his hands. “Don’t forget that you’re still engaged, little vixen.”

To me he says, “Don’t fucking touch her. She’s not yours anymore.”

“Jesus Christ, both of you stop.” Bellamy sounds annoyed. “I’m not an object. And I just got shot at on my wedding day. I don’t want to touch anyone. Tobias, go to the hospital. Owen,

go do your thing on the computer. I'm going to lie down on the couch and try to get some rest."

"Good girl," I say at the same time as Tobias.

She rolls her eyes and shoves her way back into the conference room.

Tobias glares at me, and I hold up my hands. "You heard her. And Bellamy doesn't do anything she doesn't want to do. Go. I'll keep her safe."

"He has cancer," Tobias whispers.

I blink. "Excuse me?"

"Gabriel has cancer. That's why we pushed the wedding up. I had no intention of marrying her until next year at the earliest. But he wanted to be there for the ceremony, and doctors gave him less than a year to live."

"Fuck, mate. I'm so sorry. Go do what you need to. I'll call you if I find anything."

He points to another door. "That's my office. There are other computers in there. If you call the first number programmed into the phone on the desk, you'll get my assistant. I'll warn him you might call on my way to the hospital. He can get you anything else you need."

"Understood." I watch him walk down the stairs, not returning to the conference room until I hear the snick of the front door closing behind him.

Chapter Seven

Chapter 6

Tobias

Anger, sadness, resolve. All of these emotions pull at me as I race to the hospital to be with Gabe.

Today was supposed to be a celebration. The marriage may be unconventional, but I never expected someone to attack our wedding. I go through a list of people who didn't want this marriage to happen. It's a short list, but it could be longer than I realize. Until my brother got sick, I was only marginally involved in the running of the family enterprise, and I'd even contemplated asking my father to dissolve the marriage agreement with the Harpers.

I swear to God if Owen or his family had anything to do with this, I'll wipe out the entire bloodline. My gut tells me they weren't involved. It may have been years since we were friends, but I know Owen, and I can tell when he's lying. He's a better ally than enemy right now, so as much as I hate it, he's the best one to protect Bellamy when I can't be there. I can't trust certain parts of my own organization, and I'm still learning the inner workings of the Harper family. Someone from either side could be trying to stop this marriage.

When I arrive at the hospital, I rush to the lift and punch the button for the third floor. My mother throws her arms around me and sobs as soon as she spots me.

I kiss her hair and hold her until she stops shaking.

“How is he?”

She shakes her head. “No change. The doctors are doing tests to see if there is any brain activity, but they aren’t very hopeful.”

My gut churns, but I force myself to go into the hospital room where Gabriel is hooked up to dozens of machines. He’s always been bigger than life. Even when he got his cancer diagnosis, he seemed invincible. Now, I barely recognize my big brother.

My father arrives a moment later and puts a hand on my shoulder.

“What do we know?” I ask, my voice gruff with emotion.

He shakes his head grimly. “Not enough. Our men took out one of theirs. We’re working to identify him through our connections at the coroner’s office.”

“I’ve got someone looking through nearby CCTV footage. It looks like Bellamy was the target from what we’ve seen so far.”

“Who is helping you with that?”

I shake my head. “Don’t worry about it. I’m handling it.”

My father doesn’t give up control easily, but he’s smart enough to recognize that we need all the help we can get, so he doesn’t question me about it again.

“The wedding needs to happen soon. We can have a small ceremony with the heads of the family and a few other guests.

It could be arranged for tomorrow in the hospital chapel. That will remind people of the gravity of this situation.”

“Fuck, pops. The wedding is not important right now. We need to figure out what happened first, but Gabriel should be your top priority. Let me worry about hunting these bastards down, and then we can talk about the wedding.”

“He was dying anyway, Tobias. We need to let him go and focus on what we can change. And the wedding is vital.”

I want to punch him. At the same time, I recognize the logic in the callous statement.

“Still, tomorrow is too soon to convince Bellamy to still go through with this.”

My father’s brows draw together. “You think she wants to back out?”

I vacillate between anger that he’s more concerned about the wedding than his own son, and incredulity at his asinine question.

“She just got shot at. Presumably for trying to marry me. Yeah, there’s a chance she wants to back out. Just give me time. I’ve got her in a safe place.”

“Update her father. He’s probably frantic.”

Fuck. I didn’t even think about her family. Of course, Julian would want to know where his daughter is.

“I’ll call him.”

A nurse sticks her head in the door.

“I’m afraid you’ll need to wait outside so we can get him ready to go in for another scan.”

I press a kiss to Gabe’s forehead and follow my father into the hall. He holds up his phone, and we go in separate directions.

When I find a quiet waiting room, my first call is to Owen.

“Let Bellamy call her father,” I say when he answers on the first ring.

“Hello to you too.”

I growl and Owen has the decency to cut the bullshit and turn serious. “How’s Gabe?”

“Doctors are running tests and there’s no update. Give Bellamy your phone and let her call Julian. He’s frantic trying to find her.”

“Consider it done. I’ve got a friend running down some license plate numbers for us. I’ll call you if I find anything.”

The line goes dead, and I lean against the wall and close my eyes. I’m supposed to be escorting my wife out of a wedding reception and onto a private jet for our honeymoon right now. Instead, I’m waiting on a doctor to tell me if I still have a brother or not.

Bellamy

I can't help the tears that fall as I lay on the couch with my back to the room, so Owen doesn't see me. Crying isn't something I'm prone to, but given the circumstances, it seems warranted.

Here I am on my wedding day wearing my ex-boyfriend's clothes, while my would-be-husband is at the hospital saying goodbye to a dying brother.

"I can tell you're crying, love. There's no point in hiding it from me."

I sit up and turn to face him as he pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and stands to hand it to me. When I take it, He drops to one knee in front of the couch and puts a hand on my thigh.

"It's going to be OK."

I wipe my eyes and give him a sad smile. "Always the optimist."

"We could run away right now and go back to Las Vegas. Matteo can put us in the air within the hour."

I gasp, my eyes wide with horror. "Owen, no. Then they really would believe you were behind this. They would kill you. We can't. It's more important than ever to keep the peace. Things have been tense between our families. My father has been waiting for this wedding for years. If we don't go

through with it, it's going to start a huge fight. Maybe even a war if they find out I ran away with you.”

He reaches up and cups my cheek. “Relax. I knew you wouldn't agree to it. But I had to try.”

My heart aches when He stands and kisses my forehead then returns to his spot at the table in front of his tech.

A few minutes later, he curses. “Shit.”

“What is it?”

“Bellamy, love. Go in the bathroom and lock the door.”

Obedying Owen is instinctive for me, and I do as I'm told, knowing there's something dangerous nearby.

I pace the tiny bathroom, my heart racing as I wait. What feels like an eternity later, I hear Owen talking on the phone. His voice is muffled, but I recognize the stress in his tone.

“We need a way out of here. You said this place was fucking secure.”

A pause.

“Bloody hell. I'll call with a meeting point.”

There is frantic movement and a gentle tap on the door.

“Come on, love. I'm afraid we need to run.”

Thankfully, I didn't go for the five-inch heels my mother-in-law wanted me to wear and instead opted for flats under my dress. They look ridiculous with Owen's sweats, but now isn't the time to worry about that.

He holds out his hand when I open the door, and we rush out of the conference room and down the stairs. But instead of going out the front door, he leads me to another set of stairs that takes us down to a wine cellar. There, we wind up in a tunnel.

“Do you know where you’re going?” I whisper as we make our way deeper into the tunnel.

“Not exactly,” he admits. “But down here is safer than up there.”

We arrive at a door, and Owen pushes me against a wall before he opens it. When he gives me the all clear, I follow him through it and we step out into a cemetery.

“Come on. I recognize where we are now.” His grip on my hand tightens, and we make our way to a gate that leads out onto the street.

At a nearby bus stop, he pulls me against his chest, making us look like a couple just waiting for the bus.

It arrives a few minutes later, and we step on board. Owen pushes us to the back after paying the fare.

He’s on his phone already when the bus pulls away from the stop, and he tells Tobias where we are.

After listening for a moment, he ends the call and drapes an arm around me. I should stop him. We can’t be like this together anymore. I’m publicly engaged to Tobias. If one of his family members was on this bus and saw me, it could ruin everything. But that won’t happen. None of his family would

stoop to taking the bus unless they absolutely had to, so I let myself relax against Owen.

When the bus stops a few minutes later, he leans close to my ear. “We’ll get off in two more stops and then take the tube for a while.”

The bus ride seems to drag on, but it’s really only a few minutes. Once we’re off, we immediately head down the busy street and find an escalator into a subway stop. There, the train is approaching. Mass transit seems to work in our favor today.

“Where are we going?” I ask.

“We’ll get off at Kilburn Park. Don’t ask me why. That’s just where Tobias said to meet him.”

When we step off the train at the agreed upon stop, Tobias is waiting on the platform, looking pissed off.

“I have no idea how they found us so quickly, but we have to sort it out, and fast. Did you get anything back about your license plates?”

Owen glances at his phone screen. “Nothing yet. But I should hear soon.”

Tobias gives a terse nod before turning his attention to me. “Are you OK?”

I lift one shoulder. “As good as I can be. How’s Gabriel?”

Tobias shakes his head as a pained expression takes over his features.

“It’s not looking good.”

We stand on the platform in awkward silence for a moment before Owen clears his throat. “We really should keep moving.”

Tobias motions toward the stairs leading to street level. “We’ll check into a hotel for now and make a plan from there.”

A car is waiting for us, and we all climb into the backseat.

“You trust your driver?” Owen asks.

Tobias glares at him. “I just hired him ten minutes ago. He has no idea who we are.”

The tension between these two is palpable, and somehow, I ended up sitting in between them. It’s suffocating, so I move to the seat on the other side of the limo with my back to the driver.

Thankfully, the drive isn’t long, and soon we’re pulling into a hotel. Tobias checks us in, and as the attendant hands him the keys, he asks about clothes for me.

“Of course, sir. We have a boutique on the second level, and a stylist as well.”

“Send the stylist to our suite.”

He turns and hands Owen a key. “You’re in the room next to ours.”

I pluck it from his hand. “Owen is in the suite with you. I want a room for myself. We aren’t married yet.”

Tobias stares at me shocked, and Owen just smirks and lifts a shoulder in a half shrug. “Guess we’re cuddling tonight, mate. There’s no point arguing with her when she gets that look on her face.”

Tobias ignores Owen, continuing to stare at me. “I got a suite with two rooms. I’m not a complete monster.”

“Great. Owen can have his own bed then. I’m still taking the solo room.”

Tobias growls and snatches the key from me and gives it to the attendant.

“We’ll only be needing the suite.”

My face burns with anger as the hotel employee looks on with fascination. “I’m not sleeping with you.”

Tobias drags his knuckles down my cheek as he leans in and murmurs. “Eventually you are. But for now, I’ll sleep on the couch.”

I roll my eyes. Whatever. As long as I have a place of my own. Even in Las Vegas, I had my own apartment. Yes, I was almost always at Owen’s, but it was important for me to have my own space, and he willingly gave it to me whenever I asked. I get the sense Tobias is going to have a problem with that.

In the suite, Tobias points to the largest bedroom. “That’s yours.”

Owen drops his bag on the couch. “I don’t sleep much anyway.”

Tobias stands silent for a moment before turning abruptly toward the second bedroom. The door slams behind him, and I'm left alone with Owen.

“Go take a nap,” he says when I just stand there staring at him.

“This is fucked up.”

Owen lets out a mirthless laugh. “That’s one way of putting it, love. But we’ll get through it. Now go.”

Damn him for using that tone on me right now. He knows what it does to me. I want to stay and argue, to discuss what the hell happened today, but his expression says he’s not in the mood, so I head for my bedroom where I opt for a bath instead of a nap. As I sink into the steaming water, I can’t help but think of the two men down the hall and how oddly refreshing it was to see them working together. Even if it is for a fucked up reason.

Chapter Eight

Chapter 7

Tobias

Owen's fingers expertly dance across the keyboard as I watch from my perch against the bar. But I don't really register what he's working on. Instead, my thoughts drift to Bellamy, taking a bath down the hall. Things don't seem as awkward when we're all three in the same room together. Now that's just me and Owen, the silence is oppressive. How did it get to be this way between us? Bellamy has reminded me several times how inseparable the three of us were. But now I stand here with my hands in my pockets and no idea what to say to a man who used to be my closest friend.

Thankfully, he breaks the silence and gives me something else to focus on.

"I've got three names for you to look at. Do these mean anything to you?"

He motions for me to look at his screen.

I read the list and frown. "I've never heard those names before. Who are they?"

"Low-level criminals with no known affiliations to any gangs in the area. They were definitely part of the team that attacked the church. Likely means guns for hire. I'll start looking into their finances and see if I can find a money trail."

I raise an eyebrow. "Hacking into security cameras, now digging into private financial records?"

Owen grins. “Got bit by the hacking bug in college. It comes in handy now and again.”

It makes so much sense that Owen got bit by that particular bug. He was always on a computer when we were teens. Something tells me he was hacking long before college.

“How did it happen with you and Bellamy?”

It’s a loaded question, and I’m pretty sure I don’t want to hear the answer. At the same time, I need it.

“You should let her tell you,” Owen says, still focused on the computer in front of him.

“I’m asking you. You knew she was spoken for. Why get involved?”

Owen slowly shuts his laptop and rotates in his chair towards me, his expression resigned. “So, we’re really having this conversation, then?”

I shift my weight and cross my arms over my chest, bracing myself against the side of the table, letting him know I’m not leaving until we do.

His shoulders tense before he exhales slowly. “It started because she was pissed at you. Your answer to being engaged wasn’t to stick around and get closer to her, but to disappear and start your own business. When we both got accepted to Yale, she begged her father to let me be her security, instead of some stuffy guy she hated. From there, we got to know each other as adults, not teenagers. I’ve always loved her. You had to realize that.”

We both loved her. In a way, I think she always loved us, too. Our bond seemed unbreakable back then. But my disappearing act left only Owen for her to turn to. As much as I want to be angry at her for how things unfolded, I have no right to blame her. Instead, all I can do is try to earn her trust going forward.

Owen's phone rings, and his entire demeanor changes when he answers. He shifts to the edge of his seat, sitting up straighter as he listens intently. A shadow crosses his face as his body language turns defensive. Something is wrong. I stand tall and put a hand inside my jacket in case I need to draw my weapon.

“What are you talking about? That doesn't make any sense.”

He tosses the phone on the table after tapping a button to put it on speaker.

“Say that again so Tobias can hear you, Matteo.”

“A source inside Scotland Yard says they're looking at your brother for the attack on the wedding. It sounds like Gabriel Hunt was leading the faction who didn't want the marriage to begin with. You need to get out of London fast. Authorities suspect Gabriel was working with someone to stop the wedding, and because Owen is the one who rushed out with Bellamy, they've named him as a person of interest as well. I've still got a jet on standby. Just say the word and you'll be in Las Vegas in twelve hours.”

I frown. What the fuck is this guy talking about? There's no way Gabe did this. “Who is your source?” I demand. “My

brother was in the wedding. He wouldn't have anything to do with this. Not to mention he was dying of cancer."

Matteo whistles. "That's intense. I'm sorry to have to be the bearer of bad news. My source is confidential, but reliable. I already sent Owen a redacted copy of the police report to protect my source's identity."

Owen opens his laptop and pulls up the document in question. Just as Matteo suggested, my brother and Owen are listed as persons of interest, with my brother being the lead suspect. But because Owen was spotted dragging Bellamy out of the church, there is speculation that the two were working together. All of this was compiled in just a few hours. That's suspicious. It was pure chaos at the church. The police shouldn't have this much intelligence already. Not when I haven't been able to dig up anything.

"This looks like someone feeding the cops information, and that means we can't trust it. We need to find out who. I can't leave town until I have more to go on." My stride is determined as I head for the door. "I'll be back. Keep digging."

"Are you safe?" Matteo asks as I reach for the handle.

I turn back to the table so he can hear me. "We're booked in under an alias. We should be fine for now. Owen will inform you if that changes." My gut tells me I can trust Matteo, and despite the police report, I still feel like I can trust Owen. Then again, I might have a mole in my organization, so I can't say

how trustworthy my gut is. But I'm going to listen to it for as long as Matteo proves useful.

Owen is already back to his computer, focused on his work, as I leave to go find out what the hell is going on. I need to meet with my closest council and get a read on all of them. If someone is betraying me, it's likely to be coming from one of them. I've always been so cautious about who I let into my inner circle, so the idea that I might have let a rotten apple infiltrate those ranks infuriates me.

With every step, my rage grows. I step onto the elevator with purpose, determined to uncover the culprit so that I can rain hell on whoever betrayed me. No one will stand in my way. I will meet with each member of the organization if I have to, and make sure they feel fear at the knowledge that I will not rest until I find out who I need to kill for ruining my wedding.

Chapter Nine

Chapter 8

Owen

“**W**hat time is it?”

I jolt at Bellamy’s voice and glance up from my screen to find her standing in front of the table; her face drawn into a tight frown and her shoulders rigid. Her eyes lack their usual shine, and exhaustion is clear in her body language. I hate seeing her like this. Worse, I hate not being able to do anything about it.

“Just after six, love. How was your nap?”

“I don’t feel like I slept at all. My neck is killing me, and I can’t turn my head.” She grips the back of her neck, rubbing at it as she speaks.

I close the laptop and point to the couch. “Sit and unclench your jaw.”

She hesitates before slowly sitting. A deep yawn escapes as she opens and closes her mouth to relax her face muscles.

When my hands connect with her skin, she draws in a sharp breath through clenched teeth—the knot of tight muscles instantly revealing how much stress she’s been holding in her body. “Jesus Christ, Bellamy. Your neck is a mess. How long have you been this tense?” It takes work to keep my tone free of the anger that simmers at seeing her this way.

“Seventy-two days,” she mutters.

I do the math. That would be the night she went on a date with Tobias in Las Vegas. Things changed between us that night, as we knew they always would. A wave of guilt sweeps over me. I'm angry that I didn't realize how long she's been suffering. That she's been in London most of the last two months does nothing to assuage my guilt, and I scold myself for not noticing sooner.

As I press into the knot on her left shoulder, she groans, and my anger dissipates as concern takes its place. "Bellamy, love, you have to take care of yourself. Why didn't you get a massage?"

"I did once. But things were so busy with trying to pull off a wedding in less than three months. I don't think I can do this, Owen. How the hell am I supposed to be married to him without you?"

I laugh. "What are you saying? You want to marry both of us?"

She exhales as I work on a knot near her left shoulder blade. "I wouldn't be against the idea."

My hand freezes. "You can't be serious."

"Not really. I know it's not possible. But it would solve a lot of issues for me. Giving you up is the hardest thing I've ever had to do."

"Stop. We're not having this conversation. It would never fly with anyone. Least of all me or Tobias."

Her shoulders sag beneath my hands. “It was a dumb thing to say. But I can’t imagine my life without you. Is it wrong of me to tell you that?”

I loosen my tie and drag a hand through my hair in frustration. “It’s not wrong. I just hate that I can’t do anything about it.”

I resume the massage, carefully working the tension loose in her neck and shoulders. When she lets out a groan, I can’t help but fist my hand in her hair. “Stop making those sounds if you know what’s good for you.”

I loosen my grip on her hair, and she lets her head fall back, so she’s looking up at me. “I want you.”

“Don’t say that.”

I bend down, intent on kissing her forehead, but something snaps in me, and I take her mouth in a searing kiss.

She responds immediately, her lips soft and warm against mine. Her taste is still intoxicating, and with every swipe of my tongue, I want more. My hands wander from her shoulders down to cup her breasts, and her nipples tighten beneath my palms.

The beep of a card being scanned at the door registers almost a second too late, but I pull away before the door opens. A whimper leaves her throat, and I silently curse myself for being so weak.

I sprint back to the table and sit in front of my computer as Tobias strolls in.

“What’s going on here?” he asks, looking from Bellamy to me.

“Owen was just helping me with a knot in my neck.”

Tobias looks skeptical, and I pray he doesn’t shoot me. The silence is deafening as he looks between the two of us. Squaring his shoulders, he turns his back on her and stares at me.

“Your friend was right. Someone is feeding false but believable information to the authorities. I’ve laid some traps to find out who in my organization it might be.”

His voice doesn’t indicate that he suspects anything was going on, and I relax.

Until he sits next to Bellamy.

“Do I need to remind you that you’re still to be my wife?” Tobias asks in a low voice, still loud enough for me to hear.

She huffs and stands, not bothering to give him an answer. “I’m going back to bed.”

“Stop.” Tobias rises as he speaks, and she looks at him with a glare. “Pack a bag in case we need to change locations in a hurry. I gathered some of your things from your room at my parents’ house, and the police returned your phone as well.” He pulls the device out of his pocket and hands it to her.

I ignore the anger that bubbles up at his tone, and I put my phone to my ear to alert Matteo that we might be moving.

When I'm off the call, Tobias points a finger at me. "Keep your hands off her or I'll break every bone in them."

I snort. There's no way he could take me in a fight. But when he starts for me, I hold up my hands. "Calm down. Her neck was so tight she couldn't move her head. I just helped her with a knot like she said."

"Tell that to the lipstick smudge on your face."

Fuck. I instinctively lift a hand to wipe it away as he stalks toward me.

"If we weren't in the middle of a crisis where I clearly need your skills, you would not be standing right now."

"Lucky me," I mutter, holding up my hands.

"Calm down, mate," I say, trying to reason with him. "We weren't doing anything. She kissed me to say thank you. It's instinct. We've been kissing for years."

He snarls as he stops in front of me, and for a moment, I think he's considering throwing me out the window. My reminder that I've been fucking his fiancée for nearly a decade is probably not helping my case any.

He shoves his hands in his pockets and narrows his eyes. "Like I said, keep your bloody hands off her."

Tobias

It's taking everything in my power not to hurl Owen out the window. I'm not easily provoked to violence or murder, but I'll do it if I have to. Even if it's my former best friend.

But I need him right now, so I take a deep breath and walk away from the situation to make a few phone calls. My meetings with those in my inner circle didn't bear the fruit I'd hoped they would. Hopefully, the traps I've laid will give us something soon. And I'm still working my contacts to see if I can dig up anything that points to something other than someone on my team betraying me.

It could also be someone trying to betray my father, or Julian Harper, my future father-in-law. If I'm going to dig into all of those people, Owen will be invaluable.

"Six more people are confirmed dead at the church. It's turned into a goddamn massacre," I say, trying to change the subject to something useful.

"Bloody hell," Owen curses. "Do we have names of the dead?"

I shake my head.

"Not yet. I'm working on it."

"Any reason to think we might need to leave quickly?" Owen asks.

“Nothing specific. But I put a lot of feelers out while I was gone. One might lead back to us, and we need to be ready to move if it does. It’s best that we plan to move in the morning no matter what happens.”

Owen flashes a thumbs up and flips his computer around to show me what looks like a spreadsheet. I pay people to interpret spreadsheets for me, so I don’t have to deal with the headache. I look at him expectantly when he doesn’t say anything.

“Someone definitely paid the three men I showed you earlier. Trouble is, they bounced the money all over the place and it’s taking time to track the original source.”

“What will make it go faster?” I ask.

Owen shakes his head. “Nothing. We just have to let the process play out. I’ve got all my resources on this.”

I put my hands on the table and lean down, getting in his face. “You’re lucky I need all those resources, or we would have a more serious discussion about you touching things that don’t belong to you.”

Chapter Ten

Chapter 9

Bellamy

I step into the living room in time to hear Tobias admonish Owen for touching things that don't belong to him. Owen looks like he's ready to punch him, but he doesn't say anything.

If I didn't think Owen and I were horribly wrong for kissing, I might be pissed at Tobias for referring to me as a thing. But I do think we were wrong, so my anger is a distant emotion that I'll address later. Still, the tension between Owen and Tobias is entirely too thick, and I can't handle being in the same space with them any longer. I slip back into my room before they can see me and pick up the phone beside my bed and call the front desk.

"Is there a bar or something open?"

"Yes, ma'am, on the ground floor."

I grab my room key and open the door to my room.

"I'm running downstairs to get a toiletry kit from the front desk."

Tobias frowns at me. "Didn't my people get your toiletries from the house?"

I shake my head. "Looks like they forgot my toothbrush. I'll just be a minute, I promise."

"I'll come with you." Both men stand and speak in unison, and I hold up a hand.

“Please don’t. I just need a minute to myself to breathe. I’ll be fine going to the lobby and coming right back up. No one knows we’re here.”

They both scowl but share a glance that speaks volumes.

“If you’re not back in five minutes, we’re coming down,” Tobias snaps.

I give him a salute and walk out the door.

Let them come down. I need more than five minutes.

In the elevator, I press the button for the ground floor and lean against the wall, waiting for the car to move.

It’s slow, but eventually, the doors slide open, and I step out into the hotel lobby where I follow the signs to the bar and sit.

“Whiskey on the rocks, please,” I say when the bartender approaches me.

He stares at me for a long time then shakes his head. “Sorry, long night. What did you say?”

I laugh. “Tell me about it. Just a whiskey on the rocks.”

“You got it.” The bartender pulls out a glass and goes about pouring the drink.

I sit and sip it and survey my surroundings. The bar is mostly empty at this time of night, but there are a handful of patrons sitting at the various tables nursing cocktails and talking with their table mates, including one table of women who seem to be celebrating something. The bartender is now on the phone, his eyes darting around the room as if he’s worried his boss

might catch him talking on the company's dime. He hangs up and saunters toward me with a cheeky grin on his face. "Want another?"

I tilt my glass and watch the liquid pool to one side. "I really shouldn't. My..." I hesitate. What do I even call them? "... Companions will be looking for me if I don't get back to my room."

He holds up the bottle. "I'll make it a small one."

When I shake my head, he frowns, as if he really wanted me to stay. But the look passes quickly. "Which room are you in? I'll put it on your tab."

I tell him the number and finish the drink.

As I'm about to slip off the stool and head back to the room, the bartender returns and slides me a stack of what look like business cards.

"Three of you, yeah?"

When I nod, he says, "Bring your companions back. A couple free drinks for each of you."

I smile and tuck them into the pocket of my yoga pants. "Thanks. I'll do that."

As I head to the exit, a man steps into my path.

"Excuse me," I mutter without making eye contact.

But he doesn't move. I look up and freeze. Something about him looks familiar, but I'm not sure what it is.

"Can I help you?" I finally ask.

“Come with me, Princess.” He slides a hand into his pocket, and I’m certain he has a gun. Fuck. I’m pretty sure this man was one of the shooters at my wedding. How did he find me?

Suddenly the bartender’s behavior makes sense. The way he zoned out when I was ordering and then he was on the phone looking shifty-eyed. Perhaps his attempts to get me to stay longer weren’t as friendly as they appeared. He was on someone’s payroll and just happened to get lucky. We should have known that whoever was behind this was well connected in this area. Where the hell are Owen and Tobias? I expected them to already be dragging me out of here by now.

Instead, I’m faced with obeying the stranger in front of me or refusing and risking the lives of everyone in this place.

“What do you want?” I demand, keeping my voice calm. There’s no way I’m letting this bastard know I’m terrified.

“I want you to be good and follow me, so no one gets hurt.”

Taking a step back, I survey my surroundings. This is bad. Very bad. No one knows who I am here. They have no reason to want to help me.

I take the coupons from the bartender out of my pocket as I back away from the stranger, and I stop when I get to the table of boisterous women.

“Hi,” I say with a bright smile. “The bartender over there was super nice and gave me these, but I’m afraid I won’t be here to use them. Would you like them?”

The women all clap, and one stands up to hug me. “Thank you so much.”

I hug the stranger for much longer than is socially acceptable, but I’m at a loss for what else to do. I have to stall for as long as I can and give Owen and Tobias a chance to realize something is wrong.

The stranger stalks toward our table and I step away from the woman before I put her in danger. Everyone at the table squeals and waves at me as I follow the man towards the entrance.

Then the sound of my name filters through the noise, and my limbs feel weightless with relief.

“Bellamy, love. There you are,” Owen strides towards us and opens his jacket just long enough to show the strange man that he’s armed.

“Tobias is waiting for us, love. Let’s go.” He extends his hand to mine and jerks me behind him when I take it. I follow his lead without a second thought. The stranger steps towards us as if he’s going to attack, but Owen tsks his tongue. “Wouldn’t do that if I were you, mate. We already took out your backup, and the police are on their way.”

The stranger falls back and lets us walk away.

Owen grips my hand and takes off in a run. It takes effort, but I keep up with him.

“Where’s Tobias?” I ask as we sprint through the lobby.

“Getting the car loaded.”

I'm breathless by the time we reach the car, and he shoves me into the back seat.

“How did you know?”

Owen laughs. “Did you really think I let you go down there without eyes on you? I've been tapped into the security cameras since we arrived. When I saw you go into the bar, I decided to let you be until I realized something was wrong. A mistake on my part.”

Tobias slides into the front passenger seat as Owen starts the car. As soon as the doors are all shut, he peels out of the parking lot. “This wouldn't have happened at all if you hadn't insisted on going downstairs.”

“Don't you dare blame her,” Owen snarled. “The bastard followed you here from wherever you went today.”

These men are going to come to blows over me eventually. I can feel it.

“Thank you for keeping an eye on me. I think the bartender recognized me somehow and tipped our guy off.”

Tobias relents and glances at me in the rear-view mirror. “That's good intel, little vixen.”

“Now, do you bloody see why we need to get the hell out of the country?” Owen shouts.

I wince and shrink deeper into the backseat of the SUV.

This is stupid. Las Vegas is clearly the best place for us. Owen has resources we can trust. Here, it looks like we're on

our own until we verify who is and isn't involved in the massacre at the wedding. More people died than we originally heard.

“Stop the damn car,” I say. I'm tired of playing the wilting flower in this situation. I've had to get in between men at the High Card before, I can handle these two.

Owen ignores me.

“I said stop the fucking car or I'm rolling out at the next traffic light.”

Owen glares at me from his spot behind the wheel, and Tobias turns to stare. “Is she serious?” he asks.

“Yes, I'm fucking serious. Pull over.”

Owen curses but turns into the parking lot for a restaurant.

“What the hell has gotten into you?” he demands as he shoves the car into park.

“I'm going to need the two of you to put aside your differences and work together. We used to do it all the time. I know, I know. We were teenagers, and things have changed. Well, fucking pretend like they haven't and work together.”

Tobias drags a hand through his long hair and looks at Owen. “She's right. We're better together at this point.”

“We're better in Las Vegas, away from this shit show,” Owen mutters.

“Owen, please.”

When he doesn't respond, I lean up and put a hand on his shoulder. "Please, Sir. For me."

Tobias blinks at me. But I stop him from speaking by holding up a hand.

"Get out of the car, Tobias. Let's talk in private."

He glares but does as I ask. I step out and close my door.

"Do I need to..."

I stop him with a hand on his arm. "Stop. You don't need to remind me I'm engaged to you. But clearly, I do need to remind you that you don't own me. I'm begging you to please put aside your dislike for him and work together. Yes, I'm in love with him. We've talked about this. But I'm still going to marry you. When it's safe to do so, we will have our wedding and fulfill our commitments. But right now, I'd like to just focus on staying alive."

He looks at me skeptically. "You'll still marry me? What about him? What's with you calling him sir like that?"

I exhale through my nose and pray my answer is good enough. "Our relationship was unconventional. That's all the information you need. But that's over, and I will marry you. You have my word, Tobias."

His face is a storm of emotions, but he doesn't say anything. I wonder if he realizes how much his eyes give away. Or is that only with me? The silence drags between us before he reaches for my cheek and cups it, tracing his thumb along my cheekbone. "OK, little vixen." He opens the door and slides

into the car without another word. I'm thankful he didn't make me go into more detail about the nature of my relationship with Owen. It's not easy for outsiders to understand.

In the car, Tobias clears his throat and looks at Owen. "Let's figure out our next steps."

Owen looks in the rear-view mirror and makes eye contact with Tobias. "We can work together. We've done it before."

That makes me smile, but I school my expression when Owen glares at me. They've been so at odds with each other since the rehearsal. Understandably so, but the glimpse of them working together made me miss our childhood friendship so desperately, and I allow myself the fantasy that one day we'll have it again.

Owen

We drive a couple of hours outside of London and check into a small hotel for the night. Tobias wasn't comfortable trying to fly out of London, so we've arranged for a jet to take us to Las Vegas from here. At least he's agreed to let us go there. It's the safest place for us right now.

The small hotel has a dining room that is still serving dinner when we arrive, so the three of us sit at a table. It's awkward, but Bellamy takes over the conversation.

"Do you remember that summer you and Owen stole his mother's car.?"

Tobias scowls. "What do you mean, me and Owen? You were right there with us, little vixen."

Bellamy giggles at his response, and I tamp down the twinge of jealousy. Now isn't the time for that.

"I was just a passenger going along with your crazy ideas."

I clear my throat. "If I remember right, you're the one who came up with the idea to begin with."

Bellamy gasps. "I most certainly did not."

Tobias snorts and I just shake my head. Bellamy was just as much a part of our mischief as the two of us.

The conversation continues, with us sharing childhood memories. I admit there's a sense of rightness about the three

of us spending time together. I wish it could always be this way.

“Was there actually a bachelorette party?” Tobias asks when the conversation lulls.

Bellamy frowns at his question.

“What do you mean? Did I have one? You know I did. You insisted on sending your damn security team with us.”

“No. When I came to see you in Las Vegas. Were you actually there for a bachelorette party?”

She drops her gaze to her lap. “No. I’ve been living there for the past several years.”

“With Owen?”

She looks up and glares. “No. I had my own apartment. The lease was up this month. That’s why I picked the date I did for the wedding.”

I fucking hate sitting here listening to her talk so casually about walking away from what we had.

Tobias stays quiet as he looks back and forth between the two of us.

“I realize you still have feelings for each other. But do you understand the importance of this marriage?”

I twist the tablecloth in my fingers. “Bellamy does. I do not. There are other ways to form this alliance.”

“Perhaps there are. But none as clean as marriage.”

“Enough,” Bellamy says. “You will not talk about me like I’m a pawn in whatever chess game our families are playing. I’ll do what I’m supposed to, but I will be respected.”

I couldn’t be prouder of her at that moment. Despite the subject matter, it’s always good to see her standing up for herself. It’s something she’s gotten better at over the years.

Tobias pulls his phone out of his pocket and stands. “Give me one second, mother.”

He excuses himself, and I sit in silence while Bellamy takes a sip of her drink.

“I love you, Owen. It’s cruel of me to tell you that, but it’s true and it felt wrong not to say it at least one more time. Thank you for saving my life. If there were any way to stay with you, I would do it.”

I put a hand over the one she has resting on the table. “I won’t lie and say I understand. But I’m also not going to pressure you. I promise.”

“I appreciate that. This is so painful. I fucking hate it.”

“Just go with your gut, love. I trust it and you implicitly.”

It’s painful saying those words to her, but ultimately, I mean them. When Bellamy and I first explored power exchange, she lacked confidence in herself. Together, we built her up into the powerful woman she is today. But she did all the work, and I’ll never stop telling her how proud I am of that.

Tobias returns looking grim.

“How soon can your pilot get us out of here?”

“What happened?” I ask, already pulling up Matteo’s number to make the arrangements.

“Someone came to the hospital to deliver a message. They want me to return to the hospital, and they want Bellamy to be delivered to her parents.”

I raise an eyebrow. “And your response is to run?”

He hesitates, and I wonder if he’s leaving something out.

“I told my mother we were already on a plane out of the country. It buys us some time. At least a couple of days to figure out who’s behind this. I’ve done all I can do here, and I would rather not have Bellamy shot at again. So, we’re getting her out.”

At least I’m sure he has her safety as a top priority. It doesn’t make this any easier, but it does give me some semblance of comfort to believe he’ll go to great lengths to protect her.

Chapter Eleven

Chapter 10

Tobias

It's barely four in the morning, and Owen and I are standing in the hallway outside our hotel room where Bellamy is still sleeping. He asked me to step out and talk so we wouldn't wake her. At first, I thought we were going to argue about how best to get to the plane, and whether our flight plan should include any stops, but so far, we're on the same page. A straight flight to Las Vegas where we'll formulate a game plan for tracking down the people who shot up my wedding.

Owen makes the call to tell the pilot we're on our way, and I go into the room to wake Bellamy. But she's already up and I hear her brushing her teeth in the bathroom.

When she steps out, she's dressed in red yoga pants and a black t-shirt. I've seen her dressed casually more in the last two days than the entire time she's been in London. Since joining me here to plan the wedding, she's been dressed to the nines in the latest fashions. It's what's expected of the Hunt women. But I like this casual side of her more than I thought I would.

"You're staring," she says, her voice still husky from sleep.

"Just admiring the view."

Her face turns nearly the same shade as her pants, and she goes for her bag, but I get to it before she can.

“I’m sorry if that was inappropriate, but you’re a beautiful woman, and I’m very much looking forward to getting acquainted with you as my wife.”

She doesn’t say anything, so I keep going. “That said, I’ll never force myself on you. At some point, we will be expected to produce an heir, but that can be many years down the road.”

“It’s entirely too early in the morning for this conversation,” she finally snaps, having recovered from her initial embarrassment at my compliment.

I tilt my head toward the door. “Owen has called our pilot and we’re ready to go.”

She heads for the door before I can say anything else, and I hang back to hear how she greets Owen.

Their voices are too quiet though and I can’t hear them, so I step into the hall and pull the door shut. We’ve already loaded our bags into the SUV that we will take to the airfield that’s a half hour from here.

Soon, we’re on our way in the darkness, and I’m quietly grateful for the distraction that being on the move again provides my brain.

As we drive, I let my mind wander to what was supposed to be my wedding day. Bellamy looked stunning in her dress, and I realized then what a lucky man I am. It’s also been oddly nice having Owen around again. Perhaps we can pursue a friendship when this is all over. That he’s Bellamy’s ex might

make things awkward at first, but if he's willing, I might be able to overlook that.

When we arrive at the airfield, the jet is ready for us, with a pilot and one flight attendant waiting at the bottom of the stairs. They take our bags and wait for us to climb aboard.

As we're settling into our seats, Owen's cell phone rings. He puts it to his ear, and I pay attention to his end of the conversation.

"Tell him to find his own way home. You shouldn't have bloody sent him to babysit me anyway."

I frown and lean forward. "What is it?"

He holds up one finger, signaling for me to be patient.

"Either way, he didn't need to be here," Owen snaps at whoever is on the other end of the call.

Movement at the front of the plane catches my eye, and when I look, a man I don't recognize is climbing onto the plane with a duffel bag over his shoulder.

"Thanks for the lift, Owen," he says, dropping into the seat on the other side of the small aisle.

"Who the hell are you?" I demand.

But Bellamy leans around me and smiles. "Hi, Bryce, I didn't know you were in town."

Owen huffs and shoves the phone into his pocket. "I ought to throw you out when we reach cruising altitude."

Interesting. Bellamy seems friendly with the stranger named Bryce, but Owen clearly isn't a fan.

"I'll ask again. Who the hell are you, and why are you here?"

Bryce grins. "I was in town on business, and Matteo said I could hitch a ride home with you. Name's Bryce Cameron. You must be the other man in Bellamy's life."

He winks at her, and I want to punch him.

He's lucky the door is already closing, or he would find his ass on the pavement.

"Matteo says you offered to check on me. That's different from him sending you."

Bryce lifts both palms like he's weighing something. "Potato, Potahto. I was going to be in London anyway. Figured it couldn't hurt to keep you from doing something stupid."

"Well, do us all a favor and shut the fuck up until we land," Owen snaps.

Bryce pulls out a pair of headphones and slips them on, and I do my best to pretend he isn't there. I will definitely be digging into him when we land.

As the plane lifts off a few minutes later, I can't help but feel like life as I know it is changing. Instead of flying off on my honeymoon, I'm fleeing the home I've always known with my fiancée, and her former lover.

Bellamy

I did not sleep well last night, but it feels good to be flying back to Las Vegas. It's my home, and I've spent the past two and a half months trying to convince myself I could make London my new home with Tobias. I told him I would honor my commitment, but my heart is breaking at the thought of leaving my safe haven again when the time comes.

When we are in the air, I stand and look at Owen and Tobias. They're both so strong and handsome in such different ways. I fell in love with Tobias when we were teens, but Owen stole my heart in college, and he's owned me ever since. I don't understand how I'm supposed to break away from that and give my commitment to another man.

"Going to lie down, love?" Owen asks, absentmindedly as he focuses on his laptop.

I nearly say yes, Sir. It's my knee-jerk response with him, and I don't know how to turn it off.

Thankfully, I'm distracted by the fact that Tobias is shooting Owen a death glare. "I'm exhausted. Wake me in a couple of hours if one of you wants a turn with the bed."

Tobias puts a hand on my forearm. "You should just sleep. We'll be fine out here, *love*."

The emphasis he puts on the word love has Owen snapping his gaze to Tobias before he looks at me. "Tobias is right. I

won't sleep anyway. Get some good rest.”

In some ways, it might be good that Bryce showed up. His presence might be the thing that keeps the two of them from murdering each other at thirty-thousand feet.

I hurry towards the bedroom to avoid any more awkwardness and slip off my shoes before laying on the bed.

Exhaustion wins out over my racing mind, and I drift off to sleep faster than I expect.

But sleep is not as restful as I would like. I'm plagued by dreams of handsome men. Tobias is in bed with me, kissing me, touching me, saying dirty things. But Owen is there too, and it's fucking with my head.

Sometime later, I jerk awake only to find Tobias sitting on the bench seat next to the bed.

“What were you dreaming about?” he asks quietly. My face heats. There is no way I'm telling him.

I sit up and pull the blanket protectively against my chest, despite being fully dressed.

“What are you doing here?” I ask, my voice husky from sleep.

“I came to check on you.”

“And your idea of checking on me is to sit there and watch me sleep?”

He lifts one shoulder. “Seemed like you were having a pleasant dream. I wanted to see where it went. You moan

pretty.”

My face heats, and I point at the door. “Get out.”

He stands and moves closer to the bed. “Can a man not enjoy the way his fiancée moans?”

Anger mixes with my embarrassment, and my face is so hot I’m convinced it’s going to burst into flames any moment. But he’s standing there in his suit, looking stern and intense, and I’m suddenly transported back to my dream. What would he be like in bed?

“You’ll find I can be attentive to all your needs if you let me in, Bellamy.”

My name on his lips sets the rest of me on fire, and I’m certain I’ll bring the plane down with the weight of my lust.

He bends and kisses my head. “We’re landing in an hour and a half if you want to freshen up.”

“What time is it in Las Vegas?” I ask, desperate to change the subject.

He looks at the smartwatch on his left wrist. “Just after eight in the morning.”

I groan. Jet lag is going to suck, but it could be worse, and we could be landing in the middle of the night. I’m glad I managed a semblance of a nap, no matter how restless it was. With a glance at the door, I stand. “Can you get out so I can freshen up?”

He smirks but moves toward the door. “See you out there, little vixen. Perhaps after we’re married, you’ll tell me about that dream.”

Chapter Twelve

Chapter 11

Owen

As the plane touches down, I sense tension between Bellamy and Tobias. What did he say to her when he went to check on her? Bryce has—thankfully—stayed quiet for the duration. Even when I was locked in a battle of wills with Tobias over who was going to wake her up. Otherwise, it's been an uneventful flight, but now everyone is on high alert. As far as we can tell, no one has figured out that we're in Las Vegas, and I plan to keep it that way for as long as possible.

Matteo waits on the tarmac for us, standing at attention in front of a black SUV. Victor and Luke are elsewhere, probably handling business before they have to open High Card tonight. Matteo wanted to close, but I convinced him that things need to be business as usual, so we don't spook anyone. Our club is home to many criminals. I doubt there is anyone there with ties to Tobias. Bellamy and I have kept our relationship a secret all these years by vetting everyone carefully.

Bellamy steps off the plane last, and Matteo looks at me with one eyebrow raised. I give a subtle shake of my head. Now is not the time for his questions. But they'll have to be asked and answered eventually. I understand that.

The SUV is running, and we're all silent as we pile in. Bellamy takes the front seat before anyone can object, so I'm stuck sitting in the middle between Bryce and Tobias.

“Where do you want to go?” Matteo asks as he pulls away from the private jet.

“Sapphire. I can keep an eye on everyone better from there.”

“You can drop me at Diamond Desire. I’m having breakfast with Skylar,” Bryce says.

Matteo doesn’t say anything as he eases onto the road that will take us to the I15 and eventually onto the Las Vegas strip, but I sense the tension between him and Bryce. I’ll be happy when that situation is resolved.

“What’s so special about the Sapphire?” Tobias asks.

Matteo glances at me in the rear-view mirror, but I avoid eye contact and look out my window. “I’m head of Hunter Novak’s rapid response team and his cyber security division. Started out at the Elysium and recently took over the entire operation for all three of his resorts.”

Tobias snorts. “So, all those hours in front of the computer paid off it seems.”

I fight the urge to turn around and sock him in the shoulder the way I might have done if we’d remained friends over the years.

“Novak gives me pretty broad freedom, too.”

“He’s a powerful ally to have,” Tobias admits. “Perhaps that will come in handy.”

It only takes a few minutes to get to the iconic strip. It bustles with activity, and I spot at least four security risks as

we drive. But inside the Sapphire is safest for us. My house is another possibility, but taking Bellamy there and not being able to have her in my bed is too painful.

We drop Bryce off first, then Matteo pulls into the employee lot of the Sapphire and parks near an entrance. “I’m going to let you three get settled. I’ll be in my office until you’re ready for me.”

“Office?” Tobias questions.

“He runs VIP services for Bliss, the night club. Working on striking a profit-sharing agreement with Novak,” I explain as I open my door.

Tobias exits and looks at me over the hood of the car. “Word is Novak is a bit of a straight edge. How does he feel about your criminal ties?”

“He’s a reasonable man and isn’t above using organizations like ours when he needs to. We have a gentlemen’s agreement never to use his casinos to launder money, and he lets us keep our jobs because we’re so damn good at them.”

Inside, I take us to my command center, surprising my employees.

“As you were. I just need to take care of something,” I say as I sit at a keyboard and find an open room we can take over. Once we’re in the system, I turn the cameras on in the suite I’ve picked. Not all of our VIP rooms are equipped, and they’re turned off unless the guest requests them, but I’m not taking any chances with our safety.

“Room is ready,” I say with a wink at Bellamy. “Don’t worry, love. The penthouse with three bedrooms was open.”

“And Hunter doesn’t mind?”

I laugh. “Hunter won’t notice unless he needs it for something. And if he does, we’ll move.”

That seems to satisfy her, and she falls into step behind me. I’m almost tempted to give her our hand signal, which means I want her beside me. So much about our dynamic has changed, but I just want things to be the way they were. That’s not going to happen, though. It can’t.

When we reach the suite on the top floor of the hotel, Tobias and I do a quick security sweep before we let Bellamy in. For some reason, I decide not to tell him about the cameras. That may come back to bite me later, but I’ll deal with it if it does.

I point her to the largest bedroom, and Tobias immediately claims the one right next door. I settle for the one across the living room, knowing I won’t sleep much anyway.

Bellamy disappears into her room, leaving me alone with Tobias. His glare would frighten most men, but I spent too many summers with him as a teenager to truly fear him.

“We agree that Bellamy’s safety is our top priority. That’s the only reason we’re here,” he says after several minutes of silence.

“Fair enough. She’s right, you know? About us working together. It’s the best thing for her.”

He's silent, but he doesn't disagree, so I pull out my phone. "I'm going to call Matteo."

Ten minutes later, a knock sounds and I pull up the door camera on my phone. Matteo stands there, but he isn't alone. Luke and Victor are behind him.

"Fair warning, mate, Matteo brought friends. I trust them with my life. I'm not sure how much Bellamy told you about our life here, but we've been working together for the past several years."

Tobias glowers. "I don't care how much you trust these people, they are not to be trusted with Bellamy's safety."

I snort. "She's seen them all naked. They'll keep her safe."

A gasp catches our attention, and we turn to find Bellamy standing in the door of her bedroom.

"It's not like he makes it sound," she says, glaring at me. "We run an exclusive sex club. I've seen all of them play there before. Owen is the only one I've slept with."

I can't help but smirk. It's childish of me, but I enjoy hearing her acknowledge our sexual relationship in front of her fiancé.

