



club
sin
new
orleans

ROOM

TWENTY-EIGHT

Twenty-eight

Her Beautiful Surrender

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

K.L. DONN

Room Twenty-Eight

HER BEAUTIFUL SURRENDER

CLUB SIN: NEW ORLEANS

KL DONN



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Room Twenty-Eight

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Synopsis

The Louisiana Black Bears has been our life our entire NHL career. We play hard, we hit hard, and we fuck harder.

So when we're introduced to Club Sin NOLA, we immediately sign up to play in the darkest room the club offers...

Room Twenty-Eight.

With one intention: sharing a woman who has no idea she'll be getting all three of us.

What we don't expect is the obsession that overtakes us from the very first touch.

I've been dying to lose my virginity in the most scandalous way for over a year now. I never told anyone because it's my darkest secret.

Surely, I'd be shunned for even mentioning it to a single soul.

So I've kept it locked up tight until I accidentally came across an ad for Club Sin in New Orleans.

Before I can chicken out, I'm on my way to Room Twenty-Eight and the most exhilarating night of my life.

I give them my heart...

Diesel Liberty: The burly defenseman with a passion for making me scream.

Colton Hall: The sweet center who holds his heart on his sleeve.

Major Reeves: The stern goalie who can make me squirm like nobody's business.

...they give me theirs.

What could possibly go wrong?

Dedication

For my own sperm donor...

*For the abandonment issues and trust issues and the general
daddy issues...*

Thanks for making it easy to write about shitty dads.



UPON ENTERING CLUB SIN YOU
CONSENT TO THE FOLLOWING:

1. You are STI/STD free.
2. You are healthy and able to engage in or observe sexual activity at Club Sin.
3. You are on or have brought birth control of your choice.
4. You consent to engage in the kink of your choice upon entering the room of your choice. Anyone is welcome in the room that represents their kink with consent; privacy is maintained when requested. Multiple partners are common and encouraged at Club Sin.
5. No kink shaming allowed. People are free to explore and enjoy all their desires in a safe and consensual environment at Club Sin.
6. Honesty and communication are key to a satisfying experience at Club Sin.
7. Discretion and privacy are valued at Club Sin.
8. No cell phones are allowed in Club Sin.
9. Universal safe word at Club Sin is RED, unless otherwise agreed upon. Be aware of non-verbal cues.

club
sin



At Club Sin we want you to have
a satisfying experience.

Go and play!



Prologue

A heat wave has hit New York, and as I lie in my bed in my stuffy bachelorette apartment, window open, fans on, I'm ready to jump in the Hudson River just to cool down. Today was one of the rare days off that I've had in what feels like forever, from blogging and the coffee bar I work at around the corner on Canal Street.

Blogging is my passion. I adore traveling to haunted locations and taking videos and photographs, talking about my experiences, and posting articles online to my website, *Asta's Not-So-Secret Diary*—the name seemed cute two years ago when I started it.

At first, it was mostly me filming and talking to myself. I had a few friends follow me, and they told their friends, but then I did a tour of the Amityville House. The Long Island mansion is famous for its grisly murders, and everyone is still quite fascinated by it, so once my post went live, I started getting requests to do tours of other places, and they would sponsor me. My posts are then highlighted on websites for each location I explore, and I'm making some decent money now. I've even been asked to visit New Orleans for the St. Louis Haunted Cemetery Walking tour in a month. Which is why I'm now up and unable to sleep.

While researching other activities in the area, I came upon a website for a place called Club Sin: New Orleans. I didn't realize what it was at first. Labeling it a sex club seems too tame for what they do there, but sex most certainly happens. And the crazy thing is, they have a room specific to a repressed longing I've had for years. One I've never spoken of and had hesitated in inquiring about. I'm certain whoever answers my request will think I'm nuts. Because I want to do it. I want to book the room...have that experience, but I also want to write an article about the club, afterwards; something I can submit to them for approval first. About my experience, not just in the room but in the club in general. About their location, the history of the old plantation house they've renovated and turned into a stunning backdrop for fantasies to come to life.