"Does your father know any of this?" Tobias asks, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"Of course not. He thinks I've been traveling the world with Owen as my bodyguard."

Tobias rolls his eyes. "Clearly, he took the body part of his job a little too seriously."

Another knock sounds and Matteo's voice comes over my phone. "Owen, I know you're in there staring at us on your creepy little tablet. Open the damn door."

I jerk the door open and let the formidable threesome in.

Luke makes a beeline for Bellamy, his arms open for a hug, but Tobias steps in his path.

Luke just laughs and holds up his hand to show off his wedding ring. "Zara would kill me. Bellamy is like a sister. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to make sure she's OK." He brushes past Tobias and pulls Bellamy close.

"I'm fine, Luke. Don't antagonize Tobias. He's not used to all of you."

Luke turns and offers his hand to Tobias. "Luke Bowden."

"Tobias Hunt."

"You met Matteo. This is Victor Serrano," I say, pointing to the stoic man still standing near the door.

Tobias raises an eyebrow. "Quite the little crew you've amassed, Owen. How did you end up here running a sex club?"

"You told him?" Matteo barks.

"Technically Bellamy did."

Matteo frowns at Bellamy, but she's hard to be mad at, so his face immediately softens. "I guess it's for the best given the circumstances. Let's get down to business."

Tobias

Owen and his friends sit around the massive table in the dining area of the penthouse, and the other three pepper Owen with questions. I hang back, observing until Bellamy moves to the table. I beat her to it and pull a chair out then sit next to her and drape an arm over the back of her chair. It's petty, but the brief glare Owen sends my way pleases me more than it should.

“At least one of the shooters was already in the church from what we've been able to piece together from everything you gathered, Owen. The others entered from the back, and you're not wrong about them making a beeline for Bellamy,” Matteo says.

Owen gives a terse nod. “I don't think they were trying to kill her, though. Based on our encounter in the bar before we left England, I would say they want to kidnap her for some reason. I'm still untangling the finances.”

Silence falls over the group as we all consider the implications of what Owen has just said. Kidnapping Bellamy would be a nightmare scenario for all of us. Especially when we don't know who the perpetrators are or what their motives are. If it's a rival family wanting to stop the marriage, it means starting an all-out war. If it's my family or Bellamy's family trying to back out of the marriage contract, it also means war.

Either way, Bellamy is being used as a pawn, and I don't like it.

“We need to find out who they are and what they want before they have a chance to act,” Victor says, breaking the silence. “Do we have a way to flush them out?”

“We're working on it. I've already tasked some of my people with looking into it, and Tobias has cast a net in his own organization to find out if it's an inside job. But we need to be careful. We don't want to tip our hand and reveal that we're onto them. Trying to flush them out right now without enough information isn't wise.”

I give them what little information I have, and the conversation continues like this for another forty-five minutes. Eventually, the topic shifts to the High Card—the BDSM club the four men own.

“Will you be there tonight?” Luke asks Owen.

Owen glances my way and then looks at Bellamy before answering. “Is it a good idea?”

Matteo scratches at the back of his head and looks around the table. “I think it's best. Keeps things normal.”

Bellamy sits up straighter. “Can I come? I realize I technically don't work there anymore, but I miss it.”

Matteo reaches for her hand and gives it a squeeze. “I would like nothing more. Grace isn't working out so well taking over for you. If you wanted to step back into your old role for a night or two, that would be a life saver.”

That makes me tense. “What exactly is your role?” I ask.

Owen laughs. “Tell him, love.”

“Bite me, Owen.”

The outburst surprises me. She’s always been almost deferential to him.

But she turns to me before Owen can respond. “I was the office manager, for lack of a better term.”

Matteo snorts. “Don’t sell yourself short, sweetheart.”

To me he says, “Bellamy practically runs the place. On paper she’s head submissive and the office manager. But if it weren’t for her, we wouldn’t be nearly as successful as we are.”

I’m filled with a sense of pride that I’m not expecting. The head submissive part raises questions, but I don’t ask them right now. That seems like a conversation to have with my fiancée in private.

“I’d like to attend as well. It seems better for the three of us to stick together right now.”

Matteo and Owen exchange a look before Owen tilts his head in my direction. “We can arrange that.”

Bellamy seems happier than she has since she came to London for our wedding. Jealousy is not an emotion I’m used to, but now I find myself jealous of a sex club. Or maybe a whole damn town. Her demeanor shifted as soon as we touched down in Sin City.

What is it about this place? Is it just that she lived here with Owen? Something tells me it's more than that, and I'm determined to find out what it is. I want to learn everything that makes my wife-to-be tick. It's the only way I'll win her over.

“Can I call Grace?”

“No.”

“Yes.”

My response is knee jerk and immediate, but Owen's response is just as swift and the opposite of mine.

Bellamy ignores both of us and looks to the head of the table. “Matteo, do you mind if I call Grace and see if I can help her out with anything? I don't want to just take over from her when she's been doing my job for nearly two months.”

Matteo's amusement is almost unnoticeable given his stoic expression, but a sparkle of mischief in his eyes gives it away. “That's fine with me. Something tells me she'll welcome your call.”

She stands and picks up her phone. As she moves away from the table her hand brushes my shoulder and it doesn't seem like it was an accident. I watch her walk away, hoping for a sign that she touched me on purpose, but she gives me none.

I want to hear her phone call, but I'm needed at the table to make sure these men don't try anything too dangerous.

The four men sitting with me are clearly friends. The kind of friends Owen and I used to be. It makes me miss him for a

moment until I catch Bellamy staring at him while she's on the phone across the room.

She laughs at something Grace says, but her eyes never leave Owen. Will she ever look at me that way? There were a few seconds on the plane after she woke from her nap that I thought I saw lust in her eyes when she looked at me, but now I can't be sure.

"Earth to Tobias," Owen says, flicking a pen my way.

I catch the pen and snap my attention back to the meeting happening in front of me and do my best not to look at Bellamy again. "What were you saying?"

"I was asking if you had any objections to arriving at the club a little after us. We don't want people questioning who the new guy is and why he's suddenly in our circle."

I frown. "You go. I'll bring Bellamy later."

Bellamy clears her throat. "I'm meeting Grace there in a couple of hours. She needs more help than I thought."

I glare at her. "You're not going without one of us."

She has the audacity to roll her eyes at me, and I'm suddenly overcome with the desire to spank her. Especially now that I understand what she's been up to all these years. Would she welcome me spanking her? Her voice interrupts my dirty thoughts.

"The club is Fort Knox. It's probably the safest place for me when I'm not here."

“She’s right,” Luke says. “Ask my Zara.”

Bellamy smacks Luke in the back of the head. “What you did to her was cruel.”

Luke flashes her an impish grin. “It worked, didn’t it? She’s Zara Bowden now.”

Bellamy shakes her head. “You’re lucky she told me not to be mad at you.”

Now I want to know what Luke did to his wife. And I’m jealous of these interactions. Of the family my fiancée has clearly made here. I’m also experiencing twinges of guilt for taking her away from it all. That is definitely not something I expected to feel. I’m a practical man, not prone to emotional reactions, but I’ve had several of those since she came back into my life.

Matteo clears his throat. “Can we get back to business, please?”

Bellamy ducks her head. “Sorry. I’m going to change clothes.” She stands and I watch her walk away, wishing I could follow and help her change. Will we ever be that familiar with each other?

Owen looks at me expectantly. “So, do you mind? We’ll send a driver for you an hour or so after we open and have Bellamy give you the grand tour like any other first-time guest.”

That gets my attention. A private tour of a BDSM club from my fiancée? There’s no way I’m turning down that

opportunity.

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter 12

Bellamy

My hand actually shakes as I open the front door to Sin City Subs—the sandwich shop that hides our club from the prying eyes of the public. I’ve been gone for five weeks, but it feels like a lifetime.

Grace nearly tackles me with her hug when I walk in. The shop is open for business, but no one is at the counter, so we slip into the back.

“Please don’t kill me,” Grace moans as she unlocks the door to what used to be my office. Some things are different, like the photos on the desk, but it’s mostly the same, and my heart aches from homesickness.

“Come on. It can’t be that bad, Gracie.”

She bites her lip. “Matteo actually threatened me with his belt. You know he doesn’t usually punish High Card subs anymore since Skylar came into his life.”

I wince. Grace is right. If Matteo is frustrated enough with her to threaten physical punishment, I’ve got my work cut out for me. I sit at the desk and wake up the computer. All my beautiful spreadsheets are open, and they are a mess. My heart almost breaks. But I give Grace a bright smile. “Go back to the shop. I’ll fix this and we’ll go over it all again when I’m done.”

Grace shakes her head. “I don’t want this job. Find someone else. Or... here’s a bright idea. Don’t freaking leave us again.”

I laugh and shoo her out of the room. When she’s gone, I pull out my headphones and turn on some music. Within ten minutes, I’m in the zone. Spreadsheets make sense to me when a lot of life doesn’t. And spreadsheets never lie. Even when they’re broken and appear to be lying, the truth is always in the numbers.

My office darkens, and I glance up to find Luke standing there.

I take my headphones off and smile. “Hey, Master Luke.”

He comes into the office and perches on the corner of my desk. “Hey, little one. How much have you told Tobias about this place?”

I drop my head to escape his intense gaze. “Only what we talked about earlier today.”

He tucks a hand under my chin and forces me to meet his gaze. “Why not fill him in?”

I shake my head. “It’s not that simple. My relationship with Owen was secret. How do I tell my fiancé that I was in a twenty-four/seven power exchange relationship while I was supposed to be engaged to him?”

Luke pulls out his phone and taps the screen. “Perhaps the same way your fiancé tells you about his penchant for submissive women at an exclusive club in London.”

I narrow my eyes at him when he flips the screen around to show me a photo of Tobias escorting a woman into a nondescript building. But I recognize it as a BDSM club in London. Owen and Matteo toured it years ago to get ideas for our own space.

“Does Owen know Tobias is a member there?” I ask, shoving the phone away.

“Not sure. Wouldn’t surprise me. I did a little digging on Matteo’s orders.”

Normally, Matteo would ask Owen to do the digging. It’s his specialty. The fact that he didn’t ask him makes sense on a certain level. But it still makes me tense. I don’t want anything to ruin what Owen has here. “Why does this have to be so complicated?”

Luke lets out a full-throated laugh. “Relationships are hard even when everyone involved is honest, little one. You start keeping secrets and it’s going to complicate things further. And speaking of relationships, my wife wants to say hi. You up for another visitor?”

My smile is my answer. I love Zara. It will be nice to talk to her again.

Luke leans down and kisses my cheek. “This place isn’t the same without you.”

I stick my tongue out at him just to keep myself from crying, and he shakes his head. “Barely gone a month and already you’ve forgotten how things work around here.”

I giggle at his serious tone, and he tousles my hair before he leaves.

A few seconds later, Zara rushes in.

“I miss you so much.”

I stand and hug her tight. “It sucks being gone. How are you?”

She grins. “Happy. Really fucking happy.”

I motion for her to sit. Zara is the type that won’t mind if I keep working while we talk. Grace wasn’t wrong about the mess, but I’ve been having fun cleaning it all up.

I express that to Zara, and she laughs. “It really does require a spreadsheet fetish to do your job well. And I don’t think that’s something Grace has.”

I quirk an eyebrow upward. “Spreadsheet fetish?”

Zara laughs. “Admit it. You’re getting off on working on those things.”

“Well, it’s more excitement than I’ve had in the last few weeks. Let’s put it that way.”

Zara whistles. “Does that mean things are really over between you and Owen?”

I don’t want to answer that question. Saying it out loud is too painful. So, I ignore her and click over to the next spreadsheet that needs to be fixed.

“Sore subject. I get it. Tell me about Tobias. Rumor is he’ll be here tonight.”

I push my chair away from the screen and look at her. “He’s changed so much.”

“Oh, that’s right! You were childhood friends.”

“He used to be so fun. Something happened along the way, and he’s turned into a serious grump.”

Zara frowns. “Hasn’t Owen grown more serious as he’s gotten older?”

I lean back in my chair and stare at her. “Not the same way Tobias has. Owen still has a sense of humor and enjoys playing pranks. They’ve just gotten more elaborate. Sure, he’s serious about things like security, but deep down, he’s still Owen.”

I press the lever on a candy dispenser. “Tobias would never do this.”

She takes the candy I hand her and looks at it.

“Oh. My. God. I’m giving him so much shit about this when I see him. Why have I never seen these before?” She pops the chocolate in her mouth as I dispense a handful for myself.

“When we first got to Las Vegas, he wanted to play tourist, so we booked a room on the strip and walked it for three days. He became obsessed with the M&M store. You should see the office at his house. He’s got every M&M decoration you can think of. I like chocolate after we do an intense scene and, on our grand opening night, he brought these out during after care. My dispenser has stayed full ever since.”

The candy is personalized with mine and Owen's names on some and a diamond playing card symbol on the others. The diamond represents Owen's symbol at the club. Each of the four owners has a unique one. I couldn't bring myself to pack the dispenser and take it to London with me, for fear that it would upset Tobias, so I told Owen to take it. I'm not sure how I feel about the fact that he hasn't moved it yet.

Zara puts a hand on her heart. "That is the sappiest thing ever. Men are competitive. Tell Tobias about this, and he'll do something even better."

I make a face, and she groans.

"Forgive me. That's manipulative and uncalled for. I got a little too good at that in my line of work."

Zara used to be a full-service escort, but when she married Luke, she transitioned to other forms of adult work. I don't understand all the details and I never ask. But Luke is happy with whatever they've compromised on, and that's all that matters to me. Luke wasn't lying about me being like a sister to him.

"It's fine. I'm just... confused right now. Tobias is intriguing to me. Which is a good thing since we're supposed to be getting married. But I'm still deeply in love with Owen. It's made a mess of my brain and my heart, and nothing feels right. Nothing but these spreadsheets anyway."

Zara stands and smiles. "I should get out of your hair. We'll talk tonight after we open."

I let her go with the promise of a drink later and put my headphones back on. By the time I'm finished untangling the mess Grace has made of the books, it's nearly time for the club to open. I make a quick change into a black mini dress and slip the charm bracelet I've carried with me all this time on my wrist. Tonight, it's heavy.

Tobias has an official profile and will be able to enter the club without trouble when he arrives later tonight. I'm nervous about his visit. But for now, I push that out of my mind and head into the heart of the club, where I'll walk around and greet people I've missed and catch a drink with Skylar and Zara.

Owen

I almost miss the owners' meeting before the club opens because I got caught up in a conversation with Hunter Novak. It's not often that the boss wants to meet with me, and I take that as a sign of his trust in me. But he caught wind of me using the largest suite in the building. I'll shield Bellamy from that little detail. He didn't seem to mind when I explained the situation.

I'm anxious about tonight. Why I agreed to let Tobias come, I have no idea. That's not true. I know exactly why. Because if I didn't say yes, he would have insisted Bellamy stay at the penthouse with him, and I want another night at the High Card with her.

The owners' meeting is short, thankfully, and when we come out of Matteo's office, Bellamy is waiting for me, but she looks nervous, twisting a stray curl around her finger.

“What's wrong?”

She bites her lip, and I cup her jaw. “Spit it out, love.”

“Don't be an asshole tonight.”

I narrow my eyes. “Excuse me?”

She huffs and looks at me with exasperated eyes. “You know what I mean. Don't treat me like your sub in front of Tobias just to piss him off.”

I smirk and lean in to kiss her forehead. “Know me that well, do you?”

This elicits a nervous giggle, and I relax.

“Don’t worry. I’ll be on my best behavior. I may want to fuck with Tobias, but I don’t want to make you miserable. You have my word. Tonight, you’re merely an employee of the club.”

Damn it, I’m not sure she understands just how hard it is for me to say those words. I give her shoulder a tender squeeze, and she reaches out to adjust my tie.

“We’re always going to be linked, you and I,” she whispers.

I fight the urge to kiss her, but I put my hand over hers at the knot in my tie and lift it to my lips. “Never forget that, love.”

“I won’t. I promise.”

The moment passes, and she clears her throat. “I have a couple more things to do in the office before Tobias gets here.”

The crowd is starting to gather in the club, and after she walks away, I make my way to the main play space and bar area. We’re expecting a few international VIP guests tonight, and the four of us like to be around to greet them when we can.

Tonight, I lean against the bar and survey the crowd while I sip a bottle of mineral water. An hour into the festivities, Tobias walks in and I tense as Bellamy greets him with a smile and begins her tour. I’ve watched her give it hundreds of times, and it’s never once pissed me off. Until now.

“Careful. You might crush that bottle,” Matteo says as he parks himself next to me.

“It’s not right. The two of them together.”

Matteo’s lips press into a tight, thin line. “Maybe, maybe not. But just remember that we have clients to entertain tonight. You can’t be going off half-cocked because you’re jealous and can’t think straight.”

I frown. “What do you mean by that?”

He claps a hand on my shoulder. “Why didn’t you just marry her yourself? It would have at least slowed things down.”

It’s a question I’ve asked myself over and over again. But deep down, I know the answer. Bellamy would have said no. Her loyalty to me is only rivaled by her loyalty to her family.

“Things will work out if they’re meant to.”

I want to believe him. But believing him also means accepting the fact that things might not be meant to be.

Tobias puts a hand on the small of Bellamy’s back and leans down to say something in her ear. She blushes and giggles and I can’t watch anymore, so I storm off to my office.

Inside, I kick my desk and curse the universe for being so cruel. Sometime later, a knock brings me out of my rage induced haze, and I jerk the door open, ready to snap at whoever interrupted me.

Bellamy stands there, looking conflicted.

“How was the tour?”

“Awkward,” she admits.

“Good.”

Her mouth turns to a frown. “Owen. That’s cruel, even for you.”

I drag a hand down my face. “Sorry, love. This isn’t easy for me.”

“Come have a drink with me and Toby. For old time’s sake.”

When I hesitate, she reaches out and puts a hand on my arm. “Please? You have to make an appearance anyway, and people seeing the three of us together will cause fewer questions than me hanging out with him all night while you hide in your office and sulk.”

“I do not sulk.”

Her eyes narrow and I don’t argue anymore. She’s right, and I hate saying no to her, so I force myself to agree to the drink and follow her back to the bar.

Tobias stands when he sees us approaching the table and pulls a chair out for Bellamy. But she waits until I’m seated, and I’ve cast a glance from her to the chair before she sits. Some habits are hard to break.

“So, I take it that when you said your relationship was unconventional, that meant you were his sub?” Tobias asks.

“I guess we’re skipping the small talk,” I mutter.

Tobias ignores me and looks at Bellamy expectantly.

“Yes. I was his submissive. Technically, I was collared to the club, but I belong to Owen.”

“Belong?” Tobias raises an eyebrow.

“Belonged. Slip of the tongue.”

Tobias hums then says, “I thought you once said you don’t belong to anyone.”

I nearly smirk at her slip up, but I’ve promised not to make things awkward for her, so I keep my face neutral as I stand.

“I’m going to fetch drinks.”

Bellamy looks at me in surprise. “Let me, please.”

She’s just as eager to get away from this conversation as I am. But I relent and sit back down. “I’ll have my usual.”

“Tobias, what will you have?”

“I’ll have Owen’s usual too.”

She rolls her eyes but heads for the bar, and I watch her closely as she orders the drinks.

“How am I supposed to win her over when she’s still clearly in love with you?”

Tobias’s question takes me by surprise, but I keep my face expressionless. “Not my problem, mate. She suggested marrying us both yesterday.”

Tobias glares. “She did not.”

“Swear on my life.” I put a hand over my chest and look back toward Bellamy.

He folds his arms over his chest. “And what prompted that little conversation?”

“What the hell is she doing?” I blurt, ignoring him.

Tobias turns to watch Bellamy with me. She’s chugging a drink while she waits for the bartender to make more for me and Owen.

“It appears we make her nervous together, and she’s looking for a little liquid courage,” Tobias says with a laugh. “Reminds me of the time we both escorted her to prom.”

I laugh. That was certainly a night to remember. Unfortunately, Bellamy remembers little of it. She didn’t have a date for her junior prom in the States and insisted it would be more fun if the three of us went together.

For reasons we’re still unclear on, she was nervous about bringing both of us. But we did our best to ease her nerves by offering her a drink in the limo. Yes, we were underage, but that was the perk of having a personal limo driver. He looked the other way for a lot of serious criminal activity, so underage drinking wasn’t difficult for him to ignore.

“What are you laughing at?” Bellamy asks as she sets three drinks down on the table.

“Two words. Junior Prom.” I say with a wink.

Her face turns bright red as she sits down and pulls one of the glasses of whiskey in front of her.

“Oh, come on. I wasn’t that bad.”

“You were doing the chicken dance during a slow song, and we had to carry you out of there before you got yourself kicked out.”

Her jaw tightens, and she scowls at us. “How the hell was I supposed to know that a full glass of straight whiskey was a lot of booze on an empty stomach?”

“Sweetheart, that’s a lot of booze with a three-course meal. And it was a glass and a half. It’s a miracle you were even allowed inside,” Tobias says.

She giggles and takes a sip of her drink. “OK. Fine. I was wasted, and it was awful. What made you think of that?”

I point at her glass. “Don’t think I didn’t see you chug a double before you came back with our drinks, love. Something tells me you’re over your two-drink limit.”

She blushes. “I’m nervous. And for good reason. Can we just... forget everything that’s going on and pretend to be friends again? Even if it’s just for the night.”

I look at Tobias, trying to read his expression, but he’s the king of schooled features, and I’m getting nothing from him.

Finally, he lifts his glass. “Cheers, friends.”

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter 13

Bellamy

The conversation flows easier now that we've gotten past the awkward. How is it that the three of us went from spending every waking minute together to not being friends for over a decade? As I listen to Tobias talk, I realize there is so much I've missed in the last decade. Where did he go? What has he been doing with his life? Now seems like as good a time as any to talk about it. When he finishes a story, I turn to him.

"I've told you all about what Owen and I have been up to since our engagement was first arranged. Why don't you tell me where you've been? In some ways, it's like you're a stranger to me."

I swirl the scotch around my glass and stare at Tobias. Will he answer or just brush me off the way he has any other time I've tried to ask him personal questions.

He meets my gaze and doesn't look away as he sips his own drink. "I was finishing school and starting a company of my own. You remember how the three of us always talked about having something of our own outside our families? That's what I was working on."

"So why not include me?"

He looks away, and now I need the answer.

"Come on, Toby. Be honest with us."

“Tobias,” he snaps. “I’ve told you not to call me that.

When I continue to stare at him, unfazed by his scolding, he averts his gaze, looking anywhere but at us, and a long silence passes before he answers. “Because you were a tie to that life. If I followed through with the marriage, it was something they could hold over my head. Neither of our families would let us walk away then. I thought I was doing you a favor.”

I close my eyes. “If that’s the case, why are you going through with it now? You understand how I feel about the contract.”

“Understand? Yes. But it doesn’t change anything. My brother is dying and can’t step up. The responsibility falls to me. Without a clear line of succession for control of the family, it leaves us weak. I won’t watch my family suffer because of my choices. Let’s talk about something more pleasant. We’re supposed to be putting the situation aside for the night.”

The three of us sit and talk for the next hour as people enjoy the club around us. Twice Owen is called away on club business, leaving me alone with Tobias.

“What’s the status back in London?” I ask him the second time Owen is called away.

Tobias shakes his head. “Nothing new so far. But I’m hoping to hear from a contact about your would-be kidnapper’s identity within the next couple of hours.”

“I’m sorry that happened. I’m sure you didn’t want to leave London.”

He gives me a half smile. “It gave me the opportunity to see this place.” He clears his throat. “I uh... I’m a member of a similar place at home.”

It’s a relief that he told me on his own. Still, I smirk. “It’s possible that I already knew that.”

He jerks up straighter and glares. “How the hell did you get that information?”

I laugh. “Calm down. I’ve been to Serendipity. Years ago. There’s a photo of you floating around the Internet of you coming out of the office building it’s in. The caption says you’re headed out of a business meeting. I just recognized the building.”

He scowls. “There are legitimate businesses in that building.”

“Sure there are. But I also couldn’t fathom any other reason for you to be there.”

“At least you’re observant. That comes in handy in our line of work.”

Lifting the glass to my lips, I wink. “I don’t have a clue what you’re talking about. I am a woman, after all.”

He gives me an amused huff and shakes his head. “I’m not saying it wouldn’t be easier if you would just sit at home and bake bread, but something tells me that won’t fly with you. So,

I'll find ways to include you in the business that won't piss off my men."

"Oh, how kind of you," I say, rolling my eyes.

"Come on now, little vixen. You understand how it is with our kind. Misogyny doesn't die overnight."

"And any amount of oxygen that you give it will only prolong its life."

He waves a hand around. "And this isn't a form of misogyny?"

I shake my head. "Not even a little. Everything I did here was completely consensual and without reservation. If you played at Serendipity, you understand that."

He leans across the table and tucks a hand under my chin. "And what exactly did you do here, vixen?"

I flare my nostrils and try to turn away from his intense gaze. He doesn't get to see that part of me. Not yet anyway. Maybe not ever. Ours will be a marriage of mutual respect. Not passion.

"Fine. I won't make you answer. If you'll excuse me, I need to step outside and make a phone call. The lack of cell phones is ridiculous."

I smirk and slide mine out of my pocket just long enough to make him scowl.

"It pays to be in charge."

He shakes his head and walks off.

Owen is still occupied with a VIP, so I stand and look around the room.

Having been the office manager of the club for years, I recognize most of the faces, even if I'm not friends with all of them. People know who I am, and many are confused about why I left in the first place, but I can't bring myself to explain. Tonight, I just want to enjoy the thing I've been a part of creating. It truly is a special place. A place where people set aside differences, make deals, and have amazing sex to boot.

I take pride in the work I've done here, and I hate that in a matter of days I'll likely be forced to say goodbye to it all again.

I'm doing my best not to dwell on that, though, so I scan the room and take in the sights. People playing, drinking, socializing. There's a bit of everything to see tonight.

My eyes land on Tyson Vance and Sabrina, the woman who often travels with him. Tonight, another man is with them. I don't recognize him, but the three seem to be having fun together, so I move to an empty sofa near their play space and watch.

Their scene seems to be coming to a close, and Sabrina is clearly lost in subspace. The things they are doing to her would make anyone blush, but I find it fascinating to watch two men dominate her body.

My dream on the plane flashes in my mind, and I can't help but wonder what it would be like to play with Tobias and Owen that way.

My face heats with embarrassment, and I start to get up, but Tyson motions to the loveseat next to the one I'm occupying. "Mind if we join you?"

I shake my head. "Be my guest."

He scoops Sabrina into his arms and carries her to the couch where he and the strange man sit next to each other and let her lay across their laps.

"I wish Violet could have been here tonight," Sabrina says in a sleepy voice.

The stranger brushes his fingers through her hair. "So does she, lover. But she's flying in tomorrow night. Perhaps the two of you can have some alone time then."

I know from Sabrina's profile that she's bisexual, but the other man with her must have joined within the last five weeks, because I don't recognize him at all. I'm tempted to pull out my tablet and pull him up, but that seems rude. It can wait until I get back to my office.

After a little while, the two men share a glance and Tyson nods. The stranger stands and takes Sabrina with him. "Come on, love. It's been too long since I've been inside you."

Tyson winks at me as I stare at them.

"I thought you and Sabrina were a couple," I say lamely.

He laughs. "We're together, yes. I'm her Dom. But Ethan is also her boyfriend. His wife is her girlfriend, and I've recently been seeing his wife as well, but it's casual."

A tangled web of relationships isn't what I was expecting to hear about. It sounds complicated. "How does that work?"

"Ethical-non-monogamy, polyamory, whatever you want to call it. It works for us. We try to be respectful of each other's time and schedules and things like that, and we make sure enjoying life is at the center of our motivations."

"Have you always been that way with each other?"

Tyson lets out a single sharp laugh. "Not by a long shot. Sabrina and I were together and mostly monogamous for several years. We've always fooled around with other people, but only at the club. Then she met Ethan. At the time, I wasn't able to give her the kind of commitment she was looking for. My job is... intense. But we didn't want to lose each other. It was a rough time for us. As it happens, Ethan has been polyamorous with his wife since before they got married almost ten years ago. He explained it to us in a way that made sense. It's been working so far."

"And how did it come to be that you play with her together?"

He leans forward with a shit-eating grin on his face. "Got your eye on more than one man, darlin'?"

I twist a curl around my finger and avert my gaze from his. "Something like that. It's complicated and I'm curious."

Tyson looks in the direction Ethan carried Sabrina. "She had a fantasy. It sounded like something we could fulfill. The chemistry was there. Now we play together anytime we're all

in the same place. Sometimes that turns into a threesome in the bedroom and other times that turns into one of us taking her off for some alone time. Tonight was their turn. Tomorrow night she'll be with Violet all night long, and Ethan and I will sit at the bar and drink beer and pretend we like sports or something.”

I laugh at his description of how things will go, and again wonder if Owen and Tobias would ever be down for something like that. Even if I married Tobias and no one learned about Owen's involvement with us. I can't picture Owen being OK with being the dirty little secret. Something tells me he wouldn't like that at all.

It would never work, so I put it out of my mind. Or at least I try to.

“There you are, vixen.” A warm hand settles on my shoulder, and I look up to find Tobias standing next to me.

My heart flutters at the sight of him. He is truly handsome. I never thought I would find another man as attractive as I find Owen.

Before I can speak, he comes around to the front of the sofa and extends his hand. “Tyson. It's good to see you again.”

“Tobias. Wasn't sure if you were broadcasting our connection.” Tyson stands and pulls Tobias into a hug instead of shaking his hand. My curiosity is piqued. What connection do Tobias and Tyson have?

Tobias looks down at me and back to Tyson. “It’s fine in front of Bellamy. We are engaged, after all.”

I fight the urge to groan. Not many people here know about my arranged marriage. It’s easier, considering everything they’ve seen me do with Owen. But Tyson doesn’t blink. Just sits back down as Tobias settles next to me.

“I’m the mostly silent owner of a restaurant group. Tyson is my creative partner, and the only one who knows the true identity of the owner.”

I can’t believe what I’m hearing. Tobias Hunt, heir to a criminal empire that deals in guns, money laundering, and illegal gambling across Europe, is in the restaurant business too? And from my knowledge of Tyson Vance, the restaurants would all be high end.

“How did you get into that?”

Tobias shifts uncomfortably, and I sit up straighter, turning sideways to face him. “Tell me.”

“I went to grad school in California where I was a TA to one of the history professors. In my last semester, I got involved with a TA from the culinary school. One contact led to another, and it turned into another reason to avoid going back home.”

“And avoid marrying me?” I question.

He pulls the hair tie out of his ponytail and runs his fingers through the tangles before tying it back again. A nervous habit of his, I think.

“Something like that. I told you earlier why I did what I did.”

It stings more than it should to know that there was a time when he didn't want to marry me, either. I'll have to spend some time processing that.

Tyson stands and offers Tobias his hand again. “I'm going to grab a drink. Good to see you. We should talk business while you're in town.”

Tobias agrees and then we're alone on the sofa. It's cozy and intimate. Something I haven't been with him yet.

He trails a lone finger down my neck, sending a jolt of warmth down my spine.

“You are devastatingly beautiful tonight. Something about this place puts a light in your eyes that I haven't seen before.”

His words catch me off guard, and my face heats. “It's home,” I whisper.

He picks up my hand and holds it to his chest. “It's OK to touch me, you know.”

It surprises me that there is no instinct to pull my hand away. Instead, I curl my fingers against his shirt. His heart beats beneath my palm reminding me that he's a living, breathing, human. For the past decade, he's been more of an idea than a reality.

“It's hard,” I admit.

“What is?”

“Getting close to you. I’m torn. I want our marriage to be a happy one. But none of that changes how I feel about Owen. You’ve both been so important in different ways, and as terrifying as the past few days have been, it’s been oddly comforting to have both of you in my life again. It’s going to break my heart when this is resolved, and we have to go back to London. I can’t imagine anywhere feeling like home the way this place does.”

I lift my hand from his chest to his face, and his eyes drift closed as I caress his cheek. He clears his throat and pulls my hand to his lips, brushing it with a chaste kiss. “Perhaps touching me isn’t such a great idea, vixen. You’ve made it clear you’re not ready to go farther with me, and if you keep touching me, I’m going to have to leave.”

I lift an eyebrow. “Why would you have to leave?”

He chuckles. “Because I would never force myself on a woman, but I have no desire to sit here with a hard dick when I can’t have you. At least at the hotel I can do something about the... situation.”

Now it’s my turn to laugh. “Such a gentleman. I’m sure there are a number of people who would appreciate you taking care of yourself right here, though.” *Myself included.* That thought pops into my head unbidden, and I scoot away from him, trying to divert my brain from the lust-filled path it is currently trying to take.

“In your dreams, little vixen. Only the most well-behaved girls get to see that show.”

Fuck. I need to get out of this conversation now.

He stands and reaches down to cup my cheek. “I’m going to check my phone again and give you a chance to escape.”

I watch him walk away and then scan the room for Owen. The way they both occupy my mind lately is disconcerting. And now I’ve got Tyson’s voice in my ear asking why I can’t have both.

Later that night, I’m in the office walking Grace through the spreadsheet system one more time, and I can’t get my mind off what Tyson had to say or the way Tobias and I connected on the couch.

When Grace leaves for the night, I still have work to do, so I put on my headphones and get started. Curiosity gets the better of me, and I find myself with an Internet browser open and I Google polyamory. The vast array of results astounds me. I knew it was a thing. Tyson and Sabrina aren’t the only polyamorous people in the club. But I certainly didn’t expect to find a literal buffet of resources. I read the descriptions of the most popular book results and choose an audio book titled “The Smart Girl’s Guide To Polyamory.” The title alone was enough to make me want to buy, and the description seems like it might answer some questions I have.

My finger hovers over the play button before I shove the phone away. It’s a childish idea to think I could somehow fulfill my duty to my family and still have Owen in my life. In one way or another, I’m minimizing one of the men. And

despite my frustration with Tobias, I care enough about them both that I don't want to do that.

I glance up to find Owen in my doorway smiling at me, and I take my headphones off.

“You look right behind that desk, love.”

I give him a sad smile. “It was good to be back, Sir.”

His eyes narrow, and he crosses the desk to me. “Why call me that?”

“It comes naturally. Especially here. I'll work on it.”

He waves a hand. “It's fine. If Tobias has his way, you won't be here much longer anyway.”

“That's depressing. I don't want to talk about it,”

He sits across from me and props an ankle on the opposite knee. “What do you want to talk about?”

It's always been so natural to tell him what's on my mind. But tonight, I hesitate. Not for long, though. He fixes me with a look that says I'll give him an answer if I know what's good for me.

I relent and toss him my phone with the audio book still pulled up.

He stares at it for a moment then slides it back to me.

“Has it offered you any insights?”

I shake my head, embarrassed. “I haven't listened to it yet.”

“What prompted you to download it?”

“Desperation? I had a conversation with Tyson. Turns out he’s polyamorous. His girlfriend has another boyfriend and another girlfriend.”

He leans forward, a quizzical eyebrow lifted. “And what? You think you can talk Tobias into having a part-time wife?”

I laugh. “I’m not stupid.”

Owen smirks. “Well, the book you chose certainly seems to support that you are not.”

“There are arrangements where everyone in the relationship agrees not to bring any more partners into the mix.”

He raises an eyebrow. “You really have been doing your research, haven’t you?”

I blush. “Maybe. You know me. Once I get an idea in my head, I can’t help but learn everything there is to learn.”

“One of the many things I adore about you. Listen, it sounds impossible. I won’t lie about that. But we’ve done impossible things before. Let me be clear on something. I will not be the one to discuss this with Tobias. I’ve talked him out of killing me twice now. My odds of talking him out of it a third time are slim.”

I would laugh if there weren’t an air of possibility to his statement. If provoked, Tobias just might kill him. Or me. That’s the way things are in our world. It’s unlikely either of us could do anything egregious enough for him to resort to murder, but anything is possible.

“I’ll find a way to bring it up. If it feels like there’s even an inkling of a chance, I want to take it. I care for Tobias. Not the same way I love you, but we all meant a lot to each other. Why couldn’t we go back to that?”

He stands and comes around to my side of the desk and puts his hands on my shoulders then bends down and kisses the top of my head. “You always were the idealistic one of the group. And you’re also impossible to say no to. That’s all I’ll say on the matter. Tobias is waiting for us. Are you almost done?”

I close out my spreadsheets and smile. “We can go. Grace should be better equipped to handle things from now on, but I’ll help out for as long as I’m here.”

I long to reach for his hand as we walk out, but I resist.

Tobias is standing outside the SUV when we step into the parking lot. Everyone else has gone home, so Owen sets the alarm while Tobias opens the door to the back seat. I climb in and I’m taken by surprise when he settles on the seat next to mine and drapes an arm around me.

“What did you think?” I ask him as Owen pulls out of the parking lot and heads for the strip.

“I think it’s an impressive thing you’ve built here. You should be proud.”

“Thank you, Tobias. That means a lot coming from you. I hate that I have to leave it behind.”

He squeezes my shoulders as he looks down at me, a roguish smile playing at his lips. “We’ll come and visit. I dropped

sixty grand on a year-long membership tonight.”

My mouth drops open. I didn't see that in the records. His smile widens, and mischief shines in his eyes. “Relax, vixen. I did it on that fancy website five minutes ago while I was waiting for you to come out.”

I offer Tobias a shy smile of gratitude at the olive branch he's offering. As we reach the interstate, the cloud that has been hanging over me for the last seventy-four days lifts, and hope takes root in my fragile heart.

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter 14

Tobias

The High Card is truly impressive, and I find myself excited to spend more time in Las Vegas. That's dangerous. Especially when I still haven't identified who attacked our wedding. For now, I tell myself it's a good place to make connections. The faces I saw there tonight are a formidable group in the underworld, befriending any of them would be good for my family.

But it's not as simple as showing up and watching people have a good time.

And it would be cruel to bring Bellamy back as my wife when she shared so much in that space with Owen. But buying a membership felt like the right thing to do. The High Card is the first time I've seen Bellamy truly happy in the past two and a half months, and I want my wife to be happy. That's important to me.

When we arrive at the Pink Sapphire, we make our way up to the penthouse, and Owen and I once again do a security sweep before letting Bellamy in. She waits patiently in the hallway.

When we're inside, Owen excuses himself to take a shower, leaving me alone with Bellamy.

"That was quite a night," she says, more to herself than to me.

“Care for a nightcap?” I ask as I make my way to the bar along the living room wall. She gives me a single nod and I pour each of us a glass of whiskey.

“What did you enjoy most?” she asks as I hand her a drink.

I reach up and pull the hair tie out of my hair and shake it out as I consider the question.

Finally, I settle on the truth. “Seeing you happy.”

Surprise momentarily flashes in her eyes, but she shakes it off with a sip of the whiskey. “Las Vegas is home, Tobias. It always will be. Please don’t be offended by that.”

I hold up a hand to stop her before she can go on a tirade. “Why do you think I prepaid for a year of membership, Bellamy? It may not be obvious, but I want you to be happy. I can’t do anything about you being in love with Owen. But we have an obligation to fulfill. That doesn’t mean I’m not going to do whatever it takes to put that smile on your face. That smile is worth a lot of sacrifices.”

“Tobias, I don’t know what to say.” Her voice is thick with emotion, and ice rattles in her glass as she swirls the liquid around. It kills me that it’s a surprise to her that I want her happy. And that I’ll go to great lengths to see to her happiness. Deep down, I know it’s entirely my fault for shutting her out. If I’m honest, I shut her out because I always thought Gabriel would take over for my father and then I could dissolve the marriage contract. Then cancer happened, and that changed everything. It doesn’t change the fact that I want her to be content in our marriage.

“Be honest with me, Bellamy. Can you ever love me the way you love Owen, or am I always going to be competing with him?”

She laughs. “My friend Zara suggested I should show you something Owen did for me because men are competitive. But my love for Owen is completely unique. It can’t be duplicated. That doesn’t mean you have to compete with him, or that I can’t love you in an equally unique way.”

I glare. “I swear to god if you say you love me like a brother, I’m going to take you over my knee.”

“Kinky,” she teases, making my lips twitch upwards.

“Is that your kink?”

She shakes her head. “We’re not ready to talk about my kinks.”

My brow raises and I flash her a devilish grin. “I’ll get them out of you eventually. Or maybe I should just ask Owen.”

Her mouth falls open. “You wouldn’t!”

Laughter shakes me. “Probably not. But desperate times call for desperate measures.”

“Do you mean that?” she whispers, growing serious.

“Would I really ask Owen?”

She shakes her head. “No. Desperate measures.”

“When it’s called for.”

“Would you go to desperate measures to make me happy?”

I eye her skeptically. “What are you getting at, Bellamy?”

She puts her glass down and moves closer to me. “Just hear me out.”

I cup her face in my hands, imploring her to understand me. “Believe me when I say I’ll always listen when you talk. I can’t promise to always give you what you’re asking for, but I’ll always listen.”

“How do you feel about...”

She hesitates and looks away, but I force her gaze back to mine. “How do I feel about what, vixen? Spit it out.”

“Polyamory.”

I frown. “Poly-what?”

She presses her lips into a disappointed frown and her eyes roll upward. “You’re a member of a BDSM club. Surely you’ve heard of it. Ethical non-monogamy. Being in love with more than one person.”

So she’s right. I’ve heard of it. But why the hell are we talking about it now? “Are you suggesting a threesome with you, me, and Owen?”

She squeezes her eyes shut since I won’t let her turn her head to look away, and her nostrils flare. Then she speaks. “Possibly. I’m suggesting we explore some kind of arrangement where we are all in a relationship.”

I put my forehead against hers as I drop my hands and fix her with a stern expression. “And what gave you the idea that I

swing both ways?”

Nervous laughter springs from her throat, and she backs away from me, twisting a curl around one finger. “I’m not saying you do. But I talked to someone tonight. He has a sub, and he... shares her with another man. It seems to work for them. She has another girlfriend too, but I don’t want a girlfriend. I just want both of you.”

Her suggestion has completely floored me, and I have no idea how to respond. So, I start with my gut reaction.

“This is ridiculous, Bellamy. It’s impossible. Our families would never go for it.”

“Do they need to know? We can still legally marry. But we can spend part of our time in Las Vegas and part of it in London.”

I laugh. “And I’m just supposed to let you fuck Owen while you’re here?”

She dips her gaze and gives me a coquettish smile. “Or you could both fuck me together.”

I hate that her suggestion makes my cock throb, but I can’t deny that my slacks are getting uncomfortable.

“Bellamy, you are a delightfully optimistic girl, aren’t you?”

She throws her hands up, exasperated. “I don’t understand why people treat that like it’s a bad thing. I want both of you. It’s that simple. People do it at the club all the time.”

“Well, sometimes we don’t always get what we want. But I appreciate you having this conversation with me. It’s eye opening.”

She clasps her drink in both hands as a faraway look takes hold of her face. “Remember the fun we had when we were teenagers.”

“Teenagers, Bellamy. Not adults with responsibilities.”

Her demeanor shifts, and the temperature in the room drops a few dozen degrees as she huffs and puts her drink down. “I didn’t realize being an adult automatically meant having a stick up your ass. I’m going to bed. Goodnight.”

I stare after her as she stalks away, wondering what the hell just happened.

Owen

I come out of my room just in time to catch Bellamy disappearing into hers.

“Is she all right?” I ask, making a beeline for the scotch.

“Did you put her up to this?” Tobias demands.

“Put her up to what?”

“Asking me about a fucking menage.”

I laugh. The brazen girl actually did it. “I swear I did not. She got that idea all on her own. She did mention it, though, and I didn’t discourage it.”

“So, you actually think it will work?”

I stare at him for a beat. “No. Not unless our families get OK with a lot of things really quickly. But I don’t get how talking with her about it can hurt.”

“I don’t want to get her hopes up.”

“So, what if we look at it as something temporary? Not a forever relationship, just three consenting adults enjoying their time together. I happen to know she’s got a fantasy about being topped by two Doms. Something tells me you aren’t letting some Dominatrix kick you in the balls in London, so I’m sure you could help me fulfill that fantasy.”

He stares at me. “It shocks me that you’re actually entertaining her idea.”

I take a sip of my scotch. “I’ve learned in the past several years that entertaining Bellamy’s ideas usually leads to good things. So yeah, I’m entertaining it. Not to mention if we’re working as a team to see that she’s happy, we’re also working as a team to keep her safe. And right now, she could use that.”

“Is she going to resent me if I say no?”

It’s a loaded fucking question but I answer it honestly. “I think she has a lot of reasons to resent you, Tobias. I understand that you did what you thought you had to do for the last decade, but she was ready to play her part in this fucked up chess game our families are playing, and you left her hanging. It won’t be easy for her to move past that without a lot of work. And I’m not just saying all this because I still want her, and I hope you’ll give this a shot. Believe it or not, I care about you. I’m not jumping for joy about the prospect of seeing you with her, but I’ll deal with it if it makes everyone happier and safer.”

He twists his head from one side to the other, stretching out his neck. “Clearly, I need to sleep on this.”

“Understandable. It’s an insane idea. But we’ve done insane things for far less legitimate reasons in the past. I have a six am meeting, but we can meet up for breakfast after that if you want to discuss it further.”

“I’ll get back to you.”

When he’s retreated to his room, I sit at the table with my laptop to check in with my contacts in London. We may have

had a great first night back in Las Vegas, but danger still lurks, and I need to figure out what's going on.

My contacts have sent me a list of people who were at the wedding and at the rehearsal dinner. Something tells me at least one of our shooters showed up at both events. Unfortunately, the list is long, and it's going to take a while to get through all the names. I mark off all the women because I recognize most of them and have no reason to suspect they were behind anything. If my hunch doesn't pan out, I'll circle back to them, but right now, my focus is on the men in attendance.

Lorenzo Trentini stands out. Why was he at the rehearsal dinner?

He played no part in the wedding and was only in attendance as a representative of the Trentini family. It made sense for him to be at the wedding, but not the rehearsal. I make a note to ask Tobias about it at breakfast tomorrow.

Breakfast tomorrow has me wandering back to thoughts of co-topping Bellamy with him.

Bellamy submitting to me is pure magic. What would it be like if she surrendered to both of us?

There would be conflict, but we could use it to play with her fear kink, her punishment fetish. The possibilities are endless. Before I know it, my dick is raging hard, and I close the laptop and take myself to bed before someone walks in on me in an embarrassing state. My dreams that night are sensual but tense and fraught with danger lurking in the shadows.

The next morning, my meeting lasts longer than expected, and Tobias takes Bellamy to the High Card because she wants to work on her spreadsheets some more. It doesn't surprise me. Bellamy finds calm in numbers. Of course, she somehow also finds calm in riding through the desert on a motorcycle at full speed.

My phone buzzes, and I glance at the screen to see Tobias's name at the top. I swipe over to read the text message.

TOBIAS: Come to The High Card and help me with Bellamy. You'll understand when you get here.

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter 15

Bellamy

I've been at my desk for hours, and I can't see straight. The numbers are starting to blur, but I'm almost done, and I'm pretty sure I've fool-proofed this version of my spreadsheet, so even Luke couldn't mess it up.

I smirk at the thought of saying that to the moody Irishman merely for the satisfaction of watching him get twitchy.

“What's that look for?”

I jump at the sound of Tobias's voice and lift my gaze from the computer screen to the door in time to see him coming in with a sandwich in hand.

“Grace tells me this is your usual order.”

“Have you been sitting in there talking to her this whole time?” I ask, as I accept the food.

“She's an interesting person. And she seems to know a lot about you. I figure you'd rather I talk to her about you than Owen.”

I put the sandwich to the side and close out the spreadsheet I'm working on. “Or you could talk to me.”

He strokes his chin thoughtfully. “Now there's a novel idea.”

He sits in front of my desk and steeples his fingers. “I do have one thing I want to ask you about.”

I raise an eyebrow. “Name it.”

“Owen told me something last night.”

“This ought to be good.”

His lips twitch into an almost-smile. “Do you really have a fantasy of being topped by two Doms?”

My face must be the same shade as the tomato on my sandwich for how hot it is. “I can’t believe he told you that.”

“Vixen, you all but told us both you want a threesome. You had to expect that we would compare notes.”

I shift my keyboard and mouse over and pull the plate in front of me. “If that’s what it takes to get you two talking, I guess I’ll live with the embarrassment.” Truthfully, I haven’t been able to stop thinking about having the two of them at the same time since yesterday, and it made for more interesting dreams last night.