Never in a million years did I imagine I would get the opportunity to explore a hidden desire. To act out a filthy, unethical dream that lives and breathes inside of me.

At twenty years old, I'm still a virgin. Untouched in any way by a boy or man because I was raised in a Catholic orphanage upstate. My mother didn't want to take care of me, and my father deemed me a bastard and has never wanted anything to do with me.

The sisters would be clutching their pearls if they knew just how much I yearned for pleasure to be forced upon me. And my brother, the famous hockey player, the one I didn't know existed until he found me two years ago, would be filled with shame if he knew just how much I wanted a man bigger than me, stronger than me, to wrest his way between my thighs.

If anyone ever found out, I'd be shunned from everything I know.

That alone should make me walk away from this club; instead, I hope they'll accept my offer.

ONE

Asta

ONE MONTH LATER.

New Orleans, in a word, is stunning. I've never seen anything like it in my life. Not that I've seen a whole lot of anything, but I like to think the places I tour have shown me a thing or two. But nothing like NOLA.

I have this weekend to explore as many places as possible, which is not nearly enough for me, and will likely only include lunch in the French Quarter with my NHL hot-shot brother, which is where I'm headed now, the St. Louis Cemetery tour at dusk, my night at Club Sin—a shiver races down my spine at the prospect—and finally, the hockey game between my brother's team and the Louisiana team. Apparently, it's quite the rivalry between some of the players.

The crown jewel of New Orleans welcomes me with robust laughter, delicious-smelling food, buildings that exhibit a beautiful mix of French Creole and Greek Revival architecture, and daring acts of love and life. Immediately, I feel like I've stepped back in time when I come to a stop in the middle of a street as a horse-drawn carriage trots along the brick road.

It's barely noon, and already it appears as though life is in full swing as people spill in and out of restaurants and shops. Talking, laughing, smoking things that would have the nuns

back home crossing themselves. I'm utterly entranced and surrounded by the beauty I've dreamed of in the world.

"If you like it now, you should be here for Mardi Gras." Spinning, I jump into my older brother Leon's arms. "Missed you, too, squirt."

Squeezing his neck tight, I don't want to let go. "You told me you'd be late."

"Wanted to surprise you. Plus, some of the guys came along; hope you don't mind." He winks with a wicked grin. Depending on who it is, I ordinarily don't, but there are a couple of guys on the team I don't particularly care for—Chad Baker being the main one. A quick glance shows he isn't here.

"Of course not!" I accept cheek kisses from three of his teammates as they lead us down the street towards Port of Call. The smell of their burgers grilling has my mouth salivating with the need to chomp into one.

"You're drooling," Leon teases.

"Shut up." I slap his hand away when he lifts my chin to shut my mouth. I see a fortune teller a few doors down and know I have to see her before I leave for my tour.

"So, kid, what else are you doing while you're here?" Andrew asks. He's one of the older guys on the team and sweet as a button...unless you're on the ice with him, then he'll flick you across the frigid surface without a care in the world.

"Cemetery tour, fortune-telling, might hit a club." I don't mention what kind. I'm just the innocent kid sister of their star centerman, and we all want to keep it that way.

"A club, you say?" Rookie defenseman Slater Mercy flirts with me because he knows it gets Leon's back up, which is

proven a second later when my brother shoves him right out of his chair.

As the guys bust each other's balls, I take the time to let my eyes wander around the Quarter until they land on a set of men that steal my breath away. If sex had a definition, it would be the three of them. Running on the other side of the street, each wearing a pair of dark shorts, no shirts, and water bottles attached to a belt around their waists. I've seen it hundreds of times back at home in New York, but I've never felt like my panties were melting right off my body.

The one in the middle—have mercy—he is huge, with dark chocolate hair that's just a little too long but suits him. It's thick and wavy and makes me want to run my fingers through it. He has a scar on his chin that I want to lick, and please, don't get me started on the bulging arm muscles and the fact that he doesn't have washboard abs like the other two, but he's built. A solid wall of power that I would not complain about exploring. Our eyes meet briefly, and I see a world of intelligence in the midnight-blue orbs that feel like they eat me alive.