“So, it’s true?”

My knee bounces of its own accord, and I drum my fingers nervously against the desk. Saying I’ll live with the embarrassment is one thing. Actually answer his question? A lot harder. But I close my eyes and take a chance that honesty will pay off. “Yes. It’s true.”

“And is that something you had in mind for us when you brought up the idea of the three of us together?”

I bite my lip. He’s staring at me like an expectant Dom waiting for his sub to answer a question that might get her in trouble if she answers it wrong. It’s doing things to me. Things I wasn’t expecting.

“Maybe.”

He shakes his head. “Not good enough. I need a definitive answer.”

“Yes.”

He sits back in the chair and pulls his phone out, and I assume he’s being interrupted by a phone call. But he taps the screen a few times and tucks it back into his pocket. When he looks at me again, his entire demeanor has shifted, and my heart leaps into my throat.

“Stand up and come here.”

His command throws me off guard, but I’m completely turned on by this shift into full-blown Dom mode, and my instincts tell me to play along, so I obey.

He jerks his head at my desk. “Sit up there.”

I frown. “Tobias, what are you doing?”

He says nothing, simply looks at me as if to say, “I gave you an order.”

My insides twist with excitement, and I can’t help but obey.

“Spread your legs for me.”

My heart is racing, but I comply, and he stands between my spread thighs and puts a hand on each.

“Now tell me about your fantasy.”

“Now?” I squeak.

“Now. If I’m going to be one of the Doms in this little fantasy, I need to learn what you’re looking for.”

Holy shit. Is this really happening? It’s my dream and my nightmare combined into one.

“I... want to see two personalities. One kind and tender, one... not so much.”

He lifts an eyebrow. “And which role do I play?”

A nervous laugh escapes my throat. “It’s hard to say. You’re difficult to read. You seem like an asshole sometimes, so perhaps that’s your role. But I know Owen’s personality, and he can be an asshole, too.”

He cradles my face in both his hands, tilting it up to meet his mouth as it descends on mine. The caress of his lips steals my breath. It’s an agonizingly gentle kiss that I would have thought him incapable of, and yet I feel the passion simmering just beneath its surface. This man has the power to destroy me.

“Don’t take my tough exterior for an inability to be soft, little one. You are a treasure, and I will always treat you as such.”

“Even if I sometimes like a tough exterior?”

His eyes shroud with heat and the corners of his mouth lift in a wicked smirk. “You’ll learn that I’m capable of giving you what you want, vixen. Keep going. What else?”

We’ve kissed twice, and I’m sitting here telling him one of my dirty fantasies, and I’m so turned on I can barely think straight enough to answer his questions. “The specifics of

what happens aren't as important. Impact play, orgasm control, fear play, I like it all. The important thing is the push and the pull of the two types of Dom."

He strokes a hand down my cheek and puts his forehead to mine. "Why do you think you want this?"

"I'm a mixed bag of opposites myself. I like order and numbers, but sometimes I need to ride out into the desert and go as fast as I can on my motorcycle."

His hand goes to the back of my neck, and he grips hard. "You have a motorcycle?"

My initial response is nervous laughter, but he narrows his eyes and squeezes harder at the back of my neck, compelling me to answer his question. "Had. I sold it to Matteo. But I'm sure he would give it back to me if I asked nicely."

"You'll do no such thing," he grits out. "If you absolutely need the thrill of a motorcycle ride, I'll take you out on mine."

My eyes light up at the news that he has a bike of his own, and I choose to ignore the fact that he's turned into an overprotective caveman. "What do you have?"

He shakes his head as suppressed laughter bursts free. "That is so not the point, little vixen."

"Sorry," I mutter.

"It's a Ducati Panigale V4 SP2 if you must know."

"That's a slick bike. You definitely have to let me take it for a spin sometime."

He clears his throat and gives me a stern glare. “Back to the topic at hand. Your fantasy. Tell me, would one Dom’s commands take priority over the other’s?”

I chew my lip as he trails a hand up one thigh. “I’ve always viewed it as a collaboration. Both of you working together, so that wouldn’t be a thing. It would be very uncomfortable if the two of you were fighting over which of your commands I obeyed.”

“Good answer. Does this conversation turn you on?”

I won’t lie to him, but I can’t seem to get my voice to work, so I nod.

He brushes my nose with a feather-soft kiss. “Good girl.”

Suddenly, the door between the sandwich shop and the back room opens and I hear my name.

“Bellamy! You back here, love? Where’s Tobias? I got his text.”

Owen

Finding Bellamy with her legs spread on her desk and Tobias standing in front of her is not what I expected based on his text.

Sexual tension is thick in the air despite them both being fully clothed. Her skirt isn't even pushed up, but the mood is definitely erotic in here. It puts a knot in the pit of my stomach, but I push past it and smile. "Am I interrupting something here?"

I recognize lust on Bellamy's face when she looks at me, and Tobias clears his throat. "Bellamy was telling me about her fantasy. The one we discussed last night."

I'm not sure how I feel about the fact that he went to her with it. Part of me is glad. The other part is annoyed that he didn't broach it with both of us.

"And what are your thoughts?"

"It seems my fiancée is very turned on right now, and I'm wondering what we might do about that."

That's not the answer I was anticipating, so I turn my gaze to Bellamy and step closer to the desk. Tobias moves back, giving me some room.

"I'll only ask you once, love. Do you want this?"

"Yes, Sir," she whispers.

“Good. And is there anything you wish to change about our arrangement?”

She looks at me with a hint of panic in her eyes. I should end this right here. We haven't negotiated the details. Bellamy and I rarely negotiate anymore because we both know the other. Tobias in the mix changes things. But my own desires are overpowering my logical brain. Especially when she reaches out and puts a hand on my chest and looks at me with hunger. “No Sir. There's no need to change anything.”

“Tobias,” she looks at him with wide eyes. “Are you OK with this?”

I take hold of her chin and bring her eyes back to mine. “He's Sir just like I am.”

She glances at Tobias who gives her a subtle nod. “Yes, Sir. I apologize.”

“Is this OK, Sir?” she asks Tobias. Of course she needs to hear him verbally consent.

He steps forward and cups her jaw. “It's fine, little vixen. As long as you're a good girl for us, you'll be rewarded. I'm going to let Owen take the lead for now. Just until I get a better understanding of what you like.”

I step in and fist a hand in her hair, forcing her to look at me. “Make no mistake though, just because I'm taking the lead doesn't mean you aren't expected to please both of us. If you're not pleasing Tobias, I will punish you. Are we clear?” It would have been easy for me to dominate the scene and

leave Tobias on the sidelines watching, but that's not what Bellamy wants, and I'm going to do my best to fulfill her desires just like I always have.

Her eyes grow wide with fear, just the way I like, and she whispers, "Yes, Sir."

"Good girl. Stand up and take your clothes off. We're going to step out of the room and... confer. I expect you to be on your knees where you're supposed to be when we return."

She whimpers and slides off the desk when I twist the handful of hair I'm still holding.

As we leave the room, I stop and turn back to her. "Bellamy, eyes on me."

Her gaze flies to mine. "I'm going to discuss intimate details of your desires with Tobias. Is there anything you want me to stay away from?"

Her expression turns tender, and she shakes her head. "No, Sir. Tell him anything you're comfortable sharing."

Satisfied with her response, I follow Tobias out of the room, still entirely unsure of what the hell I'm doing.

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter 16

Bellamy

My hands tremble as I strip off my clothes and kneel on the floor of my office. It's nerve-wracking not knowing what Owen is sharing with Tobias, but it's also thrilling. I trust Owen completely, and after the last few days, my trust in Tobias has grown.

It's been weeks since I've played this way, and I've missed it. And finally crossing a fantasy off my list is making it even more exciting.

The silence is deafening while I wait for Tobias and Owen to come back. A torrent of anticipation courses through my veins as my heart beats faster than a hummingbird moving its wings.

They haven't gone far because I can hear the muffled sound of their voices just beyond the door, but I can't make out exactly what they're saying. It's clear they're talking about me, though. All I can do is try to wrap my head around the fact that two gorgeous men are going to be dominating me today.

In my wildest dreams, I never expected them to agree to this. But I'm not going to sit here and over think it. Instead, I'm going to live in the moment and enjoy what I'm being presented with.

The door creaks open, and my heart stutters as Owen and Tobias step inside together. They both tower over me, and their broad shoulders and well-defined muscles completely

take over the room. Owen's voice is deep and commanding when he takes a step towards me and points his finger sternly. "You will obey us both, do you understand? We have agreed not to give competing orders so don't worry about that. Just focus on obedience."

I bob my head in agreement and whisper, "Yes, Sir," my gaze never leaving the floor. Tobias steps closer and rests his hand lightly on my shoulder. His touch is comforting yet still dominant and sends shivers down my spine. "Remember Bellamy," he says, "we're here to bring you pleasure." His tone is gentler than Owen's, but like his touch, undeniably dominant. This certainly isn't how I expected to be touched intimately by him for the first time.

I stare up into his eyes with silent gratitude before lowering my gaze once again. He's the one I'm promised to. He holds the power to end this in a moment. So yes, I'm grateful that he's giving my idea a chance, no matter how frivolous it may seem.

Owen's hand rests on my other shoulder. The warmth of his skin on my mind sends a current of electricity shooting through me. I can hardly believe I'm about to experience pleasure at the hands of these two deliciously sexy men. Owen's husky voice cuts through the fog of lust that has taken hold of my brain. "I want you to put on a show for us. Let Tobias see what a naughty girl you can be." His finger traces a line down my arm, and I peer up at Tobias to find his hungry gaze on me.

“Yes, Sir,” I breathe. I won’t disappoint them. Slowly, I rise up so I’m no longer resting on my heels. As I do, they move to stand in front of me, and I drag my hands down my abdomen then bring them back up to cup my breasts and push them forward as if to offer them up. I move my body and express my arousal through subtle movements and sounds. My fingers trace circles around my nipples, coaxing them into hard little buds before I tug on them with a soft whimper.

My breathing quickens and my hands move down my stomach again, awakening goosebumps all along their path. I pause at my pussy and wait for a moment, knowing they are watching me, then I dip one finger lower and slide it inside myself. The sensation is blissful, and that bliss is heightened by the fact that I’m on my knees for Owen and Tobias. Submission is where I can be most expressive. And even though this situation is new, I still feel right at home. It’s somehow appropriate that this is how Tobias sees me naked for the first time.

The anticipation of what is to come builds as I finger myself and continue caressing my body. Will they have sex with me here in the office? What do they have planned? My mind races with the possibilities as I work myself into a frenzy.

“Such a delightful sight,” Tobias murmurs.

I glance at him shyly. “Thank you, Sir.”

Owen steps around my desk so I can’t see him, but I hear him open a drawer and I suspect I know what he’s getting. He

returns with the rechargeable vibrator he always insisted I keep there for “emergencies.”

I couldn't make myself bring it with me when I cleaned out my things, much like the M&M dispenser. Saying goodbye was hard, but leaving little pieces of me in this office made it easier.

He tosses it to me. “You have two minutes to come or I'm going to spank you.”

I gasp at his words, but I take the toy and turn it on high, pressing it to my clit.

“Is she always this responsive?” Tobias asks as I bask in their hungry gazes.

“Definitely. Our girl can be a horny little slut when she wants to be.” Owen never looks away as he answers, and his words and piercing eyes fan the flames of desire. Being called a horny slut is a turn on but hearing him say “our girl” does something to me. Something completely unexpected, and I'm instantly on the brink of an orgasm.

“Can I come?” I cry out.

Owen looks at Tobias. “You can decide.”

OK, this whole them working together thing could end up being to my detriment.

“Please?” I beg as the toy buzzes against my clit. I'm dangerously close to falling off the edge.

Tobias tucks a hand under my chin and forces me to look at him. “Come for us, little vixen. I want to see how beautiful you are when you fall apart. But don’t expect it to be so easy next time.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I cry. And then I let go.

The orgasm rips through me, pulsing between my legs and up my spine until I’m sure I’m going to explode. A steadying hand presses against my shoulder as I collapse onto my heels from the intensity. My thoughts are incoherent as the tremors subside. I keep the toy buzzing but pull it away from my clit as my breathing slows.

“Well, that was fun,” Tobias murmurs.

“Isn’t it though?” Owen almost sounds cocky. I hope he’s not trying to goad Tobias into some kind of jealous reaction.

I stare up at them, awaiting their next command.

“Do we want to stay here or go back to the penthouse?” Tobias asks. I’m unclear who he’s speaking to.

Owen walks to the closet and pulls out a long coat I didn’t realize I’d left there.

“Put this on.”

“Really? We’re moving?”

He drops to one knee in front of me.

“Are you questioning me, love?”

His expression is stern, and it twists my insides. I take the coat he’s offering me and slip it on before I stand. What are

they going to do with me when we get back to the hotel?

When I'm buttoned up, Tobias scoops me into his arms as if I weigh nothing and follows Owen out of the office. I wave goodbye to Grace who is behind the counter and try not to think of the questions she'll ask later.

To my dismay or perhaps delight, a limo is waiting for us, which means we're all riding in the back together.

Owen opens the door and Tobias places me inside before sliding in next to me. Owen sits across from us.

"We're going to the Sapphire," Owen informs the driver before raising the partition to give us privacy.

Tobias points to the floor of the car. "I would like it very much if you became acquainted with my cock."

My cheeks burn as I look between both men. "Here?" I squeak. "In front of Owen?"

He narrows his eyes. "You asked for this little vixen. Are you backing out?"

Though my heart is pounding, I shake my head and whisper, "No, Sir."

"Good girl. Now get on your knees and I'll give you what we all know you want."

I do as he says and kneel in front of him as he spreads his legs. Owen's eyes on the back of my head makes me nervous, but as Tobias reminded me earlier, I asked for this and I'm

going to see it through. Owen is sure enough of himself that if he didn't want this he wouldn't be here. I am certain of that.

Tobias pushes his pants down and his cock springs free. I lick my lips and gaze up at him.

He places his hand in my hair and tugs me closer. The scent of his arousal fills my nose and suddenly my mouth waters and I long to taste him.

I put my hands on his thighs and lean forward, darting my tongue out to lick the tip. Gripping him at the base, I drag my hand up his length, loving the way he pulses in my hand. I roll my thumb over the velvety head and lean in again to kiss it softly.

“Open wide, little vixen.”

His voice is tight with arousal, and the gruffness of it has me flushing with excitement. I obey without hesitation, parting my lips and opening as wide as I can to accommodate his thickness.

He guides my head down over his cock, pushing forward until he hits the back of my throat, where he pauses and gives me a moment to adjust.

“Think you can get me off before we get to the hotel?” he asks.

Judging by his voice, I'm confident I can, so I bob my head up and down on his cock as a response.

He pushes me down his length again, this time until my eyes water as he hits the back of my throat and doesn't stop.

“That’s a good girl. Take him all the way, love,” Owen says from across the limo.

I relax my throat and focus on not gagging, but a moment later, Tobias backs off a bit and lets me take control of the blowjob, which I do with enthusiasm.

“Fuck, but she’s a good cocksucker,” Tobias says to Owen. My face heats at the compliment, but I don’t let it derail me from my mission to make him come before we reach the Sapphire.

I never hear him move, nor do I realize Owen is behind me on the floor until he brushes damp hair away from my neck and leans in to whisper, “I wonder how hard you’ll come when I’m fucking that dirty little pussy from behind while he’s in your mouth at the same time.”

Excitement shoots straight to my clit at his filthy threat, and I cry out when he leans in and sinks his teeth into my neck. He trails a hand down my back and works the long coat up enough that he can slide a hand in from behind and find my pussy.

“She’s still soaked, mate,” Owen informs Tobias.

I moan around the cock in my mouth while thick fingers probe my pussy and rub my clit.

Tobias shifts and slides a hand into my hair again. “Of course, she’s soaked. I can tell by the way she’s sucking me that she craves cock.”

Owen presses his lips to my ear again. “Have I been neglecting a need all these years by not letting you suck another man off while I fuck you, love?”

Hearing them talk about me like this sends another flood of moisture to my pussy, and I’m almost embarrassed by having Owen’s hand between my legs.

“We’re only a few blocks away, you better get that little mouth busy if you’re going to accomplish the objective,” Owen says.

Tobias tugs on my hair so I’m looking him in the eye and says, “Be a good little slut and finish me off, vixen.”

I pick up the pace, bobbing up and down on his cock enthusiastically. Owen slides a second finger inside me and fucks my pussy faster until I’m moaning and whimpering as I suck Tobias.

“Fuck yes,” Tobias groans as he stiffens in my mouth.

I whimper as Owen strokes my clit again, but I never stop sucking the cock in my mouth.

Tobias groans. “I’m close. Don’t let her come before I do.”

Owen’s laugh is wicked. “No worries there, mate. I have no intention of letting her come again until we get to the penthouse and have our way with her.”

My pussy grips his fingers and clucks his tongue. “Don’t even think about it, or the only thing you’re going to get is our cocks taking turns in your tight little asshole and our belts on your ass.”

Tobias thrusts into my mouth, touching the back of my throat again, and I'm so overwhelmed with sensations that I have no idea where we are or how much time has passed.

I suck Tobias harder, and grind against Owen's hand, chasing an orgasm for myself despite Owen's threat. Tobias stills and grips my hair tighter.

“Vixen, I'm gonna—”

And then Tobias comes, hot and thick, into my mouth. His release nearly triggers my own, but Owen must sense that because he pulls his hand free and moves back to his seat.

“Get up on the seat and fix your coat. We're pulling in,” Tobias says, patting the seat beside him as he tucks his cock back into his pants.

How he can be that calm after an orgasm I don't understand. My legs are like jelly as I do as I follow his command, and when I'm on the seat next to him, he pulls me close for a scorching kiss, not at all bothered by where my mouth has just been. My pussy throbs again, and I miss Owen's fingers on me.

Tobias slides a hand inside my jacket as he intensifies the kiss and tweaks one nipple. That simple touch lights me on fire, and I swear I could come if he just kept it up.

All too soon, he breaks the kiss, and the limo stops in the driveway of Sapphire. The driver hops out and opens the door, and my senses are flooded with the sounds of Las Vegas.

Owen slides out first and holds his hand out for me. I'm naked under this coat, and suddenly I'm nervous that I'm going to have a wardrobe malfunction. But as Tobias exits the limo, Owen pushes me against the side of the car and kisses me harshly while he tightens the belt on the coat.

He laces his fingers with mine and Tobias rests his hand on the small of my back as we walk into the casino as if we weren't just doing pornographic things in the back of a limo.

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter 17

Tobias

As we walk into the penthouse, I'm not sure what to expect from Bellamy after the way she rocked my world in the limo. But I'm completely caught off guard when she shrugs out of the coat and drops to her knees as soon as the door is shut. I've severely underestimated just how immersed in power exchange Owen and Bellamy have been.

Perhaps it's the post orgasm brain-fog, but I am overcome with the sense that I don't know what I'm doing here, and I want to drag Bellamy to my room and keep her all to myself. Who am I kidding, thinking I can start a relationship like this? In my world, with my family, it will never work.

But she's here on her knees, waiting patiently for us to continue our scene. The serene expression on her face and her relaxed shoulders mean I'm not going anywhere. I don't want to take those things away from her. Not until I have to.

So, I shake off the fog and approach her as Owen busies himself with something at the table.

"Perhaps you could be a good girl and pour us some scotch?"

When she stands, I pull her close, unable to resist kissing her deeply. When I pull away, she cups my jaw and peers into my eyes. "Are you still OK, Sir?"

I brush loose hair back from her face and offer a reassuring smile. “I’m fine, little vixen. With a drink, I’ll be even better.”

In a sweet gesture, she leans up on her tiptoes and kisses my cheek before stepping around me to make her way to the bar where she pours us all drinks.

She puts Owen’s on the table in front of him, and when she hands me mine, I take hers as well and tilt my head toward the sitting area. “Kneel in front of the sofa. I’ll join you in a moment.”

As has been typical so far, she’s eager to obey, and doesn’t seem bothered by her nudity at all. Having her like this could get addictive. I’ve played with submissive women in the past, but only in a club environment.

I step to the table and look over Owen’s shoulder. “Everything alright?”

He doesn’t look up at me, just continues typing on his laptop. “Just giving you two a moment and taking one for myself,” he mutters.

It would appear this is just as difficult for him as it’s been for me.

We didn’t discuss a detailed plan in the few minutes we had to confer outside Bellamy’s office, but so far, we’ve done a good job of following each other’s lead.

“We’ll be over here when you’re ready to continue,” I say, taking mine and Bellamy’s drinks to the sitting area.

I sit on the sofa in front of her, and hand her the glass. She takes it and sips. “Thank you, Sir.”

I put a hand on her bare shoulder and smile when she looks up at me. “I’ll ask you the same question. Are you still OK?”

Her features light up, and the pure joy makes me tense up at the possibility of having to break her heart when this doesn’t last.

“This is wonderful,” she says, setting her scotch aside and turning to face me straight on. “I know it’s early and there are so many things that could go wrong. But for right now, I just want to enjoy this.”

At least she’s not walking around with the delusion that this affair is going to last forever. We’re having a good time today. Even with my awkward feelings, I can admit that. But we’re all aware that reality will rear its ugly head again soon.

Owen joins us before I can respond and sits next to me on the sofa.

“What shall we do with her now?” I ask, trying to squash the painful feelings, and lighten the mood.

Owen juts his chin toward the massive flat screen hanging on the wall. “Probably a ballgame or something we could watch. Give her a little break.”

There’s the slightest shift in her demeanor at the mention of sports. Disappointment? I’m not sure.

“This is new for her. A break might be good,” I agree, reaching for the remote on the side table.

Now she sticks her bottom lip out in a full-on pout.

“What’s the matter, little vixen? You want to keep playing?”

She grins. “Yes please. I don’t need a break, I promise.”

Owen laughs and leans down to tangle his fingers in her hair.

“And do you get to decide when we take a break?”

Another pout as she shakes her head. “No, Sir.”

“Good girl.”

He keeps his hand in her hair, and she winces in pain when he tightens his grip while he turns to me. “Any news from London?”

I shake my head. “Nothing but some updates on my brother.”

“How is Gabe?” Bellamy asks, softly, as Owen lets go of her curls.

“Still the same. No decisions have been made yet. Mother is having a specialist come in and give his expert opinion first.”

It’s hard talking about this with them, but I want to be open with her. Still, now isn’t the time for these emotions, so I don’t elaborate further, as I reach out and pet her hair.

Counting on Owen to follow my lead, I cup her cheek and drag my thumb down the silky skin. “Go into your bedroom and wait there, little vixen.”

This time, she doesn’t turn to Owen for approval before following my order. As she moves to get up, Owen stops her. “Crawl for us, love.”

When she shifts to all fours and turns away from us, I am instantly hard again at the sight of her bare ass wiggling as she crawls to her room.

I take a long drink and watch as she kicks the bedroom door shut with her foot. “Is she always this relaxed when she plays? I’ve not seen her so calm since she came to London five weeks ago.”

Owen shifts to face me more. “Submission and subspace are where she finds peace instantly. Especially in stressful situations. I don’t know that I’ve ever seen her this relaxed, though.”

That’s what I was afraid of. I drag a hand through my hair. “I don’t want to completely break her when this has to end.”

Owen lifts his glass to mine. “Agreed. So, we make it last as long as we can, and we make sure she’s in a good place when it does have to end.”

I clink my glass with his and swallow past the lump in my throat.

“Let’s go see about our girl then,” I say, standing and leaving the scotch on the table. It’s hard to refer to her as ours. But the truth is, that without Owen she isn’t mine. Not the way I want her to be. So, for the time being, she’s ours.

Owen drains his glass and stands with me. And for a brief moment, I’m transported back to my teenage years when the two of us would scheme and make plans.

This time is different. This time, hearts, emotions, and even lives are on the line.

Bellamy

They didn't tell me how I should be waiting in the bedroom, so I kneel in the center of the bed. My body is so relaxed, I'm tempted to lie down and take a nap. But my mind is also racing with a million thoughts as I sit in silence.

Where is this going? How long can it last? The thought of it not lasting brings a torrent of emotions that threaten to tighten my muscles back up, so I do my best to shift my thoughts back to memories of the way they've been with me so far. Of performing for them in my office, sucking Tobias off in the car, crawling to the bedroom and feeling their stares on my body as I moved.

The door opens, and the subjects of my thoughts step into the room, one behind the other, with Owen in the lead.

He gives me a nod of approval as he takes off his jacket and rolls up his sleeves. A move I've always found so hot.

"What a pretty little pillow decoration you make," Tobias says as he comes to the side of the bed and sits on it.

"Thank you, Sir," I whisper as I stare up at him. He leans in for a tender kiss, and I want him to deepen it, to ravish my mouth and silence all the questions in my brain.

But he pulls away all too soon and stands, seeming to wait for Owen.

"Lie back and spread your legs, love."

I lay back, but rest on my elbows so I can still see them as I open my thighs under their intense stares.

Both men stand at the foot of the bed now, appreciative expressions on their faces. I feel vulnerable and exposed as their eyes travel my body from head to toe.

“I skipped lunch,” Owen says, then crawls onto the bed and settles between my thighs and dips his head for a taste.

“Come to think of it, I’m pretty hungry myself,” Tobias murmurs. But I barely hear him as Owen licks me from the top of my clit all the way to the space between my pussy and ass. He drags his tongue back up and locks his mouth around my clit as the mattress shifts.

Tobias climbs onto the bed behind me and helps me sit up until he’s able to put his legs on either side of me. He wraps his arms around my waist, cupping my breasts from underneath. Then he kisses my neck, sending me into a state of over-stimulation that has me squirming but unable to escape their torture.

“Come for us, little vixen,” Tobias murmurs in my ear. I cry out and let go of the climax I’ve been holding back. It ripples through me, and all coherent brain function leaves me as my body pulses.

Tobias’s mouth devours mine, his hand in my hair pulling tightly as he pinches one nipple with the other hand. Meanwhile, Owen is still licking me. One thick finger probes my entrance as his tongue circles my clit.

I cry out as aftershocks from my orgasm shake me. Owen adds a second finger, and I clamp down on them.

His laughter shakes him, and he moves his mouth to my inner thigh where he bites down until I scream into Tobias's mouth.

“That’s a good girl,” Owen murmurs. Then he sits up and withdraws his fingers, staring down at the bite mark he’s left on my skin.

He looks up at Tobias. “Looks like she could use a matching one on the other side. Care to help me out, mate?”

The idea of both of them marking me sends sparks through my whole system, and I’m ready to come again, as Owen and Tobias trade places.

Owen scoots me against his chest and trails kisses up and down the column of my neck while Tobias settles into position between my thighs. He kisses the tender spot Owen just bit, and trails kisses until he reaches my clit.

He circles me with his tongue. There is no hesitation the way there sometimes is the first time a man tastes a woman. His movements are confident as he pleases me. He doesn’t seem bothered by the fact that Owen just had his mouth there. When I’m absolutely going mad with desire, he plunges two fingers into my soaking core and sucks hard on my clit. I come around his fingers, gripping them hard as I convulse against his mouth.

Owen pinches both nipples hard and bites my neck until my tremors stop. “Naughty girl, coming without permission,” he chides.

Tobias moves to the thigh that Owen didn’t bite and kisses my skin tenderly as his thumb replaces his mouth on my clit. “Come again while I mark you, vixen.”

His thumb moves and drives me wild while Owen pulls at my nipples and growls in my ear. “Come hard like a good slut and I won’t spank you for forgetting to ask.”

When I’m frenzied and teetering on the brink, Tobias bites down, and my scream is loud as his teeth sink into my sensitive flesh. The orgasm shakes me, and hot tears trail down my cheeks as he bites harder until my tremors stop. I’m definitely going to be wearing their marks for days.

The thought fuels my desire.

I want them both inside me right now, and I whimper as I gaze into Owen’s eyes.

“What is it, love? Do you need something?”

I nod eagerly, and he lifts one eyebrow expectantly. “And what is that?”

“You. Both of you. Inside me.” If I sound desperate, it’s because I am.

Owen strokes one nipple gently with his thumb and kisses my forehead. “Such an eager little slut today, aren’t you?”

My head bobs up and down and he looks down at Tobias who is now sitting up and looking at both of us. “What do you think, Tobias? Has she earned a good fucking?”

Tobias is solemn as he looks at me and back to Owen. “I would say she needs it, mate. All these orgasms, and she’s still not satisfied.”

Owen looks thoughtful before he answers and says, “You’re right. A cock in her tight little cunt might satisfy her. At least for a little while.”

My face flames at the filthy way they talk about me. But I love it. Especially what it’s doing to certain parts of my anatomy.

“How do you want to do this, love? Shall we take turns fucking your pussy or do you need a cock in that pretty little mouth of yours too?”

“I want you both right now.” My answer comes out more breathless and needy than I want.

Tobias hums. “Horny, greedy, little slut, indeed. Where do you want us?”

I hate choices like these, so I pass this one off to Owen. “You’re the only one who hasn’t gotten off today, Sir. Why don’t you pick?”

Owen grins and kisses my head before he shifts his gaze to Tobias who lifts one shoulder and says, “That’s fair.”

Owen slips out from behind me so I’m leaning against pillows and looks at Tobias. “She sure did seem to enjoy

having you in her mouth today. Let her get a little more practice sucking your cock while I fuck her pussy?”

Why is hearing them discuss how much I enjoyed sucking Tobias off such a fucking turn on?

Tobias has zero objections as he climbs off the bed and begins undoing his pants and belt.

“Turn and lay sideways on the bed so Tobias has access to that pretty little throat, love.”

I follow Owen’s order, turning sideways so I can hang my head off the bed.

Tobias is stroking himself as he approaches me, and my mouth waters at the sight of his thickness and the memory of the way it fills my mouth.

Owen sheds his pants and climbs back onto the mattress and rubs the head of his cock between my folds, stopping just short of penetrating me.

“Ready?” he asks.

I open my mouth to say yes, but Tobias slips past my lips before I can utter a sound. At the same time, Owen pushes into me, and an involuntary groan escapes.

Owen grips my thighs to keep them spread as he plows into me with no thought for being gentle, and Tobias massages my jaw as he pushes deeper until I gag. Easing back an inch, he gives me a smile so tender it melts me, and I want to take him deeper.

I relax my throat and urge him to move again. Soon they're both moving at a similar rhythm, and I'm lost in the ecstasy that is being taken by them both at the same time.

I want to feel them come. I want to take in their essence and let it consume me.

Owen is close, I can tell. Tobias, I'm still learning, but he stiffens, and I think he might be on the edge as well. I reach up and cup his balls, causing him to curse, and I am overcome with a sense of power.

I squeeze Owen with my pussy, and he smacks my inner thigh. "Behave."

I giggle around Tobias's cock, making him thrust deeper with a growl.

"I think she wants us to come inside her," he says.

Owen laughs as I bob my head to signal my agreement. "In good time. Let me enjoy myself here."

He reaches forward and strokes my clit with his thumb as he fucks me harder. My moan is stifled by Tobias who cups my breast and pinches my nipple between his thumb and forefinger. There is so much sensation happening in my body, that I can barely process it all.

I'm on the brink of another orgasm when Owen tenses inside me. He rubs my clit faster as he lets out a rough growl, the kind that tells me he's about to explode.

My senses are overwhelmed by everything happening, and my body is screaming for a release I can tell is mere seconds

away. My orgasm hits me as the first hot jet of semen hits the back of my throat as Tobias comes with a loud growl I didn't think I would find so fucking sexy. Owen is seconds behind him, and again I'm drowning in sensation. Sweat on our skin, cum dripping down my throat, the heat of their bodies against mine, the smell of sex in the air. It all combines into a heady mix that drives me wild, prolonging my climax.

I couldn't tell you how much time passes before I'm aware that we're all trying to catch our breaths. Tobias pulls free of my mouth and helps me turn the right way, so I'm lying in the middle of the mattress after Owen pulls away and rolls off the bed. I watch with a lust that has only partially been tamed by multiple orgasms as he walks to the bathroom. He returns with two warm wash cloths and sits next to me.

I smile up at him and cast a glance at Tobias who is cleaning up with the second rag. His long hair is damp and sticking to his shoulders, and that partially tamed lust is starting to boil again. But I'm also exhausted, so I tamp it down and stretch my arms above my head with a silly grin on my face. "The two of you worked really well together. You would think you'd done it before."

Owen looks away, and Tobias smirks, crawling onto the bed to lie on the other side of me.

I look at him when Owen still won't meet my gaze. "Don't tell me you've done this before."

Tobias lets out a harsh laugh. "Let's just say I wasn't the only one with Savannah Peckham. I was just the only one who

got caught.”

My mouth falls open and I shove Owen. “I can’t believe you let me go all these years without knowing that.”

He sets the rag aside and lays down next to me, kissing my shoulder. “Sorry, love. If it helps, this was much more fun.”

I giggle, and any twinges of jealousy I may have felt disappear. That was years ago. They’re both mine. At least for now.

As we cuddle on the bed, I wonder what I’m going to do with these two beautiful men who seem to have set their differences aside for me. They both lay next to me and stroke my arms as we relax in the silence. There doesn’t seem to be a need for any of us to add to the moment with words, and I’m OK with that.

I’m looking forward to as much time with them as I can get over the course of the next few days. If I’m lucky, I’ll get more than just a few days, but I’m doing my best not to get my hopes up. There is so much hanging in the balance for our families, that I’m not sure this can last. In the back of my head is a sinking fear that I might not survive if it doesn’t.

Chapter Nineteen

Chapter 18

Tobias

I'm warm. Too warm. I open my eyes to a dimly lit hotel bedroom, but it's not mine. Blinking, images flash in my head, and I remember I'm still in Bellamy's room.

I roll onto my side and find her next to me, but she's laying against Owen's shoulder as if she gravitated there in her sleep.

What the hell am I thinking, trying to do things her way? It's a question that keeps repeating in my head. It's impulsive and childish to think we can make this work. But she looks so happy.

I admit there is a twinge of jealousy as she snuggles closer to Owen, but the chemistry was there between us today, and I can't deny that. She responded to me as eagerly as she responded to him.

Still, I'm wide awake and I can't bring myself to lie here in bed with them any longer. So, I sneak out and go to my own room where I pull on slacks and a black t-shirt.

I haven't explored the resort yet. It's supposed to be one of the nicest in the world. Now is the perfect time to find a quiet place for a good meal.

But as I'm walking through the casino, it's quieter than I expected given the time of night. I haven't played blackjack in a while, so I pull out my wallet and sit at a table and buy two grand in chips.

As I'm stacking them in front of me and waiting on the dealer, a pit boss catches my eye. He looks familiar, but it takes me a minute to place him. Victor Serrano.

I don't understand the foursome of the High Card and their insistence on working other jobs. Are they all workaholics, or are they all committed to appearing like upstanding members of the community?

I'm not sure, but Victor looks annoyed. Though I'm not sure he has any other face. He's seemed pissed every time I've seen him. I jerk my head at him in greeting, and he surprises me by coming to stand at the table, likely making the dealer nervous. I toss him a hefty tip for his trouble before he deals out the next hand.

"Sudden urge for some late-night blackjack?" Victor asks.

"Something like that. This your full-time job?"

Victor shoves his hands into his pockets and raises his shoulders. "Something like that. I'm off shift in a few if you want to grab a drink."

The invitation throws me off, and I almost hit on a nineteen. But I catch myself and recover. "Sure. Just let me play for a bit."

Victor grunts and walks away. Fifteen minutes later I've almost doubled my money and I color up my stack and walk away, slipping the heavy chips in my pocket.

Victor has disappeared, and I wander through the casino until I spot him sitting at the central bar. "Come on," he says

when he sees me.

I follow him through the crowd to an elevator where we ride to the highest floor it serves. When we step out, we're on the famous rooftop nightclub Bliss.

We're let in without question, and we make our way to a secluded booth in a corner away from the dance floor.

"Victor, you never come up here." Yet another familiar face appears. Matteo is in a three-piece suit with a radio mic clipped to his lapel.

"I brought a visitor. He seems to show up in our lives a lot lately."

They share a glance I'm not sure I understand.

"It's not like I'm stalking you, mates."

"He talks like Owen," Victor says. It sounds like a complaint.

"What can I get you to drink?" Matteo asks, ignoring him.

"Macallan Neat please."

He's only gone for mere seconds, and he returns with a bottle and three glasses.

"Time for me to take a break, anyway." He sits down and the three of us make awkward small talk over the club music.

Ten minutes later, Owen strolls in. "Evening boys. I didn't realize we were having a meeting."

I roll my eyes but make room for him in the booth. "You were hogging the bed. I had to get away."

Owen doesn't react to what is meant to be a jab. Instead, he takes Victor's glass and takes a sip.

"I thought we could have dinner when Bellamy wakes up."

I turn my wrist and read my watch. "It's nearly midnight."

"And we skipped food most of the day," he says logically.

It's true. The three of us were in bed for most of the evening until Bellamy passed out from exhaustion and the two of us fell asleep beside her.

"Fine. How did you know I was here?"

He tilts his head at Matteo.

And suddenly I understand why these men have the jobs they do. They are their own most reliable eyes and ears. Sure, they could pay off the people who work here, but seeing things first hand would be the best intelligence. Nightclubs like Bliss, and high roller rooms like the one I was playing blackjack in are likely to generate some juicy tidbits they can use to their advantage to further their criminal exploits around the valley.

"Any word from London about who ambushed the wedding?" Matteo asks?

Owen sits up straighter. "No. But that reminds me. I got the guest lists from both the rehearsal and the wedding to cross reference and I wondered if you could tell me why your cousin Lorenzo was at both."

He's looking at Matteo, but I answer for him.

“I invited Danny Trentini to come to my rehearsal dinner so we could discuss a potential deal. He sent Lorenzo instead. We exchanged words, but I think we came to an understanding about the business I’m willing to do with them.”

Matteo holds up his hands. “I’ve been out of the family loop for a few years now.”

“How intense was the exchanging of words?”

I snort. “Well, it was before I confronted you, so I’ll let you figure that out.”

Matteo narrows his gaze at Owen. “You’re not suggesting the Trentinis had a reason to shoot up Bellamy’s wedding, are you?”

Owen shakes his head. “I’m not suggesting anything. I’m simply trying to narrow down the list of people I should be looking at first.”

He turns to me. “Why did you have nine million people at a bloody rehearsal dinner when you were going to have a reception the following day?”

I stare at him. “Seriously? You know how weddings like these are. They’re one giant business transaction. There were no less than four contracts signed during that rehearsal. There would have been double that signed at the reception.”

“Makes no fucking sense to me,” Victor mutters.

“Not how the cartel does things?” I ask.

He shakes his head. “Hell no. We aren’t afraid of getting a little blood on our contracts.”

Bellamy

My first thought when I wake up is that something is wrong. I sit up in a panic, my eyes darting around the darkened room. But they land on a note propped up against the lamp with my name on it and my heart calms. I pick up the sheet of paper and switch the lamp on.

Meet us downstairs at Indulge and we'll talk.

Owen's familiar scrawl brings a smile to my face as I stretch. I'm sore. But it's a good thing. The two of them taking me was more than I could have hoped for. But I'm longing to experience it again. To experience more. I'm greedy like that.

I crawl out of bed and make my way to the bathroom to wash my face and brush my teeth. My curls are a wild mess, but I do what I can to tame them before I put on a cute dress and head for the door. I'm surprised to find two bodyguards standing outside.

"Mr. Thorne asked us to escort you downstairs when you were ready ma'am."

My heart leaps into my throat. What if they're here to kidnap me?

"Thank you. Mind if I make a call?"

I pull out my phone and dial Owen's number.

"Did you put guards outside my door?"

“Hello to you, too. Yes, I did. Be a good girl and let them bring you down.”

I’m still skeptical, and I glance at their name tags.

“What are their names? Can I ask for their ID?”

Owen is amused by my questions. I can hear it in his tone. “One second, love.”

He goes silent for a moment, and I wait, giving the guards an apologetic smile. “Sorry. I was almost kidnapped a couple of days ago. I’m just being careful.”

The guard gives me a proud look. “That’s not a bad thing, ma’am. I wish more people would be as careful as you.”

Owen comes back to the phone. “I’ve checked the cameras, and it’s the men I put there. You’re safe. And your dress is perfect. Can’t wait to take it off later.”

Thank God the men can’t hear him. Still, my face flames, and I motion down the hall to say that we can proceed to the elevator. When we step on, I end the call with Owen.

At Indulge, the guards leave me, and I find my way to Owen and Tobias near the back of the restaurant. They both stand when I approach, and my heart constricts. They look good together. Really fucking good.

“Wow. Am I a lucky girl, or what?” I say as they both pull my chair out for me.

They move together as if they’ve coordinated it. Knowing these men, they probably did.

Tobias kisses my cheek before he sits down, and Owen squeezes my shoulder.

“We’re the lucky ones.”

The server brings us water and tells us she’ll be back in a few minutes to take our orders.

Tobias shakes his head. “Bring us everything from the tasting menu.”

The woman raises an eyebrow. “That’s a lot of food.”

“We’ll manage. Make sure we’re not interrupted after you bring it to us. And bring a pitcher of water so you don’t have to bring us refills.”

She frowns but agrees and disappears.

“I’m nervous,” I admit when she’s gone.

Both men reach for my hands. “You’re not alone in that, love,” Owen says.

“But Owen and I have been talking, and we can make this work. We might not have all the answers, and we’re bound to run into trouble along the way, but we’re committed to making it work if you are.”

“I don’t want to pressure you into anything.”

Owen shakes his head. “You haven’t. If anything, you’ve opened up a whole new world of possibilities.”

I stare at him blankly. What possibilities? Then I remember Tyson saying he was dating his girlfriend’s boyfriend’s wife or however that worked.

“You can’t seriously be talking about dating other women.” The thought of it puts a knot in my stomach and I’m no longer hungry.

Owen grabs my hand. “Hell no. If we do this, we’re a closed unit. There will be no other men and no other women. It’s the three of us and that’s it. Understood?”

Both men seem appalled by my question, which eases some of the tension, and I roll my shoulders as the relief takes over. But there’s still one issue to deal with. “What about the engagement?”

Tobias glances at the ring on my left hand. “We’ll still get married. People just can’t know that we’re both with you.”

Exactly what I was afraid of. “That makes it seem like Owen is a dirty little secret.”

Owen lifts my hand to his lips “In a way I’ve been like that since our first time together, love. It’s no different.”

It’s very different, but I don’t tell him that. He’s willingly having this conversation with me, so I’ll go along with him. “OK. So how do we do this?”

“First, we’re going to discuss some new rules.”

“Rules?”

“If you’re going to have two Doms, it’s going to require some changes to the agreement you had with Owen,” Tobias explains.

“That makes sense. I’m listening.”

Tobias nods to Owen, signaling that he should take the lead.

Owen sits up straighter and pulls out his phone. Did he make a list? “First of all, you’ll be required to take one night a week to yourself. For whatever you want to do. We’re both demanding, and you’re going to want some rest.”

I blush as I remember just how demanding they can be.

“Next, there will be times when one of us wants you to ourselves. Whether that’s a function you’ll attend with us or spending the night in our bed. We’ve agreed that’s OK, and we won’t come to blows just because you’re having alone time with one of us.”

It’s oddly sweet, which explains why I’m tearing up.

“What if I want to go on a date with both of you?”

They look at each other, and Tobias takes over. “We’ll have to plan and be careful. You understand enough about my family to know that my wife being seen with another man could start a war. Especially if that man was part of another family that we have contracts with.”

I’m well aware of how it is, and I fucking hate it. I hate this life I’ve been born into. It’s archaic and stifling, and I’m not OK with it. But it’s what I’ve been dealt, so I have to figure out a way to make it work.

“I trust that you’ll figure something out. Because I want to do things with both of you. And not just things in the bedroom.”

“That’s a shame. Because we kind of planned to keep you in bed as often as possible,” Owen says.

“What about other things... I know yesterday you coordinated and agreed not to give me conflicting orders, but it’s bound to happen at some point.”

They blew out their breath. “If it comes to that, you’re a smart girl and you’re free to use your best judgment. It’s not like you’re a slave.”

I duck my head.

Tobias lifts my chin. “Are you saying the two of you were involved in a TPE relationship?”

TPE, as in total power exchange. I nod slowly. “Owen’s word was law. It’s what we agreed on. It worked for us.”

He whips his glare to Owen. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me. You knew she was engaged, and you manipulated her into a twenty-four/seven dynamic? I ought to beat the shit out of you right here.”

I put my hand on his shoulder. “Tobias, please. It wasn’t his idea.”

Owen remains stoic as Tobias turns back to me. “What do you mean? Are you saying you asked for this?”

“Yes. And Owen refused at first. He just wanted to play at the club. But I talked him into one weekend of TPE, and it was the happiest and most mentally stable I’ve been. Don’t be angry at him.”

Tobias shakes his head and I worry that he's somehow disgusted with me. He sucks in a long breath and blows it outward then picks up my hand and kisses it.

“If that was your dynamic, I understand why having two Doms give you conflicting orders would be hard for you. We'll work on making sure those instances are rare.”

Owen leans in and puts a hand on my arm. “The important thing is we want you to enjoy this, Bellamy. Your happiness is the motivator here.”

Tobias is still glaring at Owen, so I don't think he really believes I'm the one who escalated our dynamic, but he doesn't disagree with him. “Thank you. Both of you. We're going to make mistakes, but this makes me feel so much happier than even I imagined it would.”

Despite his obvious skepticism, Tobias gives me a smile as he picks up his water and sips it.

“Any questions for us?” He asks after a beat.

I think about it for a moment before answering. “Two things come to mind. The first is jealousy. How are you going to deal with it?”

Both men seem surprised by the question, and for a moment I regret voicing the concern, but I press on. “It's bound to happen. You've both almost come to blows over me at least twice since the rehearsal dinner.”

“That's a fair question,” Tobias says, seeming more comfortable in the conversation again. “Jealousy is a natural

feeling, Bellamy. It's going to come up in all of us at some point, but we'll handle it like grown adults. We'll talk it out and work through it together. We won't let it affect our relationship with each other or with you. As you've pointed out before, the three of us used to be the best of friends. We can lean into that."

Owen nods in agreement, but doesn't add anything, so I continue.

"We've talked a lot about physical pleasure and intimacy. But what about emotional intimacy?"

Tobias shifts and looks at Owen uncomfortably. This was the question I feared asking, and their reactions aren't helping matters.

"What about it?" Owen finally asks.

"I've admitted to still being in love with you, Owen, and I'm coming to care a great deal for Tobias. Is it going to cause problems if I'm in love with both of you? If I want to express that love in ways other than sex and orgasms?"

Owen puts a hand over mine, and Tobias follows suit with my other hand.

"You sure do ask the hard questions, don't you, love?"

"Hard or not, it feels important."

Tobias clears his throat. "It is important. But it doesn't have to be sorted right now does it?"

My heart falls a little at the response, but ultimately, Tobias is right. Not everything has to be figured out tonight. So, I pick up my water and try not to let my mind wander to a world where I can't express my feelings for both of them.

Chapter Twenty

Chapter 19

Owen

It's strange to walk into the High Card with Bellamy and Tobias. While we can't be publicly together as a threesome, the club is a safe place for us to be ourselves. Bellamy isn't sure if she wants to play in front of people, so we've reserved a private room just in case.

She looks at both of us nervously as we stand on either side of her. I've got my arm looped through hers, and Tobias has a hand resting on the small of her back.

She greets people we pass who say hello, but otherwise we don't stop until we get to the Diamond play space. It's my home inside the club. I've curated the space with the equipment and luxuries I enjoy most. Tonight, we're hosting a Fetish Fashion Show, something Zara cooked up. Luke declared it too frilly for his play space, so I co-opted the idea for mine. The concept is to demonstrate a variety of kinks with exquisite kink fashion on display.

Bellamy and I are still learning what Tobias enjoys, so his thoughts on tonight's entertainment will be eye-opening.

"From what I could tell, you provide the most entertainment and staged events in your play space," Tobias comments. "Is that on purpose?"

I've never thought about it, but I do tend to bring in the most special performances and exhibitions.

“Not on purpose, but I am the one who enjoys that sort of thing the most. Matteo will tell you it’s because I’m an attention whore. But I rarely get on stage myself.”

Tobias contemplates that. “You always did attract a crowd to anything you did when we were growing up.”