Ignoring the blush staining my cheeks, my eyes move to the guy on the other side of him, farthest from me. He's got close-cropped, short blond hair with a week's worth of scruff on his sharp jawline. Tattoos cover most of his chest, and I'd love to see more of them, especially when I notice they glide down into a sleeve on his arm. He has the thickest thighs of all three of them, and I can only imagine how powerful they are as he moves, how strong he could thrust in and out of a willing woman. He notices where the first man is looking, and our eyes meet. I get lost in the deep pools of blue until my chair is jostled by the guys I'm with, goofing off.

Moving on to the final man, I notice I've captured his attention already. He's the perfect mix of light and dark from the other two. Dark brownish-blond hair, light green eyes, clean-shaven, tattoos on his legs, and a scar on his belly that I'd love to know more about. As my gaze peruses his body, I feel my nipples perk up and beg for their attention, which is ridiculous because I can't be attracted to three men at once. There's no way. It's forbidden and unethical, and I'm quite certain they'd never go for a nerdy girl like me. It's been proven time and time again at home that I'm just not what guys are interested in. It's why I'm literally paying someone to take my virginity tonight.

With one last glance at the three handsome men, I turn back around just as Slater wraps an arm around my shoulder and whispers in my ear to get Leon pissed off again.

"You coming to my room tonight, sweetheart?" I cringe at the invite; I'm never sure if he's serious or not.

"Touch her, and I'll knock your ass out. You won't need to wait on Diesel Liberty to take your ass down," Leon threatens. I frown at the use of the name, assuming he's a player for the Black Bears.

As our food is brought to the table, the guys continue bashing each other and cracking dirty jokes. It's a little like being inside the locker room because they look at me as I am—Leon's little sister. For the most part, I enjoy watching the camaraderie and brotherhood that links them through professional hockey, but I'm so distracted by those other three men and find it hard to concentrate on anything being said.

"Asta?" Leon's worried tone drags me back to the present.

"Yeah?" I force a smile at him.

“Where were you just now?” His head cocks quizzically.

I shrug. “Just thinking about the cemetery tour.” The lie falls easily from my lips.

“You sure you want to do that alone?” He turns more fully to face me and blocks out the others. Since meeting Leon a couple of years ago, he’s always had this protective streak. As much as I feared getting to know him then, he quickly eased my concerns with how much he genuinely cares and is nothing like our father.

“Positive. I enjoy doing them alone because then my reactions are genuine and not stifled because I’m with people I know.” There’s been more than one haunted place that has sent my heart racing and a scream bubbling up from my lips.

“I don’t like you out there alone,” he grumbles.

A chuckle escapes. “I won’t be. I’ll have a small group of others and the tour guides.” His lips thin, still not happy about it. “I’ll text you as soon as I leave and then when I get back to my hotel.” I don’t mention that I’ll only be at my hotel long enough to shower and collect a small bag for my night at Club Sin.

“You’re still coming to the game tomorrow, right?” I don’t understand hockey, so he’s always worried I’ll flake out.

“Of course. I brought my jersey and everything!” It was one of the first things Leon gave me when I grew comfortable enough to spend more time with him and accept his invitations. I go to nearly every home game and always wear his name and number. I don’t expect that to ever change.

Checking the time on my Apple watch, I wince. “I’ve got to get going so I don’t miss my time. I’ll talk to you later?”

I'm rushing to pull cash from my pocket when he puts his hand over mine.

"I got this. Go have fun; tell me about it tonight." Smiling, I lean down to kiss his cheek before waving my goodbyes and rushing off to hail a taxi.



"Welcome to St. Louis Cemetery Number One. My name is Rhonda, and I'll be your walking guide this evening. Before we begin, let me give you just a few quick facts for reference." Rhonda is attired in what can only be described as a sixteenth-century torture dress with how tight the white corset cinches her body. *How does she even breathe in that thing?*

"SLC No. 1 was established in 1789 and is one of the oldest existing cemeteries in New Orleans. Originally built as a temporary burial site, the Spanish Royals decreed its permanency that same year. It was only in 1975 that this cemetery was declared a historical site of significance by the National Register. To date, you can still be buried in the cemetery, and one of our most famous residents is the Vodou queen Marie Laveau." She continues on with other facts I've already learned as she begins walking.