“He enjoys making people happy,” Bellamy says quietly. “It’s what makes him happiest.”

I squeeze her arm and give her a tender smile. “Close. Making you happy makes me happiest.”

She blushes and immediately looks at Tobias to make sure the interaction didn’t bother him. That bugs me, but this arrangement is going to take some getting used to, and we’ve given her reason to be nervous about our ability to get along. I’m still not convinced this is going to work long-term, but Bellamy’s happiness is important to me, so I’m going to do my best to make it work until we can’t. How I’ll deal with the fallout when this explodes in our faces, I have no idea. For now, I won’t dwell on that.

“What gave you the idea for a kink club together?” Tobias asks as we enter the play space.

I smirk. “The club was Matteo’s creation. But the rest of us were just horny enough to agree. Turns out it’s what we all needed.”

“And Bellamy? How did you get her on board?”

Bellamy clears her throat to answer, but Tobias holds up a hand to stop her. When she looks petulant, he winks. “You can

tell your side later. I want to hear how Owen tells it. We both know he likes to spin tall tales.”

That brings a giggle to Bellamy’s lips.

“I called and asked. At that point, we’d already fooled around. Kink was the next logical exploration for both of us. Bellamy gets bored easily. She faced going back to Philadelphia until you were ready to marry her, or living with her future mother-in-law in London, and neither of those were appealing to her, so when I asked, she jumped at the chance. And once we explored power exchange there was no going back for us. She’s been mine ever since.”

I expect him to react negatively to my declaration of ownership over Bellamy, but he doesn’t. Instead, he just looks at her with one eyebrow raised.

“That how it happened?”

She laughs nervously. “Pretty much.”

He doesn’t seem mad, but he’s not exactly thrilled either. This entire night is going to be interesting.

I lead us to a sofa I had moved to the platformed area in the front of the room and point to the center cushion. “Sit between us, love.”

She sits without hesitation, and I drop onto one of the spaces beside her. Tobias turns and surveys the room a moment before sitting and draping an arm around her.

“Sizeable crowd tonight,” Bellamy observes, placing a tentative hand on my thigh.

I pick it up and kiss each of her fingers. Meanwhile, Tobias traces his finger up and down the back of her neck.

I watch him out of the corner of my eye. He seems to be watching the room, but Bellamy has his full attention.

I lean in and whisper. “Are you happy, love?”

She glances at me and beams. “The happiest, Sir.”

I kiss her forehead and wait for the entertainment to begin. Throughout the fashion show, we touch her in subtle but sensual ways. Our goal is to drive her mad with need before we take her to the private room we reserved to enjoy her body.

If I have any say in the matter, she’ll have a night she’ll never forget.

My phone buzzes in my pocket. Only the owners and Bellamy are allowed to have phones inside the club, but we’re supposed to keep them out of sight as much as possible. I generally use mine in my office but given that I’m still waiting for information out of London, I slip the device out of the inner pocket of my jacket and note the number. I don’t want to disrupt the entertainment, but the end is approaching, so I tuck the phone back in my pocket. If it’s urgent, they’ll call right back. Otherwise, I’ll slip into my office and call them back in twenty minutes.

Two minutes later the phone buzzes again, and a glimpse at the screen tells me it’s the same number. I glance at Tobias and flash him my phone. He gives me a curt nod. My office is just

behind where we are on the sofa. I can slip out without being too disruptive.

“This is Owen, go ahead,” I say as I close the door behind me.

“Mr. Thorne, It’s Erick.”

“Do you have an update for me?” Erick is a cousin who is almost as gifted as I am at tracking people. I promised him a trip to Las Vegas if he provides me with meaningful information that will lead me to the person who organized the massacre at Bellamy’s wedding.

He clears his throat, obviously nervous to be talking to me. I may not be next in line, but I’m still the son of the Thorne family leader, and people fear me.

“Let’s hear it,” I prod when he doesn’t say anything right away.

“I’ve been listening around town and have reason to suspect someone knows you’re in Las Vegas. We’re still trying to figure out where the messages are coming from, but chatter is that they’re coming for Ms. Harper in the next twenty-four hours. It doesn’t make sense, because some of it is coming from a phone with a Las Vegas number, but I’m still trying to find out who owns it.”

I quiz him for the next several minutes on where he got his intel. It seems legitimate.

“Damn it. We’re going to move locations. I am not telling you where for security reasons. But we’ll be safe.”

“Will Mr. Hunt be joining you?”

I frown. “I don’t think you need that information, Erick. Call me back with another update in five hours unless something urgent happens.”

I have to figure out a way to get us out of here without raising suspicions.

I text Bellamy.

OWEN: Send Tobias into my office. Stay and enjoy the rest of the show. We’ll come and get you when we’re ready.

I trust she’ll see the message and do as she’s told. A few minutes later, Tobias knocks, and I open the door and hurry him inside.

“Someone knows we’re here. We’re still sorting out who and how. Don’t be pissed, but I did a little searching into your background. According to records, you own a yacht. Where is it?”

He looks furious as he stares at the ceiling and runs a hand down his face. “Fuck. This is so messed up. The yacht is docked in Marina Del Rey.”

“We should head there and take our girl on a vacation. Maybe sail down to San Diego.”

“Is it really safe to get on a boat right now?”

“Safer than anything else I’ve come up with. They won’t be expecting it. Whoever the hell they are.”

Tobias shakes his head in disgust. “That’s the part that has me annoyed. Who is behind this? Why can’t we find them? I’ve got eyes and ears in and around every criminal organization that matters. There should be more useful information out there by now. The only thing I can come up with is that someone from Bellamy’s family is in on the attack.”

I frown. That thought only briefly crossed my mind before I dismissed it. They were so insistent on the wedding happening. Everyone in the family seemed on board with the union.

“I’ll look into that angle once we get out. My sources say we’ve got twenty-four hours.”

“And who is this source of yours?”

“Don’t go there. I won’t tell you. If it helps, they can’t actually identify who the chatter is coming from. They’re just hearing things and from reliable sources of their own.” I leave out the information about a Las Vegas number. Erick is sending it to me, so I can track it down myself.

Tobias is not satisfied. I wouldn’t be either if I were in his position. But right now, he knows he doesn’t have much of a choice. So, he’s going to deal with it and follow my lead because deep down he’s a smart man and he wants Bellamy to be safe just as much as I do. That much I trust.

“The show should be over by now. Go tell her what’s going on while I make travel arrangements. Quietly.”

“Isn’t it better to stay here and fight? Going to the yacht seems like running away.”

“Victor, Luke, and Matteo can handle things here. And they will. They care about me and Bellamy, and now that includes you. I’m not saying you’re going to be their best friend overnight, but they’ll accept you and fight for you like one of us. They can track these assholes down while we keep her safe and give her more of what she wants from us.”

“Fine. We’ll go.” With that, he makes a quick exit back to Bellamy.

I take a half hour to sort out a way for us to get to Tobias’s yacht. When I’m done, I go in search of Bellamy and Tobias. We have two hours to get to an airfield that’s an hour away. I’ve already dispatched employees of mine to pack up our suite, and a car is heading for us now. In these situations, I’m grateful for my money. Sometimes I don’t care for it because of the blood and carnage it’s tied to, but it definitely comes in handy.

I find Tobias and Bellamy at a table in the bar area. Bellamy is frowning at him, and I approach in time to hear a part of what she’s saying. “So, you’re telling me we’re just leaving in the middle of a party to go sailing on your yacht? In the middle of the night? And you expect me to believe nothing is wrong?”

Christ. I should have given Tobias better direction for how to tell her. I interject myself into the conversation, putting a hand on her shoulder while I look Tobias in the eye. “Bellamy isn’t

someone you need to hide the truth from, mate. It's easier if you just tell her what's up."

He holds his hands up in surrender. "I'm learning that."

To Bellamy he says, "But it would be nice if you could just go along with it when I'm trying to spare you stress."

She laughs. "That's not really my style, Tobias."

It seems like they could use some more time to talk, so I squeeze her shoulder and step back. "While we're waiting for the car, I'm going to update the others."

Bellamy stops me with a hand on mine. "You're sure this is the best way?"

"It is, love. Don't question me. Not about your safety."

She gives me a shy smile and squeezes my hand. "I don't mean to question you. This is unfamiliar territory. I want us to all be safe, but I don't want to cause you more trouble, either. And I'm frustrated that it feels like I'm not being told everything."

"Taking care of you is never trouble." I bend and kiss her cheek. "I love you, Bellamy. And I'll always take care of you. Tobias is still learning, but he's going to take care of you, too. But cut him some slack, because neither of us know a lot right now. He'll fill you in while I'm talking to the others."

She kisses me gently and whispers a barely audible, "yes, Sir," before she turns her attention back to Tobias whose gaze has not left me since I approached the table.

When he nods, I leave to gather my partners and give them what little intel I have.

“So, what do you want us to do?” Luke asks, when I’m finished breaking everything down.

“Put people on my house, the hotel, Bellamy’s old place. Basically, anywhere someone might look for her. Keep the fact that we left town to the three of you. And if you find someone coming after her, interrogate them, and figure out who the fuck they are and why they’re doing this.”

Victor perks up at that. Interrogate to him means torture. I stay out of that part of the game when I can. But if I find the bastards who are trying to hurt Bellamy, I’ll gladly join Victor in his glee.

By the time we finish our conversation, the car is waiting for us. I hug my brothers and go back to Tobias and Bellamy.

They stand when I approach, and together we walk out of the club.

“Why does this feel like I’m leaving forever?” Bellamy asks, her voice tight with emotion.

We both engulf her in a hug that has us hugging each other, letting her soak up our warmth. “It won’t be forever, love. I promise. We’re going to figure this out and get back here as soon as possible. Trust me on that.”

“I trust you,” she whispers and lets me step away to open the back door.

Tobias rides in the front with the driver, and I settle in the back with Bellamy. She curls into me as we pull away from the High Card and head for the airstrip that will take us to Los Angeles.

We're mostly quiet for the ride, but when we get on the plane, Bellamy asks to go lay down. We both kiss her, and she disappears into the bedroom.

"How long do you think this will last?" Tobias asks when we're alone.

"This trip?"

He waves a hand between us and points to the door Bellamy just closed. "Us. This relationship or whatever it is we have."

I stare at him. "How long do you want it to last?"

He drags a hand through his long hair and shakes his head. "I have no bloody idea how to answer that. I want her happy, Owen. That's the only thing I know. I wasn't expecting to feel so strongly for her so quickly."

"So, we do this until she isn't happy with it anymore. That's the only answer you need."

He stands to go to the galley to pour a drink. He comes back with two glasses and sits. "Tell me about the last few years."

I set aside the tablet I was working on and pick up the glass. "Not a lot to tell."

"Why aren't you in London working alongside your brother?"

I snort. “You know I’ve never wanted that life. And when I met Matteo and Victor and Luke, I knew I’d met three men who had the same mentality I did. The war, the blood in the streets? It seemed pointless to all of us. There was a better way, and we were determined to prove it to everyone.”

“From what I understand there was a shootout between the Serrano’s and Trentinis less than a year ago,” Tobias says with a raised eyebrow.

I loosen my tie and pull it off as I contemplate just how much to share. There was a time when I wouldn’t have left a single detail out. He was my ride or die. “Not everything has worked out the way we wanted it to. We were young and cocky and full of ourselves. But we’ve learned a lot over the years, and we’ve really built something special here. The number of murders we’ve prevented by bringing people to Las Vegas to negotiate is in the hundreds by now. But when the Russians finally went down for good, some in our families saw it as a chance to move in and take over the territory. Not all of them are happy that we aren’t letting them. We’ve become the de facto leaders of this region, and we won’t give it up. It’s important that it remains neutral.”

Tobias cracks his knuckles and shifts in his seat as he takes in my story. “I admit it’s brilliant. And if you’d asked me about it a few years ago, I would have told you there was no way it could be done. I’m glad you were able to make it happen.”

“It’s grown beyond anything any of us ever imagined, that’s for damn sure. Now, tell me about security on your yacht. If there’s anything missing, we can make a stop at a local tech shop and pick up equipment.”

Tobias rolls his eyes. “It’s state of the art, believe me.”

“Still, I’d like to hear the details.”

He launches into a description of the security on his yacht and he’s not wrong, it’s state of the art. But because I’m an asshole, I find a couple of things I want to change. It annoys him, but he takes it in stride, and by the time we land a few hours later, we’ve already dispatched the appropriate people to pick up equipment for us.

I drive us to the yacht in a car I arranged, and Bellamy snuggles with Tobias in the backseat. There is a part of me still adjusting to this new dynamic. The realization that she finds comfort in his arms just as she does in mine comes with a twinge of pain. But my protective side, the one that just wants her safe, knows she’s better off with both of us watching over her, and the look of peace on her face as I pull into the marina is worth whatever pain I might be in.

Chapter Twenty-One

Chapter 20

Bellamy

“Tobias, this is beautiful!” He’s just given us a tour of what can only be described as a superyacht. I’ve been on a few yachts in my life, but nothing like this. It’s got every amenity we could ever need or want. There are three beautifully decorated bedrooms, and Tobias insists I take the primary bedroom. Not only is it the biggest, but there is also an en suite bathroom with marble counters and a bathtub that calls my name. A fully stocked kitchen, well-appointed living area with the latest in flat screen technology, and a swimming pool on the deck are also included.

There are also staff quarters, but Tobias sent most of the staff home before we arrived, so we could have privacy. The only two who remain are to sail the boat to San Diego where they’ll disembark and leave us alone.

“Tour isn’t quite over, little vixen. There’s one room I think you’re really going to want to see.” He flashes a wicked grin, and his eyes sparkle with mischief as his hand slides into mine, tugging me closer to him.

My curiosity is officially piqued, and I fall into step beside him without hesitation. Owen walks on the other side of me, appearing nonchalant. But his eyes give away his own curiosity.

Tobias leads us to the lowest level and opens a door. I gasp as we step inside.

“You didn’t!”

He wraps his arms around me from behind as I look around. It’s a small but fully equipped dungeon. A St. Andrews Cross, a suspension frame, and a spanking bench, along with a bed. There are cabinets along one wall and I’m sure they’re filled with anything one might want to play with. Everything is secured so it won’t move on rough waters, though I can’t imagine trying to play in the middle of a storm.

“What should we tie you to first?” He asks, kissing my neck. I shudder and turn in his arms.

“Whatever you want, Sir.”

He cups my cheek tenderly. “That’s a good girl.”

He turns his head and finds Owen standing in the corner. “What do you say, Owen? Shall we break in this room?”

“What do you mean break it in?”

“I had it put in about a year ago, but things got hectic in my life, and I’ve not used it with anyone.”

I hate being the jealous girl but knowing that I’m the first person he’s played with here makes it even more special. Playing at the club was going to be strange, because that’s where Owen and I always played. Now, we have a place where only the three of us have played. It makes me grin.

Tobias shakes his head. “And you thought we were going to be the jealous ones?”

I frown. “I try not to be. But maybe I experience it sometimes.”

Owen laughs. “Don’t lie, love. I’ve seen your claws come out when a sub gets too flirty with me at the club.”

Tobias raises an eyebrow. “The truth comes out.”

I roll my eyes and try to step away from him, but he won’t let me go. “Be a good girl and pick something to play on.”

I cast a long glance around the room and point to the cross.

Tobias nudges me toward it but stops me a few feet away and tugs the zipper of my black dress down, so it pools on the floor. I’d somehow managed to forget that they wouldn’t let me wear anything under my dress on the way to the club, so now I stand naked except for my shoes and wait for their move.

Owen hangs back, which is unlike him, but he might be just as curious as I am about where things will go if Tobias takes the lead.

He gives me a little shove, so I’m standing in front of the cross.

“Turn and face us, vixen.”

I do as he asks, and he raises my arms to rest on the upper arms of the cross. The leather cuffs he straps me to them with are soft, and even when he tightens them, they’re comfortable.

My nipples pebble and there’s a little thrill racing through me as he steps back and stares at me.

“Owen, check in the drawer behind you and pick out something for her to wear.”

Wear?

Owen turns without a word and opens the drawer. Amused laughter shakes his shoulders as he looks through the drawer. He turns around with two pairs of nipple clamps. One is an easy pair that doesn't hurt at all. The other is a set of clover clamps that I know from experience hurt like hell.

“Why don't we let Bellamy pick?” he asks as he saunters closer to us, dangling the clamps.

I have a love-hate relationship with his little games, but I'm eager to please.

He holds up the clover clamps. “If you pick these, you get to come as often as you want. But if you pick the other pair, you can't come no matter how much you want to until we're done with you.”

Fuck. That's why I have a love-hate relationship with his games.

“What's the matter, love? Tough choice?”

My eyes dart to Tobias, a pleading expression on my face, and he tsks his tongue. “Don't look at me like I'm going to save you, little vixen. Make your choice.”

I can't point, so I nod to the clover clamps. “I'll take those, Sir.”

Owen hummed. “How did I know that would be your choice? That little cunt of yours is too needy to go without orgasms. Isn’t it, love?”

I blow out a breath but whisper, “Yes, Sir.”

He hands the clamps to Tobias and pockets the other pair. Tobias stands in front of me and bends to suck one nipple into his mouth. I gasp as he swirls his tongue around the hard bud. He repeats the process with the second one, then takes it between his thumb and forefinger and attaches the clamp. I cry out as it bites into my tender flesh. The pain is intense and white hot, but I know it will ease once they start teasing me.

I hiss when he attaches the second one, and for a moment I think I might have to safeword. Then he cups my pussy and drags a finger through the slickness.

“My, my. What do we have here? How long have you been this wet, Bellamy?”

I squeeze my eyes shut, but Owen isn’t having any of that. “Look him in the eye when you answer.”

I open my eyes and find them both standing in front of me. Owen reaches out and tugs the chain hanging between my breasts, and I cry out.

But he doesn’t let go until I answer.

“Since we got to the club, Sirs!”

“Even when we had to leave early because of the danger?”

My pussy clenches, and my face is hot again as I bob my head up and down.

“That’d be the fear kink. She doesn’t actually want anything bad to happen, but she’s an adrenaline junkie, and the fear gets her off,” Owen offers when Tobias looks at me quizzically.

“Is that so? You must have been soaked at our wedding. Too bad I didn’t think to check.”

My face heats. I can’t believe he’s talking that way about such an awful day.

But he’s not wrong. If circumstances had been different, I would have been begging one of them to fuck me when we got to safety. But the awkwardness of the three of us being together won out over my hormones, and even still, Owen and I shared that passionate kiss.

Tobias’s fingers probe me, bringing me back to the present, and I whimper as Owen tugs my chain again.

“I hope you didn’t think I was going to make it easy for you to come, love.”

Of course he isn’t. But Tobias might if he keeps up whatever he’s doing with his hand. Holy shit, that feels good. I close my eyes and melt into the cross as his fingers expertly explore my most private parts.

I cry out when he pulls his hand away. So much for him making it easy. My pussy clenches when he pops a finger in his mouth and licks my juices off of it.

“Damn. That’s delicious.”

Owen slides a hand between us and drags a finger through my folds, then licks his own finger. “Definitely my favorite meal.”

“I suppose we should have a little mercy on her and let her come. She’s had a long night, and we were supposed to play at the club,” he points out as he circles the cross and stands behind it.

Tobias drops to his knees in front of me and spreads my legs. I look down at him just as he drags his tongue through my slit. I cry out and Owen tugs my hair, pulling my head back so he can silence me with a harsh kiss.

Tobias devours me, making me whimper and squirm with need, but Owen captures all my sounds with his mouth, kissing me until I can’t breathe.

When both men pull away, I’m limp but humming with need. I’m just a few seconds from begging when Tobias dives in again and sucks my clit between his lips. The orgasm hits me almost from out of nowhere.

Owen kisses me hard and tugs the chain as I cry. The resulting jolt of pain prolongs my orgasm, and my legs tremble as Tobias continues to lick me.

I don’t know when they switch places, but they do, and suddenly I taste myself on Tobias’s lips. He threads his fingers into my curls and pulls my head back as his tongue probes my mouth. As he pulls away, Owen’s mouth closes on my pussy and I cry out as he licks my still pulsing clit.

Tobias trails kisses down my exposed neck, and I pull against my restraints as Owen tortures my spread pussy with his mouth.

They devour me with their mouths. Two starving men and I am their buffet. I fear they will consume me to the point that I have nothing left to give, but there's no way I'm asking them to stop.

The attention they show me is intoxicating, and I want to live in this moment forever.

That is until Tobias bites down on my neck at the same time he pulls on the chain, tightening the clamps.

I scream as the metal bites into my sensitive nipples. Owen seems unfazed by my pain and sucks harder on my throbbing clit.

I explode in a second orgasm, and I hear myself plead with him to stop.

“Done so soon, love?” he teases as he blows cool air across my clit.

My legs jerk, and he smacks my thigh hard enough that I'll be wearing his handprint for a few hours.

“Don't you close your fucking legs to me.”

Tobias comes around to stand with Owen and cups my jaw. “You seem tired, little vixen. Should we move this to the bed?”

I nod my head pathetically, and both men give an amused laugh.

Owen reaches up and undoes the cuffs, then scoops me into his arms. He carries me to the bed and lays me in the middle of it.

Without warning, he takes the clamps off and I hiss, fighting the urge to curse as the blood rushes back to my nipples.

Tobias is on top of me in a flash, sucking the brutalized tips into his mouth one at a time, sucking gently and swirling his tongue around them. In the meantime, Owen positions himself between my thighs and spreads my pussy open again.

“So swollen and wet,” he murmurs as he probes me with one finger.

“Where do you want us tonight?” Tobias asks as he sits up and unbuttons his shirt.

It’s an unnerving question. Am I going to hurt their feelings if I don’t pick the right way? It would be so much easier if they just picked for me.

“There’s no wrong answer, love,” Owen says, soothing my nerves.

Still, I hesitate, and Owen gives a disappointed shake of his head as he slips his hand into his pocket. He pulls out the second pair of clamps, and I almost cover my nipples. It would have been pointless if I had because he attaches one of the clamps to my swollen clit, making me scream.

“It stays there until you answer,” he warns, giving the chain a gentle tug.

The motion almost makes me come, but I manage to form a sentence. “I want you both in me at the same time.”

“We have to work up to something like that,” Owen says, his voice tender.

My face flames with embarrassment.

“Not... in the same place. One of you in my pussy. The other... the other in my ass.”

Owen grins. “Good girl. Any preference for which of us is where?”

Why is he making me pick? It’s embarrassing.

“I...”

The words won’t come, Owen jerks on the clamp attached to my pulsing clit again, as Tobias hums. “Perhaps we’ll flip a coin.”

I shake my head, and Owen smirks as he bends to speak close to my ear.

“Or maybe we’ll both take turns fucking your ass and won’t touch your pussy at all. I can put the other clamps back on your nipples and attach this one to them, too. Ask, Bellamy. Ask us both for exactly what you want.”

Fuck, this shouldn’t be so hard. I’ve never been shy about asking for what I want. Especially not when I’m so damn turned on. How I haven’t set the bed on fire yet, I don’t know.

I swallow hard and look at Tobias. “Will you please fuck my pussy, Tobias, Sir?”

He’s already shed his shirt, and his pants are unzipped. He stands at the edge of the bed and shoves them down his thighs and steps out of them, while Owen looks at me expectantly.

“Owen, Sir. Will you... will you please fuck my ass?”

He beams at me with pride, but there’s a wicked gleam in his eyes, and he pulls the clamp off my clit, making me see stars, as he removes his own pants.

“Come here,” he commands, motioning me to him with a finger.

I scurry to him, and he captures my mouth in a hard kiss. The mattress shifts as Tobias lies on his back and watches me kissing Owen. Though I can’t see him, I can picture his intense gaze, and my cheeks flush. Owen breaks the kiss, and a moment of shyness almost overwhelms me, until he flashes me a smile and slips off the bed.

“Straddle Tobias, love. I’m just going to grab a couple of things.”

He moves to the wall, and I shakily move to Tobias’s side, and he pulls me down for a kiss as I climb atop him. His hands grip my hips as I settle onto him, with my knees curled to either side of him. He lets out a husky groan when my pussy presses against his hard length. I gasp as he slides one hand around and cups me, dipping one finger inside. Then it’s gone,

and his hands wander my body, palms exploring my curves and kneading my soft flesh.

Owen returns with a bottle of lube and a small vibrator and kneels on the mattress behind us.

“Ready?” he asks.

My body says yes, but my brain isn't convinced I can accommodate both of them at the same time. Still, I whisper a “yes, Sir,” and Tobias lifts me, shifting me so I can lower myself onto his cock.

A whimper of pleasure bubbles up as I fill myself with him. I want to move, but he stops me when I do. “Lean up here and kiss me while Owen gets you ready for him, little vixen.”

I lean in and press my mouth to his as Owen pops the lube bottle open. The cold liquid hits my ass, and the sensation is immediately followed by Owen's warm fingers probing me there. He slips in one, then two digits, and it feels so good with Tobias's cock filling me at the same time. I can't imagine how it will be when Owen replaces his fingers with his cock.

Tobias deepens our kiss as Owen continues to probe me and add lube. I groan into Tobias's mouth when a third finger slips inside. All the while, I just want to ride the thick cock inside my pussy, but Tobias holds me till.

When Owen decides I'm properly prepared, he pops the lube open again and slicks it over his cock before pressing it against my tight hole.

The pressure of his cock makes me feel impossibly full, even before he's inside me, and my pussy contracts around Tobias in response.

I whimper as Owen continues to push against me. "Relax, little vixen. Let him in," Tobias whispers, and I do my best to release the tension in my body.

Owen's cock is big, but with Tobias inside me, it seems monstrous, and I'm not sure I can take it. Still, I want him in me, and I will myself to take him. Seconds later, the tip of his cock pushes past my tight ring. I bite my lip and whimper as he grips my hips and pushes forward once more just as Tobias inches me up the length of his cock.

"You two OK?" Owen grits out as he eases partway out of me again.

Tobias lets out a grunt and lets me sit back down on his cock again. Owen fills me once more, and now they're both in me, but they're holding still, and Owen trembles from the restraint he's showing.

"You ready for us to move, love?" Owen asks.

"Yes, Sir. Please." I barely recognize my voice for the neediness in it.

Tobias thrusts in and out first, setting the pace for Owen to follow, and it's not long before they're both moving in sync.

The passion of their movements as they take my body overwhelms me, and I teeter on the brink of pleasure.

“She feels so good like this,” Tobias says as he thrusts deep into me. “I think she’s about to come.”

I love that he’s already getting to know the signs that I’m on the edge.

Owen grunts and pushes hard into my ass. “Hold back just a little longer, love. We’ll all go together.”

Tobias hisses as I clench around him. “You better fuckin’ hurry. She’s about to milk me dry.”

That I have that much power over him in bed fuels my own pleasure, and I don’t know how much longer I can hold this orgasm back.

As I’m about to plead with them to hurry, Owen stills and digs his fingers into my hips. “Come for us, little slut. Come for us with two cocks inside of you,” he says with a groan. And then he lets go and fills me with his seed. Tobias is right behind him, and the sensation of two men losing themselves inside me is the final push that sends me into orgasmic bliss.

I shudder and moan as I come around them, unable to stop the waves of pleasure rolling through me. It doesn’t stop even when Owen slips out of me and falls onto the mattress beside us.

When the pleasure gets too strong, I collapse against Tobias’s chest, tears of joy streaming down my cheeks as the last tremors of the orgasm shake me. He wipes the tears away with his thumb and kisses my hair. “Don’t cry, little vixen. We’re here and everything is good.”

“More than good,” Owen agrees, rubbing my back.

After a minute, Tobias eases me off his cock and rolls us so we’re on our sides facing each other, my back to Owen.

He cups my face and kisses me tenderly until Owen clears his throat dramatically, making me giggle.

Tobias sends him a mock glare. “Why don’t you get your lazy ass up and get something we can clean up with.”

Owen kisses my bare shoulder and rolls off the bed, not at all offended by the way Tobias teases him.

Owen returns with clean up supplies, and together they clean me up without speaking.

“Is it weird to be having this much fun when we’re clearly in danger?” I ask after several minutes of silence.

Owen kisses my temple and tosses the damp rag he’d been using into the bathroom. “I think it’s a good thing. There’s very little we can do right now other than make sure you’re safe. We’ve taken every precaution. So, we might as well stay busy and keep our minds off what’s happening that we can’t control.”

Tobias brushes hair away from my face. “I agree with Owen. We’ll address anything that comes up so try not to worry, love.”

For the first time, I don’t balk at him calling me love. It sounds just as right as when Owen does it. Though I must admit I kind of prefer Tobias calling me vixen. I’m not sure why I like that so much, but I do.

I yawn, and Tobias sits up straight. “We should get you to your bed.”

I don't object when he scoops me into his arms and walks naked up the stairs to the room they've deemed mine.

“Will you both stay with me?” I ask, sleep threatening to overtake me at any moment. “At least until I fall asleep?”

They're both silent, but Tobias pushes me more towards the center of the mattress and lays next to me. A few seconds later, Owen lies on the other side of me. I'm not sure who falls asleep first, but we're all out before long.

When I wake the next morning, they're both still next to me. I'm overly warm, but I can't bring myself to move and wake them. So, I just lay there and enjoy being with them. When Owen shifts, I brush his chest with my palm, and he quirks one eye open.

“Morning, Sir,” I whisper, not wanting to disturb Tobias.

He grins and pulls me close for a tender kiss. I moan when he deepens it, and shift so my body is pressed against his.

“Hey, no kissy face so early in the morning,” Tobias grumbles.

“You're telling me you wouldn't be kissing her if you woke up first?” Owen retorts.

I giggle and roll over to kiss Tobias. He nuzzles his face into my neck, and I let out a satisfied moan when he nips me with his teeth. I could get used to waking up this way. Something

tells me I shouldn't, but I want to. I want this to last. Even if it's impractical.

“How long are we going to be here?” I ask, trying to keep my mind off fantasizing about a future that seems impossible.

“At least through the weekend. Hopefully, that's all it will take, but we'll play it by ear after Sunday.”

I snuggle deeper into the covers. So, I've got an entire weekend to pretend this fantasy can be real.

I'll take it.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Chapter 21

Tobias

I stand on the deck and watch Owen and Bellamy laughing over something while he makes her a breakfast plate. He knows what she likes without having to ask. I crave that level of intimacy with her. I'm not unhappy with the arrangement we have right now, but there's a part of me that wonders if I'll always be at least a little behind the curve. Will Bellamy and I ever be as close as what I'm seeing between her and Owen right now? I can only hope.

I walk over to where they stand and wrap my arms around Bellamy from behind, resting my chin on her head.

“You sure you don't want a jacket out here?”

She looks up at me and smiles. “I'm good, Sir. I promise.”

It's odd to me that she stays in a submissive role even when we're not in the bedroom. I want to tell her she doesn't have to, but it's the dynamic she's had with Owen, and if it makes her happy, I don't want to discourage it. But I've never had the desire for a 24/7 submissive. I do like knowing she'll obey me when it's necessary, though. It makes me believe I can actually keep her safe.

My biggest fear about taking a wife in my position is how easily she could become a target as a weak spot for me. Taking care of her was never a question. As her husband, it will be my duty to see to her needs. But I never intended to get so

attached that she becomes a weakness. I'm willing to admit that's a lost cause where Bellamy is concerned. I'm fully attached. She will be the death of me if I'm not careful. But my main concern is keeping her out of harm's way.

Owen slides a plate to her as his phone rings. He excuses himself with a kiss to her cheek before he holds the phone to his ear and walks out.

Bellamy sits on a barstool in front of the high bar on the deck and pops a strawberry into her mouth. "You OK?"

I lift an eyebrow. "Do I not seem OK?"

She tilts her head and gives me a slight smile. "You seem a little down."

I drag a hand through my wind-blown hair. "You don't miss much, do you, vixen?"

Her laughter is warm, and I love the way hearing it makes me feel. "No, Sir. I don't. It's important that I notice things at the club, and Owen taught me to always be aware of the people around me."

I pick up one of her hands and squeeze. "I think that's what's bugging me."

"That I'm observant?"

I laugh. "No. That Owen has taught you so much. That you're so familiar with each other. And it's like I'm having to get to know you all over again."

She smiles and slips off the barstool to wrap her arms around my waist. “Give it time, Tobias... Sir. We’ll get to know each other.”

I stroke a thumb down her cheek. “You’re gorgeous. And you don’t have to call me Sir outside of a scene unless you want to.”

She lays her head against my chest. “That’s the part of all this that I’m going to struggle with the most. Owen and I... we connect intensely through power exchange. It seems right to try and connect with you that way. But not if that isn’t what you’re looking for. It comes naturally to call Owen Sir. I’m still learning what comes naturally with you.”

I put a hand on the back of her head and hold her close. “You’re doing fine. And don’t get me wrong, I like hearing Sir on your lips. I just don’t want you to think you’re obligated. Not when we haven’t developed that dynamic. Soon enough, you’ll learn what I expect and what pleases me. Much like I’ll learn what you like on your breakfast plate.”

She gives a muffled laugh against my chest. “I’m allergic to avocado, and I refuse to put cabbage in my mouth. Otherwise, I eat pretty much whatever you want to put in front of me.”

“I’ll make a mental note. Is it a severe allergy?”

She pulls back and looks up at me. “I can’t eat anything that’s been sitting on the same surface as an avocado, or I have a reaction. If I eat an actual avocado, I might die.”

“Jesus, Bellamy. I should have known this before the wedding.”

“I honestly thought you knew. I’ve had the allergy for as long as I can remember. But then again, I can’t recall your family ever serving anything with avocado, so I guess it makes sense that it never came up. I have to be careful about dining out.”

“Thanks for telling me.”

She lays her head back on my chest and I kiss her hair. It’s nice to have these few moments alone with her. I’ll have to talk to Owen about him disappearing for a night.

As if on cue, Owen returns looking grim.

“Lorenzo Trentini is in Las Vegas. Seemingly on a whim to visit his cousin Matteo, but I don’t like it and neither does Matteo, since he hasn’t heard from him at all.”

I frown. “Has he ever visited before?”

Owen shakes his head. “Not that I’m aware of, anyway.”

“Then it’s good to keep an eye on him. Could he be the person coming after her?”

Owen reaches for his coffee. “It’s possible. We’re looking into it.”

“I think he asked me out once.”

“Who?” we both ask in unison, surprised at Bellamy’s words.

“Lorenzo Trentini. We met once when I was in high school. He asked me out. I said no. Never made a big deal of it. I didn’t recognize him at the rehearsal at first, but I’m pretty sure it’s the same person. It’s probably nothing, but the memory just popped into my head, so I thought it might be worth sharing.”

“Good girl,” Owen murmurs as he lifts the mug to his lips. “You’re probably right about it being nothing, but it’s good to know as much about him as possible.”

“What are we going to do today?” Bellamy asks, effectively changing the subject.

“Whatever you want, love.”

“I saw a jet ski... could I?”

“Not by yourself,” I say.

Owen smirks into his coffee, and I fight the urge to deck him. He’s far too amused by the fact that he knows Bellamy better than I do.

“Why not? I’m perfectly capable.”

“Out of the question. I’ll take you.”

She pouts but looks away when Owen gives her a stern look. At least he’s not completely hanging me out to dry.

“We’ll talk about it after you eat your breakfast,” I say, trying to prevent a fight.

“Just because I’m a girl and I’m submissive doesn’t mean I’m weak, Tobias.”

“You mean Sir,” Owen corrects.

Her eyes flash defiantly, but she bites out the word anyway.
“Sir.”

I’ll have to talk to Owen about honorifics. I don’t want her to feel like she can’t use my name simply because we’re in a power exchange relationship. He’s going to have to learn that my dynamic with Bellamy is different from his. But that’s a conversation for another time. I approach her and cup her jaw.

“I know you’re not weak, vixen. Forgive me for wanting to protect you from every danger even if they’re only perceived. Until this is over, I don’t want you doing anything on your own.”

She blinks up at me with big eyes and I swear she’s about to cry. But the moment passes. “I would love it if you took me out on the jet ski.”

With a wink, I kiss her nose. “I’ll even let you drive.”

That makes her eyes light up and I shake my head. “My girl really is an adrenaline junkie.”

“What kind of jet ski is it?” Owen asks.

I sit on the barstool next to Bellamy and put a hand possessively on her thigh while she finishes her breakfast.

“I’ve got the first Supermarine.”

Now Owen’s eyes light up. “No shit? I heard they’re only making thirty of those.”

“Fifteen in black and fifteen in white. I got one of the black ones.”

Owen whistles. “I thought about it, but I don’t get out on the water much, so I have the Nikola Wav.”

Owen launches into a detailed description of what makes his model superior to everything before it, and that leads us to a discussion of electric cars, and I have to fight to stay focused because Bellamy is rubbing her foot up and down my leg. I stroke my hand up and down her thigh in response until she’s squirming, but I’m nodding and pretending to listen to Owen nerd out about cars, even asking questions where appropriate.

I’ve been doing my own digging, and the amount of vehicles Owen owns is staggering. And Luke seems to own a fair number outside his limo fleet as well.

Bellamy leans over and whispers, “It’s so hot watching the two of you bond.”

I squeeze her leg and whisper back, “Behave.”

She giggles, and Owen rolls his eyes. “You two aren’t even paying attention. I should be offended.”

Bellamy giggles harder. “Sorry, Sir. You’re cute when you get nerdy about your cars, though. It’s fun. I was telling Tobias it makes me happy to see you two bonding.”

“No. That’s not what you said. Tell him what you said,” I prod.

She blushes and sticks her tongue out at me, and I’m glad when Owen doesn’t chide her for it. But I raise an eyebrow

when she doesn't obey, and she huffs. "Fine. I said it was hot."

Owen moves to stand on the other side of Bellamy and tilts her chin up. "Is it?"

A cheesy grin lights up her face. "Yes, Sir. So hot."

It's not hard to make this girl happy. At the same time, it seems like she's asking for something impossible long-term. How long can we lie to ourselves about this working?

I shake the thoughts and squeeze Bellamy's knee again as Owen kisses her. When he pulls away, he looks at me with mischief in his eyes.

"Tobias, what do you say the two of us go out on the jet ski and Bellamy can watch from the boat?"

She sticks her lip out in the cutest pout ever, and I tousle her hair. "You're the one who said us bonding is hot. We want to make you nice and wet, so we can fuck you later."

Bellamy giggles. "I'll get wetter if you let me drive. And I don't mean because I'll be in the water."

I turn to Owen, and he shrugs. "No bonding, I guess."

Bellamy stands and kisses both our cheeks.

"Mind if I go shower first? I never took one last night."

We both shake our heads, and she leaves us with a cute little wave. I consider following her, but I need to use the time to talk to Owen about my concerns.

When she's gone, I turn to him and clear my throat.

"What's up, mate?"

“I’ve never really had her to myself. Not the way you have.”

Owen laughs. “Is that your way of telling me you don’t want to take turns on the jet ski?”

I snort. “No. But if you want to make yourself scarce, let me cook her dinner or something that would be nice.”

He contemplates it for a moment. “I’ll see what I can do. But let’s spend the day with her together like we promised we would. Maybe take her onto shore for lunch and some shopping.”

I wrinkle my nose. “You mean holding her purse while she tries on clothes?”

Owen’s laugh is good-natured. “That’s not exactly Bellamy’s style of shopping. You’ll see.”

I have no choice but to trust him.

We both disappear into our rooms to change into better clothes for taking the jet ski out, and by the time we emerge, Bellamy has returned in the hottest little bathing suit I’ve ever seen. I didn’t think it was possible for this woman to get sexier, but damn she looks good.

Owen stays back and lets me take her out first, saying he needs to make a phone call about Lorenzo. It means something to me, even if he didn’t mean it as a gesture of goodwill.

I insist on driving our first time out, and even though she doesn’t say anything, I can tell it annoys her. Safety has little to do with me not letting her drive. The reality is, I enjoy the way she clings to me as we buzz around the bay.

When I pull alongside the yacht, Owen trades places with me as the driver, and I don't miss Bellamy's subtle little pout. She's getting exasperated by the fact that we aren't letting her drive, but still, she goes along with it. For now, at least.

When Owen pulls back up to the steps of the yacht and climbs off, she scoots to the front. At first I think she's going to take off without me, but I give her a look and she changes her mind.

When I climb on behind her, I lean in and bite her neck. "You're lucky you didn't drive off without me, vixen. I haven't had the pleasure of punishing you yet. I'm really looking forward to that opportunity."

Her breathing hitches, but she turns her head up and offers her mouth for a kiss without saying anything. Then she speeds away from the boat with a shout.

"Slow down!" I warn. Instead, she kicks it up a notch. She's good, handling the beast of a machine with expert skill. But I still don't like it.

"Slow the fuck down, Bellamy. I'm not kidding."

She doesn't respond, so I get closer to her ear.

"Looks like I get to punish you sooner than I'd hoped."

For a split second, she lets off the gas as if she's worried about it, but she's right back at high speed within seconds. I seem to remember hearing something about her having a punishment fetish. We're going to test that when we get back on the boat.

“It’s the fastest speedboat on the market,” she shouts. “How can I not push it to the max?”

Finally, she slows and pulls up next to the boat with a nervous laugh as she finds Owen glaring at her. “What the fuck was that, love?”

She blinks at him with big, innocent eyes. “I was testing the limits.”

“You mean my limits?” I ask, my voice stern.

To Owen I say, “I thought you said she wasn’t a brat.”

Owen laughs. “She’s not usually. Occasionally she gets feisty, though. Maybe she really wants a spanking. After all, it has been awhile since she’s been over my knee.”

Her mouth drops, and she opens and closes it several times. I climb off the jet ski and back onto the boat. When I reach for her hand, she doesn’t take it.

“Don’t even think about it, little vixen,” I warn.

But she does more than think about it. The engine comes to life again, and she takes off before I can even attempt to stop her.

“Bloody hell,” I mutter as I watch her buzz around the water. She’s laughing, clearly enjoying herself.

“I guess it’s time for her to see what it’s like to have two Doms,” Owen declares. “How do you want to play this?”

“Let’s team up and scare the hell out of her.”

Owen laughs. “She’ll like that too bloody much.”

When she pulls back up to the boat, we're on her in an instant, lifting her off the jet ski. Owen hauls her over his shoulder, her curvy ass in perfect smacking position, and he peppers her with quick hard swats as we walk toward the dungeon. She whimpers as he scolds her, and I find the whole thing quite amusing... and arousing.

She's panting by the time we reach the dungeon, and he throws her on the bed like a rag doll.

Owen

I'm not really mad at Bellamy for taking off on the jet ski. It was fun to see her enjoying herself. But she presented us with an opportunity to play, and if I had to guess, she was goading us into punishing her. So, that's exactly what she's going to get. It's rare for Bellamy to misbehave on purpose, despite her punishment kink, so I'm curious to see where her head is at. Is she testing Tobias to see where his limits are?

He seems more amused than upset as well, so we're on the same page with this scene.

I sit on the side of the bed and haul her over my lap. The bikini she wears shows off plenty of her bare ass, so I don't even bother lowering her panties before I begin to spank her properly.

Bellamy doesn't even try to take her punishment seriously, and she's giggling the entire time I redden her ass. Finally, I stop and look at Tobias who has just been observing until now.

“Perhaps she needs something a little more intense.”

He moves to the wall of cabinets and opens one filled with paddles. When he holds up two particularly vicious ones, I point to the leather strap that's split down the middle.

“That ought to do the trick.”

Bellamy tries to turn her head and look at what we have planned for her, but I stop her with a tug of her hair. “Naughty

girls don't get to see what's coming."

Tobias holds the strap out for me, and I shake my head. "It's your turn."

He grins, as we switch places, careful to not let Bellamy see what he'll be hitting her with. When she's over his lap, I admire the way her ass looks all red and up in the air. She shudders when Tobias runs the leather across her warmed skin.

He raises his arm and brings it down at full force, making even me wince as Bellamy cries out. Then he rubs the sore spot he's just created. "Learning your lesson, vixen?"

When she doesn't answer, he smacks her hard and fast a half dozen times until she's squirming and writhing on his lap.

"Yes, Sir!" she cries when he stops. As a reward, he strokes her ass, then lets his hand drift between her legs where he pulls her panties to the side, revealing her slick pussy.

"You're soaked. Is it the spanking or the jet ski?" Tobias asks, pumping a finger in and out of her.

"Both, Sir," she cries.

"Good girl. You're going to take ten more, and then you're going to ride the sybian while you give us both a blow job as an apology for disobeying."

She moans, and Tobias looks at me. "I don't think this punishment is getting through to her."

"Better make those last ten mean it then, mate."

I search the room for the sybian and spot it sitting behind the spanking bench.

While Tobias spanks the hell out of Bellamy, I pull the saddle shaped sex toy into the center of the room, enjoying the sound of her yelps.

When I've got it set up, Tobias helps her off his lap and makes quick work of stripping her out of her bathing suit before he leads her to the center of the room. The dildo protruding from the top of the toy isn't massive, but she'll definitely feel it while she's sucking us off.

"Lower yourself down, love," I say, guiding her over the saddle.

She hovers over the dildo and inches it inside herself. Tobias isn't pleased with that and bends to pepper her bottom with stinging swats of his palm.

"Come on, vixen. You know how to ride a cock. Show us how eager you are for ours."

He steps back and I follow his lead, standing in her eyeline, waiting for her to ride the toy.

She's hesitant at first until Tobias picks up the strap again. When he raises the wicked piece of leather, she rides it like she means it, bouncing up and down on the sybian, causing her breasts to sway with her. She cups them in her hands as she rides and moans, and I want to pull her off of it and plow my cock into her. But I'm trying to follow Tobias on this, so I stand here and enjoy the show.

Finally, Tobias orders her to stop, and he bends down and turns a switch on the front of the saddle and the dildo moves on its own. “Now it’s time to focus on your apology,” he says, approaching her from one side as he lowers his swim trunks. I follow suit, joining him on the other side so that either way she turns her head, she’s greeted by a waiting erection.

She’s not shy as she takes hold of us both, stroking from base to tip a few times before she turns to me and takes me in her mouth, sucking me hard and deep. The sybian pulses, forcing her to grind her pussy on the dildo as she gives me head, and it’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. At least until she turns and gives Tobias the same treatment. THAT is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. I would kill any man who looked at her with more than friendliness at the club, so it never occurred to me that I would get off watching her suck another man’s cock.

Bellamy is eager to meet the challenge presented to her, and she puts her all into sucking us off. And when she’s got her mouth on one of us, she’s stroking the other with her hand, never breaking contact with either of us.

“That’s it, little slut,” Tobias says, his voice gruff as he fists his hand in her hair and gently pushes her head down on my cock, making her bob up and down on me. “Don’t stop until he blows his load down your throat.”

My cock twitches, signaling that it won’t be long. She sucks me so hard my vision blurs, and I grip her shoulder to steady myself as the first stream of cum hits her tongue. She swallows it down like it’s her favorite drink as I come in her

mouth, and when my orgasm subsides, she immediately turns to Tobias, who she's been stroking furiously while she finished me off. Who knew my girl was going to be so good at getting two men off at the same time?

My brain is barely functioning as I try to recover from what she just did to me, but I move behind her and crouch down so I can stroke her clit while the toy fucks her pussy and Tobias fucks her mouth.

"Don't come until Tobias does, love," I murmur against her ear as I drive her wild.

Her hips are grinding against the toy, and Tobias is buried all the way to her throat, his hand in her hair, as he gives her a proper face fucking.

When he reaches the peak of pleasure and empties himself in her mouth, I pick up the pace of my finger on her clit and order her to come.

She cries out as she obeys, and I hold her through the very last tremor of her orgasm.

Later, we all shower together in the main bathroom to wash off the sex and salty ocean water. As we take turns drying Bellamy off with fluffy towels, I'm filled with a sense of contentment in our arrangement that I haven't felt until now. Tobias and I are still learning to live with each other, but we have the same goal, and that is to make this perfect woman between us as happy as we can. That common goal is going to make this work.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Chapter 22

Tobias

The sun is setting by the time we return to the yacht after a day shopping in the city. Today has been better than I hoped it would be. Owen was right, shopping with Bellamy was fun. Especially the part where we took turns “helping” her in the dressing rooms. Even as we finish a casual dinner on the deck, her face is still flushed from one of several orgasms we forced out of her, and I have every intention of giving her at least one or two more before we sleep tonight.

I stayed on high alert most of the day, even though no one knows where we are, and we’ve mostly managed to forget everything facing us at home. Or at least put it to the back of our minds.

Have I started to consider Las Vegas as home? Or do I mean London? Was London ever really home for me? I stayed away as long as I could, and I’m only going back now because of Gabe.

When we’re through eating, Owen and I clear the dishes, refusing to let Bellamy help, then we move inside to the living room, but Owen doesn’t join us on the sofa where Bellamy curls up next to me. He lingers in the entry, watching us. Something is on his mind. Before I can ask, he pushes off the door frame and pulls at his jacket. “I have to go back to Las Vegas tonight to check on some things.”

Bellamy frowns and pulls away from me. “Should we come with you?”

I grip her hand to keep her from getting up, as Owen comes all the way into the room and drops to one knee in front of her on the sofa. “Stay here with Tobias, love.”

There’s a battle going on inside her, and it’s spilling out onto her face in a storm of emotions. Does she not want to be alone with me? It stings to think she might only want me if Owen is here too.

He cups her cheek and leans in for a kiss. “Be a good girl and do as you’re told.”

She puts her forehead against his and closes her eyes.

Then she turns to me and smiles. “I guess we get that alone time sooner than expected.”

That she acknowledges my need for it is a step in the right direction. But I don’t like the fact that she needed Owen to tell her to behave for her to go along with it.

Am I reading too much into her reaction? It’s something we’ll have to discuss. But not right now. Now, I’m going to enjoy a night alone with her.

I’ve never stopped thinking of her as my fiancée, and she still wears my ring on her finger. And Owen’s bracelet on her wrist.

I stand to walk Owen back to the dinghy that will take him to land so he can catch a car to the airfield. “Lorenzo is definitely in Las Vegas. It’s looking more and more like he’s involved in

this,” Owen says when we’re out of earshot of Bellamy. “I’m going back tonight so I can help track his movements and find out what he’s up to.”

“Call if there’s anything we can do from here. And hurry back.”

He takes me by surprise when he pulls me into a hug. I hug him back and stand at the railing until he’s out of sight. I turn to find Bellamy watching me from the doorway.

She gives me a shy smile and holds out her hand. “We still have dessert waiting for us. Want to talk while we have it?”

I lace my fingers with hers and follow her into the galley where we pull cheesecake out of the fridge.

“Tell me about college,” I say as I cut us each a slice.

She doesn’t answer right away. Instead, she moves to the coffee pot and pours herself a cup and lifts the pot in my direction. “How do you take it?”

“Splash of cream, no sugar.”

She prepares it for me and slides the cup my way.

“Thank you, vixen.”

We settle in the living room with our plates of decadent cheesecake before she answers my question.

“College is where things got started between me and Owen. But we kept it a secret from his friends. They believe the first time he saw me again after high school was the day I moved to Las Vegas. It was just easier that way.”

I slice my fork into the delicious dessert and contemplate her answer. “Why hide it?”

“We had to keep it from our families. That much was clear. But then Owen talked my father into letting him be my security, so there was at least a reason for us to be together. But he didn’t want anything accidentally getting back to either of our families. And since most of his friends were in the same world, it just made sense for him to talk about me as the annoying girl he was paid to protect without revealing my identity. I never went to the same parties or anything like that.”

I frown. “Did he actually protect you?”

She giggles. “Very much so. It’s kind of where the D/s started. But then we realized it worked for us. He also had a couple of trusted bodyguards who were near me around the clock. So yes, I was very safe. We took a break when my mother almost caught us, and I didn’t see as much of him because I was convinced I had to end it. He didn’t like it, but he always made sure I was safe.”

I believe her. It should have been me there keeping her safe, but I can’t dwell on that.

“What did you study?”

“Business. The only thing my father would agree to.”

“What did you want to study?”

She shifts uncomfortably. “History. Daddy said it was pointless and he wouldn’t pay for it.”

That gets my attention. “You realize I double majored, right?”

“Business and...?”

“History.”

Her eyes light up. “Something we can talk about. I know you were a history buff but didn’t realize that’s what you studied.”

I laugh. “Did you think we wouldn’t have things to talk about, vixen?”

She picks at something in her lap. “Kind of? You’re practically a stranger, Tobias. It’s like we’re on a first date every time we’re in the same room.”

My eyes narrow and I set the plate aside and move closer to her. “Are you saying you let first dates spank you?”

Her face turns cherry red, and she ducks her head. “I guess you have a point.”

“We know each other, Bellamy. Don’t overthink this. We’re just older and wiser now.”

She leans into me, and I bury my face in her hair. How she always smells magical, I’m not sure, but she does. I could get lost in her scent.

“What do you think is going to happen?”

“What do you mean?”

“With the three of us? Is this going to last?”

I sit back and pick up a lock of her hair, twirling it in my fingers. “Do you want it to last?”

Her eyes sparkle as she answers. “Very much. Having both of you in my life like this again? I used to fantasize about it when we were teenagers, but it seemed silly.”

“Not so silly. We were inseparable. And we took you to your prom. It makes sense you would be infatuated with the idea of the three of us. In one way or another, we’ve both always loved you.”

“Even when you were fucking Savannah Peckham?”

I give her a mock glare and take the plate from her hands. “If you’re going to get sassy, perhaps we should move this conversation to the bedroom.”

She giggles as I scoop her up and carry her down the hall. Instead of going to her bedroom, I take her to mine. It seems important that our first time alone isn’t a place Owen and I have had her together.

When I put her on the bed, she raises up on her knees and wraps her arms around my neck, kissing me gently. “I want to go slow and savor this moment. It’s our first time.”

I slide a hand in her hair and press my mouth to hers for a slow, deep kiss. As I explore her, she tightens her hold on me, letting out little cries of pleasure when I break away from her kiss.

I push her down to a kneeling position and unbutton the linen shirt I’m wearing.

“Tobias?”

I stop midway down the row of buttons and gaze at her. Her eyes stay locked on mine as I wait for her to continue.

“I’m nervous,” she admits after a beat.

I move closer to the bed and cup a hand under her chin. “Don’t be nervous, little vixen. We’re going to take this at your pace and make sure you feel good. Tonight, I don’t want you to worry about being my submissive. Just be Bellamy, the girl I’m falling for.”

Her mouth drops open and closes again before she gives a quick nod. “I can do that.”

I look back to my buttons, and she puts a hand on my arm. “And Tobias? I’m falling for you too.”

She’s fucking perfect.

I strip out of my shirt and reach for the hem of her swimsuit cover. She lifts herself up so I can pull it over her head. Then she reaches for the button at the waist of my pants, but I stop her and reach behind her, pulling the string on her bikini top. At the same time, I use the other hand to pull on the string of her bottoms. Both pieces fall away, and I stand back to admire the vision on my bed.

“I don’t know how I got so lucky,” I murmur.

She laughs. “A business contract?”

I cast her a stern glare. “Don’t say it that way. It’s evolving into something so much better.”

She gives me a ghost of a smile and relaxes her shoulders. “You’re right. It really is.”

I give her a tender kiss and push her so she’s laying down.

“I want to get very familiar with your body tonight. If I do something that doesn’t feel good, you have to tell me immediately. Same goes for if I’m doing something that really works for you. I want to hear about it right away.”

Her lashes flutter as she stares up at me. “Do I get to explore your body, too?”

I kiss the base of her throat and trail kisses between her breasts before I answer. “Another night. Tonight, I want to focus on you.”

She melts into the bed when I trail my hand down her ribcage. I spend the next five minutes kissing her body from head to toe, paying attention to the spots that make her gasp. I purposely avoid the slickness between her legs. As I kiss up one thigh, she lets her legs fall open wider as if to invite me in. I press one tender kiss just above her clit before I move up her abdomen and back to her breasts. She cries out and digs her nails into my back as I suck one nipple into my mouth.

“Is that a good noise?” I ask, even though I’m positive it is.

She whimpers. “Yes, Sir. It’s so good.”

She arches her back as I pull the other nipple into my mouth and knead the one that was just there between my fingers.

“So responsive,” I murmur as I sit up and look down at her.

“It seems you already know my body pretty well, Toby,” she says, slightly breathless.

Somehow, I don't mind being Toby when we're in bed together. I trail my fingers down the center of her abdomen and hover just above her pussy. She opens her legs again and looks at me with pleading eyes. I have mercy on her, cupping her tenderly. “You're so wet for me, baby. Can you come on my fingers?” I slide one inside as she bobs her head up and down.

She whimpers, and I slip one more inside, pumping in and out. I'm suddenly overcome with the desire to stretch her wide with my hand. Has she ever been fisted? Tonight isn't the time for that, but the vision of my hand fully inside her makes my cock twitch, and I push a third finger inside her, making her squirm with need.

“Please?” she whimpers.

“Please what?”

“Make me come,” she begs.

“With pleasure.” I use my other hand to stroke her engorged clit with my thumb. I'm happy to take my time, but she seems eager for it, and I'm not going to stop her once I find the rhythm that has her gripping the bedspread. “Such a pretty girl,” I murmur as she whines and squirms, chasing the orgasm.

I curl my fingers inside her tight channel and stroke her clit a few more times before she grips me like a vise. Her face

contorts, and it's the hottest look I've ever seen. I could get addicted to putting this expression on her face. She's so damn gorgeous as she's coming undone.

"Fuck!" She screams as a second orgasm slams into her right after the first.

"Tobias that feels so good," she pants.

"I know, baby. You're so beautiful coming on my hand. I could keep you like this all night."

She shakes her head back and forth. "No. Please. I want you inside me."

I curl my fingers again, reminding her that I technically am, but that's not good enough for my girl.

"Please, Toby. Fuck me."

How can I deny a plea like that?

I pull my hand free and make quick work of my pants.

She stares at me with hungry eyes as I crawl over her on the bed.

I dip my head and take her mouth in a ravenous kiss. When she lifts her hips, inviting me inside, I adjust and line my cock up with her opening, ready to take her roughly.

I slide inside of her tightness, and she rubs her hands up and down my back as she meets my thrusts.

"Ready?" I ask as I let her adjust to my size.

"Please?" she whimpers.

Without preamble, I pull out and slam into her, finding a steady rhythm, fucking her hard and fast until she's crying out and clinging to me. The sounds of our lovemaking are all that fill the air, and it's a beautiful symphony to my ears. I want to spend my entire life pulling these little noises from her over and over again. It's not a stretch to imagine her spending her days tied to my bed ready for me to pleasure any time I want.

I slip my hand between us and find her clit again. "Come with me," I say, my voice tight as I'm barely holding on to my own control.

Her response is to spasm around my cock, nearly breaking me.

I flick her clit once more and it sends her over the edge. She screams my name as I lose myself in her cries. When we both come down from our orgasm, I'm satisfied that we're going to be just fine together. All doubts that we're meant to be are erased, and I know I'll do whatever it takes to keep her in my life. Including sharing her with my childhood best friend.

Maybe it's time to truly rekindle that friendship.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Chapter 23

Owen

““**W**hen are you coming back, Sir?”

I smile at the sound of Bellamy’s voice on the phone.

“Soon, love. I’m just keeping an eye on someone here. Making sure they don’t try anything. Plus, I thought you might need some alone time with Tobias.”

“Is that weird for you?”

I ponder it for a minute before I answer. “A little.”

“I’m sorry. I don’t want things to be weird.”

A half snort, half laugh escapes me. “Sometimes weird just can’t be helped, love. I’m dealing with it. Did you have a good time?”

She gasps. “Owen, are you asking me to kiss and tell?”

I laugh. “Only if you want to. But I wouldn’t mind hearing about it.”

She’s quiet for a minute before she says, “It was nice. Nicer than I expected.”

I can tell this is making her uncomfortable, so I don’t push anymore.

Instead, I try to be reassuring. “I’m glad, love.”

“You and I need a night alone soon.”

Hearing that makes me smile.

“We’ll figure that out. Can I talk to Tobias for a minute?”

There’s silence as she goes to find him. Before she hands the phone over, she clears her throat as if she wants to say something else.

“What is it, Bellamy?”

“Nothing...”

The hesitation in her voice puts me on high alert. “Don’t lie to me. That never ends well for you.”

It takes another ten seconds for her to break the silence. “I love you.”

I frown. “That’s what you were afraid to tell me?”

“Things are so messed up right now, and it felt awkward.”

Why did I leave the damn boat? I should be spending every possible second I have with her in case this blows up. But I know I’m needed where I am to make sure she stays safe. “I love you too. That’s never going to change, OK?”

“Yes Sir,” she whispers.

“Now be a good girl and hand the phone to Tobias.”

Tobias answers in a few seconds, and it’s clear he heard the entire exchange.

“Is she all right?” I ask.

“Yeah. Her heart is just a little twisted right now.”

“Understandable.”

“How are things in Las Vegas?”

The situation in Las Vegas is a much easier conversation to have with him than Bellamy’s twisted up emotions. “Lorenzo is definitely in town. But he hasn’t reached out to Matteo yet, and that’s odd. We’re keeping eyes on him, but we’re not approaching him yet. Not until we can figure out what he’s doing here. If we don’t get anywhere by this evening, I’m coming back to you two.”

“We’re ready for you.”

The comment takes me by surprise.

“Miss me do ya?” I tease, unsure of how else to handle it.

Tobias clears his throat. “Something like that. It’s time for you and me to bury the hatchet and get acquainted with each other again.”

Damn. Not at all what I was expecting. Bellamy must be having a major effect on him.

“I’d like that.” It sounds lame, but I mean it. I’ve missed Tobias over the years. Even when I was pissed at him.

“Tell me how it goes with Lorenzo,” he says, clearly eager to change the subject.

“What can you tell me about him? Matteo doesn’t seem to know him very well, and we’re still not on speaking terms with Danny after what went down with his father.”

“You’ll have to tell me that story sometime. I’m not sure I fully understand it.”

I chuckle. “Not sure any of us understand it to be honest.”

We chat for a few more minutes before he says Bellamy wants to talk to me again.

“What is it, love?”

“I just wanted to hear your voice again,” she admits, sounding more confident in expressing her needs now.

I appreciate that she’s growing comfortable with the two of us. It makes me want to try harder to be at ease with Tobias. Perhaps he’s right. It’s time for us to really put an effort into our friendship.

“Be a good girl for Tobias, love. I need to go.”

“Yes, Sir,” she murmurs. “I love you.”

“Love you too, sweet girl. I’ll be back in no time.”

I end the call and switch my phone back to the cameras I have pulled up, trying to spot Lorenzo’s movements around town.

What the hell is he doing here? So far, he’s been to the Sapphire and a warehouse on the outskirts of Henderson. Pure luck led me to finding him out there, but he’s been invisible for the past couple of hours.

Matteo walks into my office an hour later, and I lean back in my chair. “I still say you should reach out. It will help us get a read on him.”

Matteo pulls out his phone. “I’ll call him and see if I can get him to tell me he’s in town.”

“What’s your pretense for calling?”

“I’m trying to find out what Danny’s up to. It’s not a stretch. I’m always putting feelers out to figure out what the hell he’s doing.”

I give him a thumbs up. “Do it. I can’t find him right now. I might get lucky and be able to triangulate the call.”

It takes a few minutes to set up my equipment so I can trace the call before Matteo dials.

He answers right away.

“Matteo, I was wondering when you would call.”

I frown. Why would he be expecting his cousin’s call?

“Why’s that?” Matteo asks, keeping his tone even.

“Word is you’re helping on the investigation into the massacre at the Hunt wedding last weekend.”

I sit up straighter. How the hell does he know that?

“What are you talking about?” Matteo asks.

“Don’t play dumb. It was your contact in Scotland Yard that tipped Owen and Tobias off, right?” I raise an eyebrow. Is Lorenzo admitting to involvement?

“What’s going on, Lorenzo?” Matteo asks. “Are you saying you had something to do with the Hunt wedding massacre?”

His cousin laughs. The sound sends a chill up my spine, and I don’t like it at all. “What the hell are you thinking? Does Danny know about this?” Matteo hisses.

“Relax. Danny doesn’t know his head from a hole in the ground. He has no idea.”

“Danny sent you there to represent him. Not shoot up the goddamn wedding. Do you realize how many enemies you’ve made?”

“She should have been mine.”

I stand and reach for the phone, but Matteo puts a finger to his lips and steps away. He’s right. My focus should be on tracing the call.

“Who, Lorenzo? You’re not making any sense.”

“Bellamy Harper. I approached her father about marrying her.”

Now I’m really seeing red. My fingers fly across the keyboard, and it takes all my willpower not to reveal my presence in the room.

“And what did Mr. Harper say?” Matteo asks.

“He said he couldn’t get out of the contract but that if something happened, he would be open to a change.”

My gut twists. Did Bellamy’s own father put a hit out on Tobias? We assumed Bellamy was the target, but what if they were going to kidnap her and kill Tobias at the same time?

The triangulation pings and I’m furious.

He’s in San Diego. How the hell did he get there without us finding out?

I flip the screen to Matteo and write him a note.

“Where are you now? We can meet and come up with a plan to fix this mess.”

Lorenzo laughs. “After I get my fiancée.”

I’m on my feet in a split second, my phone in my hand.

Tobias doesn’t answer, though. God damn it.

I try Bellamy’s phone next, but no answer.

Lorenzo hangs up, and Matteo shoves his phone into his pocket.

“I need to fucking get back to that boat.” My heart is in my throat. If something happens to either of them, I’ll never forgive myself.

The jet is tied up picking up a VIP. I didn’t think I was going to need it until morning.

“We’ll get you there,” Matteo promises.

I hold up my hand and dial a number.

“This is Novak. What’s going on?”

He knows if I call him something is wrong.

“Mr. Novak, I need a favor. Is your jet available?”

“I’m on it right now. Headed back from Colorado. What’s wrong?”

“Someone is trying to kidnap Bellamy off a yacht in San Diego. It’s a long story but I need to get there asap.”

He’s quiet for a minute and I’m afraid he won’t help because he doesn’t want to get mixed up in my drama. But he clears

his throat and says. “Take one of the helicopters. I’ll call the fleet manager now.”

I end the call without even telling him thank you and make a run for the employee lot so I can get out to the field where Hunter keeps a fleet of helicopters. Most of them are for tourist trips in the area, but there are a couple equipped to travel a longer distance.

Matteo is right behind me. “I’ll call the others. We can all come.”

I don’t argue, but I don’t stop. When I reach my car, I jump in and barely give Matteo time to climb in before I peel out of the parking lot.

My phone rings, and I tap the screen on the dash to answer it over the car’s Bluetooth.

“Chopper is ready for you to go. How far away are you?” Hunter asks.

“I’m ten minutes out.”

“Good luck, Thorne. Call if you need any more assistance.”

“Appreciate it.”

As soon as the call with Hunter disconnects, I try Tobias again. Still no bloody answer. Why the fuck aren’t they answering? I want to smash something, but I have to focus.

“Try Bellamy again.”

Chapter Twenty-Five

Chapter 24

Bellamy

It's a gorgeous day out on the yacht, and Tobias has convinced me to relax on the deck while he slips inside to make us drinks. I even left my phone in the bedroom.

The gentle lapping of the water on the sides of the yacht creates a soothing sound, and a gentle breeze blows over my face. I love the scent of the salty ocean air and the sounds of seagulls crying in the distance. Is this what my honeymoon with Tobias will be like? Pure relaxation? I furrow my brow. Will there even be a honeymoon? Will Owen join us? I'm relaxed enough to push the racing thoughts aside before they get out of control. It's been forever since I've taken a break like this.

The motor of a passing boat has me opening my eyes, but I'm too relaxed to bother sitting up to see what's out there.

When the boat stops, I'm tempted to peek over the railing and see who it is, but the sun is holding me on my lounge like the perfect weighted blanket, and I still can't bring myself to move.

There's a clanging noise on the side of our boat that makes me jump, and I muster the energy to turn my head in the direction of the sound. A hook is caught on the railing. Is that a grappling hook? What the fuck?

My heart leaps into my throat. Is someone here that shouldn't be, or is it Owen? Why would Owen do something like that? He wouldn't. We spoke an hour ago, and he said he was coming back tonight. Which means we potentially have unwanted guests. How did they find us?

I sit up on my lounge chair just in time to catch someone climbing the side of the boat.

Fear grips my stomach as my instinct screams that they're here for me, and I take off in a sprint, trying to get to Tobias below deck.

"Tobias!" I cry out as the man who was climbing over the side lands on the deck behind me, but I know Tobias is all the way downstairs and probably can't hear me. I scream again as thick hands grab me by the waist. My third scream is cut short as a calloused palm clamps over my mouth. I thrash against my captor's grip with all my might, desperation in every move I make. He lets out a grunt as I kick him in the shins, but his hold is unrelenting as he tosses me over his shoulder and climbs back down the same way he came up with me in tow.

Peering at the water, my life flashes before my eyes as I contemplate jumping. Struggling to break away from his grip, I find success and tumble into the cold depths below.

As I paddle with everything I've got, trying to reach the stairs, I pray Tobias has noticed the commotion.

The roar of the motorboat grows louder, and I momentarily panic, sucking in a mouthful of water. Fuck. I'm not going to make it.

My arms burn as I swim harder, trying to ignore my burning lungs. I can't let them get me again. If they do, I or someone I love is going to die. Water splashes the back of my head as someone jumps into the water behind me. My arms move furiously, but I don't make it, and someone pushes my head under water.

Muffled voices shout above me as I struggle to rise to the surface again. When I realize I can't get away, I hold my breath and go still.

That gets my assailant to let me up, and brawny arms pull me into the boat. I'm coughing and spluttering as a man yells. The voice isn't one I recognize.

“What the hell were you thinking? I don't want you to fucking kill her.”

His arms leave me, and I slump onto the seat he's put me on.

I bolt upright when the man doing all the yelling pulls out a gun. But he doesn't point it at me. Instead, he pulls the trigger and shoots the man who held me under the water. Shoots him right in the fucking head. His blood splatters my skin and I scream as my kidnapper shoves his lifeless body over the side and into a watery grave. Then I'm heaving, as bile rises in my throat, I empty my stomach onto the floor of the small speedboat.

When I'm no longer doubled over, puking my guts out, the man drops to one knee in front of me and cups my cheek. I recoil from his touch. He doesn't seem fazed by my reaction or the fact that he's kneeling in my vomit.

“I’m sorry you had to witness that.” He pulls his black ski mask off, and I gasp.

Lorenzo fucking Trentini.

“Why are you doing this?” I ask, my voice still hoarse from the water I ingested, and the way I lost my lunch.

“Destiny. We’re meant to be.” He sounds so matter of fact, and I don’t have the slightest idea what he means.

“What do you mean?”

He grins and leans in close, his hot breath hitting my face, making me want to hurl again. “You’re going to be my wife.”

I squeeze my eyes shut and try not to cry. There’s no way this is happening. I refuse to break down in front of this man again. If I’m going to survive, I have to be strong. With a deep breath, I open my eyes again and look him square in the face. “I’m promised to Tobias.”

Lorenzo sneers. “Too bad he’s going to meet an untimely end when the yacht explodes. He’s not invited to your second wedding. It’s unfortunate Owen didn’t stay put. I’ll have to take care of him later.”

There’s nothing left in my stomach, but it lurches anyway, and I dry heave until my stomach muscles are sore. A helicopter flying nearby drowns out the awful sounds I’m making. A small blessing, all things considered.

When I can breathe again, I reluctantly turn back to the yacht, terrified of what I might see. It’s not on fire or anything,

and I feel a moment of relief. Hopefully, Lorenzo is bluffing, or Tobias gets off the boat in time.

I have no control over this situation. All I can do is cooperate with Lorenzo and trust that Owen and Tobias will rescue me.

And pray that none of us die in the process.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Chapter 25

Tobias

Fear, anger, and a thirst for vengeance fight for top billing as I pull my gun and aim it at the man hanging off the side of my yacht. He falls into the water with a thud as soon as I squeeze the trigger, and I swing myself over the railing to see what he was doing. Fucker was trying to rig an explosive to the vessel. He's floating face down in the water, but I fire one more round into the back of his head, before I climb back onto the boat, just to make sure he doesn't pull a Lazarus on me. At least he didn't get to arm the bomb before I sent him to his watery grave.

I curse myself for getting back upstairs too late. I heard Bellamy's screams, and I ran as fast as I could, which wasn't fast enough. I got to the railing in time to see Bellamy being dragged into a boat. If it weren't for the dead man floating below, I would have jumped in after them. Now, the boat is out of sight, and I'll need to go after them on the jet ski.

The distinct whir of helicopter blades sets me on edge, and I sprint to the top of the yacht with my weapon drawn, arriving just as a chopper descends onto my helipad. My aim is steady as I point my gun toward the opening doors.

Owen, Matteo, Victor, and Luke pile out and I holster my weapon. It's then that I notice the Novak logo on the side.

"Why the hell aren't you answering your phone?" Owen yells as he reaches me. "Lorenzo knows we're here."

“He took her.”

I should have been prepared for the fist that lands in the center of my nose, but my vision blurs as it knocks me back and takes my breath away. Without thinking, I lunge for him the second I recover, intending to break his goddamn nose. Fortunately, the other three intervene before either of us can land another blow. Victor holds me back, while Luke and Matteo grapple with Owen, who still looks like a mad man who wants me dead.

“Now isn’t the time,” Matteo yells at Owen, trying to get through to him.

Victor grips my shoulders and forces me to face him. “Don’t worry about Owen right now. What do you know?”

I take a deep breath and try to shove down the rage I’m feeling. Then I launch into a full report, describing everything I saw, including the man I shot in the middle of trying to rig the boat to explode.

When I’m done, Victor looks around, still keeping a tight grip on me as if he’s afraid I might take another swing at Owen. “How many jet skis do you have on this thing?”

“Just one, but I’ve got the dinghy, too.”

Owen seems to have moved on from his desire to murder me, because he shoves Luke and Matteo away. “Let’s go,” he shouts, waving for me to follow. Together, we make a beeline for the jet ski.

Matteo and the others pile into the small tender boat, while Owen fires up the jet ski. We race in the direction that Lorenzo took Bellamy, but by the time we reach shore, his boat is already docked.

With our weapons drawn, we board the boat, but it's empty. They must have had transportation waiting for them. The stench of blood and vomit fills my nose, and visions of all the ways I'm going to hurt Lorenzo blind me for a moment. Matteo alerts local authorities of the kidnapping, while my eyes stay fixed on the blood-spattered floor, and I pray to every God, goddess, or other deity that has ever existed that it's not Bellamy's.

Matteo ends the call and puts a hand on my shoulder. "Police will be here in five minutes." As counterintuitive as it seems to call the cops, it's the only way we can avoid arrest ourselves.

Luke leaps off the boat and runs toward a vehicle at the same time as Owen. They must have the same idea, because a few minutes later they're inside and have the engine started.

"Did we really just steal a car while Matteo is on the phone with the police?" I ask as I slide into the backseat.

"He's going to stay behind and deal with them. We're going after our girl," Owen says as Victor climbs in with me.

Of the group, Matteo is most equipped to deal with the police. The rest of us look like we're about to start a gun battle. Which we will as soon as we find out where they took Bellamy.

Owen referred to her as our girl. At least he still wants to be in this with me. If the roles were reversed and Owen had let Bellamy get kidnapped, I'm not sure there wouldn't already be a bullet in his head.

Luke drives while Owen taps away on a tablet.

From my vantage point, I can see that he's flipping through traffic cameras looking for Bellamy's kidnappers. His technical skills are once again going to save the day. Owen's ability to gain access to any camera is an equal mix of terrifying and useful.

"It was Lorenzo, yes?" I ask as we speed down the road. But not too fast. Matteo can only hold the police back for so long.

Owen nods but doesn't elaborate, as he searches furiously for a clue on the cameras.

"God damn it, where did he go?" he curses and taps harder at the screen.

Victor leans forward and rests a comforting hand on his shoulder. I don't know him well, but the move seems out of place for the angry pit boss/cartel leader.

"You're not going to help her if you break the screen. Take a deep breath. You know how to do this."

At first, I think Owen might take his head off, but Victor's tactic seems to work, and Owen takes a deep breath and slows his movements.

A few minutes later, he cackles. "Got you, you little bastard."

I shudder, realizing I would hate to be on the receiving end of that laugh. Even if I weren't already planning horrible things for him, Owen Thorne is about to make sure that Lorenzo Trentini meets his maker.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Chapter 26

Owen

“Pull over. We need to come up with a plan of attack.”
My heart is pounding harder and faster than I’d like, as Luke jerks the wheel, taking us into a deserted parking lot on my command. We pile out of the car, and the four of us huddle around my tablet screen.

“He’s here in this restaurant, but if my data is right, we can slip in through here and get to him.” I point to a back door marked on my screen. “The trouble is we don’t know where he’s got Bellamy, so we have to be careful that she doesn’t get hurt.”

“I’ll go in through the front as a customer. He’s got no reason to know me. I wasn’t friends with the Trentini’s the way the rest of you were growing up,” Luke offers.

“Perfect,” I agree. “The rest of us are going in through the back when you give the signal.”

Luke pulls out of the parking lot, and we park two buildings away from the restaurant we know Bellamy and Lorenzo to be in. As we pile out of the car, Tobias falls into step beside me.

“I’m sorry.”

I hold up my hand. “Don’t. You have nothing to apologize for. I saw the security footage. There was nothing you could have done. They used a signal jammer, and that’s why I couldn’t get you on the phone.”

I admit I was ready to kill him when I got off the helicopter and realized we were too late. But seeing the same fear in his eyes that is currently twisting my gut into knots calmed me down. He cares about her as much as I do. We'll do her more good working together than if we're at odds.

Luke enters the restaurant, and the rest of us get into position to be ready to breach when we're given the signal.

"Lorenzo seems to think Mr. Harper would be OK if something happened to you. Said he would let him marry Bellamy if you're not able to fulfill your contract obligations," I tell Tobias.

His nostrils flare, and the flash in his eyes is almost imperceptible, but I imagine he's contemplating all the ways we can torture Julian Harper.

"I swear if he did this to his own daughter, I'm going to break every bone in his body before I throw him in a lake somewhere."

I put a hand on his shoulder. "We have Bellamy to think about. How will she react if we murder her father?"

He inhales and gives a sharp nod. "You're right. We'll deal with it another way. But he will pay if he's behind this."

"Agreed."

The seconds feel like hours, and time seems to slow to a stop as we wait for our signal. My hand itches to reach for my weapon, and after several minutes, my patience wears thin.

What the hell is taking Luke so long to assess the situation? If I don't hear from him soon, we're going in regardless.

Just as I'm about to take matters into my own hands, my phone buzzes with a message from Luke. It's a photo. I open it and my heart skips a beat. Bellamy is sitting at a table near the back with Lorenzo. I can see the fear on her face, but I'm proud as hell of her for remaining calm.

"She's near the kitchen," I tell the others. "Let's go in quiet and careful."

Tobias grips my shoulder, stopping me. "You go for Bellamy. Let us get Lorenzo."

I narrow my eyes. "And let you have all the fun? You and I are taking care of Lorenzo. Victor can get Bellamy safely back to Matteo on the yacht, so she doesn't have to see what we do to him."

Victor looks at us and shakes his head. "You're both crazy. You better get information from him before you off him."

I let out a sinister laugh. "He'll be lucky if I let him speak at all."

We fall silent as we move to the back door that should lead to the kitchen. When we enter, it's bustling with activity, and a line cook looks up when we walk in but goes right back to his work. No one else seems fazed by our presence. That's a good sign that this place is a front for criminal enterprise. It means armed people out front, but we came prepared for that.

We make our way to the swinging door that leads into the front of the restaurant, and I peer out to survey the landscape. Luke sees us through the small window and his hand inches toward his gun but doesn't draw it yet.

We push our way into the dining room, and before anyone notices us, Victor is behind Bellamy, pulling her from her chair. To her credit, she doesn't scream. Tobias and I have our guns trained on the back Lorenzo's skull before he has time to turn around, and his arms inch toward the sky.

A faithful foot-soldier charges us, but Luke is too quick for him, and a gunshot rings out, eliciting screams from a few of the women in the room. Thankfully, no one else seems interested in dying today because the restaurant clears in seconds, and we find ourselves alone with Lorenzo.

"Clear the kitchen," I instruct Luke, my tone clipped as I keep my venomous glare trained on the back of Lorenzo's head.

"Victor, get her back to the marina. We'll catch up with you."

Bellamy doesn't say a word as Victor leads her out the back, and I can't bring myself to look at her, or I'll blow Lorenzo's head off right here. It still may come to that before it's all said and done.

I grab him by the collar and haul him up, then turn to Tobias. "Here, or do we take him somewhere else?"

Tobias tilts his head to the doors we came through. “There’s bound to be a drain in the kitchen. Easy cleanup when I slit his fucking throat.”

Lorenzo’s pulse picks up speed beneath my grip at Tobias’s words, and I can’t help the smile that stretches across my face. I don’t often enjoy torture. Not the way Victor does. But this is going to be very satisfying.

We drag him to the back, where Luke has cleared the kitchen and waits at the back door.

“Do you want me here for this?”

I switch off a stove burner someone left on in their rush to leave, and contemplate slamming Lorenzo’s face into it, but I resist. “Go. Make sure Bellamy is OK. Tell her we’ll be with her soon.”

“And when she asks what you’re doing?”

“Ensuring her safety,” Tobias says, his eyes never leaving Lorenzo.

When Luke is gone, Lorenzo finally speaks.

“Come on, gentlemen. I’m sure we can work something out.”

Lorenzo’s panicked words hang in the air as I stare him down. In the heat of the moment, I think about all the terror he caused Bellamy, and how his hands were never far from her body when they were alone. It boils my blood and makes me want to act rashly.

I push the gun into his temple and laugh, even to my own ears, the sound is sadistic. “He thinks there’s a chance we let him walk out of here alive.”

Tobias places a hand on my arm. “Let’s not do anything we’ll regret later, Owen. He deserves everything he’s got coming, but maybe we should get some information out of him first.”

I take a deep breath to calm myself. Tobias is right. We should at least interrogate Lorenzo before ending him. It’s important to find out if he’s working alone or if he’s just another pawn in whatever game is being played.

But before I can formulate any questions, Lorenzo laughs mockingly at us and says something that infuriates me beyond control. “You two are fools if you think I’m going to tell you anything. You have no idea who you’re messing with. How do you expect to stop what’s coming when you can’t even keep your own house in order? I have friends and they’ll—”

He doesn’t finish his sentence before my arm moves of its own accord. My fist slams into Lorenzo’s face twice in quick succession. He gasps, clutching his nose as blood streams from it.

“Who sent you?” Tobias demands.

Lorenzo spits at him, and I’ve had enough. We could torture him, but the look on his face is that of a mad man. He isn’t going to talk. Tobias doesn’t stop me as I raise my gun again and fire a single shot into Lorenzo’s skull.

A mist of warm blood splatters across my face, droplets running down my cheek. I hear a second shot ring out, and I realize Tobias has added his own period to the end of Lorenzo's life. Without a word, he holsters his weapon, and together, we drag the lifeless body into an empty storage room where it will lie until we can send in a cleanup team. We are in sync, and that feels good.

As we work, one thought runs through my mind. Bellamy isn't completely safe until we hunt down every person who had anything to do with this betrayal.

Did we make a mistake killing Lorenzo before he could talk? It was clear he wasn't going to give us anything of substance, so I won't lose a lot of sleep over the fact that he's dead. But what did he mean by keeping our own house in order?

I wipe my hands on a nearby dish towel before we walk out the back door and step into the car where Luke waits behind the wheel.

"Victor took Bellamy back to the boat. Matteo says the police are handled."

Thank fuck. I'll go through any cameras we may have been captured on and wipe the footage. Our cleanup team will handle the restaurant. We should be in the clear.

Tobias and I ride in the backseat, and he claps a comforting hand on my shoulder when I start to tremble as I come down from the adrenaline high.

"Did he tell you anything?" Luke asks.

I shake my head, unable to speak, and Tobias backs me up. “He wasn’t going to either. We’ll track down the head of this snake another way.”

Luke is silent for the rest of the drive back to the marina where we ride the dinghy back out to the yacht. Victor and Bellamy must have used the jet ski.

Our girl is on the deck, standing between Matteo and Victor when we climb aboard. As we rush to her side, my friends step away and greet Luke.

We both embrace her, and she shudders against my chest, while Tobias presses himself against her back.

Her hair is matted, and I see blood on her neck. I push away from her and cup her jaw. “Are you OK? Are you hurt?” I begin to check her over for injuries, and she stops me with a hand on my shoulder.

“It’s not my blood. Lorenzo shot one of his men for trying to drown me.”

“So, he wasn’t going to kill you?” I ask, cupping her face in my palms.

She shakes her head. “He said we were going to get married.”

Fuck. If he was willing to tell her his plan, there’s a high chance whatever delusion he was suffering was backed by her father or someone in Tobias’s family.

I can’t bring myself to tell her that Julian Harper might be behind this.

“Can I go shower?” she whispers.

Tobias scoops her up and looks at me. “Send the others away. We need to be alone with her. I’ll help her clean up while you get them on their way.”

He disappears with her, and I hate watching them go, but he’s right, I need to send the others home.

I turn to them and motion to the helicopter.

“Take it back to Vegas. We’ll be home tomorrow night. Start working all our sources to find out how much truth there is to what Lorenzo was spouting about Julian Harper.”

They mutter in agreement, and each comes to hug me goodbye.

“I’m glad she’s safe.” Luke’s voice is thick with emotion. Of the three of them, he cares about Bellamy the most. Until now, I was too blinded by my own feelings to realize how much he might be suffering today. I pull him into a tight hug, overcome with gratitude that I have these men on my side.

“Just help me find the bastards behind this.”

He pulls away and gives me a curt nod before joining the others on the helipad. I stand and watch as the chopper takes off before I turn and head downstairs to join Tobias and Bellamy. After everything we’ve gone through in the past twelve hours, we need the chance for a fresh start.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Chapter 27

Bellamy

I'm aware of Tobias's eyes on me as I pace the bedroom. The pent-up energy coiled in my body is making me crazy, but I don't know how to let it out.

He stands in the doorway, his hands in his pockets, watching me. Just like he has been for the past five minutes. "Relax, vixen."

I whirl and glare at him. "How can you say that right now? I've always stayed away from dead bodies despite who my family is and the people they associate with, and now I'm wearing someone else's brain matter. But I'm too chicken to get in the shower and clean it off."

He tried to get me into the shower at my request, but despite it being spacious, I felt like I was going to suffocate when I looked at it, and it put me on the verge of a panic attack. My panic has faded to intense anxiety, and an inability to be still.

"Strip."

I stop pacing at the sound of Owen's hard command.

"Excuse me?" I'm offended, but at the same time, my heart rate decreases, and my shoulders droop as tension leaves me.

"You heard me, love."

Tobias's face is a storm of emotion, and I swear he wants to choke him for being so harsh with me, but Owen holds up a

hand to stop him from interrupting. “She needs to get out of her bloody clothes. I’m not trying to be a dick.”

Tobias acquiesces and folds his arms as he moves all the way into the room and leans against the wall while Owen takes his place in the doorway. “Do as you’re told, vixen.”

I want to obey. My entire essence is calmer at their commanding presence, but my arms are heavy like lead and I can’t quite seem to get my brain to work.

Owen dips one hand into his pocket and stares at me with cool eyes. “Don’t make me tell you again, Bellamy. Strip. Or does Tobias need to do it for you?”

It takes all my energy, but I lift the dress over my head. As I drop the dress on the rug, my legs tremble, and I can tell my knees are about to buckle. Thankfully, they both sense I’m about to collapse at the same time and rush for me.

Their strong arms steady me, and they slowly lower me to the floor where we all sit while I tremble.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper.

Tobias rubs my shoulder. “You have nothing to be sorry for.”

Owen kisses my hair, and I recoil. “Don’t. There’s blood.”

He shakes his head and cups my cheek. “Come on, love. Let’s get you out of these clothes and into a shower.”

“The idea of a shower is making her claustrophobic,” Tobias says.

Without a word, Owen stands with me in his arms and strides out of the bedroom.

“Where are you going?” I ask, my voice a little more stable now.

“Hot tub.”

“Gross. Then Tobias has to get it cleaned.”

“Shut up, Bellamy. Quit worrying and let us take care of you.”

I’m surprised by Tobias’s outburst. That hasn’t been his style up to now. But it calms me further, and I lay my head against Owen’s shoulder, no longer concerned with the blood in my hair.

He sits me down on a lounge chair outside the hot tub and helps me out of the rest of my clothes.

When the water hits my chin, panic bubbles in my throat and I think I’m going to be sick, as memories of being shoved under water come rushing back.

But I close my eyes and force myself to take a deep breath and push the panic down. Lorenzo Trentini is not going to give me a panic attack. No one said anything, but I’m certain he’s dead. I saw the blood on Owen and Tobias when they got back to the yacht.

When I’m calm, I open my eyes, and watch my two gorgeous men strip off their clothes. Even in my traumatized state, I can appreciate the sight of them naked as they climb into the hot tub.

When they're settled, Tobias picks up a hand towel he brought in with him and gets it wet so he can gently wipe my face and shoulders.

"We need to get your hair wet," he murmurs, his forehead against mine.

Owen shifts and pulls me against him. "Lean against me love. We'll do it slow."

I relax into him, as much as my fear will allow, and slowly he lays me back. It reminds me of being baptized as a preteen. This is ten times as meaningful as any religious ceremony.

Owen holds me lovingly, so my face doesn't go under water, and Tobias straddles me on the large hot tub seat and gently massages my scalp and moves my hair in the water to get the gross out of it.

When they help me up, I cling to them both and just breathe.

"Thank you for making me do this," I whisper. "I wanted to just lock myself in my room and not come out until it was time to go home."

"Why?" Owen asks, one hand resting on my thigh.

"It's hard to explain. As I was being held underwater by that man Lorenzo shot, all I could picture was the two of you. You're the most important people in my life, and I'm convinced I'm going to lose one or both of you. It seems inevitable and I hate that I can't stop it."

Tobias leans in and wipes wet hair out of my face.

“You will not lose us.”

“How can you be so sure? How are we ever going to get our families to agree to the three of us together?”

“Shh. You’ve just been through something traumatic. Now isn’t the time to figure anything out.” Owen tucks a hand under my chin. “But hear me say, we are going to figure this out.” He glances at Tobias as he says, “We’re all committed to making this work. No matter how hard. We’ve been lying to your parents for almost a decade now. We can keep that up for as long as we need to.”

It’s not something I want to do, lie to my parents, but he’s right. We’ve been doing it and there is no reason we can’t.

It’s not perfect, but I come out of the hot tub blood free, and a bit more optimistic about the situation.

“Do you want a nap?”

I look at both of them and then at the giant swimming pool. “Would you... fuck me in there? In the water?”

Tobias scoops me up, and heads for the stairs of the gorgeous saltwater pool. To my surprise, Owen hangs back, looking hesitant.

When we’re in the water, Tobias waves him over. “You’re the one who told me that fear sometimes turns her on. Let’s take care of our girl together.”

The invitation is sweet, in a very Tobias way, and it almost makes me cry. And whatever hesitation Owen may have been

experiencing vanishes, and he heads for us with long, purposeful strides.

The water is refreshing after the heat from the jacuzzi, and I will myself to completely relax, as Owen walks down the steps behind me.

Tobias presses his lips to mine, and Owen's hands settle on my hips.

"You sure you're up for this?" he asks as he dips his head to brush his lips across my shoulder.

"Yes, Sir." My body is already humming with the anticipation of what they're going to make me feel.

Tobias bends and pulls one nipple into his mouth, sucking hard until I gasp and tilt my head back, giving Owen better access to my neck.

"Good girl," he murmurs against my skin as his hand comes up to caress my other breast.

I hold on to his hand with one of mine and tangle my fingers in Tobias's hair with the other. Having my hands on both of them makes me feel safe and alive, and I groan as Tobias pulls away from my nipple. I pull him in for a kiss, opening my mouth to him as his lips cover mine.

The kiss intensifies as he explores my mouth with his tongue, and I wrap my other arm around his neck, trying to pull him closer.

Without warning, he hooks his hands under my ass and lifts me. I instinctively wrap my legs around his waist.

He turns with me, and walks down the steps, and deeper into the water. We keep moving until we reach the ladder, where he sits me on the top step. Owen swims after us and stands next to Tobias.

“Grab onto the rails,” Tobias orders.

I do as I’m told, and he lifts my legs over his shoulders, effectively lifting my ass out of the water, and exposing me to him. He lowers his head, and licks my slick seam, not at all concerned by the fact that I taste like a swimming pool.

Owen swims close, and puts his hands beneath my back, offering even more support so I can relax my grip on the railing while Tobias eats me out. He sucks my clit into his mouth, just as Owen leans close and sucks one nipple between his teeth.

I cry out, the over-stimulation completely taking over my brain as they pleasure me to the edge. Tobias pulls back and shifts the way he’s holding me just as I’m about to come, and then he smacks my spread pussy hard. I cry out and blink back tears at the shock of it.

He spanks me again and I whimper as tears fall. “What was that for?” I gasp out when he hits me a third time.

His response is to plunge three thick fingers into my aching core.

“To remind you that Owen and I are the only ones allowed to hurt you and get away with it.”

As if on cue, Owen bites down on my nipple and I scream, but it's cut short by Tobias licking my stinging pussy with three fingers still buried deep.

He licks and sucks me until I'm on the edge again and I hear myself pleading for release.

This time, Tobias doesn't stop.

"Look at me, while Tobias makes you come," Owen demands.

I shift my gaze to his beautiful face and beg.

"Please let me come."

"Do it, love. Come in his mouth like a good little slut."

His words push me over, and I cry out, and squeeze my eyes shut as the orgasm rips through me.

Owen pinches my nipple hard, "Eyes on me, Bellamy."

I force them open and stare at him as he lets my nipple go.

Tobias lifts his head and releases my legs.

He exchanges a glance with Owen, and the two men change places, so Tobias is holding me up in the water, and Owen stands between my legs. It's sexy as fuck to see the two of them working together so well that they don't even need words.

As if to emphasize Tobias's earlier point, he smacks one thigh hard enough to leave a handprint, and then bends to kiss the stinging spot. My body comes alive with the pain, and I crave more. Crave the way it makes me feel. It's more than

just a turn-on, there's a level of trust that comes with letting someone hurt you, knowing they won't harm you or take advantage of what you're allowing them to do.

And now I have two intense men who want to play with me this way. A few days ago, I might have trusted Owen just a little more. Today, I trust them equally, and I can't imagine having one without the other.

It's hard to believe that we'll find a way to make it work, but I saw the looks on their faces before we got in the pool when they vowed to make it work, and I trust them.

Owen's palm slams down on my other thigh, bringing me back to the moment, and I lift my hips in invitation. To spank me, fuck me, lick me, it's an open-ended invite.

He opts for the first and smacks my throbbing cunt with his massive hand. It burns, and brings tears to my eyes, but his mouth is on me a second later, soothing the sting away, coaxing me to relax against Tobias's arms.

"Tell Owen thank you for hurting you, vixen."

My gaze widens, I've never had to thank him for giving me pain, before.

Tobias chuckles. "Do as you're told."

Owen stops licking me and looks at me expectantly.

"Thank you for the handprints, Sir," I whisper.

He gives me a wide smile. "That's hot. I don't know why I've never made you do it before."

I groan, and Tobias laughs again. “Are you rethinking having both of us?”

I shake my head vigorously. “Never.”

“Good. Because you’re stuck with us. Now, be a good girl and come for Owen.”

He leans over and kisses me, as Owen lifts my hips higher and presses his mouth against my pussy. My clit throbs against his tongue, and I thrust against him.

He digs his fingers into my hip to still me, as he closes his lips around my sensitive button. Two fingers probe me, and I whimper when I near the edge.

Tobias doesn’t demand my gaze the way Owen did, instead he whispers encouragement in my ear.

“You look so beautiful when you’re about to come for us, vixen. Let him taste you.”

The tenderness mixed with the urgent way Owen eats me out, pushes me over the edge, and my head falls back as I come hard.

I’m barely coherent, when Owen scoops me into his arms and lifts me out of the pool. The two men hop out with me and wrap me in towels.

I stifle a yawn, and Owen laughs, scooping me up. “Come on, love, you need a nap.”

“What about the two of you?” I question.

He shakes his head and kisses my nose. “There will be plenty of time for that later. You need rest. This was about you, love.”