For as close to the streets as we are, the noise of traffic and pedestrians is blocked out by the thick brick walls, tall tombstones, and mystique offered from just being here.

There are many reasons to be creeped out in a place like this, but I'm utterly fascinated by my experience. I have a tiny video camera attached to the button of my coat so my viewers can come along. I'll edit it down to give them eerie glimpses and be enticed to come for a tour themselves.

My equipment bag hangs heavy on my shoulder as I wait for the perfect moment to capture an image while the sun begins setting. A fog brews over the grass and stone paths, giving off an ethereal vibe as I crouch down low to snap an image of a tombstone of an infant who lived too short a life.

As we move along, Rhonda tells us about some of the more famous burials before recounting some of the forgotten. Spooky sounds permeate the air: a squeaky gate, leaves rustling, the whistling wind. If not for the hair on the nape of my neck standing on end, I'd think it was manufactured to make the tour creepier.

Hanging back from the group, I close my eyes and allow myself to absorb the atmosphere around me. Absorb the suffering from the tragic deaths brought on by great fires or an epidemic.

A shiver races up my spine as a draft invades my bones. It feels warm but cool at the same time. Scared but peaceful. Lifting my camera, I slowly open my eyes and begin taking photos, turning in a steady circle so I capture every angle of the moment I just encountered.

Taking a few steps off the path the tour group is using, I take a few angled shots of tombs that appear to be crumbling, giving off an eerie effect of death and decay. The sorrow I feel as I read the dates on some of the tombs is nearly overwhelming as I slowly catch up with everyone.

Rhonda is still talking about the history when I hear a peal of childlike laughter that gives me pause, and I smile. It's carefree and happy. I've always dreamed of having my own family one day, but I know it'll most likely never happen. I've never met anyone who made me feel like I could give them my heart, let alone my body.

By the time we reach the end of the tour, storm clouds have rolled in to hide the remainder of the sunlight, and a gentle sprinkle of rain has begun. Catching a cab back to my hotel, I grab a snack from the little store in the lobby while texting Leon as promised to let him know I'm safe and sound.

The elevator ride up to my fourth-floor room is silent as I flick through some images on my camera. I'm not paying attention to my surroundings as I depart the car, and by the time I reach my room, swipe my card to open the door, and enter, I have no idea someone has followed me.

I feel a quick pinch in the back of my neck and turn in time to see a single masked intruder as he catches me before I fall. My head spins as I grow dizzy and limp in his arms. Just before losing consciousness, I hear him murmur, "I'll take care of you, kitten."

TWO

Diesel

Staring down at the woman in my arms, I'm not only shocked it's the same one from the French Quarter but fucking happy about it. We'd been enamored with her despite the fact she was sitting with some blowhards from a rival team. Two of them had been all over her, and I have every intention of taking them to task on the ice tomorrow night.

As much as Major Reeves, the Black Bears' goalie and one of my closest friends, rejects the idea, this girl is meant to be ours. Colton Hall, the best center in the league and a guy I've been playing hockey with since our bantam days, agrees.

There was an instant click when we saw her. We also spent the afternoon with her in our sights. Colt followed her to the cemetery but remained outside where she couldn't ID him. When she showed up at this hotel, I'd known. This was our girl for tonight.

Fate played right into our hands.

"Christ, it really is her," Major grumbles as he holds open the back door of the SUV at the back of the hotel. Out of the three of us, Major has always been the cynic.

"She's perfect," Colton says, brushing a stray lock of hair away from her eyes and gliding the same finger down the apple of her cheek and across her plump lower lip, dipping it

inside before bringing it to his mouth and sucking the moisture off.

Placing her in the seat, I slip the buckle across her body before sitting beside her. We don't know her name, and she won't know ours; she won't even see our faces. It was what she requested for tonight. Hell, she doesn't even know it's going to be the three of us.

Her night...

Fuck, by the looks of her now, I'd never have guessed this was what she would have wanted, but I'm fucking here for it.

A virgin.

Who wants to be forced.

The night damn near fell into our laps last week after my brother had come to the club for a night of sinful fun. We'd debated coming ourselves, worrying about how it would look if someone found out, but after Major made some calls, he assured us that our names would remain anonymous.

We've shared women before, and there's never been a more addictive round of fucking than the three of us taking the same woman at the same time, but this lifestyle isn't for everyone. Over the past four years, we've been searching for the right woman, and right now, right beside me, I think she's it.

There's a feeling deep inside my bones, possessing me, beating as rapidly as my heart with the certainty that she'll be ours forever.

"You guys ready for this?" Major asks as we approach the wrought iron gates of the old plantation turned into Club Sin. The mansion screams Old South with the roundabout leading to the building's main doors, pillars on either side. From the

outside, you'd never know the dubious events taking place within, but we know otherwise.

After handing off the keys to the valet, Major takes our girl from my arms, staring down at her like she's a damn miracle, and I'm bound to agree with him.

Entering the club, Colton wanders off to get us checked in and the keys to our room for the night. Major follows me to the bar, where I grab a few waters, and we meet at the cage-like elevator before heading up to the fourth floor.

"You sure this is what she wants?" Major asks, gazing down at her as I open the bars on our floor.

"Yeah, I'm positive." Colton holds onto the paper with her information and requests for the evening. While this entire scenario is unorthodox and probably unethical, Major finally nods, and we follow Colt into the room.

As soon as we enter, I place her bag on a bench near the closet before unzipping it. Inside, I find her birth control, condoms, water, a change of clothes, and a sexy little negligee that seems out of place for what she expects out of this night.

I observe as Major lays her down in the middle of the bed before stepping back to examine her as she remains unconscious. She'll be waking soon, and before she does, we have some work to do.

"What I wouldn't give to witness her eyes light up with the pleasure we're about to give her tonight." Colt wipes his lip with his thumb before picking up the silk blindfold hanging on a hook beside the bed.

"Soon," I groan as I hold the nightie up. She'll be wearing this before she leaves. "We will soon." It's a promise I'm making for all of us right fuckin' now.



Major

Consensual.

I have to keep repeating the word to myself so I don't back out.

Or that's what I tell myself.

I don't think it'd stop me. Not with her. Not tonight.

For years, I've had these menacing voices in my head, telling me...driving me to take what I want. And in my professional life, I have listened to them because it's acceptable, but to find someone responsive to what I want, what *we* want to share with a single woman, that's not as easy. And it certainly isn't as acceptable. Yet here we are, in a club women come to for this kind of depravity.

At thirty-four years old, I've had my fair share of women. From high school to my rookie days, puck bunnies were always hanging around, waiting on me, and for a time, I took advantage. Nothing ever serious, always for fun, and most of the time, I was gone before the sun came up.

That all changed about seven years ago when I met Colton Hall and Diesel Liberty. The three of us clicked in a way that was different at first, but as we played together on the Black Bears, hung out, and celebrated, we all realized there was a reason for that.

We have the same taste in women, the same desire for darkness that nobody outside us knows. And tonight, for the first time, we get to explore it. The fact this is what the woman

requested, even down to keeping herself and us as anonymous as possible, I acknowledge that Diesel was right.

She's it for us.

It's not just from what's about to happen between the four of us; we all felt a connection to her earlier in the day when we saw her in the Quarter. She called to the deepest depths of my soul, and as much as I'm fighting it outwardly, inside, I can't imagine a life without her in it.

Which is beyond fucked up.

We don't know her, not even her name. Not a goddamned thing about her, and we certainly don't have the time to find anything out that would make us compatible tonight. Which means we might only have this one night with her.