I don't argue anymore, as they carry me to the bedroom. The two men work together to dry me off and pull the covers back, laying me gently in the center of the bed. When they head for the door, I stop them.

“Lay with me until I fall asleep? I know you probably have things to take care of, but I want you next to me for a bit.”

Neither speaks as they oblige, lying on either side of me. At first, I worry that sleep won't come, but I drift within minutes, and I dream of a wedding where I get to marry both of them, and no one shows up with guns.

When I wake up, I'm alone and for a moment, I panic until the smell of something delicious hits my nose. I sit up and pull the blanket around me as I look around the room.

A dress is laid out over the chair, and I grin at the distinct lack of panties with it. The sight of the shower doesn't make me panic, so I turn the water on and give my hair a proper wash before I dress and put curl cream in my hair. I should really take the time to do more to it, but I'll give it the full curly hair treatment when we get back home.

My mouth waters as soon as I get to the kitchen, but not from the food.

Tobias is standing in front of the stove with his sleeves rolled to the elbows while he flips pieces of meat over in a pan.

Owen is at the end of the counter with a knife and cutting board, slicing fresh pineapple.

They both see me at the same time, and Owen hands me a mimosa. “Did you have a good nap, love?”

I give him a shy smile as I take a sip. “I did. Thank you. What smells so good?”

I come around to the stove, and Tobias leans over and kisses my cheek. “I’m making fish tacos. Owen is making some kind of salsa with fruit in it. Seems suspicious to me.”

My stomach growls on command and we all share a laugh.

They finish cooking, while I sit on a barstool and watch. As we eat, we make small talk, but I can tell Owen has something on his mind.

“We need to talk about Lorenzo,” he finally says, as Tobias clears the plates.

“What about him?” I ask.

“Were you aware he asked your father if he could marry you?”

My stomach twists. “No. What makes you say that?”

“He told us as much, and Tobias confirmed it with Julian while you were sleeping.”

“How did he sound?”

Tobias looks grim. “Like he always does. Unflappable and angry.”

That's my dad. There was a time when I was a child that he was a lot more easygoing, but the older I got, the more serious he became. "Do you believe he had anything to do with this?"

Tobias leans with his palms flat on the counter. "It's hard to say. We don't have any proof yet, but we're still looking."

"Do we need to rush the marriage before he kills you?"

Owen rubs at the back of his neck. "That's the problem. If you marry him, your dad might try to have him killed so you can inherit from him. Assuming Julian is at all involved in this."

"Jesus that's fucked up."

I don't enjoy thinking the worst of my father, but he's certainly capable of something like this. I've seen him screw over people who were supposed to be his friends and partners.

"Is there anything I can do to help find out if he's responsible?" I ask.

Owen narrows his eyes at Tobias. There's clearly something they're fighting over.

"What is it?" I ask.

They're both quiet for a minute longer before Tobias finally speaks.

"I want you to call him and tell him what happened and ask to come home. Owen says it's a bad idea to reach out."

"I haven't been home in years, Tobias."

“All the more reason for you to call him now. You’ve been through something traumatic. It won’t seem suspicious at all.”

I sip my mimosa and try not to think too hard about the fact that my wedding was disrupted by gunmen, and my father hasn’t even called to check on me beyond the first day.

Come to think of it, I haven’t heard from my mother either. That puts a knot in my stomach.

“There might be truth to what Lorenzo was saying. They haven’t called to check on me.”

Tobias stands behind me and rubs my shoulders. “Or that could be a sign that they aren’t. If they were involved, it seems like they would be trying to find you.”

I shake my head. “My father is smarter than that, and unless she was forbidden by my father, my mother would be frantic. There’s a reason she hasn’t reached out.”

Owen frowns. “Bellamy’s right. That didn’t occur to me until just now. Paula is a worrier. She would go crazy unless Julian was giving her false information or telling her to stay out of it.”

Tobias kisses the top of my head. “Either way, we’ll figure it out.”

“When are we going back home?”

Owen lifts an eyebrow. “Home as in Las Vegas?”

I frown at him. “Yes. Las Vegas. That will always be my home. You have to know that.”

He nods, and looks at Tobias, who says, “We’ll stay the night here and fly home in the morning. We just have to keep you under guard at all times because we don’t know who else Lorenzo brought to Las Vegas with him, and we still don’t know how they found out where we were.”

Hearing Tobias call Las Vegas home gives me a surge of hope. I understand I can’t expect him to pull up stakes and live there, but maybe we will find a way to make this work.

Hearing him insinuate that my home might not be so safe right now isn’t as encouraging, but I’m putting my trust in the two men standing before me, and I know somehow, we’ll survive.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Chapter 28

Owen

As we drive down Las Vegas Boulevard, toward the Pink Sapphire, I hold Bellamy's hand and listen to Tobias's side of a phone call with his mother. From the sounds of it, they're discussing his brother, Gabe, and what next steps should be.

The three of us remain undecided on when to tell his and Bellamy's families what happened with Lorenzo Trentini. Tobias hinted at something to Julian Harper when they spoke last night, but he didn't provide the man with any details.

Bellamy thinks we should tell them right away and gauge their reactions. I prefer to wait until I'm finished tracing the finances of those we suspect of being involved. Despite Lorenzo not talking, we were able to find the names of at least three people working for him. That kind of information is invaluable, and my work will go much faster.

Tobias is on Bellamy's side of the argument, which means I'll probably get outvoted. It was easier when she just deferred to me. But I would be lying if I said it wasn't nice having Tobias back in my life.

Bellamy squirms, and I glance down to find Tobias running a hand up her bare thigh, beneath her dress. She bites her lip and squeezes my hand as his fingers travel higher and higher while he talks on the phone.

I lean in and nuzzle her neck, giving her an extra dose of stimulation as I watch Tobias's fingers dance under her skirt. She isn't wearing panties, and I can tell by the way she's squirming that he's found her clit.

A little moan escapes her, and she bites her lip. I nip her ear with my teeth, then whisper, "Quiet, love. Tobias is on the phone. You wouldn't want your future mother-in-law to hear you coming."

The turmoil on her face as she fights the urge to cry out is delightful to watch. Another moan escapes, and I shift in my seat and put my free hand at her throat. "Perhaps this will help you keep quiet," I say, squeezing lightly.

Her eyes grow wide as I tighten my hold on her throat, always careful not to go too far.

Her mouth opens and closes, and she gasps as Tobias moves his wrist and stimulates her from a different angle.

"That's a good girl," I murmur as she looks at me with fear and arousal. "Come for Tobias, love."

Judging by the way she grips my fingers, she's close, and I keep my hold steady around her throat until she gasps out a moan and trembles against me. When I let go of her throat, she lays her head against my shoulder, trying to catch her breath. Tobias, who has kept his gaze straight ahead this entire time, looks down at her as he pulls his hand free and licks his finger quietly.

“I’ll expect another update tonight,” he says before tucking his phone into his jacket pocket.

He leans over and kisses her cheek. “Good girl.”

Not letting go of my hand, she sits up straighter so she can face him. “Thank you, Sir. That was incredible.”

He winks and picks up her other hand, kissing each of her knuckles. “That’s what you get for sitting next to me with no panties on.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she says with a giggle, knowing full-well we’re the ones who took her panties from her before we ever got on the plane this morning.

Our car pulls into the VIP drop-off zone at the Sapphire, and we pile out of the vehicle and head for the elevators inside.

Back in our suite, Bellamy hugs me tight and then reaches out for Tobias to hold her hand.

“Do you mind if I go take a nap?”

I kiss her tenderly, and she melts against me. It’s almost painful to let her go, and I want to go nap with her, but Tobias and I have work to do.

She steps away, and Tobias takes her in his arms for an equally tender kiss. “Sweet dreams, vixen.”

She chews on her lip, then gives us a little wave before disappearing into her room.

“What’s happening with your brother?” I ask when we’re alone.

Tobias pulls a bottle of water out of the mini bar and leans against the counter. “There are some signs of brain activity, so now they’re leaning towards keeping him on life support.”

“That’s a good thing, yeah?”

Tobias looks pained as he cracks the seal on the water. “For my mother, of course it’s good. This is killing her. But with rumors that he was involved in the attack, on top of his terminal cancer, I’m not so sure that my father isn’t correct. It might be time to let him go. I don’t want my brother dead, but I also don’t want to go to war with my family over something he did. They’ll never believe he was involved even if they’re faced with irrefutable proof, and I won’t rest until I find out if he was acting alone. If I discover my father or her father was behind all of this, I won’t be able to let it go just because they’re family. She’s my top responsibility above all other responsibilities on my plate.”

I put a hand on his shoulder. “Our responsibility. We’ll face this battle together.”

He takes a long drink and doesn’t look at me right away. When he does, he changes the subject. “Will we have fallout with Matteo’s family for killing Lorenzo?”

“My gut says no. But it’s hard to say for sure. We’re still cleaning up the mess from his father’s murder last year. If I had to guess, Lorenzo was just doing someone’s dirty work. Yes, he seems to have been obsessed with Bellamy, but I think someone used that obsession to their advantage. He’s a low-

level member of the Trentini organization, and he doesn't like Danny.”

“You warn Matteo. If the Trentinis are behind this in any way, I will obliterate them. He'll be safe because of what he's done for you and Bellamy. But the rest of them will not be so lucky.”

I grimace. He's really taking this vengeance thing seriously. Not that I blame him. I'll be right there with him, but I worry he'll act rashly before we have all the details if the pieces to this puzzle don't start falling into place a little faster.

We talk for another twenty minutes, when Bellamy's door opens, and she sticks her head out.

“What's wrong, love?” I ask as I move in her direction.

She looks back and forth between us. “Nothing is wrong. It's just that when I said I was going to take a nap, I thought you two might join me after what happened in the car.”

I look at Tobias who smirks. “Sounds like one orgasm wasn't enough for our girl, Owen.”

“It never is,” I say, shaking my head.

Her mouth drops open, and she pulls her head back into the room and shuts the door again.

Tobias is laughing as he joins me in front of her door.

I knock softly and wait for her to answer. We've always had the agreement that I would never invade her private space

without knocking or asking if she wants to be interrupted. No such courtesies exist when she's in my space.

When she opens the door, I tuck a hand under her chin and fix her with a stern glare. "Do we do hints, or do we ask for what we want, Bellamy?"

She chews her lip nervously, then blows out a breath and squares her shoulders. "I would like it very much if you came and laid down with me."

Tobias steps closer, and I make room for him as he puts an arm around her waist and pulls her closer. "And are we taking a nap, or is there something else you want?"

She bites her lip and looks up at him. "I mean, I'm sure we'll take a nap eventually."

He walks her backwards into the room, working on the buttons on her dress as he moves, and I follow them, shutting the door behind us.

We need to check in with Matteo and the others soon, but they can wait. Bellamy will always come first. Unless we tell her she can't, that is.

Chapter Thirty

Chapter 29

Bellamy

Hot water hits my back as I step under the spray to rinse off the sex and travel. Our sex-fueled nap lasted longer than intended, and Owen and Tobias had to rush out for a meeting with Matteo and the others when we woke up. But they told me to rest for as long as I wanted, and to text when I'm ready for dinner.

Dinner is the last thing on my mind right now. This situation is going to come to an explosive head now that Lorenzo is dead. My gut is screaming that things are about to change, and my heart will be in pieces. All I want is to ignore it and enjoy what I have for as long as I can. I want to spend every waking minute in bed with my two perfectly beautiful men.

But I have to face reality at some point.

Starting with a phone call to my parents.

I don't want to call them, and Owen and Tobias are divided on whether or not I should. My intuition already knows they're involved somehow. Perhaps not to the level of being the masterminds behind it, but they're definitely involved. My mother is likely a silent participant, only going along with my father because that's what she's always done. Julian Harper is greedy at his core, and if there was a better deal to be had for marrying me, he would take it. But I doubt he orchestrated anything. He would simply agree with whatever ideas the highest bidder brought to the table.

It sickens me to even think about it, but I need to hear their voices and decide for myself how much I can trust them.

I rehearse what I'll say to either of them as I wash and condition my hair, and I almost talk myself out of it as I dry off and dress in yoga pants and a tank top. I should wait for the guys to come back. But I hate seeing them disagree, so I need to take matters into my own hands and get it over with.

The stark memory of being kidnapped and held under water hits me again, and I pick up my phone and flip back and forth between Julian and Paula Harper's numbers, trying to decide which one of them to call for answers.

Finally, I hit call on my mother's name and wait. It's late in Philadelphia and it's the middle of the night or early morning in London, but my mother doesn't sleep much, so she's the most likely to be awake. I don't even know if they've gone back home or if they stayed in London. How sad is that?

"Bellamy! Are you OK?" My mother's voice is shrill and anxious when she answers, and I can tell she's been worried. Worrying is practically an Olympic sport for Paula Harper, so it's not surprising.

"Hi mama," I say, unsure of how best to start the conversation despite all my rehearsal.

"Where are you? What is going on? Your father won't tell me anything."

I sit on the bed and stare at myself in the mirror as I listen to her rapid-fire questions.

“I’m safe. Tobias and Owen are protecting me until we figure out what’s going on.”

“Are you still getting married?”

I frown. “Why wouldn’t I be getting married, mama?”

“I wasn’t sure if things had changed since the shooting. Your father has been on the phone yelling a lot. He said it wasn’t safe to talk to you, or I would have called. I don’t have a clue what is going on. Why wouldn’t it be safe for me to talk to you?”

I lay back on the bed and throw an arm over my eyes. If my father thinks it’s not safe to talk to me, that means he knows more than he’s letting on. But I can’t tell my mother that. She’ll accuse me of still being bitter about him arranging the marriage in the first place. “We don’t have all the details yet, mama. But it’s better to be safe than sorry. Which means I can’t stay on the phone for very long. I just wanted to hear your voice and tell you I’m OK because you worry about everything. Are you at home or are you still in London?”

“London, but we aren’t staying with the Hunts anymore. We packed up and moved to a hotel the night everything happened. I don’t understand why. I thought this was supposed to be an alliance between the two families. The Hunts are treating us like we’re the enemy.”

She sounds whiny, as if staying in a five-star hotel is a major inconvenience, and I’m annoyed with her again. That my mother doesn’t seem to have any idea what is going on isn’t

unusual. She doesn't follow the family business. Not unless she has to.

"It is an alliance," I assure her. "Things are just messy right now. Try not to worry about it. I'm with Tobias and we're safe."

"And how is Owen? I saw him get you out of harm's way at the wedding. Please thank him for me."

I smile. "I will, mama. He's been wonderful. So has Tobias."

"Where are you? Mrs. Hunt said you left the country, and your father said something about Las Vegas."

I frown. How would he know that? Did Tobias tell his family where we were going? I didn't think he had because he wasn't sure who he could trust.

"My location is a secret in order to keep me safe in case someone is listening to our conversation."

"That's disturbing, Bellamy. Why would you say that?"

Sometimes giving my mother something else to worry about is the only thing I can do to stop her worrying about things she shouldn't. Let her stress over whether someone is listening to our calls for a while.

"It's not likely. But it's a possibility, and I can't be too careful. Anyway, I really have to go. I'll call again when I can."

"I love you, Bellamy. You looked wonderful in your wedding dress."

I close my eyes as the call disconnects. I need to get up and put my curly hair products in my hair before it dries too much, or my curls will be unmanageably frizzy. But I'm suddenly overwhelmed with sadness that I may lose my family for good.

I haven't been overly close to them in a long time, but I've always been able to call my mom for a chat if I got the urge. If they had something to do with this, it's going to irreparably damage our relationship.

Placing my palms on the edges of the mattress, I push myself up and drag myself to the mirror where I get to work on my hair.

After I detangle it, I put my phone on speaker and dial Owen.

"Are you OK?" he asks, instead of saying hello.

"Yes, Sir. I'm fine. But I talked to my mother."

"Did you call her, or did she call you?"

I frown. Why does he care?

"Bellamy." His voice is laced with warning, and I swallow.

"I called her."

"For fuck's sake, Bellamy. Why did you do that without one of us there?"

"Because that's when I got the courage?"

"I assume you have something to report, or you wouldn't be calling us and telling on yourself." It's Tobias's voice on the line now. Owen must have put me on speaker.

“Nothing to report other than a question for you, Tobias. Did you tell anyone in your family that we were going to Las Vegas?”

“No. Why?”

I groan. That’s what I was afraid of.

“Answer me, Bellamy. Now. What did your mother say?”

Owen sounds urgent, and angry, and I want to go back in time and wait to tell them. But I sense it’s important, so I suck in a breath. “It’s a little thing. My mom asked me if I was still in London and said that my father had mentioned Las Vegas to her, but she wasn’t sure what he meant. He’s keeping her in the dark. Oh, and they are not staying with your parents anymore.”

“This is good information, little vixen. But it was very naughty of you to make that call without one of us there. Do we need to babysit you?”

My nostrils flare. Part of me can see why they’re frustrated, but I do not need a babysitter. Still, I give him a measured answer. “No, Sir. I’m sorry. Calling her seemed like the right thing.”

“I understand, vixen. But you should have waited. You knew we weren’t in agreement on whether you should call or not. We’ll talk about this when we get back. You should pick out a dress for dinner. But don’t put it on until after we get home and have a little... discussion, about good safety practices.”

I wince. Something tells me there's going to be more than a discussion.

"Yes, Sir," I whisper.

"Good girl," Owen says. "We have to get back to our meeting, but we'll be home soon."

The call ends, and I'm left alone with my thoughts for another hour before I hear the door unlock and they walk in together.

I'm still in my yoga pants and tank top, but my hair is dry now and mostly styled for a dinner out.

They both come to me and kiss me, then Owen leads me to the couch and sits me down next to him.

"Give me your phone," he says sternly.

"Why? Are you taking it away from me like a naughty teenager because I called my mother?"

He holds his hand out for the device. "No, but I can, if that's what you want, after I spank you for being a brat, of course. I'm just seeing if there's anything I can do to trace your mother's call. Or see if there's any evidence that anyone might have been listening in."

I drop it into his palm and sit back with a huff and his gaze darts from my phone screen to me.

"I can have Tobias put you over his knee and spank you until I'm done if you like. It should only take me ten minutes. You can handle a ten-minute spanking, right?"

My eyes dart from him to Tobias who has stood back until now. He doesn't react when I look at him. Looking back to Owen, I shake my head. "No, Sir, please don't."

"Then lose the attitude."

It's rare that Owen scolds me this way. I try not to give him a reason to. Despite the fact that I enjoy it when he finds reasons to punish me, brat and brat tamer is not our dynamic. I don't know why I'm so annoyed with his over-protectiveness today.

"Sorry, Sir," I mutter, trying to squash my annoyance.

He squeezes my thigh. "It must have been hard talking to her. I'm proud of you for getting up the courage. Next time, let one of us know so we can help. I could have traced the call."

"But she told me where she was, and I don't think she was lying."

His brow furrows. "Nothing is as it seems right now, and you have to question everything."

"Except for you and Tobias, right?" I say with an eye roll.

He puts my phone aside and pulls me into his lap. "What's gotten into you, love? You're not usually such a brat."

I lay my head on his shoulder, grateful that he's asking questions and showing concern instead of being cross with me.

"I'm not sure. Maybe I'm still reeling from the kidnapping and seeing that guy get his brains blown out."

"And you're about to start your period. It just dawned on me."

My face flames at the thought of Tobias hearing him talk about my cycle that way. Owen has always kept track of it, and it's never seemed weird. Now it suddenly does, and I turn so I can hide my face in his neck.

Tobias joins us and puts a hand on my back. "Don't be embarrassed. I'm glad Owen knows these things about you. It's going to help me learn them faster."

Sitting up, I give him a shy smile, willing my face to cool down. "Sorry if I made things complicated by calling my mother."

He reaches for my hand and squeezes. "It's not the end of the world. Your safety is the thing we care about the most, vixen. Can you tell us anything else about the call? Even things that you don't think are important might help."

I close my eyes and play the conversation over in my head. "She sounded stressed, maybe more than usual. And from the sounds of it, my father is shutting her out even more than usual. He wouldn't let her reach out to me and insisted it was for my safety. They packed up and left your family's house the day of the attack and said it feels like they are treating her and Dad like the enemy. Other than asking me where I am, that's it. Oh. She said my father is on the phone yelling a lot more than usual."

Tobias whistles. "Didn't think it was possible for him to yell more than usual. I've heard that man yell on the phone basically any time I've been in the same room with him."

I laugh. “Yeah. He’s definitely gifted at dressing people down over the phone and in person.”

“Why do you think they’re still in London?” Owen asks both of us.

I can’t begin to guess what their motives are, so I stay quiet and look at Tobias, but he seems as perplexed as I am.

“I promised my father a call this evening. We’ll talk about it, and I’ll ask him some questions that hopefully won’t raise suspicion,” Tobias says.

Owen straightens. “We need to make sure it’s a secure call. I don’t trust anything because we’re still not sure how Lorenzo got his information.”

The two men exchange a glance, before Tobias looks at me with a heated gaze that says our conversation is moving on. “Did you get enough rest?” He asks, one hand resting on my knee.

He’s barely touched me, and my pulse picks up speed as I give him a shy smile. “Yeah, it was a good nap. I picked out a dress. It’s on my bed.”

His hand slides up my thigh, in an agonizingly slow movement. “Good girl.”

At the same time, Owen’s hands drift to my waist, and he lifts the hem of my tank top. “Arms up, love.”

I willingly lift my arms above my head so he can peel my shirt off. This is way better than a serious conversation.

Tobias leans in once I'm topless and captures a nipple in his mouth. I gasp and squirm on Owen's lap when he bites down.

Without raising his head, he reaches for the elastic waist of my yoga pants, and I instinctively lift my hips so he can pull them off of me. Only when he has to move back in order to get them all the way down, does he let go of my sensitive nipple.

Now I'm naked in Owen's lap, and he shifts on the couch, pulling my thighs apart so Tobias can see everything.

"Now there's a pretty picture, even with Owen's ugly mug in it," Tobias teases as he sits back on the coffee table to take in the entire scene.

I frown at Tobias and lean back to kiss Owen's jaw. "You're not ugly, Sir."

He grins and lets a hand wander up my body until it comes to rest on my exposed throat. "Compared to you in my lap on display like this, I'm hideous."

I giggle until he puts pressure on my throat, the perfect amount, then cups my pussy with his other hand and slips one finger easily inside me.

"So wet. Are you horny, love?"

I bite my lip and nod as much as his hand at my throat will allow. "Yes, Sir."

"We gave you an orgasm in the car and several before we left for our meeting. How long have you been wanting another?"

I whimper as he slides a second finger inside. “Since you told me to pick out a dress but not put it on,” I say, grinding against his hand.

Tobias picks up one of my still damp curls. “So, you weren’t touching yourself in the shower?”

I consider lying and saying I was, to see what their response will be, but only for a second, because I never want to be dishonest with either of them. “No, Sir,” I promise, my voice sounding annoyingly needy as Owen continues to tease me.

Tobias surprises me by dropping to one knee and pressing kisses from my knee up the inside of my thigh. When he approaches Owen’s hand, Owen pulls it free and shoves his fingers covered in my juices into my mouth. I eagerly suck them clean, but I cry out as Tobias licks my pussy, not seeming to care how close he is to Owen as he pleasures me. I like that these men are getting closer because of me.

Tobias licks and sucks my pussy until I’m writhing with need, and all the while, Owen is caressing me from the waist up, exploring with his hands as he croons in my ear about how beautiful I look when I’m like this.

I’m on the brink when I remember that I should probably ask. I’m still unclear on the rules around that now.

“Please, can I come?” I beg, as they torment my body with pleasure.

Owen bites down on my exposed neck and holds me tighter against him. “Come, love. Nice and hard.”

I shudder as the orgasm starts in my core and expands to overtake my entire body in a torrent of bliss and ecstasy.

“Such a good little slut,” Tobias murmurs as he lifts his head and wipes at his beard with the sleeve of his shirt. “Now you can get dressed for your date with Owen.”

My eyes light up and I sit up straighter in Owen’s lap. “A date with Owen? What are you going to do?”

Tobias shakes his head. “Don’t ask, little vixen. Just enjoy the time.”

I frown. “But I’ll miss you.”

“And you missed Owen when you were with me the other night. I’ll miss you too. But I have some things to take care of, and you want this. So don’t question it.”

I smile. “Yes, Sir. Thank you. I wasn’t sure...”

Tobias lifts my chin when I drop my head and makes me look at him. “You weren’t sure of what, Bellamy?”

“I know when we talked about our new arrangement that you acknowledged Owen might want alone time with me. I just... wasn’t sure if you would really let that happen since I’m...”

“My fiancée?”

I offer a sheepish look. “Yes, Sir.”

“I told you I’m willing to see this through for as long as we can. Trust that when I tell you something, I mean it, please.”

I touch his cheek. “I’m doing my best. Thank you for this.”

He kisses my forehead. “I should go. There really is some business I need to attend to.”

“Wait,” I say when he heads for the door.

“Don’t you want to change your shirt?”

He looks down at the sleeve he used to wipe his face and flashes me a wicked grin. “I don’t mind smelling like your sweet little cunt, Bellamy.”

He reaches for the door, but I stop him once more.

I scoot off Owen’s lap, and he lets me.

When I reach Tobias, he pulls me into his arms and looks down at me. “What is it, little vixen?”

“You’ll be safe while you handle this business?”

He bends and kisses me deeply. “I promise I’ll be back later tonight, but I won’t disturb you and Owen.”

I wrap my arms around his neck and pull him closer for a kiss. For some reason, I don’t want to let him go.

“What’s wrong, little vixen? You’ll be safe with Owen.”

And that’s just it. “The last time one of you left I almost died,” I whisper.

Owen is behind me before Tobias can respond, and he puts a hand on my shoulder.

“If it helps, I can track him wherever he goes tonight. We’ll know the minute there’s trouble. But there isn’t going to be any trouble. So come on, love. I want to see what dress you picked out.”

Reluctantly, I kiss Tobias one more time and let Owen pull me away from him.

It isn't until he opens the door to step into the hallway that I remember I'm naked. But Tobias is careful not to expose me to the security team still standing guard at our door.

When the door is closed and it's just me and Owen, he pulls me close and suddenly a dam breaks. A dam I think I've been holding in since I got kidnapped by Lorenzo.

He doesn't say anything, just stands there and lets me cry, stroking my hair every few minutes and rubbing my back.

When I raise my head, he pulls out a handkerchief so I can wipe my eyes and blow my nose.

"Sorry about that," I say, feeling sheepish. "I didn't mean to fall apart. You know that's not my style."

He puts a hand on the back of my neck and pulls me in for a gentle kiss. "You've got a good excuse. Now, do you want to go to the club with me tonight, or should we stay in?"

My eyes light up. "I'd love to go to the club with you, Sir."

He grins. "Good girl. Let's go see what you picked out to wear."

Chapter Thirty-One

Chapter 30

Owen

My fingers brush delicate skin on Bellamy's bare shoulder as she sits in the chair I've pulled out for her. We're having dinner in a new Greek restaurant recommended by Tyson Vance. I bend and kiss her neck gently, then sit across from her.

"Tell me how you're really doing," Bellamy asks.

It's the third variation on the question so far tonight. She's convinced something is wrong with me.

"I'm adjusting," I say, picking up my menu.

Her brow wrinkles as she presses her lips together. "That's not much of an answer."

"What do you want me to say, Bellamy?"

She drops her head, and I set the menu aside, to give her my full attention. "I want things to be normal between us. They're still a little weird."

My laughter comes out sharper than I intend, and her eyes fly to mine, a mixture of hurt and annoyance swimming in them. "That's an understatement, love. We're going to have to get used to a new normal between us. Tobias changes things. He was always going to change things. They're simply changing in a way that includes me now. And I'm thrilled about that. You do not understand how relieved I am that I get to keep you in my life. But let's be real, Bellamy. Things are

different. The normal you're looking for doesn't exist anymore, and I'm still walking around with the fear that you'll be ripped from me again if Tobias changes his mind."

Her lashes flutter as she blinks rapidly, and I hope she's not trying to hold back tears. Tonight is supposed to be about enjoying ourselves. She reaches across the table and puts her hand over mine. "I just want to make sure you don't think... I'm using you or something."

My forehead scrunches in confusion, and I flip my hand over beneath hers, so our palms are touching.

"Using me how, love?"

Her eyes dart anywhere but me and her hand twitches atop mine. "To make things with Tobias more bearable?"

"Do you need me for that? Because if so, that's a problem. But you seem to thoroughly enjoy having him in your bed, so I don't think that's what you're doing."

Her expression turns exasperated. "Of course, that's not what I'm doing. That's not who I am, and I genuinely care for Tobias. I'm trying to make sure you don't think that's what I'm doing."

A laugh escapes before she fixes me with a glare, and I try to turn serious. "Don't get bent out of shape. Trust me when I say I'm fine. It's an adjustment, seeing you with another man, but he's as committed to this as I am, and I trust him. We both want you to be happy. And this makes you happy."

"But are you happy?"

I have to ponder her question before I answer. Right now, happiness seems hard to gauge. We have a lot going on. But when I peel back all those layers and really examine how I'm doing, it becomes a little clearer. I pick up her hand and kiss her knuckles.

“Yes, love. I'm very happy. You said it yourself a few nights ago. Making you happy is what makes me happy. And getting to be friends with Tobias again is a bonus. Doesn't mean I won't knock him out if he ever hurts you.”

She giggles. “Something tells me he would say the same thing about you. All these years since our parents told us about the engagement, I've been sure he resented me or was at the very least ambivalent about the whole thing. Now it seems like he's all in.”

Then she shakes her head. “I'm sorry. We shouldn't be talking about him on our first date alone together in so long.”

I squeeze her hand. “He's bound to come up sometimes. But you're right, he is all in. If I didn't think he was, I wouldn't have agreed to this so easily. And he feels the same way about me.”

She gives me a tender smile, and I shift the conversation away from Tobias. Partly because I just want to enjoy the night with Bellamy, and partly because I don't want to worry about him while he's doing something potentially dangerous.

“Is there anything specific you want to do at the club tonight?”

Her demeanor shifts, and she gives me a shy look. “I have no preferences, Sir. You can pick. I don’t want that aspect of our relationship to change because of our new arrangement.”

“It won’t, love.” I pick up her hand and twirl the jewelry on her wrist. “As long as you’re wearing my bracelet, you’ll follow my lead.”

She beams as the server approaches to take our order, and the mood lifts for the rest of the evening. While we’re finishing our meals, Matteo calls, and I cast her an apologetic smile as I answer it.

“What’s up?”

“Word is out that Lorenzo is dead. Danny was aware he came to Las Vegas, so he’s questioning me about it. Things might get a little dicey if I can’t give him some clear answers soon, but I’ve managed to put him off until we can talk about what we should and shouldn’t tell him. I also told him that Lorenzo didn’t come see me and made him aware that I’m annoyed at him for not warning me he would be in Las Vegas.”

We knew this was coming, but that doesn’t stop the knot in my stomach. “Sounds like you told him the truth. I’ll talk to Tobias tonight, and we can discuss it further. Anything else? I’m on a date with Bellamy.”

Her cheeks turn pink when I throw her a wink.

“No Tobias tonight?”

“Nope.”

Matteo snorts. “Your love life is entirely too complicated for me. Are you coming to the club tonight?”

“I’ll be there with Bellamy. Let’s plan to talk more when I get there.”

I end the call and turn my attention back to the beauty in front of me.

“Will Tobias be back tonight?” She asks after a beat of silence.

I pick up her hand and squeeze. “He should be, and if plans change, he’ll say something.”

“And you really can’t tell me what he’s doing?”

I shake my head. “Not yet. We’ll talk about it when he gets back if it comes to anything.”

That answer is going to make her uneasy, but it’s the best I can offer. He’s tracking down a lead, and it’s one I would rather her not hear about right now. Because if it turns out to be a false lead, she doesn’t need the details.

“I want you to make an appointment with Dr. Bearson, tomorrow,” I tell her, trying to ease us away from the subject of Tobias’s safety.

“Why? I haven’t needed to see her in a while.”

“You’ve been through some very traumatic things, Bellamy. Even the good things, like the shift in our dynamic, are bound to be playing with your emotions and hormones. Talking to

someone will help. And Dr. Bearson has the added benefit of being able to keep her mouth shut.”

Dr. Bearson is a licensed psychiatrist and talk therapist, but she also specializes in hormone therapy for women. In college, Bellamy had some mental health issues that led her to discover a hormone imbalance. It took some doing to get Bellamy to agree to see the doctor, but it was life changing when she did. After some intensive work, they transitioned her away from weekly sessions to a check-in every few months. Now, when she needs an appointment, we fly the good doctor to Las Vegas. She doesn't seem to have a problem with our line of work, and we make it worth her while to treat Bellamy.

“Come on, love. It's important.”

Bellamy tilts her head to the side and a glimmer of a smile tugs at her mouth. “You're right. I'll call first thing in the morning. You've always taken such good care of me.”

“Good girl. Are you ready? We have another stop to make before we go to the club.”

Her smile widens, and I can tell she wants to ask about the stop. But I won't give anything away, and she knows better than to ask. If I wanted her to know, I would have told her.

When I've paid the bill, we hold hands as we walk out into the parking lot. At the car, I push her against the side of it for a kiss. She clings to my lapels as I explore her mouth with slow movements. She tastes so good. Considering that there was a time when I was convinced I might never kiss her again, I'm not taking little moments like these for granted.

“You’re perfect,” I murmur as I pull away and open her door.

She slides into the car, and I sense her eyes on me as I walk around to the driver’s side.

We drive for a while before she frowns and looks around in confusion. “We’re not heading for the club?”

I glance over at her as I stop at a red light. “I told you we have another stop to make.”

“Yeah, but you made it sound like it was on the way.”

“Not exactly. But it will be worth it, I promise.”

She narrows her eyes at me. “What are you up to, Owen Thorne?”

“Trust me.”

She’s quiet until we reach a street she recognizes. This time, she smacks me on the shoulder. “Are we going to your house?”

“You did not just hit me, young lady.” I try to give her a mock scowl, but the joyous expression on her face as we pull up to my house makes it too difficult, and I pick up her hand and squeeze.

“There’s a surprise for you in the garage.”

Her seatbelt is off in two seconds, but her hand hovers over the door in hesitation as she looks at me. “Go ahead,” I encourage.

She jumps out of the car, and I press the button to raise the garage door before I climb out myself.

Her squeal of excitement echoes in the air as she runs to me throwing her arms around me when she sees it.

“You got my bike back.”

I laugh and bend to kiss her. “Matteo said consider it a wedding present. I told him to fuck off. So, you owe him a bunch of money,” I tease.

But Bellamy isn’t paying attention, too busy walking around her motorcycle, running her hands over the shiny chrome.

“I can’t believe you did this for me,” she murmurs. Her eyes grow wide. “Does Tobias know?”

I laugh. “And what if he doesn’t?”

“He is so going to hate this.”

“He knows. It was his idea to talk to Matteo.”

Her smile gets even bigger as she continues her examination of the bike she’s loved for so long.

“I wish I’d worn a different outfit.”

I go to my trunk and pull out a gift bag. “You might find this useful.”

She peeks in the bag, squeals again, and hurls herself at me. “So, all that stuff about me picking out a dress for tonight, was just a red herring?”

I catch her, laughing as I haul her to my chest and kiss her hard. “You’re so fun to make happy. Get changed and we’ll go. I can ride on the back with you or follow you in the car.”

Her mouth drops open. “You’ll let me ride it by myself?”

The question surprises me, and I gently peel her off of me. “My trust in you hasn’t changed because Tobias is a worry wart. You’re a skilled rider. Tobias will figure that out soon enough.”

“He’s not going to be mad at me?”

“Do you want to ride the bike to the club or not, love?”

She snatches the bag from my hand and rushes into the house to change, and I follow behind her. “Am I riding with you or am I following?”

She pauses at the top of the stairs for a minute, chewing on her bottom lip.

“Hey,” I say, closing the distance between us. “You’re not going to hurt my feelings if you say you want to ride on your own.”

“God, I love you,” she whispers. “I love both of you so fucking much. Yes. I want to ride on my own.”

Her admission of love for Tobias takes me by surprise. I haven’t heard her say it yet. I wonder if he knows. Putting it out of my mind, I kiss her forehead and nudge her toward my bedroom, where we’ve spent countless hours. Not having her in my home these past few weeks has been hard. Bringing her here is setting some things right again.

I lean back against the dresser and watch as Bellamy changes into the new leather pants I bought her. Then she goes to my dresser and helps herself to a black t-shirt of mine, tying it at the waist before slipping into the matching leather jacket.

It's nice that she isn't hesitating in my space anymore.

"You should wear leather tonight," she says as she's pulling her hair out of the jacket.

I'm all too happy to oblige her, so I strip out of my suit and go into my closet to put on matching clothes.

"Your boots and helmet are still in the garage," I tell her as I come out of the walk-in closet, pulling a black Henley over my head.

"I can't believe you guys did this all for me. Thank you," she murmurs.

"It's not a big deal, love. You hated selling that bike. I'm glad Matteo is the one who bought it off of you. Though Tobias was talking about buying you a new one. So, if you want an upgrade, he seems eager to spend his money on you."

She giggles and helps me into my leather jacket. "You're both ridiculous."

Bellamy

My heart is racing when I climb onto the back of my bike. It's only been six weeks since my last ride, but it seems like a lifetime ago. So much has happened. I'm tempted to rethink my decision to ride alone, but I don't. Owen is right, I'm a skilled rider. A solo ride will do me good.

The weather is optimal for an evening ride. The wind isn't too strong, and the temperature is perfect. I put on my helmet before I start the engine and wait for Owen to back out of the driveway before I pull out of the driveway.

The helmet is still connected to the radio, and I flip it on and switch to my favorite station before I follow Owen down the drive.

There's nothing better than the sensation of flying down the interstate towards the club. Owen stays behind me for most of the ride. When we reach a red light near the club, he pulls up beside me instead and rolls down his window. He lets out a loud whistle, and grins, making me laugh.

He can't see me through my helmet, so I stick my tongue out at him and rev my engine. When the light turns green, I speed ahead of him, not stopping until I reach the parking lot for the club. Owen parks next to me as I'm taking my helmet off.

“Just because I trust your skills as a rider doesn't mean you get to break traffic laws, love.”

I can't help but laugh at his scowl. "I was barely going over the speed limit."

"We'll see how Tobias feels about that when he gets back tonight."

My mouth drops open. "That is so not fair. You can't tattle on me to him like that."

He prowls toward me as I'm pocketing the motorcycle key and pulls me to him. "Are you telling me what I can and can't do where you're concerned? Has something changed about our dynamic that I need to be aware of?"

He leans in and nuzzles my neck, and I'm pretty sure he's not actually mad. Between the exhilarating ride and the way he affects me, I'm ready to skip the socializing tonight and go straight to a private room with him.

"No, Sir. Nothing has changed," I murmur. "But I really don't want you ganging up on me like that. When we're alone, it should just be us."

He kisses my nose. "I agree. I was mostly teasing. But there will be times when he and I have to share things with each other that you may not appreciate. It would only ever be for your safety, though."

I grab a hold of his leather jacket and lean up on my tiptoes to kiss him. "I can live with that."

"Good girl." He tucks my helmet under his arm and nudges me toward the sandwich shop.

Inside, he hands me the helmet to stash in my office and kisses my cheek. “I’m going to the cigar bar for a quick chat with Luke and Matteo. Be waiting for me in the Diamond playroom when I get back. Gracie can do your job tonight.”

“Yes, Sir,” I say, taking the helmet. The cigar bar is one of several businesses we’ve helped club members open in the strip mall to keep city planners off our backs about developing the space and finding businesses to rent the empty shops. The club owners have taken to meeting there a few times a month to discuss club business.

Inside, I tuck my helmet under my office desk and take the leather jacket off, draping it over the chair. It’s rare for me to wear an outfit like this to the club. I’m normally in a black dress of some sort. But I like how the boots and leather pants make me feel as I walk through the space and go to the Diamond room.

The club is packed tonight, as is starting to be the case every night. The lot was full except for a few spaces reserved for the owners. It’s been a problem we’ve been trying to solve for a few months now, but there isn’t a lot of room to expand parking spaces.

I drop onto a sofa near Owen’s office door. Each of the owners have an office tucked in the corner of their play spaces, that allows them to work but still be close by if something needs their attention. I tuck my legs under me and soak up the energy in the room.

As I'm sitting and observing the play space, a woman approaches me. I don't recognize her, but because of my extended absence, that doesn't mean anything. Plenty of people might have joined in that time.

"Are you Bellamy Harper?" the woman asks.

I raise an eyebrow in surprise. "That's me. What can I help you with?"

"Lorenzo Trentini says you should go back to London if you want Tobias to live."

My heart skips a beat and fear grips me as I stare at her. "What the hell does that mean?"

She shakes her head. "I have no idea. That's just the message I was told to give you."

My heart races and I grab her by the shoulders. "Who? Who gave you that message?" It's taking all I have not to scream at her and alert the other members of the club that something is wrong.

Her eyes go wide and her voice trembles as she answers. "I didn't ask for his name. He saw me walking in and told me to come find you and give you that message."

I shove her aside and run for the exit as fast as I can, intent on getting to the cigar bar to find Owen.

I'm outside and halfway down the sidewalk when the cigar bar door opens and Owen, Matteo, and Luke step out. Owen sees me first and runs for me. "Bellamy, what is it? What's wrong?"

“Tobias. It’s Tobias. Something’s wrong. She said Lorenzo is alive. I can’t take this.” My breaths come in ragged gulps, as panic threatens to overtake every cell in my body.

Owen shoves me into the cigar bar, and Luke and Matteo step in behind us and lock the door so no one else can come in.

He shoves me into a booth and grips my hand. “Take a deep breath for me, love. Tell me what happened. You’re not making sense.”

“I... a woman. I didn’t recognize her. She came up to me in the Diamond room. Asked me if I was Bellamy and said that Lorenzo Trentini said to tell me I need to go back to London if I want Tobias to stay alive.”

Luke is out the door with a single look from Owen, presumably to find the woman in question.

My heart is still racing, but I don’t feel like I’m going to die now, as Owen sits there and squeezes my hand.

“Anything else?”

I close my eyes, recalling the conversation. “I asked her who told her to tell me that and she got scared. She said someone outside the shop saw her walking in and insisted she give me that message. That doesn’t make sense. Who knew I was here?”

Owen pulls out his phone and puts it to his ear.

“Tobias, where are you?”

My heart slows when I hear his voice come through Owen's speaker.

“Are you safe?”

I can't hear his responses, I just know it's him, and judging by Owen's relieved expression, he's safe.

“Listen, something weird happened. Why don't you cut your adventure short and join me and Bellamy at the club and I'll fill you in.”

“Wait!”

He looks at me. “What is it, love?”

“Someone is clearly watching this space. What if it was a trap to draw Tobias here.”

Owen frowns for a minute. “That's a good point. Never mind, Tobias. I'll fill you in after we render this site safe. We may have to shut down for the night, I'm not sure. Stay safe and I'll keep you updated.”

I hold my hand out for the phone and Owen's features soften. “Bellamy wants to talk to you, mate.”

“Toby?” I hate how scared my voice sounds right now.

“Hey, little vixen,” his deep voice is soothing, and it instantly calms me. “What's wrong?”

“Owen will fill you in when he thinks it's safe. I'm just...” My voice cracks and I pause to gather my composure. “I'm so glad you're OK. Please stay that way.”

“If I didn’t know any better, I would think you’re getting attached to me,” he teases.

Even though he can’t see me, I smile at the phone. “I really am. Please come home tonight. I have something I need to tell you in person.”

He hums. “I wouldn’t give up the chance to talk with you or sleep in your bed, sweet girl. Now hand the phone back to Owen and be a good girl tonight. I’ll see you later.”

“Yes, Sir,” I whisper before I push the phone back into Owen’s hand.

Owen slips out of the booth with the phone to his ear and stands a few feet away, talking to Tobias in hushed tones. A minute later, he tucks the phone away and joins me again.

Matteo has moved to the other end of the bar and is on the phone himself, but he approaches us again when he sees that we’re done with our phone call.

“That was Luke. He found the woman you described and is interrogating her now. She’s a new member. Helena Asher. Has only been on the roster a couple of weeks. We did a solid background check, and she passed with flying colors, but we’re going to have to dig deeper into her if her story doesn’t check out.”

Owen nods. “I’ll do that even if it does check out. I need to go through our security footage from the parking lot.”

The club doesn’t have cameras inside, but we do have almost every inch of the parking lot covered, so if the woman is

telling the truth we'll be able to see who she was talking to.

Owen holds out his hand for me. "Sorry this is ruining our night, love. But Tobias is safe. Don't stress about that. And Lorenzo is dead, so don't think about that either."

I shake my head. "It's hard not to worry. You're sure he's dead?"

He closes his eyes for a moment, then looks at me, putting his hand at the base of my neck, squeezing tight. "Baby, I put the first bullet in his head myself."

First bullet? Does that mean there was a second that Tobias fired? I keep the questions to myself. The admission shocks me. I know Owen is capable of violence, but it's rare that he talks about it with me. Honestly, I prefer to keep it that way.

"Want to come sit with me while I dig through security footage?"

"Yes, please."

"If you get bored, Zara and Skylar are here. They're safe for you to hang out with."

"I won't get bored. I just want to spend time with you. Even if it's while you're on your computer."

He tousles my hair. "That's a good girl. Let's go."

We walk hand in hand back to the club and go straight to his office. Of the four men's offices, his definitely has the most computers and monitors because he controls the club's security system from here. He flips them all on and begins

pulling up cameras. He focuses his time on a few minutes after I walk into the club until I come running outside.

At first, it doesn't seem like he's going to find anything. But then he spots Helena as she's climbing out of her car. He captures a screen shot of her license plate and hits play on the video.

As she's walking up to the door, a man parked a few doors down, steps out of his car and approaches her.

There's something familiar about him, but I'm not sure what it is.

There's also something odd about the way he's interacting with the woman.

"Does it seem like they know each other?" He asks after he plays it back a few times.

"I'm not sure. But something is definitely off about the way they're interacting. Like she's scared of him more than fearing a stranger approaching you on a sidewalk."

"I'm glad you saw it, too."

He rewinds the footage and begins looking for when the man in question left the parking lot.

My heart lurches into my throat.

"Owen, I think that car was following us from your place."

"Shit." Owen curses and rewinds until he finds us pulling into the parking lot.

Sure enough, he pulls in a few seconds after I'm in the door.

“Who the fuck is this guy? Have you ever seen him before?”
Owen asks, zooming in on his face.

I lean in close and shake my head. “No, Sir. Never.”

“What about Helena?”

Again, I have to shake my head. “It looks like she was here on a guest pass that was issued two weeks ago. What did she tell Luke?”

“The man in the parking lot had a lot of details about her and her business. Threatened to make things difficult if she didn’t deliver the message, and she was convinced of his ability. But I still think she knew him before tonight.”

It makes little sense to me. But information is often king in our world, and if you have the right bits and pieces of it, you can get anyone to do anything you need.

Matteo sticks his head in the door. “Luke doesn’t think we’re going to get anything else out of Ms. Asher.”

Owen stands. “Maybe I can get her to talk.”

Matteo lets out a mirthless laugh. “No, not in your state or with your connections to all of this. You can’t be trusted not to do something stupid.”

“What if I talk to her?”

Both men scowl at me, and I know they won’t allow it.

“All I’m saying is that sometimes a softer approach is best.”

Owen reaches for my hand. “I’m taking Bellamy back to the hotel. Keep me updated.”

Matteo gives a curt nod. I take his hand, but something doesn't sit right, so I tug him closer to me.

“What is it, love?” he asks when I voice my hesitation.

“Did you figure out where he was following us from?”

Owen frowns. “Not yet. I was going to work on that back at my command center at the hotel.”

“It's just... you're good at spotting if people are following us. So, if it were from the hotel or the restaurant it stands to reason you would have spotted them. But if they were watching your house waiting for someone to show up, you might not have noticed because you were too focused on me on the motorcycle.”

Owen taps my nose. “Very good point, love. At least you acknowledge how distracting you are for me.”

My mouth falls at his teasing. “So not my point.”

He is shaking with laughter as he sits at his desk again and begins typing. Soon, a series of cameras from around the city pop up. I'm always amazed at the things he has access to.

“Smart girl,” he praises when he pulls up the cameras he has on his house. “Looks like the bastard was parked there for a few days. I'll call and get us a reservation for somewhere else.”