Rolling my shoulders, I watch as Colton binds her wrists above her head to the anchor on the headboard. We leave her legs free, wanting her to fight back, hoping for it. Diesel strokes the silk blindfold across her eyes, being careful as he pulls her long, dark hair out.

With my eyes on her, studying her every breath, I notice the moment she wakes. Her body tenses, and she holds her breath as the boys back up from the bed. We were told she was open to more than one man, but her preference was for just one. She indicated that she had little experience, and I'm beginning to suspect that means she might be a virgin.

Is it wrong of me to hope for that? Probably. Despite this being her desire, her personal fantasy that I doubt anyone in her life knows about, what we're about to do to her just might leave lasting scars on her psyche.

Grabbing a water from the table, I pop the cap and slowly stride over to her; the bed dips when I sit near her hip. Her

body strains to get away from me, but I don't allow her. Wrapping a hand across her hip, I drag her back to me. Her whimper fuels the blood flow to my hardening dick, and I can't wait to sink into her silky heat.

Gripping the back of her head, I lift it up before putting the opening of the water bottle to her pursed lips with a growled, "Drink." Her lips roll into her mouth before she shakes her head. Her body vibrates with fear, and I swear I can smell it coming off her in waves. It's enticing.

"Fine," I snap, letting her head go and taking a gulp of water before forcing her jaw open and slowly bringing my face in closer. The water trickles from my mouth to hers until it's gone. Pushing her jaw closed, I order her to swallow.

My lips stay on hers as she does so reluctantly. "I wouldn't drug you, kitten." She makes a distressful sound, so I let out a devilish chuckle. "Not again. I want you wide awake for what's about to happen." Her chin trembles, and I understand it's because she wasn't expecting to be brought here like this. Leaning in further, I lick up the side of her neck until I'm breathing heavily in her ear. "Welcome to Club Sin, kitten."

Her breath exits her chest in a loud whoosh of air. Her head nods slightly, and she pulls on the binds of her wrists. "They won't come undone," Colton tells her as he sits on her other side, sliding a hand across her exposed stomach and under her shirt. She flinches, and her breath catches, but she remains silent.

Diesel grips the inside of her thighs, wrenching them apart so he can kneel between them. When his hands reach the button of her jeans, a whimper escapes her lips. Still, we remain silent, waiting to see how she reacts.

As Dies pulls down her pants, revealing more of her creamy, pale flesh, I contain the urge to mar her flesh with bite marks and bruises from holding her too roughly, taking her too hard.

“Christ, she is going to bruise so damn easily.” Diesel groans as he tosses her pants over his shoulder and leans down to rub his nose along the seam of her covered pussy. “She smells like peaches and fine wine.” He moans, gripping her thighs harder. “Addicting.” He inhales deeply.

“Th-th-three?” Her soft voice stutters out the question.

Colton brushes a rough finger up the column of her throat, cupping her jaw firmly and stroking his thumb across her cheek. “Three,” he confirms. “Three very large men, all of us eager to take that addicting pussy of yours and show no mercy. So tell me, sweet girl, do you know the safe word?” Her whimper ignites feral growls from each of us.

She’s the prey, we’re the predators, and we always get what we want.



Colton

This woman is going to own the fuck out of me. Hell, I think she already does. The way her enticing tits jiggle with every harsh breath, her sweet-sounding whimpers, that sexy aroma wafting up from between her legs. Diesel wasn’t wrong... peaches and fine wine. I wonder if she bathed in it before we snatched her up.

“Do you, sweet girl? I need you to say it,” I repeat. I want to devour her, but not until I know she understands that she

can stop everything if it gets to be too much.

Licking her lips, she swallows before turning her head in my direction. What I wouldn't give to look into her eyes right now. "R-r-red," she stutters. It's hard to tell if she's terrified or excited. Brushing my fingers across her quivering belly, she sucks in a deep breath, and I think it's a bit of both.

"You want to stop, you just say that word," Diesel pops up from between her legs to say. He's been silently inhaling her pussy since bending down there. I think he might have acquired an addiction already.

"I understand." Her voice is clearer this time.

"That's a good girl," Major praises, sliding her shirt up and baring more of her. "Now, be quiet so we can have some fun." His fingers pinch her nipple, and she arches into his touch as her thighs clench around Diesel's head.

Simultaneously, we all back off the bed to strip down to our boxers. Major pulls out his switchblade and cuts through her shirt. She doesn't have time to process before Diesel literally rips her white silk panties from her body, and suddenly, she's totally nude before us.

Dusky pink nipples are peaked to hard perfection, she's sucking in her stomach while holding her breath, and as I take a look between her thighs, my mouth waters. She's got a dusky patch of neatly trimmed hair around her pussy, her clit is hard and protruding from its hood, and those pink lips are the absolute most beautiful shade I've ever seen.

Before Diesel can dive between her legs again, I take his place, stalling her attempt to close her legs with my broad shoulders. Kissing the inside of her thigh, she moans until I

bite the flesh, trying to pull away with a plea of, “Stop.” But I don’t; I won’t. Not until I hear one particular word.

“Can’t do that, lady,” Diesel tells her, cupping her breasts in his hands and tweaking her nipples between thumbs and forefingers.

Brushing my hands from her knees down to her cunt, I use my thumbs to open her lips and expose her like a butterfly. Fear remains her strongest emotion because she is dry as a bone inside, and I’d be lying if I said I didn’t like it. Using my bulk, I push forward, opening her thighs wider and higher, exposing not just her pussy but her asshole, too.

“So, who is claiming her where?” I ask, my mouth watering to the point I have to swallow the saliva or spit. I choose to spit on her pussy, watching as the liquid slides from her clit, down her hole, and settles on that tight rosebud that I’m betting has never been played with.

“Please,” she sobs, her cheeks turning an alluring shade of rose. Sliding a finger down the center of her sex, she jerks away and tries to close her legs again. “Don’t,” she chokes out when I see Dies and Maj both licking across her nipples.

Still dry, dampened only by my spit, I circle her hole with my fingertip, following when she jolts at my touch. “Stay nice and still, sweet girl. I want you to enjoy this, but I’m not opposed to you fighting us.” She swallows roughly before nodding slightly.

Transforming into the role of villain wasn’t as hard for Major and Diesel, but for me, it’s been a battle of wills with my desire to cherish this woman that I’m more convinced than ever should belong to us. I don’t want to hurt her, not unless she asks for it—begs, really—which is what tonight is all about. If I had my way, this would be something we’d work up

to. To make sure all of us were comfortable with it, but she's following direction, fighting but willing, and I think by the time we're done with her, she will be begging for so much more.

At least, that's my hope.

Planting her feet on the bed next to my arms, I love the way she strengthens herself to accept what's happening...what she asked for. "Goddamn, you're being such a good girl."

"Makes wanting to take from her so much sweeter." Diesel grins as he licks his way up her chest before nipping her jaw and leaving a red mark. Her mouth opens on a gasp. "Tell me your name, darlin', tell me what to call you." She nibbles her lip and shakes her head sharply from left to right. "Awe, come on, babe, don't be like that." He chuckles at her defiance and bites her again, harder this time.

"She is going to be quite stunning with our marks all across her body." Major takes the opportunity to bite down on her nipple. She moans at the sting of pain.

Blocking them out as they threaten and mark her with their teeth, I focus on the pulsing cunt in front of my face. The more Major and Diesel do and say to her, the more she begins leaking that sweet juice I'm dying to taste.

"We rotating on her tonight?" Her body stiffens and immobilizes at my question, likely wondering what the fuck I mean. "Who wants what first, because I've got to say, I want her swollen lips wrapped around my dick sooner than later."

"She ain't swollen yet." Diesel grins, moving his hand up her body, stopping short of touching her like I know he wants to. I watch as his gaze moves to Major as an idea hits. "Your dick leaking yet?"

“Oh fuck.” I know exactly what he’s thinking.

“Is that a serious fucking question?” Major grunts as he pulls his boxers over his engorged shaft, precum leaking out of the thick head and down his length.