Matteo clears his throat. “Stay here. Use the Ace. It's the biggest suite and you'll be comfortable. Plenty of room for Tobias, too.”

“But they know we’re here. Now they’ll be watching here too.”

“It’s better than them following you to a third location. Stay put. Let us hunt this guy down. The club doesn’t close for another three hours. Enjoy the party or work in here. But once we’re shut down for the night, don’t leave. We’ll put security in the parking lot.”

I put a hand on Owen’s shoulder. “It’s a good idea, Sir. We have everything we need here.”

He picks up my hand and squeezes tight. “OK. We’ll stay. I’ll update Tobias.”

Mention of Tobias makes my stomach twist. As far as we know, he is safe, but my fear is still running strong, and I just want him to hurry and come home.

“You’re sure he’s safe?” I whisper as Owen pulls up another panel of cameras.

He kisses my hand before he returns to his work. “Tobias will be fine, love. Let’s focus on finding out who this guy is. If you want to distract yourself, you can go hang out with Skylar and Zara.”

Matteo puts a hand on my shoulder. “That might not be a bad idea. They’re both feeling a little abandoned tonight.”

Owen grunts distractedly as he flips through screens. “Go, love. Try to relax. And if you get tired, go to the Ace suite and rest for when Tobias gets back.”

“We were supposed to have alone time tonight,” I mutter, suddenly feeling petulant.

Owen senses my disappointment and stands, pulling me up with him, wrapping his arms around me. “So, we’ll kick him out of bed after he says hello.”

I giggle at the thought of trying to kick Tobias out of my bedroom.

“Thank you for making me laugh. Go to work. I’ll be fine here.”

“No phone calls, and don’t talk with anyone other than the girls.”

“Yes, Sir,” I whisper as he opens the door to his office and shoves me out into the Diamond room.

I hate leaving him like this and for a moment, I almost change my mind and go back to sit with him. But sitting there won’t do anything other than potentially distract him from something important that could keep Tobias alive.

I find Skylar and Zara sitting in the main dungeon at a small table near the bar.

Zara grins when she sees me and jumps up for a hug. “Now we can have a drink.”

I laugh and give Skylar a small wave. She’s not a big hugger, but that doesn’t mean we aren’t friends.

“What are we drinking tonight? I’ll get them,” I offer.

“Let’s do martinis. Clearly, we’re not playing, so strong is good,” Skylar suggests.

I give a thumbs up and head to the bar to order three vodka martinis with a twist.

The submissive behind the bar says she’ll bring them out to us. Being attached to the owners sometimes gets us extra special treatment, but we try not to abuse it.

I sit back at the table and let Skylar and Zara catch me up on everything that’s gone down since I left town.

“You’ll never guess who actually played with someone a couple of weeks ago,” Zara says, a huge grin on her face.

“Who?” I can’t imagine who Zara would be excited about.

“Jeanie.”

My mouth falls. “No! Who did she play with?”

Jeanie is her driver, but they’ve become friends, and there was some curiosity on Jeanie’s part. She’d been to the club a few times on business since she works for Luke and Zara, but Bellamy was never sure if she was interested in playing or not.

“One of the weekends we did that kinky sampler night in Master Owen’s room. She tried some sensual rope with the Dom who was offering that and after the event was over, they went off and played under one of the frames.”

“That’s so cool.”

“I know. She hasn’t been back inside since, but she promised she would come visit again, and I’m pretty sure the two of

them went on a date last week.”

We talk for another hour as we sip our martinis, and it’s nice to just relax with them. Eventually, the conversation moves to me, and I’m less excited to dish on the latest gossip.

“So... what’s going on with you and Master Owen and Tobias?” Skylar asks.

I lift my head and stare at the ceiling. “It’s a jumble of complicated emotions, and I don’t even know where to begin.”

“Let’s start with how you convinced them to share you,” Zara says with a wink.

I launch into the story of talking with Tyson Vance about his partners and how they make it work, and my individual conversations with Tobias and Owen about it.

“To be completely honest, I never expected either of them to go for it. And none of us are sure if it can last. But it’s working, and we’re clinging to that for as long as we can.”

“Why can’t it last?” Zara asks.

Zara and Skylar didn’t grow up in families like mine or their partner’s, so they likely won’t understand. But I do my best to explain.

Skylar points at herself. “Matteo was never supposed to be able to be with a celebrity, but we’re making it work.”

“Do you ever resent the fact that you can’t get married or be super public with your relationship?”

Skylar twists the stem of her wine glass. “When I heard that Luke and Zara got married, I was annoyed. And sometimes it comes up. But we’ve committed to each other. He got a tattoo for me. I wear his collar. We practically live together. And we try to make up for the things we can’t do with things that are unique to us. There is no reason the three of you can’t do the same.”

I close my eyes. “There is if it means one of them dies for being with me. I can’t have that blood on my hands.”

“So, how do you pick?”

“I’m promised to Tobias. The choice might be made for me.”

“That is tough. But he seems to really care about you and Owen. I can’t see him making you choose. It was so sweet when he came to Matteo and Owen about your motorcycle. You could tell he was super grumpy about it because he doesn’t want you to get hurt riding. But he clearly wanted to do something for you that showed you how much he cares.”

Hearing Skylar’s depiction of events surrounding the bike makes my heart ache for Tobias, and I pray circumstances don’t force me to have to pick one of the two men I’ve fallen in love with.

Another hour passes before Owen comes out of the Diamond play area and approaches our table, looking worn out.

“Everything OK?”

He doesn’t say anything, just pulls me into his arms and kisses me on the forehead.

“Owen, please? Tell me what’s wrong.”

He shakes his head and leans in for a tender kiss. Sliding his fingers into my hair.

“Shhh. Come with me and let me enjoy you for a little while. Everything is OK.”

“Tell me Tobias is still safe,” I say, pushing at his chest.

He grips my hands, holding them tight against his body. “He’s fine, sweet girl. But he’s going to be gone for another few hours, and right now there’s nothing more I can do. Matteo and Luke are still tracking down the guy who was following us, and we’re trying to figure out Helena’s involvement with all of this. Now can I please take my girl to bed and have the night we intended?”

I let him pick me up and carry me to the Ace, one of the private suites, where he sits me down just inside the door, and pulls off my t-shirt, and I give him my full attention.

After he strips me out of my clothes, he presses his body against mine, crushing me against the wall as he kisses me without mercy. Our tongues tangle and lips clash as his hands run up and down my body. It’s been too long since I’ve been with him this way.

“What do you need, love?” He asks breathlessly after breaking the kiss.

I cup his face in my palms and meet his intense gaze with one of my own.

“I just want to stop thinking.”

Chapter Thirty-Two

Chapter 31

Owen

“I just want to stop thinking.”

I That’s Bellamy’s code that she wants it rough. We’re both consumed with worry for Tobias, and right now there is nothing either of us can do except distract each other. So, I’ll give her what she wants.

My hand moves to her throat, and I hold her against the wall, restricting the blood flow while I kick her legs wide apart with my boot. Then I thrust two fingers inside her pussy, and of course, she’s drenched. Her hips buck against my hand, and she moans.

“I’ve barely touched you and you’re soaking my hand. Dirty girl.”

I finger fuck her until she’s clawing at my wrist to get me to ease my hold on her throat. I remove my hand and trace a finger down her collarbone, while I finger her relentlessly. She cries out and bucks against my hand and I pull free, gripping her throat again at the same time.

“What do you want, Bellamy? Do you need me to wreck your tight little cunt? Fuck you until you can’t walk?”

She whimpers with big, fearful eyes as I tighten my hand around her neck. When she nods, I let go and shove the fingers I fucked her with into her mouth. “Clean me off like a good girl.”

Her mouth is eager as I pump my fingers in and out, and it makes me want her on her knees.

I tangle my hand in her hair and force her down as I unzip my pants and free my cock. “Suck me good and I’ll fuck you like you’re wanting.”

There is no hesitant licking or cautious sucking when she puts her mouth on me. She sucks me deep and never lets up as she fucks her own mouth with my cock.

Her gigantic eyes blinking up at me tell me she wants me to take the lead, so I put my hands on either side of her face and thrust in and out of her mouth until tears stream down her cheeks.

If I’m not careful, I’ll explode in her mouth and that’s not what I want tonight, but she looks so pretty, gagging on me the way she is. I slam into the back of her throat a few more times before I pull free. She looks heartbroken that I’ve taken my cock away from her. It makes me even harder if that’s possible. Without warning, I wrap her hair around my fist and pull her up to drag her toward the bed.

“Grab the edge,” I tell her when we reach the foot board.

She grips it, and I yank her backwards before I adjust my stance and enter her. Her cries fuel me, and I fuck her hard and fast, smacking her ass with my palm as I thrust into her. Soon her ass is bright red, and I’m barely hanging on. I need to come.

I slow and bring my hand around to find her clit, but she shakes her head. “Don’t stop. Please. You can make me come later.”

Normally I would scold her for trying to control the scene, but tonight I just want to give her everything she asks for. I spank her harder and pick up the pace again. It won’t last much longer, but I’ll make sure she feels it when I’m done.

I pull her hair as the orgasm hits me, and I come deep inside her with a loud roar.

Even through the brain fog that settles after an orgasm, I can sense that she’s not ready for this to end. I pick her up and put her over my shoulder and spank her all the way to the bathroom where I twist the shower on and put her inside.

“Sit on the bench and play with yourself with my cum dripping out of you,” I order as I lift my shirt over my head and step out of my pants.

She’s quick to obey, spreading her legs and finding her clit with frantic fingers.

When I step into the shower, she doesn’t stop until I kneel on the tile floor and pull her hand away to replace it with my mouth. I’ve never been squeamish about the messes we make together, and tasting myself as I lick her to the brink of climax isn’t an issue. In fact, it makes things hotter.

I suck her clit hard as I hold her thighs open. She quivers and cries out when the orgasm finally rips through her; the tremors shaking her entire body as she comes. Her trembling frame

collapses against the shower wall, completely limp from satisfaction.

For a moment, we're quiet. The only sound is the gentle roar of the shower spray. I make no effort to pull her up. Instead, I grab a rag and wash her gently. When it's time to rinse, I pull the shower head down. By then she's sitting up straighter, and she lets me finish the job. Then she hands me the shampoo we keep there for guests and hands it to me shyly.

“Really? It's not your special curly hair stuff.”

“Please? I just need you touching me still.”

That's all she has to say for me to oblige. I carefully wet her hair again and put the shower head back before I squirt a small amount in the palm of my hand and work it into her hair.

Washing her hair is somehow more intimate than anything else we've done tonight. It's mending things that were harmed when she left to marry Tobias. This isn't the night we set out to have, but it's clearly the night we needed.

When I'm done, she stands, rinses the lather out herself then soaps up a rag and looks at me with a questioning look.

“Go ahead, love.”

She washes me from the neck down. There's nothing sexual about her touch. It's pure love, and when we're done, we dry each other off and I carry her to bed, where we both fall asleep for a nap.

Our nap ends when Bellamy wakes in a panic, looking for Tobias, but he's still not home. Now, she's pacing the floor,

and I don't have the heart to pull out my Dom voice to get her to come back to bed. I called him, but so far, he hasn't answered. I wasn't worried until he ignored a safety check. Now I'm sitting on the sofa watching her pace as the fear oozing off of her forms knots in my own stomach.

"Owen, I'm scared," she whispers.

My chest aches because she's not alone in that fear. "I know you are, love. So am I. But we're doing everything we can. Go back to bed so you can be well rested for him when he gets here."

She shakes her head. "I can't sleep at a time like this. You're insane."

I raise an eyebrow at her impertinence. "Excuse me?"

She ducks her head. "Sorry, Sir."

I pat the sofa next to me. "Come on, love. Sit with me before you earn yourself a trip over my knee."

Despite her punishment fetish, I expect my threat to get her attention. She isn't a brat who goads me into punishing her very often.

Reluctantly, she sits, and I drape an arm around your shoulder.

"I've got people looking for him."

"Is it crazy that I only trust you to find him?" She looks up at me with watery eyes, and I put my forehead to hers.

“That’s not crazy at all. You don’t know how much I’d love to be out there checking on him, but I need to be here with you to keep you safe.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Owen. I’ll be fine.”

“There is no way I’m leaving you here, sweetheart. If we were at the hotel, I might because I can put security outside our door. But here you’re not as protected without me.”

“You have a fleet of security you could call in.”

Before I can respond, a deafening alarm pierces the silence of the club that closed hours ago.

My gun is in my office.

“Stay here and keep the door locked,” I command, already sprinting for the hall.

I sneak through the club towards the sound, keeping my eyes peeled for signs of danger. It sounds like it’s coming from one of the secure doors that leads to the backside of the strip mall.

No one ambushes me, so I slip into my office and grab my gun before continuing through the club toward the sound.

The alarm is coming from the back door that leads into the kitchen. When I reach it, the door is still shut and locked. “What the hell?” I mutter as I sweep the room for intruders.

I shove the screaming door open with my gun pointed at whatever might be behind it.

Tobias stumbles in with blood streaming from his shoulder.

Bloody hell. I catch him and drag him into the kitchen and shut the alarm off.

“Gun or knife?” I bark as I wrestle him out of his jacket to investigate the wound.

“Gun,” he says, wincing when my fingers come into contact with the hole after I rip his shirt open.

The amount of blood coming out of the wound is terrifying.

I pull my phone out and call Luke as I apply pressure.

“Get your ass down here. I’ve got Tobias bleeding out in the kitchen, and I need to get him to a hospital. Someone needs to sit with Bellamy.”

Luke curses, but I hear a car starting just a few seconds later.

“Be there in ten. Is he going to make it?”

“I honestly have no idea. It’s pretty bad. Bellamy doesn’t know yet. Get here fast.”

I push against his wound with his suit jacket, and he lets out a roar of pain. “Don’t be a wimp,” I say, trying to keep the emotion out of my voice.

“You better take care of her if something happens,” he gasps out.

The distinct sound of running feet has me whirling and raising my gun, but it’s Bellamy rushing toward us with tears streaming down her face.

“What part of stay in the fucking room did you not hear?” I bellow.

But she isn't paying any attention to me. "What happened?" she cries as she takes in the situation.

"That's what I'm trying to find out, love," I say, most of my anger vanishing as she stares at a bloody Tobias with tears in her eyes.

He lifts a weak hand to Bellamy's arm. "I'm fine, vixen. Go back to your room."

"I'm not fucking leaving you so don't even try to make me."

Judging by the look on her face, there's no point arguing with her. I keep applying pressure to the wound, but his jacket is close to being soaked through.

"Go get me some towels, then."

"Why aren't we calling nine-one-one?" She demands as she rushes to grab a stack of hand towels.

"Too many questions if they come here. We're taking him to the hospital. Luke is on his way to sit with you."

"Fuck that. We're all riding together. Let's go. Luke can meet us at the hospital."

She's right. It's the best way, so I help him stand and we head out the back door and around the building to my car. I want to grill Tobias and find out what happened, but the first order of business is keeping him alive.

I toss her my phone since hers is still in the suite. "Call Luke and tell him about the change in plans."

We climb into the car, and she sits in the back with Tobias, holding towels on his wound with one hand while she fumbles with my phone in the other. The phone latches onto my car's Bluetooth, and Luke answers on the first ring, his voice feeling the car.

"I'm hurrying as fast as I can. The damn traffic lights aren't cooperating," he says without a hello.

"Meet us at Spring Valley Memorial. Bellamy is with me and we're taking him together."

Luke curses and I hear tires squeal. "On my way." The line goes dead, and I'm left with nothing but the sounds of Tobias's groans and Bellamy trying to reassure him.

We are at the hospital in minutes, but Tobias is looking pale by the time we rush him inside. Hospital staff see the blood, and everyone jumps into action to get him to the back.

"What happened?" a nurse calls as she's leading the gurney through the doors.

"We don't know yet," I shout. But the doors shut before we can say anything else, and Bellamy and I stand alone in the waiting room, covered in Tobias's blood.

I pull her into my arms, and she takes big shuddering breaths against my chest.

"He's going to be OK, love," I say, trying to convince myself at the same time.

She looks up at me with sad eyes and I wipe at a smear of blood on her cheek with my thumb.

“Owen, I didn’t get to tell him I love him. What if I never get the chance?”

Chapter Thirty-Three

Chapter 32

Bellamy

I stare at the pile of bloody clothes on the bathroom floor as I wrap a fluffy towel around me. Knowing it's Tobias's blood makes my stomach churn, and I fight back another bout of tears. I'm no good to anyone if I keep crying.

An hour ago, Luke physically carried me out of the hospital on Owen's order, despite my protests. I'm surprised people didn't think I was being kidnapped. Meanwhile, Owen went to meet up with Matteo and Victor to figure out what happened, and Tobias underwent surgery.

Leaving was heartbreaking, and I want to be there when he wakes up. But the doctors say it's going to take hours, and now that I'm at Luke and Zara's house, and out of the shower, I'm glad Owen forced the issue.

In the guest room, I find a stack of clothes waiting on me with a note from Zara.

Didn't know what you might want to wear, so I grabbed a little of everything. XOXO, Zara.

It was sweet of her to get my things. I'm blessed to have them as family.

I pull on clean underwear and then select a pair of yoga pants and a soft t-shirt before I put the other clothes on the dresser and lay across the bed.

Laying down might have been a bad idea. Sleep sounds good, but it doesn't come. Instead, I'm flooded with memories of Tobias bleeding all over Owen's back seat. He looked so pale when they finally got him onto a gurney.

"I love you, Tobias."

It's a whispered plea for him to be OK.

I wish I'd said it while I was holding him on the way to the hospital, or when he left me with Owen. I wish I'd pushed the issue and said it on the phone.

I wish, I wish, I wish.

Now all I can do is pray he survives surgery so I can tell him as soon as he wakes up.

A soft knock has me sitting up, and Zara pokes her head in the door. "Hey sweetie. I brought you a sandwich and some water."

She opens the door all the way and brings in a plate and a bottle of water, and I take both and put them on the nightstand. My appetite is non-existent, but my logical brain says I should try to eat.

Zara sits on the edge of the bed. "Any word from Owen?"

I twist the cap off the water. "Not yet. Did Luke join them after he brought me here?"

"Pretty sure Luke has been assigned the job of babysitting us. Skylar is here too."

I whistle. “Things must be pretty bad if Matteo didn’t trust her event security to keep her safe.”

“She canceled her show for tonight, so I would say that’s a fair assessment.”

Skylar has a residency at one of the Novak resorts, and to my knowledge, she’s never canceled a show. This is bad. What have they learned that they haven’t told us yet?

I take a bite of the sandwich, convincing myself I need the calories to stay strong for Owen and Tobias, but it’s hard to swallow, given this latest revelation, so I shove the plate aside. “Where is Skylar?”

“Downstairs. We were thinking of raiding the wine fridge and putting on a movie if you want to join us.”

“Thanks. I just want to check on Tobias and Owen first.”

Zara pats my arm. “Sure thing. And if you want to talk to Luke, he’s in his office downstairs. He’s worried about you.”

“I wouldn’t mind a Luke hug,” I say with a smile.

Zara leaves me alone, and I pick up my phone, checking for missed calls or messages. There’s nothing.

I call Owen, and he answers on the first ring.

“Is everything alright, love?”

Tears threaten to fall at the sound of his voice, but I hold them back. “As fine as they can be. Any word on Tobias?”

“Not yet. Still in surgery. Dr. Singh is at the hospital keeping me updated, though.”

The doctor is a member of our club, and a close ally of the four owners. I'm glad she's there. I haven't had the chance to call her and make an appointment like Owen asked me to.

“Are you OK?” I ask, my voice threatening to crack.

“I'm fine, sweetheart. Don't worry about me. I'm with Victor and Matteo, and Bryce. We're still hunting for information. With Tobias under the knife, we have to rely on retracing his steps with cameras and the GPS on his phone.”

I'm surprised that Bryce is with them. He's fallen out of the inner circle in the past year since his sister Skylar came into Matteo's life. Then again, he came to London to keep Owen from doing anything stupid at my wedding, so maybe he's working his way back into Matteo's good graces. It would probably be good for Skylar.

“Can I help?”

“You should rest.”

“I really want to help.”

He's quiet for a moment, and I fear he's going to tell me to take a nap again. I might lose it if he does. But he exhales loudly into the speaker. “Yeah, I've got something you can do. We're still tracing a money trail, and you're faster at interpreting spreadsheet data than I am. Ask Luke if you can use a computer, and I'll send you everything I've got, including access to a searchable database I created.”

I'm already in the hallway, heading down the stairs by the time he finishes his sentence. “Thank you, Sir. I feel like I'm

going crazy here.”

“I understand, love. Just hang in there. You’re my first call as soon as Tobias is out of surgery.”

“I love you,” I whisper.

“I love you, too.”

We hang up, and I go in search of Luke.

I find him sitting behind his desk, frowning at his screen.

“Everything alright, Master Luke?” I really only have to call him that when we’re in the club, but he’s special, so I use his title whenever it isn’t inappropriate.

He smiles up at me. “Hey there, little one. You’re looking better.”

“Thanks. Owen told me to ask if I can use your computer to help him sort through some spreadsheet data.”

“Be my guest. You can sort through mine, too.”

Picking up a set of keys, he walks to a cabinet and unlocks it. There, he pulls out a sleek laptop and passes it to me. “Password is Flower, but the E is a three.”

My heart blooms. Flower is what he calls Zara.

“That is the most romantic yet unsecured password ever.”

“Ever?” he raises an eyebrow. “My pops used four ones as his pin for years before we convinced him to change it.”

That makes me giggle as I sit on his sofa and open the laptop.

A low whir makes me lift my head. Luke's desk is raising to standing height, then a panel slides out, forming a second low desk, so someone can sit next to him while he stands.

He kicks the chair in front of it, jerking his head that direction. "Better for your back."

"Fancy." I sit in the chair and adjust the height so I'm comfortable.

"Sometimes Zara likes to work on her stuff in here with me. We had it custom made. If you want to work alone, you can work in her office. Or I'll leave you here and go work in hers."

I smile up at him. "I'd like the company, if you don't mind."

He reaches over and tousles my hair. "I don't mind at all."

Luke is one of the few who can get away with messing up my curls. I like when he does it.

When I tell Owen I'm ready, he sends me directions for how to access the data, and I set about reading through the countless lines of financial data he's uncovered so far. Luke is quiet mostly, but we make small talk from time to time. It's comforting just sitting here with a friend.

I can't say I'm finding anything useful as I dig through the numbers, but it's keeping my mind occupied, and I'm grateful for the task.

Still, I desperately want to find out who is doing this to the people I love, so I hope I'm able to find something Owen couldn't.

I open a bank record for Lorenzo Trentini. How Owen got access to it, I'm not sure, but I know better than to ask questions.

“What do you know about the shell company behind Renda St. Claire?”

Luke's fingers pause on his keyboard, and he frowns down at me. “Why?”

Renda St. Claire was involved in a plot to kill the mayor of New York City a few months ago that led to Luke meeting Zara.

I point at a line in the spreadsheet. “I swear this name looks familiar. When we traced who actually paid for Zara to go on that date with your cousin in New York, it led back to Senator Pratchett, but we always figured Pratchett was just one rung on the ladder, right? Someone was paying him just like they paid Renda. Was this the company the payments came from?” The subject of Chuck Pratchett is bound to be a touchy one for Luke. Only a handful of people know Luke killed the senator after he kidnapped and tried to rape Zara. None of us lose much sleep over the slimy bastard's demise.

“What are you getting at, Bellamy?”

He steps behind me and bends to peer over my shoulder at the screen.

“I don't know what I'm getting at. This just looks like the same company that paid Pratchett and St. Claire gave money to Lorenzo Trentini.”

He reaches over me and uses the trackpad to scroll. “It’s definitely the same company. How did Owen not see this?”

“He’s buried in data. There were so many people and threads to follow that he hadn’t gotten here yet. It took me four layers of companies to find this one.”

“Holy shit,” he mutters, still reading.

I lean back and look up at him. “What?”

He stands and walks out of the room with his cell phone to his ear. What the fuck, Luke?

“What’s going on?” I shout down the stairs as I jog after him.

“Go back to the office, Bellamy. Now.”

Fuck that. I only have to obey him at the club. I keep going until he stops and glares at me.

“Get back to the computer. I want you to look up the Hidden Oasis Consulting Group. See if you can get into any of their records. If my hunch is right, Owen is in serious fucking danger. Whatever you do, don’t tell Skylar what’s going on.”

I scowl, trying my best to squash the terror over the part where he said Owen is in danger. “Good thing I don’t fucking know what’s going on then, isn’t it?”

“You are so going to get it next time we’re at the club, little one. Go. Now. Do this to help Owen. All the information we need is right there, I can feel it.”

Helping Owen is all the incentive I need. I turn and jog back up the stairs and into the office. There's something familiar about Hidden Oasis, but I'm not placing it.

Before I get back to work, I try to call Owen, but it goes straight to voicemail. Fuck.

I sit down and search the transaction records for Hidden Oasis Consulting Group. Three results show up right away. But as I dig, I find more. The company that paid the others, also paid Hidden Oasis. Then I find a payment to Donovan Bowden—another cousin of Luke's who betrayed us a few months ago. Luke shot him for it.

What is going on? I have to find out why Hidden Oasis is so damn familiar.

I log into The Sandwich Shop system and pull up my own spreadsheets and accounting. Sure enough, there it is in our own fucking records. As I trace the transactions, I come to the sickening realization that the same people who paid the others who have come after us, also paid Bryce fucking Cameron. Hidden Oasis Consulting is who we pay anytime we pay Bryce for the work he does for us. No wonder Luke doesn't want me to tell Skylar anything. She's going to be sick if her brother is behind any of the recent problems we've been having.

It hits me that Bryce is with Owen right now. Did Bryce shoot Tobias? We haven't been able to talk to him about it since he went straight into surgery when we got him to the hospital.

I try Owen's cell one more time but get nothing. My gut says they aren't at the club. I have to find him. Setting the phone down, I look around the office, trying to come up with a plan.

A memory of something Zara told me a few months ago comes back, and I unplug my laptop and stuff it in a backpack I find in the office closet, then race downstairs to the media room where I hear a rom com playing.

I poke my head in the door, and motion for Zara to come talk to me.

"Bellamy, what's wrong? Luke ran out of here like a bat out of hell and left Jeanie and a bodyguard with us."

"Come talk to me in the hall."

She frowns but joins me and closes the door to the media room.

"What's going on?"

"I have no idea. But do you still have the ability to track Luke's phone?"

Her eyes go wide. "Honey no. I can't let you do what I think you're about to do."

My eyes fill with tears, and I grip her shoulders. "Please, Zara. Owen could be in danger. I have to get to them. Now. My motorcycle was brought here, yeah?"

She closes her eyes. "I am going to get into so much trouble for this." Her phone in hand, she taps the screen a few times and passes it to me.

It only takes a second to recognize that they're at a warehouse that's part of the club's holdings.

"Just take the phone," she says when I try to give it back to her. "I'm already in trouble anyway. Might as well make it count," she says with a pained smile.

I want to laugh, but all I can think about is getting to Owen, and taking her phone saves me a trip back upstairs to get mine. In my haste, I left it on the desk.

I put the phone in my backpack and race outside to the garage to find my bike.

Thankfully, my helmet is sitting on a shelf in the garage. I fasten the strap under my chin, climb on, and start the engine. In no time, I'm racing down the 215, praying I get there before it's too late.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Chapter 33

Tobias

Pain radiates through my chest and shoulder as I struggle to open my heavy eyelids, and it's as though I'm clawing my way back from a dark hell. My mouth is parched, my tongue is rough like sandpaper. At the same time, I wonder if someone put cotton in my mouth for how little moisture there is.

As the fog lifts, A steady beeping noise fills the room, and it's as if fragments of memories come filtering back in time with each beep. A conversation turned violent, trying to get back to Owen and Bellamy. Owen dragging me into the back of High Card, Bellamy covered in my blood in the back seat of a car. Fuck. I have to get to Owen. The formerly steady beeping rhythm speeds up and becomes erratic.

What is happening? Forcing my eyes open, I try to sit up, but that sets off a myriad of beeps and buzzes, and I realize I'm quite attached to a hospital bed. I only have vague memories of being wheeled in on a gurney. Are Owen and Bellamy somewhere in the hospital waiting for me? For their safety, I hope like hell they are.

I grab the nurse's call button and press it repeatedly.

A tall woman in scrubs rushes in and begins fiddling with the machines I'm attached to. "Mr. Thorne, welcome back."

Thorne? I don't have the energy to correct her. Maybe Owen checked me in under his name.

"Phone," I rasp.

"You need to rest. Your surgery went well, but rest is vital. I'm calling a doctor to check on you now. How's your pain? I can give you a dose of medication."

I shake my head, which makes me see stars and my stomach lurches, making me realize I'm in no condition to leave the hospital.

"Emergency," I say, as she shoves a cup of water in my face. My mouth is so dry that I drink gratefully, and nearly choke myself trying to swallow.

"Easy there. What's an emergency?"

"Can't say. But I need my phone." My voice is still raspy, but I'm more confident in my words.

She looks at me skeptically even when I give her my most withering glare. Something about a hospital gown that my ass hangs out of keeps me from being intimidating I suppose.

"It's important. Someone I love could die," I say, trying to appeal to her another way.

She shoves the bedside table closer to me, and I spot a large plastic bag with all my personal items.

I fumble with the zipper on the plastic, and pull my phone out, praying there's enough juice for a phone call.

Owen's phone goes straight to voicemail. Fuck.

I dial Bellamy next.

No answer. I frantically dial the numbers of the other owners of the club. When they don't answer, I move on to their girls, starting with Zara Bowden.

Someone answers on the third ring, but it sounds like they're in a car with the window down. And it's definitely not Zara on the other end.

"Owen?" Bellamy cries. There's panic in her voice. Something is wrong.

"Vixen, it's me. Where are you? Why are you answering Zara's phone."

"Tobias! You're awake. What's going on?"

I frown. Why is she asking me that?

"You tell me. Where are you?" I ask again.

"I'm trying to get to Owen before it's too late. Bryce Cameron is somehow involved and they're together."

Double fuck.

"We'll talk about your lack of sense later. Where are you going, exactly." My throat is raw, and all this talking is wearing me out, but I have to make sure she's safe.

She rattles off an address, but I have no idea where that is. "It's a warehouse that the club owns," she offers. "I don't know why they're there. But last time I talked to Owen, he was with Bryce, Victor, and Matteo. Luke was with me at his house."

“Vixen, I need you not to panic, but I think Owen has been the target all this time. You were collateral damage. Owen was supposed to die in the church that day.”

The sound changes, as if she’s stopped, and I swear to god if she’s running into a dangerous situation on her own, she won’t be able to sit for a week when I’m done with her.

“Don’t confront anyone, Bellamy. Where the hell is Luke?”

“He left when he realized what was up. By the time I figured it out, I had to get to him.”

“So, you...”

“Convinced Zara to share her phone with me and jumped on my bike to go after him.”

Sounds like I’ve got a bone to pick with Luke and his wife.

The door to my hospital room opens again and I lift my head to snap at the nurse to come back later. But it’s not the nurse.

“Glad to see you awake. You scared the bloody hell out of us.”

“Jesus Christ, Owen. Why aren’t you answering your phone?”

“Owen? Owen’s there?”

Bellamy’s voice cracks, and I just want to hold her. But I can’t because she’s somewhere in Las Vegas on a motorcycle.

I curse myself for getting the damn thing back from Matteo.

“Yes, he’s here. Now, whatever the fuck you’re doing, turn around and get your ass back to Luke’s house.”

Owen's face is a storm of emotions, and he holds his hand out for my phone, but I don't give it to him. She doesn't need both of us on her case right now.

"I'm coming to the hospital," she cries.

Stubborn girl. But I want to see her, touch her, so I don't object.

The background noise changes, and I can tell she's started moving again. Moving is probably safer than standing still right now.

"What the hell is she doing?" Owen snaps when I end the call.

"She discovered that Bryce Cameron is involved in whatever the hell is going on, and after Luke left her at his house unsupervised, she had to come tell you herself because you weren't answering your bloody phone. Conspired with Zara to track Luke's cell."

Owen cursed. "Fucking hell. I told him not to leave her alone."

"We'll deal with him later. Right now, tell me what's going on."

My entire body hurts now, and I regret refusing pain meds from the nurse, but I'm ignoring it. Nothing matters until Bellamy is safely in the hospital with us.

"How long have you known Bryce was involved?" I ask. We thought it was someone else entirely, but the trail I was

following last night led me to Bryce. I just didn't get the chance to tell anyone about it because the fucker shot me.

Owen shook his head. "I didn't until he said something stupid at the warehouse when we asked for his help. When he realized he fucked up, he pulled a gun on me."

"I hope you put two in his head," I say, my voice cracking again.

Owen picks up the ice water abandoned by the nurse and holds the straw to my lips.

"No, but Matteo came really close. He's contained for now. Turns out, he's been quietly making contacts of his own since his old man was sent to prison a few years ago. Right under our fucking noses. So, who knows how long until someone comes looking for him. Where is Luke?"

I shake my head and wince when it makes my vision blur and my stomach roil. "No idea. Bellamy said he was at the warehouse and that's where she was going."

"Brilliant stupid stubborn girl," Owen mutters.

A heavy silence hangs between us save for the beep of the monitors I'm hooked up to. He cocks his head to one side and pulls his phone out. "Wait, a second. Brilliant fucking girl."

Chapter Thirty-Five

Chapter 34

Bellamy

Crying inside of a motorcycle helmet is not ideal. But here I am, racing down the highway with tears and mascara running down my cheeks all the same. It's a disgusting mess in there, but I can't stop the flow of tears. Owen is safe, and he's at the hospital with Tobias. Which means Tobias survived surgery. My heart is brimming with relief and love.

I was almost at the warehouse when Tobias called Zara's phone, and I pulled over to talk to him.

Sitting in a Don Tortaco parking lot, listening to the worry in his voice, it occurred to me I had no idea what I was doing driving across town like that. My presence would not fix anything. But my hormones and panic took over, and it felt like if I didn't get to Owen, he was going to die.

Then Owen walked into Tobias's hospital room, and I had to get back to them as quickly as possible. Tobias's command to get back to Luke's house was never going to fly, and I'm now racing in the direction of Spring Valley Memorial, willing the tears to stop, because it's getting hard to see, and I need to get to the hospital safely.

Behind me, a car speeds up, and my heart leaps into my throat. I've got no idea if Owen and the others realize what's going on or if Luke got to them in time. There's no reason for anyone to be following me, but terror still grips my throat.

The car changes lanes and eases up beside me just as we approach a red light. My palms get sweaty as the window rolls down.

“Owen says I get to spank you at the club after he’s done with you.”

My heart is still racing, but my entire body relaxes as Luke’s face appears. He’s scowling when I glance at him, but there’s a twinkle in his eye.

I acknowledge him with nothing more than ducking my head in his direction before the light changes. When it’s green, I take off before he says anything else.

Luke is a skilled driver of pretty much anything, not just the limos he owns for his VIP limo company, so he has no trouble keeping up with me and preventing other cars from getting between us. Despite knowing I’m in trouble, I feel safer with him behind me, and the tears have officially stopped, too. When we reach the hospital ten minutes later, I park next to his flashy sports car and climb off the bike.

He opens the door and steps out, holding his hand out to me, and I frown as I pull the helmet off.

“Check your phone,” he says. “Or should I say, Zara’s phone?”

My face heats, but I pull it out of my pocket and see a text from Owen.

Give your keys to Luke, love. You’ll get them back... eventually.

I huff, dropping the keys into Luke's palm. He tucks them in his pocket and drapes his arm around me.

"I'll take good care of her."

"Oh, bite me, Luke. You could have taken me with you."

He hugs me tight. "Did you uncover the paper trail or not?"

I scowl, hating that he's right. If he hadn't sent me back into the office, I wouldn't have followed the money back to Bryce. It was a major piece to the puzzle, and I suspect it's going to be the lynchpin to everything we've been dealing with for the last year.

"Don't go being all logical with me right now, Luke Bowden. How did you find me, anyway?"

He laughs and gives me a don't-be-an-idiot look. "You took my wife's phone. Did you think she could track me without me being able to do the same?"

"Don't be too mad at her, please."

"My flower knows her choices come with consequences, little one. Don't worry about her."

We step into an elevator that will take us to Tobias and Owen, and I give Luke a full-blown hug when the elevator starts moving up.

"Everything is going to work out, Bellamy. I told you a few months ago that you only need to tell us what you want, and we'll back you up."

“That means everything to me. I want them both. Once we untangle the mess that’s going on right now, we have to face the fact that our families will not be OK with it. Even though it’s only been a little while, I can’t imagine one without the other.”

He squeezes my shoulder. “We’ve got your back. Tobias will take some getting used to, but he clearly loves you.”

“God, I hope you’re right. Because I love him so damn much.”

The elevator dings and slides open on the fourth floor, cutting our conversation short. I step out and sprint down the hall, eager to get to the two men who have captured all of me.

When I turn a corner, my heart skitters as I catch sight of Owen standing in the hallway, his hands shoved in his pockets. He straightens and holds his arms out to me. I race into them, holding on for dear life.

“Is Tobias in there? I want to see him,” I say, my voice surprisingly steady.

Owen kisses my forehead. “Nurses are in there with him. They kicked me out.”

His hand slides down my hip and cups my ass, then he smacks me once, but makes sure it’s hard enough to sting.

“You are in so much fucking trouble, love.”

“Are you really letting Luke spank me?” I ask, looking over my shoulder to see if the tall Irishman is listening. He must have stayed back, because I don’t see him anywhere.

“I ought to. But I’m also pissed at him for leaving you at the house unprotected.”

I fight the urge to roll my eyes, knowing it will only lead to a worse fate than whatever Owen is currently planning. “He left two bodyguards.”

“Fat lot of good that did, considering that you got away on your motorcycle without anyone noticing.”

He does have a point.

The door to Tobias’s room opens, and three nurses come out. “You can go back in, but please don’t stay too long. Mr. Thorne needs his rest.”

I lift an eyebrow at Owen. “Thorne?”

He squeezes me again and turns me so we can walk into the room together. “Just go with it, love. We don’t want it getting out to his family that he’s here.”

My heart breaks at the sight of Tobias hooked up to machines and an IV drip. I want to launch myself at him, and hold him tight, but I imagine that would be painful, so I wait.

“I love you,” I blurt as soon as I’m next to his bed.

He lifts his hand and motions for me to bend down so I can get closer to his face. His lips brush my forehead, and he settles his hand at the base of my neck.

“I love you, too, vixen. Don’t think for a second that’s going to get you out of the punishment you have coming. What the hell were you doing?”

His voice sounds like his throat hurts, and I put a finger to his lips. “Shhh. You should rest. We can talk about how much trouble I’m in when you’re better.”

He keeps his hand on the back of my head, holding me in place. “I’m sorry we scared you, vixen.”

“Who shot you?” I ask, putting my forehead to his. Owen comes to stand next to me, putting a hand on my back, and the other on the bed next to Tobias.

“Might as well tell us now, mate. Unless you’re not up to it.”

He lifts a hand to pick up his water, and I straighten to get it for him, but Owen beats me to it, leaning in to hold the straw to Tobias’s lips.

When he’s done, he closes his eyes, and for a moment I think he’s falling asleep.

“It was Bryce. I was supposed to be meeting someone on Lorenzo’s crew to strike a deal, and Bryce showed up instead. He started rambling about taking down the Sin City Suits, but I didn’t know enough to realize that he was truly dangerous.”

“How the hell did you get away?” Owen asks, pulling me close to him.

“My meeting point wasn’t far from the club. When he shot me, I hid for a minute, and when he went the wrong way looking for me, adrenaline gave me the strength to run as far as the High Card.”

Bryce being involved still doesn’t make any sense to me. He grew up in Las Vegas and was Matteo’s best friend when they

were growing up, but they drifted during college. When we moved to Las Vegas to open the High Card, Matteo reached out and reconnected, and Bryce started working for us.

Is he really that upset that Matteo is dating his sister, or is the issue deeper than that?

“Does Skylar know yet?” I ask.

Owen squeezes my shoulders. “Not that I’m aware of. Matteo isn’t sure how he wants to handle it, and I’m certainly not getting in the middle of that. We still don’t know his motives. What did you find? Luke said he sent you hunting for a money trail.”

I outline the major points from my digging, including the fact that the same people who paid Lorenzo and Renda St. Claire, seem to have paid Bryce, as well.

“Can we trace how far back Bryce has been getting payments?” I ask when I’m done.

Owen goes to a chair and opens a backpack, pulling out a thin tablet. “Let’s see what we can find.”

He pushes another chair close to the bed for me, and I sit, picking up Tobias’s hand as I do.

“I’m so glad you’re OK,” I murmur. “This isn’t exactly where I wanted to tell you I love you for the first time, but I’m just grateful I got to tell you at all.”

He squeezes my hand. “Where did you want to tell me, vixen?”

His eyes are tired, but I see a spark of lust in them when he asks, and I chuckle. “No dirty thoughts. It can’t be good for your blood pressure.”

He lets out a hoarse laugh. “Dirty thoughts kind of just happen where you’re concerned. That doesn’t answer my question, though.”

I lift one shoulder in a half shrug. “Somewhere special. Maybe the club, or out on a date.”

“We have a lifetime to say it to each other, vixen. You might even get me to admit to loving Owen just a little.”

I giggle when Owen wads up a tissue from a nearby box and throws it at us. It feels good and wrong to laugh at a time like this, but knowing that Tobias is going to be OK, and hearing his confession of love, has lightened my mood considerably.

“Son of a bitch,” Owen mutters a few seconds later.

“What is it?” I move to stand, but Tobias stops me, and Owen comes back to the bed and hands me the tablet.

“Jesus Christ,” I whisper when I see what Owen is talking about. “I found a payment to Donovan Bowden, too. You think Bryce was involved in killing Ernesto Trentini, don’t you?”

The payments to Bryce started just a few days after his sister came to town and testified against some Russian gangsters, and they got significantly bigger after Ernesto Trentini was killed.

“We need to uncover who is behind the shell company paying all these people,” Owen mutters.

I look over at Tobias, to ask if Bryce has said anything else, but his eyes are closed. The nurses must have given him something to help him sleep.

I lift a finger to my lips, and Owen stands, reaching for my hand. It kills me to leave Tobias, but I know he'll be safe here. Owen and I have work to do.

In the hall, Owen holds my hand and pulls me toward an elevator.

“Where are we going to go?” I ask.

“Somewhere I can spank you,” he mutters, punching the down button for the bank of elevators.

“Come on, Sir, be serious. We have a lot of work to do. Where is Bryce?”

Owen's laugh is sinister. “What gives you the idea he's still alive?”

My stomach twists, but before I can ask any more questions the doors slide open. The elevator isn't empty, so we have to be quiet. He pushes me into the elevator and slips behind me to put his arms around my waist as the doors slide closed again.

When we reach the parking lot, we walk past my bike, and I look at it longingly.

Owen smacks my ass. “Don't even start, Bellamy. You can have it back when this is over.”

“Yes, Sir,” I mutter.

We reach his SUV, and he opens the passenger door for me.

“Bryce is alive. We’re still trying to figure out what to do with him.”

My shoulders relax as I pull my seatbelt across me. I’m not sure Skylar would ever forgive Owen for killing her brother, and that would make things very complicated for us.

He’s quiet as he starts the engine and backs out of the space. It’s not until we’re sitting at the first red light that he speaks again.

“This is bad, Bellamy. Bryce isn’t the mastermind behind any of this, but Ernesto, Senator Pratchett, even the God damn Mayor of New York City’s murder is part of it, and we have no bloody idea where the head of the snake is. I’m not convinced that the High Card and what we’ve built in Vegas is going to survive the fallout of tracking these bastards down.”

Hearing that makes me sick to my stomach. For the past six years, my life has been Owen and the High Card. I can’t even think about something happening to everything we’ve built here. I was looking forward to showing Tobias more of it and making memories with the three of them.

Reaching across the console, I squeeze his arm. “We’re going to survive, Sir. We have to. Let’s start with finding out who the fuck is paying Bryce and what it is they want.”

Chapter Thirty-Six

Chapter 35

Tobias

“Sir, you really need to lie back down.”

I grit my teeth against sharp pain as I slide my legs over the edge of the hospital bed. It's only been two days since I took a bullet, but I'll be damned if I'm spending one more minute in this antiseptic hellhole. Not when Owen and Bellamy are sleeping in a twin-size bed next to mine at night because they don't want me to be alone. Not when they are working all day to track down who is funding these relentless attacks while I sleep the day away. I have to get out there and help them.

The nurse shakes her head. “The doctor hasn't cleared you yet, Mr. Thorne. Now lie back down.”

“Give me whatever paperwork I need to sign because I'm leaving whether the doctor clears me or not.”

An Indian woman in a business suit enters as the nurse is glaring my direction. She looks familiar, but I can't say from where. Maybe she was part of my surgical team.

“What's this about you wanting to leave?” she asks, picking up my chart from the end of the bed.

“I'm not staying here so they can pump me full of pain meds.”

She stares at me for a moment, clearly trying to decide how serious I am about leaving. “You suffered a major injury. They

need to watch for infection. But I can see you're determined."

The woman turns to the nurse who has been standing there with her arms folded. "I'm Dr. Singh, his primary care physician. You can sign Mr. Thorne out to my care. I have the proper credentials for your paperwork."

The nurse rolls her eyes and snatches the chart away from the doctor. "I'll be back."

I give Dr. Singh a long skeptical stare when we're alone, and she smiles. "Relax, Mr. Hunt. I'm a colleague of Owen and the owners of the club. They've asked me to keep an eye on you."

"How do I know I can trust you?"

She nods to my cell phone, charging on the bedside table. "Call Owen yourself."

I pick up the phone and dial the number that is now at the top of my contacts list. It's still strange to see Owen's name on my screen with such frequency. While I'm waiting for an answer, the doctor slips out, giving me some privacy.

"Tobias, are you still giving the nurses hell? I thought that one this morning was going to put something in your IV just to be rid of you."

I let out a pained chuckle. "Something like that. Listen, a woman calling herself Dr. Singh is here. Do you trust her?"

Owen laughs. "I better. She's the official club doctor, and a close friend. Why do you ask?"

I don't want to tell him I'm breaking out of the hospital, so I lie. "No reason. She just stopped by to check on me, and she looked familiar, but I wasn't sure why. We can never be too careful."

We chat for a bit, but Owen's updates are hard to follow because of all the webs of money he's untangling. Several minutes pass before the door opens, and Dr. Singh enters with a stack of papers.

"Sign these, please."

I scrawl a signature in the places with highlighter and pass them back to her.

"You could at least pretend to read them."

"Sorry, Doc. I've got places to go and people to see."

Ten minutes later, I'm dressed and staring down a wheelchair.

"You're riding in it, or you're not leaving," Dr. Singh insists.

With a scowl, I lower myself into the chair and she pushes me out the door and toward a bank of elevators.

Outside, she helps me into her car, which is thankfully not so high that I need to use an arm to pull myself in. I'll never admit it, but I'm grateful for the wheelchair. Even the small amount of effort it took me to get in and out of the seat has worn me out to the point of exhaustion.

"Listen carefully, Mr. Hunt. You're going to the club, you're saying hello, and you're going back to bed. Someone will

deliver some prescriptions before the end of the day, and I'll be back to change your dressings in twenty-four hours."

Something tells me this woman is not a submissive at the club.

Thankfully, the drive is short, and we're pulling into the parking lot for Sin City Subs in less than ten minutes.

The front door opens when we park, and Owen steps out, looking cross.

"What the hell are you doing out of the hospital?"

"Don't give me any shit, Owen. You're telling me you would still be in the hospital if I were here with Bellamy trying to track down a mad man?"

He shoves a hand in his pocket and looks at me with a smirk. "We're not talking about me."

Turning to Dr. Singh, he offers her a hand. "Thank you, doctor. Anything we need to know?"

"You have a very stubborn man on your hands. Tie him to the bed if he refuses to rest. I'll be back tomorrow. If you change locations let me know."

Owen shakes his head. "We're not going anywhere."

He puts his hand on my non-injured shoulder as we walk inside. "You need to rest, Tobias. We can handle this."

I shrug his hand away and grip the side of the counter inside the restaurant. "Don't ask me to sit on the sidelines while my

family risks their lives. I'm here to help, and that's the last time we're discussing it. Now take me to Bellamy."

Owen's face is a mix of understanding and frustration, but he opens the door into the back, and ushers me in. The walk to his office in the back of the club is almost more than I can handle, and I'm close to regretting my choice to leave the hospital. I fucking hate feeling so weak.

One look at Bellamy is all I need to erase any lingering regret. She is hunched over a laptop at Owen's desk, but her head flies up when we come in.

She gasps and runs around the desk to greet us. "You're supposed to be in bed!" Her arms encircle my waist, and I wrap my good arm around her, kissing the top of her head.

"And you're supposed to be over my knee, so I guess we're both not where we should be."

She wrinkles her nose, and I can tell she's fighting the urge to stick out her tongue.

"Why did you leave the hospital?" she asks.

I sigh. "Because I can't stand being useless. There has to be something I can do."

"You can get better," Owen mutters behind us.

Bellamy looks around me and smiles at him. "We're stuck anyway, what do you say we put Toby to bed?"

"What do you want me to do, read him a bed-time story?"

Bellamy giggles, and for the first time in a few days, I relax. We are not out of danger yet, but here with them is where I belong.

“Actually, you could come fill me in on what you’ve found,” I say, turning Bellamy, so she’s tucked against my side.

We agree to head to one of the bedrooms, and Owen picks up a tablet and Bellamy’s laptop.

“You look like shit,” he says as we leave the office and walk down the hall.

I ignore him, knowing that Owen expresses himself with gruff teasing when he’s tense, and I focus on putting one foot in front of the other.

In the room, my head is swimming, and Bellamy rushes to pull the blankets back on the bed.

“You’re looking really pale,” she says, panic in her eyes.

“I’m fine, vixen. Just need to sit down for a while.” I drop to the edge of the bed and close my eyes, praying for the spinning to stop.

“Let me go get you some water. She rushes back out of the room before I can stop her.

Owen sits next to me, putting his tech on the other side of him.

“You sure you don’t want to sleep? We can catch you up on this stuff later.”

I shake my head and immediately wish I hadn't because the room spins. "Just tell me if we're any closer to ending this."

He picks up the tablet, and I scoot back to lie against some pillows.

"We don't have names yet, but we've unraveled a money trail that goes back at least three years, so this has all been brewing for a while."

Why are events from three years ago impacting things like my wedding? I don't have the energy to voice the questions I have, so I just close my eyes and listen to Owen talk.

Owen

Tobias falls asleep before I can get through everything we've found, but it's all boring math anyway, and him knowing all the details won't bring us any closer to a solution.

Still, I keep talking even though he's out. Going through the details out loud is good, and I'm hoping it will spark something.

Bellamy returns with water, and I set the tablet aside. "Why don't you curl up with Tobias, love?"

She shakes her head and picks up the laptop. "There is too much work to be done. We're close, I can feel it."

We've been working around the clock for the last forty-eight hours, and I know she's exhausted, but I don't insist she rest. Instead, I encourage her to get comfortable and work on the bed while I sit on the couch and work.

That is an acceptable compromise, and we work in silence for the next hour.

"Wait, a second. How much do we trust Tyson Vance?"

Bellamy's question puts me on edge, and I go to the bed to see what she's talking about.

"Why do you ask? He's been a friend of the club for a long time. We met him in London when we toured Serendipity."

Bellamy chews on her lip. “The same club Tobias was a member of?”

I nod, still not sure what she’s getting at.

Two lines on her spreadsheet turn yellow when she highlights them, and I sit next to her to give it a closer look.

“Tyson cooks for all kinds of people. I’m not sure this means anything, love.”

She frowns. “It’s just not sitting right. This is the same company we’ve seen pay Bryce and the others—at least it’s a subsidiary of the same company. And I don’t like that they’re giving money to Tyson. Especially when it was six weeks ago.”

I pull my phone out. “Let’s just ask him.”

A woman answers, and I frown.

“It’s probably Sabrina,” Bellamy whispers.

“This is Owen from High Card.”

“Oh, hello, Master Owen. Do you need Tyson?” The woman asks.

“I do. It’s rather urgent.”

There’s a shift in the background noise before she speaks again. “He’s up to his neck in a sauce that will ruin if he stops what he’s doing, but he should be free in about an hour after we get dinner service started.”

I want to tell her to interrupt him, but it can wait an hour. “Have him call me the second he’s available.”

When the call disconnects, I pick up my tablet and open a browser. Tyson is a rather famous chef and has an active social media presence.

“Looks like he’s cooking for the mayor of Las Vegas and her family tonight. Some fundraiser for the schools.”

I search for the first mentions of Tyson being at the event. Sure enough, it first appeared on his social media a little under six weeks ago.

“Looks like that explains that,” I say, showing her the posts.

Bellamy’s hands fly across the keyboard, and I lean in to see what she’s doing.

“Those posts reminded me of a conversation we had. You were there. He was complaining about cooking for someone, and he wasn’t thrilled about it. Then he said the mayor and her snotty son were holding up his restaurant. I didn’t put two and two together until just now. Phineas Draven is the mayor’s son. She remarried after his dad died. Phineas sits on the boards of half a dozen companies in the valley. I’ve seen at least two of them in our searches.”

I struggle to follow her logic.

“Are you saying the mayor’s son is after us?”

She nods. “I can’t even begin to tell you why. But it’s got a whiff of plausibility.”

I’m still not sure she’s on the right track, but it’s more than we’ve had to work with up to this point, so I follow her lead, and start digging into Phineas. His finances are harder to track,

but she's right that he's a listed board member for at least two of the shell companies we've uncovered in the past two days.

As I dig deeper, I realize he's on every single one of them. Phineas Draven might be the head of our snake, after all. The trouble is, I don't have a clue what he would have against us. And even if I figure that out, he's practically untouchable. Aside from Hunter Novak, he's one of the most powerful men in the city, and he's rumored to be running for Governor of Nevada in a few years.

"Let's go back to the office, I need more monitors to sort this all out. We have a lot more digging to do into Phineas Draven."

"What about Draven?" Tobias startles me, and I look over to find him awake and scowling.

"It looks like he's the money behind all of this. At the very least, he's tied to the cash flow even if he isn't controlling the purse strings."

He struggles to sit up, and Bellamy rushes to help prop him up with pillows.

"You're sure? That's really fucking bad if it's true."

"Tell me about it. What do you know about him?"

"Until a year ago, he was the other fucking silent partner in my restaurant group."

I close my eyes. "For fuck's sake. He saw an opportunity to bring us both down a notch or two. It doesn't explain how he knows so much about our world, though."

Tobias drinks the water Bellamy hands him and shakes his head. “His old man was quietly involved with the Russian organization that ran Las Vegas before you lot showed up. They put his ex-wife in the mayor’s office.”

This is all so much more fucked up than I imagined. If Phineas is angry with us for being the final nail in the Russian’s coffin, it would explain a lot.

“What are the odds Tyson Vance is wrapped up in this?”

“Zero. Tyson hated that I went into business with him, and almost walked over it.”

I frown. “Then why is he trying so hard to open a restaurant in Las Vegas?”

“Seems he’s rather fond of you and your little club. He gets bored easily, and he’s finished with London. Kind of like I am.”

Bellamy sits up. “What do you mean you’re finished with London?”

He winces, and I know this conversation is wearing him out.

“It means I want to make Las Vegas our main home. We can’t avoid London and the family entirely, but my gut says when we’re done untangling this, our parents are going to be right in the middle of it, and they won’t have any more leverage over us.”

Her eyes are wide, and she’s clearly on the verge of tears.

“You mean it? We can live here?”

He lifts a hand and cups her cheek. “Yes, vixen. You’re happiest here, and much like Owen, I live for making you happy. I love you so much, Bellamy. We’re going to figure everything out.”

The jealous twinge I expect at hearing Tobias confess his love for Bellamy isn’t there. Instead, I’m overcome with a sense of contentment.

As Bellamy snuggles closer to Tobias, my phone rings and it’s Tyson.

“Hey, mate. We need to talk about Phineas Draven.”

Chapter Thirty-Seven

Chapter 36

Bellamy

Sandwiched between Tobias and Owen in the back of a limo, I smooth my hands down my floor-length cream-colored evening gown, trying to calm my nerves. My mind is racing as I process the whirlwind of events over the last twenty-four hours that led us here.

I sneak a glance at Tobias to the right of me, looking for signs that he might be in pain. Even though his face is etched with tension, he looks good enough to eat, and I am calmed by his presence.

My gaze turns to Owen, and I can't help but smile. Having him next to me has always been reassuring, and tonight is no different. And, of course, he looks like pure sin in his tuxedo. I can't wait to take it off of him later. For the first time, the three of us feel like an unstoppable team. We are attending a fundraiser the mayor is hosting, so we can put Phineas Draven on edge and let him know we aren't going anywhere.

The dinner Tyson cooked last night was a pre-fundraiser meal for the mayor and her family. Tonight, he's catering a gala. When we talked to him last night, he helpfully offered us tickets.

I begged Tobias to stay at the club. I was even going to stay with him. But when he put his foot down and refused to stay in bed, I insisted on tagging along. To my surprise, Owen didn't object.

I have to admit, it's fun to be all dressed up with the two of them. They even picked out my dress and seemed rather pleased with their choice when I came out of the bedroom.

There is no real plan for the night, other than to let Phineas Draven see us, and gauge his reaction. If it seems worthwhile, we may confront him. We've learned a lot in the last day that is going to be crucial in taking him down.

After Tobias's pain medication was delivered, I fell asleep next to him, while Matteo and Owen questioned Bryce wherever they've been holding him. He admitted to working with Phineas for the last five years, but he wasn't willing to tell them what Phineas is up to. Probably trying to give them a reason to keep him alive. Despite the missing pieces, the information Bryce shared led us to some very interesting revelations about Phineas and his operation.

We pull in outside the lavish hotel event center, conveniently located in one of the hotels Owen oversees security for, and with Tobias's arm wrapped securely around my waist, we make our way inside, my heels clicking sharply across the marble lobby floor.

My pulse spikes with adrenaline as we approach the grand ballroom where the fundraiser gala is already underway. Tobias gives my hand a gentle, reassuring squeeze.

We enter the ballroom through an arched doorway, and step into a scene I've lived so many times. Crystal chandeliers, ornate table decorations, servers expertly winding through the room with trays of champagne and elegant hors d'oeuvres, and

a crowd of people eager to be seen spending their money. I grew up on fundraisers like these, and I must say I haven't missed them. A live string quartet is playing, but they can barely be heard over the dull roar of laughter and conversation happening around us.

It all appears so polished and perfect on the surface. But we know there is evil here tonight, and an undercurrent of tension courses through me as Owen's sharp gaze sweeps the room. He scans the room several times before finally landing on our target in the sea of guests. Just the sight of Phineas Draven makes my stomach twist into knots.

Owen leans in front of me to whisper something to Tobias, who gives the faintest of nods in reply. Together, they steer me away in the opposite direction, cutting a path through the crowd towards the far side of the ballroom. I resist the urge to glance back over my shoulder, though I can almost feel Phineas watching us from a distance.

When we reach the bar, we each take a glass of champagne and find a high-top table to lean against as we casually observe Draven from across the room. He seems to be charming potential donors, flashing a grin that gives me the creeps every time he approaches someone new. No amount of money in the world would make me comfortable with him. But that's the thing about power and money. It often makes people willing to associate with the scum of the earth just to maintain it.

After a few minutes, Owen catches Draven's eye and tilts his head toward a side door. Draven's smile falters for a split

second before he returns his attention to the group he's speaking with. After a minute, the conversation breaks up, and Draven disappears.

"It's time," Owen murmurs. Tobias squeezes my hand supportively as Owen leads us across the room. Does that mean we're going to confront him? My pulse speeds up again.

We slip out the side door into a dimly lit corridor. Draven is already there waiting, hands in his pockets, still wearing that slimy smile.

"Well, well, it took you long enough to connect the dots. I thought you were all smarter than that."

Owen steps forward, eyes cold, fists clenched. "Enough games, Draven. I'm going to cut straight to the point. You're going to stop harassing me and my family, and we'll do you the kindness of not making your life a living hell."

Draven raises an eyebrow. "Come now, do you really think vague threats will make me cower? I run this town."

"It's not a threat, it's a promise," Tobias says evenly. "We've found some pretty damning evidence that can't be ignored. Aside from funding a hit on the Mayor of New York City, you've been using the Novak group's properties for human trafficking. That makes you the lowest of the low. If it gets back to Novak, you know he'll come for your head, and your mom doesn't stand a chance at re-election. Not to mention your gubernatorial bid will be DOA. Walk away while you still can."

Draven's smug smile disappears. He glances between us, caught off guard by how much we know. Some of what Tobias is saying is just a guess, but Draven's reactions tell us we're on the right path. Despite the way Phineas creeps me out, it's a treat to see my two men confront him with such confidence.

Owen spent most of today in his office at the Pink Sapphire, tracking down evidence of Bryce's claims instead of working at the club with me and Tobias. Now I understand why. Hunter Novak would be the only other man in the city that Phineas Draven would be scared of. I wonder if Owen told Hunter what he was doing. After a tense moment, Draven clears his throat, and squares his shoulders, as if trying to put on a brave face.

"You seem very convinced of these wild accusations. I'd tread carefully if I were you." He adjusts his cufflinks. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have donors to charm. Enjoy the party."

He moves to stride past us, but Owen grabs his arm roughly. "This ends now. Get your nose out of our business, or I go to Novak with everything I've got."

Draven wrenches his arm free, his eyes burning with fury. But he says nothing more, simply stalks back into the ballroom, fuming but clearly cornered.

Owen relaxes slightly, but I can tell he's still wary. "Let's get the hell out of here," he mutters. "We've put him on notice for now."

Tobias and I follow Owen, sticking close.

I expect him to lead us to the limo. Instead, Owen steers Tobias and I down a quiet hall and stops at a set of elegant double doors.

“Where are we going?” I ask, puzzled.

Tobias grins and opens one of the doors, revealing a candlelit chapel. When Owen shoves me inside, I spot familiar faces. Luke, Zara, Skylar, Matteo, Jeanie, and Gracie all cheer and clap.

I’m stunned. “What is this?”

“Our wedding.” Tobias laughs when I stare at him, completely speechless.

Owen takes over, pulling me into a corner while Tobias greets what looks to be the wedding officiant. “Tobias talked to his father while we were showering today. He told him you agreed to get married tonight to settle the unrest in his family, but only if you live in Las Vegas for the next year at a minimum.”

My eyes widen. “He agreed to that?”

Owen cups my cheek. “Now that Gabe is recovering, there isn’t pressure to have Tobias in London full time yet.”

“What? Gabe is awake?” I cry.

Tobias joins us with a wide smile. “He woke up while I was in surgery. I didn’t mean to keep it from you, but there have been other things going on. And from what we can tell, all the rumors that he was involved were spread by Bryce who went to the local authorities with what sounded like a credible

witness statement. It was completely false. Gabe's got a long road ahead, and the cancer is still likely to cut his life short, but he has some time left."

My heart swells, overjoyed and overwhelmed with everything that I'm hearing. Now I understand why they picked this gown for me. It could easily double as a wedding dress.

"So, what do you say, love? Will you marry us?"

"How does that work?" I question.

Tobias holds up two sheets of paper. "We're signing two licenses today. One will have my name on it. The other will have Owen's. The county clerk was convinced to give us two as long as we only file one.

"Which one will we file?" I ask, ignoring the fact that they probably bribed the county clerk to bend the rules.

Tobias gives a half shrug. "I'll send a picture of the one that says you and I are married to my father, and that will appease him. Beyond that, does it matter which one we make legal?"

When I shake my head, tears still threatening to fall, he offers me his arm. "So, answer the question, vixen. Will you marry us?"

"Yes. Always yes."

Owen takes my other arm and loops it through his, and together, they walk me down the aisle as music starts to play.

The officiant begins the simple ceremony as our friends look on. “We’re here today to celebrate love in all its forms. Love of friends, romantic love, and the love that binds a family together. If you would please face each other.”

We form somewhat of a V, with me as the hinge, and wait for the ceremony to continue.

“Tobias, do you take Bellamy to be your wife, promising to love and cherish her?”

Tobias squeezes my hands. “I do.” Two simple words, but so full of meaning.

“Bellamy, do you take Tobias as your husband, promising to love and cherish him?”

“I do,” I say, gazing into his eyes as I speak from my heart.

“And do you take Owen as your husband, promising to love and cherish him?”

“I do.”

After Owen says, “I do,” to me, he reaches for Tobias’s hand, still holding mine, and nods to the officiant. I listen with fascination, joy, and surprise as she asks them to make a promise to each other. “Tobias, Owen, do you vow to cherish each other in friendship and brotherhood? To put Bellamy’s well-being first, always. Do you promise to work through your differences for the good of your family?”

They share a meaningful look. “We do,” they say in unison, and my heart soars.

They seem to have thought of everything, because gorgeous rings appear, and the officiant walks us through exchanging them.

When we're done, she breaks into a huge smile and says, "By the authority vested in me, I now pronounce you husband, and wife, and husband. You may seal these vows with a kiss."

Cheers erupt from the small audience as we share tender kisses, and even if it's only for a moment, everything is right in the world.

Hand in hand, we join our cheering friends.

Zara pulls me into a tight hug. "I'm so happy for you, sweetie!"

I grin. "Thank you so much for being part of the surprise. I hope I didn't get you in too much trouble."

She laughs. "Don't even worry about that. Everything worked out the way it needed to."

Owen and Tobias are shaking hands with the men, so I look for Skylar, but I don't see her.

"She had to go get ready for her show. Matteo is letting her go back on."

"Does she know?"

Zara shrugs. "About Bryce? If she does, she hasn't let on. But she has been moody all day."

Owen and Tobias rejoin me, and each take a hand. "Come on, love. We have paperwork to finish."

They lead me to a table where we fill out two copies of the marriage license. One says Owen's name, and the other says Tobias's.

Owen folds them and tucks them into his jacket. "We'll decide which one to file tomorrow. Right now, we have to get to our reception."

"Reception? Where is it?"

He winks. "The club, of course. We owe you a spanking."

Chapter Thirty-Eight

Chapter 37

Tobias

Walking into the High Card with Bellamy as my wife is surreal. The club is packed, and everyone is excited to celebrate our marriage. Thanks to Zara and some of the others, they spread the word quietly, and put together an evening to celebrate the three of us.

We truly don't know which copy of the marriage license we will deliver to the county clerk. At first, Owen insisted that I be the one to legally marry her because of our family obligations, but I didn't want either of them to be forced into that arrangement.

We've debated letting Bellamy choose, but that could be an impossible choice for her. The only other idea we have right now is flipping a coin. Tonight isn't the time to worry about that, though. It's been a long few days, and we've accomplished a lot. We've sorted out some of the tangle of problems facing us, we confronted Phineas Draven, and we cleared my brother's name. Now we're going to set all of that aside and enjoy our wedding night in style.

Unsavory things like confronting Bellamy's father about his role in all of this can wait for tomorrow.

My injury is going to keep me from playing with her the way I want, but we have plans for her just the same. Owen leads us to the Diamond room where the official wedding reception is being held. Club members can play as usual, but cake and

punch and some fancy appetizers sent over by Tyson Vance are also available for people to enjoy.

Bellamy gasps when we step into the play space, and Owen and I burst into laughter.

In the center of the room, up on a stage of sorts, sits her motorcycle.

“I did say you would get it back eventually. You haven’t earned the keys yet, but we’re going to play on it,” Owen says, nudging her further into the room.

“We owe you a punishment for acting so recklessly the other day.” I reach for the zipper on her dress, and she doesn’t object when I pull it all the way down. The silky material pools at her feet, leaving her in white lingerie and heels. She steps out of the dress and lets me lead her to the side of the motorcycle.

I bend her over the seat, positioning her so we can do what we want with her, and she can hold on to the other side for extra support. Her pert behind sticks out, not at all covered by her lacy white thong, and I’m mesmerized by the sight of it. Owen steps up beside me, rolling up his sleeves after he takes his jacket off.

“Such a naughty ass just waiting for us to spank,” he murmurs, rubbing his palm over her creamy skin.

She shudders, and I hold out my right hand for Owen to roll the sleeve up, since my left arm is immobilized.

When we’re prepared, and Bellamy confirms that she’s ready, we take turns spanking her with our hands first, palms

cracking down over and over on her cheeks. She gasps and whimpers at the stinging blows but doesn't pull away. Her skin grows pink, then rosy. I caress the marks we've left, enjoying her moans of pained pleasure.

“Have you learned your lesson, vixen?” I ask. She nods eagerly, but Owen steps around to stand in front of her and drops to one knee so his face is closer to hers.

“Too bad we aren't nearly done with you yet, love. Tell me why you're being punished.”

Bellamy

My ass is on fire, and my brain barely registers Owen's question. Tobias's hand cracks down on my ass again. "Answer the question, Bellamy."

"Because I put myself in danger," I say, my voice shaky with unshed tears.

"Belt, cane, or paddle?" Owen asks. My eyes go wide. This is a serious spanking. Not exactly how I imagined my wedding night.

It's a terrible choice to have to make, but I know Owen's style, and if I don't pick one, he'll just use all three.

Canes leave intense marks and hurt like hell. Paddles have never been my favorite. Belts hurt, but when it's over, it's over. And I do have a thing for leather.

Owen tucks a hand under my chin. "Tick Tock, love."

"Belt," I whisper, Squeezing my eyes shut.

"Open your eyes."

He stands and unbuckles his belt in front of me. A wicked thing to do, really.

"Can you swing a belt, Tobias?"

The whoosh of the leather flying through his belt loops sends a ridiculous pool of moisture to my pussy, and I squeeze my thighs together.

Tobias kicks my legs apart and thrusts a hand between them.

“I think our little slut is enjoying this. She needs a good thrashing. You can handle the rest of it.”

“Naughty, naughty. Your thighs are still pale. Perhaps I’ll just focus on those with the belt.” Owen shakes his head, but I see the glimmer in his eyes. He wants me to enjoy this, even if he’s serious about it being a punishment.

I whimper but don’t object, hoping he’s not serious.

Owen and Tobias trade places, and Owen brushes the belt across my hot skin.

Tobias drops to one knee, like Owen did, and cups my cheek with his free hand.

“You’re going to listen while I talk, and you’re going to count the strokes, Bellamy.”

I take in a shuddering breath. “Yes, Sir.”

“You belong to me and Owen, right?”

“Yes, Sir. Completely,” I whisper.

The first crack of the belt across my already throbbing ass makes me cry out loud.

“Count, Bellamy.”

“One,” I moan.

“Good girl. And if you’re ours, you follow our rules, right?”

Another stroke of the belt.

“Two. Yes, Sir. I follow your rules.”

“Never put yourself in danger like that again, vixen. You could have died. I love you too much for that. Owen loves you too much not to blister your ass every time you knowingly put yourself in danger that you don’t need to put yourself in. Do you understand?”

Three hard swats fall across my thighs, and I let out a yelp of agony.

“Three, four, five,” I shout, barely able to get the words out.

“That’s a good girl. You’re halfway there. And then we’ll make you feel good. You don’t have to count the last ones, but you do have to ask for them.”

I take in a large gulp of air, and Tobias brushes my hair back from my face. “Ask, or we can start over, vixen.”

“Please can I have the last five, Sirs?” I say, making sure it’s loud enough for Owen to hear.

He leans over me and kisses my shoulder. “Almost done, love.”

He slams the belt into the fleshiest part of my ass five times, and I tremble against the seat of the bike, crying out with each stroke.

The belt falls to the floor, and Owen caresses my burning skin.

Tobias stands and cups my cheek tenderly, as he stares down at my tear-stained face.

“So, if you put yourself in danger do I get to spank you?”

I don't know what possesses me to ask, and I instantly regret it, but Tobias just chuckles.

“Owen, I think our wife needs something in her smart mouth to keep her from getting into more trouble. Care to help her out with that?”

My pulse races, and my pussy clenches when Owen joins Tobias in front of the bike and frees his thick cock.

“Open up, love.”

I do as he orders, and he slides into my mouth, and I suck him eagerly.

Tobias moves to my backside and trails a finger over the welts left by the belt. They'll be gone in an hour or two, but right now I'm convinced I may never sit again.

His hand moves to my pussy, and he slides one finger through my soaked entrance.

“Such a wet little cunt I married,” he growls in my ear as he thrusts a finger inside me. “You have such a needy pussy that you need two husbands to take care of it, don't you?”

He fingers me, pushing two fingers in and out of me until I'm writhing against his hand. Then he circles my clit with firm motions, making me cry out as I chase a release.

I'm nearing the edge when he pulls away and spanks my pussy.

My whimpers are muffled by the thick cock in my mouth, and I blink my eyes up at Owen.

“You think you deserve an orgasm, naughty girl?” he teases, thrusting harder into my mouth.

“Please,” I beg around his thickness.

“It is her wedding night. I suppose we should let her come. We can make her go without during the honeymoon. See how long it takes before she’s desperate,” Owen muses out loud.

Thick fingers probe me again, I’m teetering on the edge in seconds.

“Come for us, wife.”

Owen’s command sends me over the edge, and I cry out. Before I can recover, Tobias is pressing against my pussy with his cock. I push my hips back, inviting him in. He grips my sore ass with his good hand and pushes himself all the way in with one motion.

He sets a relentless pace with his thrusts, plunging deep inside me over and over. I moan around Owen’s thickness still pumping between my lips, the twin sensations threatening to overwhelm me.

My heart swells with emotion. After everything we’ve endured, I can hardly believe this moment is real—that I’m here with both of these men I’ve fallen madly in love with, and I get to call them both Sir and husband. Together they own me body and soul.

Tobias fills me so perfectly from behind as I gaze up adoringly at Owen, lips wrapped around his rigid length. His face is twisted as he tries to hold himself back, and I can hear

Tobias grunting as he nears the edge. Their pleasure fuels my own. This is everything I never knew I wanted, and more than I imagined possible.

Being with them like this erases all the pain and heartache we've endured. There is only the exquisite sensation of finally being whole. Of having a real future with the two people I cherish most in this world.

Who knew getting spanked and fucked while bent over a motorcycle could be such a symbolic thing for the three of us?

My body is still sensitive from my first intense climax. Each of Tobias's driving thrusts pushes me rapidly towards the edge again, and I'm silently begging him to keep going.

The passionate sounds of our lovemaking fill the air, and the surrounding crowd doesn't even register for me. All I can hear is skin meeting skin, my muffled cries vibrating around Owen, and the grunts from Tobias as he fucks me from behind. It doesn't matter that we are still facing a fight with my parents, or that Phineas Draven may still come after us.

In this moment, I have everything I'll ever need.

Owen

Watching Tobias take his pleasure from our wife while her mouth works my aching cock is almost more than I can stand. The emotions I'm feeling as I take it all in threaten to overwhelm me. This isn't what we've been waiting for. It's not even something we knew we wanted. But it's everything we need. I cup Bellamy's face and stare down at her, hoping to convey what I'm feeling with my actions.

She bobs her head eagerly along my length as Tobias nears his peak inside her. His frenzied pace signals how close he is. He doesn't falter as he reaches beneath her to circle her clit, making her moan around me. The sounds of their passion mingling with my own pushes me to the brink.

I grip her hair, fucking into the wet heat of her mouth in short, rough pumps. Her muffled moans vibrate through me, and I growl at the intense pleasure. We move in sync, all chasing the same thing, and I'm determined to hold back until we're all ready to fall.

With a strained groan, Tobias finishes deep inside her. Bellamy's scream of ecstasy around my cock tips me over the edge just a few seconds after.

I let my head fall back with a loud roar as I spill myself down her throat in hot spurts, stars bursting behind my eyes. She swallows every drop, while Tobias continues to manipulate her clit, prolonging our shared bliss.

Panting, we carefully disentangle, and I grab a towel to clean up before guiding Bellamy to a nearby couch. We sink down together, my arms encircling her as Tobias strokes her hair.

“That was perfect, love,” I murmur, pressing a kiss to her temple.

She sighs contentedly, nestled between us. Then a mischievous grin crosses her face. “Sooo, does this mean I get the keys to my bike back now?”

I chuckle and pull her closer. “Nope. Maybe after the honeymoon. But I do have something else for you. Something for both of you.”

Reaching under the couch, I retrieve several small bags and hand one to Tobias and one to Bellamy. Her eyes light up as she opens it and peers inside.

“You got us new colors!” She pops a personalized M&M engraved with her name into her mouth, savoring the sweetness.

It’s a tradition I started back when we first opened the club, bringing the candy for aftercare, the little chocolate circles printed with our names reminded her she was mine since she couldn’t wear my collar.

Tobias frowns but dumps the candy into his hand, turning each one over. Understanding dawns in his eyes, and he smiles as he holds up one with his name.

“This is unbelievably sappy, Owen. I’m going to give you shit about this for the rest of our lives.”

Bellamy's eyes fill with tears, and she throws her arms around me when she reads Tobias's name. "Thank you, Sir. You're fucking perfect."

She turns and gently snuggles closer to Tobias, careful not to hit his injured shoulder, and kisses his cheek. "And so are you."

I share a look with Tobias over her head, a kind of bonding moment for us as we realize we have years of teasing ahead of us because we'll be in each other's lives from now until we're old and gray.

Bellamy settles happily between us, eating her M&Ms.

I never imagined a world where I would be able to call her my wife. It was supposed to be impossible. The consequences too high. And it may turn out that there is more fallout from our union than we expect, but together we're going to face it, because even in a high stakes game like the one we find ourselves playing, it's sometimes worth it to go all in.

Chapter Thirty-Nine

Epilogue

Owen

Five weeks later

Skylar's hand lands hard across her brother's cheek, and I almost wince. Not because I feel sorry for Bryce, but because I would hate to be on the receiving end of her wrath.

We've spent the last several weeks untangling more and more of the web of corruption in Las Vegas that has had its hold on Bryce since before we came to town.

It was unfortunately wrong of us to trust him, but we had no way of knowing that. And for five years, he was a faithful soldier who did whatever we wanted him to. Now we know that's because he was biding his time, and quietly passing information about us to corrupt officials such as Phineas Draven, and other individuals who want to see the Russians regain their stronghold in the city.

Anyone who prefers the Russians' brand of organized crime over ours is truly evil.

"Come on, Skylar. You're not even married to the prick. Why are you taking his side?" Bryce shouts, throwing a glare at Matteo.

She holds up a hand to stop Matteo from intervening and stares her brother down as she speaks. "Because, he's been more like family to me than you or our parents ever were. And

the other three men in this room are the brothers I deserve. Now get the fuck out of here and get on that plane before Matteo changes his mind. I never want to see you again.”

I know it’s hard for Skylar to utter those words, and I’m grateful that Bellamy won’t have to have such a confrontation with her family. They are quietly agreeing to whatever we want right now. They still don’t know about our unique relationship, but they know we know her father was willing to sell his daughter to the highest bidder. We’re helping her process the grief that comes with realizing something like that about a parent, but it’s not easy.

Bryce Cameron knew Lorenzo Trentini as a kid, which makes sense since he was Matteo’s best friend. He knew Lorenzo had an obsessive crush on Bellamy, and set the wedding massacre in motion at Draven’s request. I was supposed to wind up dead or behind bars for being involved, but Bryce has always been careless, and he didn’t count on Lorenzo being such a fuck up. The fact that Tobias could have been killed too was icing on the cake for Phineas Draven, because he still holds a grudge against Tobias for cutting business ties with him.

It took us weeks to prove that Draven is indeed the funding behind all of it. The Russians promised to make him governor before they went down, and he believes they can still make it happen if they regain control of the region. There are numerous visits to Russian mobsters in prison on record, and he tried to continue their human trafficking ring despite not having all the details about how it was ran.

Bryce knew him because they both sat on the board of his father's company before Hunter Novak took it over. When Bryce told Phineas he was working for us, and we were quietly pushing the Russian's out of business, Phineas started paying attention, and had Bryce gather all the details he could.

The good news is, Phineas no longer has an information source in Bryce, because he's about to get on a plane to London where he'll be facing trial for his part in the wedding massacre. It was that or Matteo was going to put a bullet in his head—something I thought Skylar would never forgive him for. Now it seems she's made her choice, and Bryce is in her past.

Matteo taps his phone screen, and the door to his office opens. Two large bodyguards step in.

“Mr. Cameron is ready to go,” he says, not even looking at his former best friend.

My heart aches for Matteo that his story of drifting apart from his childhood best friend didn't end as well as mine did. Tobias and I drifted for nearly a decade, but we now share a wife in Bellamy, and we're growing closer than ever.

When Bryce is gone, Skylar slumps onto the sofa, and I can tell she's fighting back tears.

Matteo sits next to her, and Luke goes to sit on her other side.

For a long time, Skylar wasn't on speaking terms with Luke after he killed someone she didn't think deserved to die. But

now she turns to him and sobs into his chest.

I stand and go to Matteo, and he meets me halfway for a hug. “Thank you for being here. I should have just killed him weeks ago.”

I nod to Skylar. “If you had, you might have lost her. You did the right thing waiting to make the choice, and letting her be part of it. We’re here if you need us.”

Matteo drags a hand down his face. “Thanks. I think we’ll be OK. We’re going to take a trip, just the two of us. Do me a favor and keep an eye on Victor while I’m gone. He and Bryce were close, and I think he’s even angrier than I am.”

I give him a curt nod, and fight the urge to look at the subject of our concern as he leans against the wall, scowling. “Will do. He’s been pulling a lot of overtime lately, so I see him at the casino all the time.”

“We’re going to take that bastard Draven down,” Matteo assures.

The mood in the office is somber, but after a few minutes, Skylar stands and wipes at her eyes.

“I love you all. Don’t expect me to be this sappy all the time, but I meant it when I said you were the brothers I deserve. I might need extra hugs for the next little while.”

We all take turns hugging her, and when it’s my turn, she kisses my cheek. “I’m so pleased that things are working out for you and Bellamy and Tobias.”

I squeeze her tight. “Me too. And speaking of them, I should go. We have plans tonight.”

She waggles her eyebrows. “Another fun show for us to enjoy? The motorcycle scene is the hottest thing I’ve ever seen... I mean other than Matteo of course,” she quickly adds when he scowls at her.

We share a laugh, and I’m convinced they’re going to be OK. I leave the office to go in search of the two people who mean everything to me, and thank my lucky stars that our story has a happy ending.

Tobias

“Vixen, if you don’t stop fussing over me, I’m going to put you over my knee and show you just how well my shoulder has healed.”

She’s been worrying non-stop since the doctors cleared me to lift things again. It’s kind of cute, but I want her to relax and enjoy herself tonight.

“I can’t help it. I don’t want you re-injuring it.”

Cupping her face in my palms, I pull her close for a kiss, then slide my fingers into her curls as my lips take hers.

She moans and wraps her arms around me, opening her mouth to let me explore.

I pull away and smile down at her. “Relax, Bellamy. Owen will be here soon, and then we can have a good time. But you won’t enjoy yourself as much if you’re worried about me.”

She gives me a look that says she’ll never stop worrying about me, but drops onto a nearby sofa and pats it for her me to join her.

We’re in the Diamond room waiting for him to finish a meeting with Matteo and the other owners who are offering Bryce an ultimatum and most likely comforting Skylar as she grieves the loss of her brother—no matter which choice he made.

I've been tasked with keeping our wife occupied while Owen handles that, and I must say I'm not at all disappointed in my assignment. With Owen working full time at the Novak casinos, and Bellamy managing day-to-day operations of the club with Victor and Gracie, I've essentially become a house-husband. It will get old eventually, but for now I'm content to spend all my time getting to know my wife and Owen. He and I haven't settled on what to call each other, but we're definitely family.

Over the past five weeks, Bellamy and I have discovered more and more that we have in common, and I fall deeper in love with her every day. But it hasn't all been pleasant. We've had to face some harsh realities as well.

Julian Harper was indeed taking money from Phineas Draven, and to look the other way if something happened to me at the wedding. Lorenzo was a pawn in Draven's sick game, provided to him by Bryce. Whether Julian would have let Bellamy marry Lorenzo is unknown, but he still put greed above his daughter, and I know it breaks Bellamy's heart. She hasn't spoken to her parents since the one phone call to her mother. Owen and I aren't pushing her to make contact unless she expresses an interest in it.

As for my own father, he wasn't involved in the attack, but he's still not entirely sold on the idea of me living in Las Vegas for a year. He doesn't suspect that I share Bellamy with Owen, but I've been trying to broach the subject. I have no desire to hide my relationship. At some point, we're going to have children, and if Owen is the biological father to any of them,

it's going to be very obvious that I'm not the only one having sex with Bellamy.

In fact, we've been teasing her that a baby is going to solve all of our problems with my family, because whether the child looks like me or not, a grandkid will soften their hearts. And ultimately, they consider the Thornes allies. But she says she's not ready for children anytime soon, and to be honest, I'm fine with that. For now, we'll just continue practicing the art of making a baby, that way when the time comes, we'll be ready.

Gabe is recovering from his gunshot wounds, but the cancer is aggressively attacking his body, and I know we'll be traveling to London sometime soon for a funeral. We've been talking every day since he started being able to talk again four weeks ago, but the amount of time he feels like talking gets a little shorter each day.

Bellamy is always there to comfort me when I get off the phone with him, and I'm grateful for her presence.

Even when Gabe dies, I have no intention of moving back to London. My home is here with Bellamy and Owen. The three of us even decided to live in Owen's house instead of buying something new.

We did replace the bed with something a little bigger, though, and now we sleep together every night.

Except that Owen doesn't sleep, because he sits up until late at night digging into Phineas Draven, looking for something concrete to take him down with.

We have circumstantial evidence of his involvement in human trafficking, but by now even he knows that it's not enough to take him down, and our threats the night we confronted him were largely empty. So we keep digging and working until we find a way to get to him. I offered to kill him, and Owen and the other owners may have taken me up on it, but Bellamy was livid that we even suggested it. Not to mention, the man is surrounded by more security than the King of England, and I don't think I could get to him without dying myself. And since I promised not to die on her, I guess we'll just have to find another way.

And we will. But that can wait. Owen steps into the room, and that means it's time to give all our attention to our utterly perfect wife.

I turn Bellamy so she can see him, and she leans against me with a long exhale. "God, isn't he just so fucking hot?"

I snort and kiss her crown. "Give it up, sweetheart. I'm never going to agree with you on that one."

She giggles as Owen reaches us, and he pulls her from me, taking her mouth in a rough kiss.

"Have you been a good girl for Tobias?" he asks when he pulls away.

She looks back at me, then nods. "Yes, Sir."

Owen grins and pulls her close, motioning for me to join them.

As I close the distance and put my arms around her from behind, he tucks a hand under her chin and says, “I’m glad. That means you can have a reward. We’ve been working up to it for weeks, but I think tonight is the night you get to experience two cocks in your tight little cunt at the same time.”

Thank you so much for reading High Stakes! Want to read a hot DVP scene from Bellamy’s POV? You can grab that by signing up for my newsletter! It will be available beginning Friday, August 22 at 9:00 AM Pacific!

Are you going crazy wondering why I didn’t wrap up the plot for Phineas Draven? My friend, you are going to want to keep reading! A sneak peek at the first chapter of High Roller is available on the next page. You can also preorder that here!

High Roller

Victor

The dull roar of the casino noises does little to drown out the anger I came to work with today. My family is under attack, and it feels like we can't fucking stop it.

We now know that Phineas Draven has been funding everything happening to us, but we still don't have enough to bring him down, and it's pissing me off. If we don't stop him, we're going to lose everything.

"Boss, we've got a woman you might want to keep an eye on at table four. She's spending money like mad, but I've never seen her before."

I straighten my suit jacket and put aside the angry thoughts to acknowledge the employee speaking in my earpiece.

Moving through the pit, I position myself so I can see table four but won't draw the attention of the players.

Sure enough, a striking brunette with a pissed off look on her face is betting the table maximum, and judging by the way she's playing, it looks like she's trying to lose. The behavior sets me on edge. It could be someone addicted to gambling, or it could be more serious, like someone trying to launder a large sum of money.

It's behavior I recognize, because that's the racket I run with the other owners of the High Card. It's how we stay on good terms with the other criminal organizations around the country,

and keep Las Vegas neutral. But we have an agreement with Hunter Novak never to run dirty money through his casinos.

I watch the woman for a few more hands before I send her dealer on a break so I can question him.

“How long has the woman in seat three been playing?”

“Couple hours, boss.”

I frown. “She’s betting the table maximum. Why didn’t you call a pit boss over to approve it?”

He twists the tail of his vest, and I realize I’m intimidating him. It’s a curse of my resting-bitch-face and the fact that I’m perpetually angry about something.

“I called Charlie in. He gave it the green light.” Charlie is the other pit boss in my section tonight.

“How much has she lost?”

The dealer shakes his head with wide eyes. “Has to be at least twenty grand.”

I whistle, but the dealer shrugs. “The dress she’s wearing probably cost five. Something tells me it’s a drop in the bucket for her.”

I let out a sharp laugh. “Didn’t know you were a fashionista.”

He gives me a dirty look. “My daughter is in fashion school. You pick things up.”

I let him go to take his break, and go back to watching the woman.

There's something fascinating about her. She doesn't appear to be up to anything nefarious, and if she were laundering money, she wouldn't have let herself lose twenty grand. Is she an escort playing with a client's money, or is it hers? I'm tempted to go into the cave and see if our facial recognition software gives me a name. Or maybe I could card her. But watching her is too intriguing.

She's not drinking, not smoking, just spending money.

She wins three hands in a row, and she shakes her head. "Guess I'll just have to try harder, rotten bastard."

I'm puzzled by the outburst. Is she calling the dealer a bastard?

"Any chance we can raise the table limit?" she asks, flashing another stack of cash.

The players on either side of her frown and color up their chips to find another table.

The mystery woman shrugs and puts chips in the two vacated spots. "More cards for me, I guess."

The dealer looks at her with concern, and waves me over.

"Everything OK?" I ask, standing a few feet away.

"I'll be better after I drain my cheating husband's bank account."

And there it is. She's a woman scorned. And they're apparently wealthy. Sucks to be her husband.

“Color her up,” I tell the dealer. “And let’s close this table and switch out the decks.”

She gapes at me. “I’m literally spending thousands of dollars and you’re kicking me out?”

“You’re being a damn idiot is what you’re doing.”

Before she can say anything, I continue. “Don’t piss away a fortune here. Take him for everything he has in the divorce and invest it.”

She laughs. “I don’t need his money. I have plenty of my own. He hates gambling. This is the best revenge.”

Her laughter is like music to my ears, even if she is laughing about revenge. Or maybe it’s because she’s laughing about revenge. I glance at my watch. It’s almost time for my shift to end, and my replacement is already on the floor. I wave her over and tell her I’m leaving for the night.

When she goes back to her post in the center of the pit, I hold my hand out to the mystery woman.

“I’m Victor.”

“So it says on the name tag. I’m Lilli.”

When she shakes my hand, I fight the urge to pull her to me and kiss her perfect lips. I don’t generally fuck with married women, but maybe she would be open to a revenge fuck.

“Have a cup of coffee with me, Lilli. If you don’t like what I have to say, you can go back to spending all his money. We can even let him pay for coffee.”

Lilli grins. "I could use a caffeine fix."

At the coffee shop, she orders us both regular coffees, and we find a booth to sit in.

"How long have you been married?" I ask when we're settled.

"Five years. I thought we were happy, but then I found out he was fucking my best friend."

"Ouch," I say.

"I found out on accident. He doesn't know that I know. But the proof I have is irrefutable." She takes a sip of her coffee and looks into my eyes. "I want to humiliate him. And he's a powerful man, so that's a big deal."

I put my hand on hers. "I understand you wanting to get revenge. But you're really just hurting yourself. The best revenge is to move on and forget he ever existed."

She laughs. "Finn is not a man you just forget, Victor. His ego is too big for that."

As is the case with most powerful people.

"Big ego must mean he's compensating," I tease.

"And let me guess," Lilli says, "your ego is nice and small."

I wink. "That's for me to know and you to find out. And if you want to find out, I can get us a room."

I'm not above a one-night stand with a gorgeous woman seeking revenge. Hell, I'll even let her film it for the guy.

Her eyes go wide, then she looks away. “I can’t. I’m not that kind of girl.”

“You’re just the kind who steals his money? Sex doesn’t always have to be a deep connection sweetheart. Sometimes it’s just to get something out of our systems or make us feel good.”

“You are very handsome. I don’t normally like an all black suit, but you pull it off.”

I smirk. “I’d like to pull it off for you.”

Her mouth falls open. “I guess I walked right into that one.”

We chat for another fifteen minutes, and I keep it light and flirty, but with every passing minute, I want her more.

Before I can make my final pitch, something shifts in her demeanor, and she sits up straight. “Let’s do it. What could go wrong?”

I stand and hold out my hand to her. “Nothing at all, so long as you’re a good girl.”

Lilli

Bright sunlight hits my face, and I blink against it as I stretch in the king sized bed. Last night is a fucking blur. I'm sore, but I also feel lighter than I have since I found out my no-good husband is cheating on me.

I think I must have spent thirty thousand dollars last night, and I should be ashamed of myself, but I'm not. Instead, I'm feeling exhilarated.

Meeting the sexy pit boss and accepting his invitation to get a room are so outside of my character. I've been groomed to be the perfect wife to a powerful man. I host fundraisers and luncheons, I sit on the board of a dozen charities, and I make sure I always look perfect in photos. If I smile too much, I'm criticized for being flighty. If I don't smile enough, they call me a bitch. It's an exhausting life, really. The divorce is going to be messy and embarrassing, and I probably won't be able to show my face anywhere in Las Vegas for months after it's over.

I've contemplated a move to California or New York, but I've been a part of the Las Vegas community my entire life. I can't imagine leaving.

And when I came upstairs with Victor, he gave me an experience I'll never forget. Where is he? After we finished, he held me while I fell asleep, and I very much expected him to be here when I woke up. Somehow, it's going to devastate

me more than being cheated on if he snuck out in the middle of the night.

I glance at the clock and gasp. Fuck. I'm going to be late for brunch with my mother-in-law. Even if I am divorcing her son, she's powerful in her own right, and I can't stand her up. We've become friends over the years, and I want to keep that friendship for as long as I can.

I roll out of bed and look around for my clothes.

As I'm pulling on my underwear, the door beeps, signaling that someone has swiped their card.

Victor steps in, looking just as pissed off as he looked when I saw him in the casino last night. Something tells me that's his usually expression.

I smile at him, and don't bother to finish dressing.

"Good morning. I'm afraid I'm running late for a meeting, but I'm glad you came back."

His gaze rakes over my mostly naked body before he looks me in the eye, and I get the sense that something is wrong.

"You're going to miss your meeting I'm afraid."

My heart rate increases at the sinister sound of his voice.

"What do you mean?" I ask, hating the wobble in my voice.

He tucks a hand in his jacket. "I mean, Lilli, that you have some explaining to do." His hand comes out of the jacket, and he's holding a gun. And it's trained right on me.

“Victor, what the fuck?” I gasp, backing away from him and picking up a pillow to cover my naked breasts.

“You heard me. You’re not going anywhere. Not for a long time, Lilli. Or should I say, Mrs. Draven.”

Well... this should be interesting! Find out what Victor does with Lilliana in High Roller, coming soon!

ALSO BY IVY NELSON

Diamonds of Club Solitaire

**Blood
Heist
Bling
Pressure
Ice
Mine
Rough
Flawless
Forever**

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Club Exposure

Hidden

Protected

Secret

Shadow

Masked

Hushed

Sin City Suits

High Bar

High Class

High Stakes

High Roller

About the Author

Ivy Nelson writes delicious contemporary romance with kinky alpha heroes and sassy heroines you wish could be your best friend. Club Solitaire is her favorite fictional place to hang out in, and she spends most of her free time spinning tales set there.

Ivy is an active member of the kink community and strives to write authentic kink while still catering to reader fantasies and requests. Above all else, Ivy writes characters she loves and puts them into worlds she would want to live in. That means sassy kick-ass women, and protective men who know when to step in and when to step back.

Ivy currently lives in Las Vegas with her husband of five years and their son. She loves walking the Vegas strip with a margarita, binge watching Criminal Minds for glimpses of Shemar Moore's bare chest, and getting emails from her readers. When she isn't writing, she's probably reading

something dirty or drinking wine with her readers on Facebook.

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