Diesel redirects his hand and scoops the pearly liquid up before bringing it back to her face. “Open real wide, darlin’, and stick that tongue out.” We wait for her to listen, but she doesn’t move until Major pinches her nipple and twists until she gasps.

When she still doesn’t comply, I give her clit a sharp slap until her pink tongue slips past her lips. Diesel swipes the tip of his finger on her tongue and paints the muscle with Major’s essence before putting his hand down his own boxers and repeating the process.

“Colt was right, you are a very good girl, and good girls deserve rewards.” Diesel’s praise has a blush creeping up her chest, flushing her neck and cheeks. “Never been told how good you are before, have you, darlin’?”

“No.” Her whisper is filled with hurt. I reward her for her honesty and sticking her tongue back out by rubbing slow circles around her pleasure nub. She gasps and squirms under my touch. When Diesel slips three fingers along her tongue and into her mouth, her hips rise towards my touch, and her head tilts back in pleasure.



Asta

Terror.

Intrigue.

Trepidation.

Longing.

They flow through me like the rapids of a wild river, mixing and mingling until all I can do is hold on for the ride. When I signed on for this night, this fantasy of mine, I consented to it playing out however the man they chose for me saw fit. As it turns out, it's three men.

Three virile men.

And somehow, they decided I was the one they wanted. I can't blame them; it's not every day a woman requests to be taken by force. Especially a virgin. But I requested that part be left out of my file because I knew, without a doubt, that if a man, a really good man, realized I'd never been touched, then he would be gentle.

I don't want gentle.

I want rugged, primal, feral even. I want it raw and wild. Without mercy, yet still be taken care of and shown that carnality can be a beautiful thing.

So far, these three are presenting me with exactly that, but I can't help the tension in my body every time they touch me. Even when it's pleasurable, like now, with a tongue between my legs, lapping at me like I'm the last ice cream cone on earth, and another fucking my mouth with his fingers.

I try holding back the moans, keeping my body in check. I can't. It wants what it wants, and I can't force it to be any other way, so I start thinking of all the crappy things in my life.

The father who disowned me before I was born.

The mother who abandoned me *as soon as* I was born.

The shitty foster homes. The asshole cops and social workers who didn't believe me when I was ten that my foster father was sneaking into my bed at night, so I had to defend myself. Plunging that knife into his pudgy belly barely stopped him from forcing himself on me.

God, that's why I'm such a mess...why I need this.

The vicious nuns would shame me for sure if they knew this was where the sexual abuse would lead me. Not that they needed a reason to treat me like a slab of meat and a punching bag. But this time, it's my choice. It's a fantasy I've had for many years, one I've tried and failed to stifle.

"Come back to me, sweet girl." I hear Colt's voice. I only know his name because one of them said it. "You're drying up on me again, and I know you're going to need the wetness for Major when he takes this tight little pussy of yours." I whimper at the warning. I don't want to be wet; I want it to hurt. I want him...them...to hurt me until I feel beautiful.

"Hurt me," I barely plea around the fingers in my mouth, strangling my voice and stunting my breaths. "Please," I try again when silence breaches my eardrums.

Hot breath spreads across the side of my neck and under my ear before a rumbling voice says, "I plan to."

The bed rises as they all step back, and I'm left needy and afraid of what comes next when I feel a tender finger slide down the length of my arm. It's barely a brush of a touch, but it's there, and goosebumps rise on my flesh.

Biting my lip, I startle when music begins to play, loud enough that it drowns out my thoughts, and I can't hear what they're doing around me. I feel the breeze of movement by my side, then down near my leg. A door slams, and for a moment,

I think they've left me. Naked and bound, worry seeps into my bones.

They were being soft, sweet, preparing me; now, they're taunting me. Playing mind games after relaxing me, and I realize that was the intent all along. Get me on a level of comfort only to rip it away.

Anticipation causes me to squirm when I realize I don't want to be buzzing with energy, I want to fight them, I want it to be as real as possible so that I can get the experience I seek. I wait, trying to listen, to get a feel for where they are, and when I think I've got a handle on what's happening, I start pulling on my arms.

I beg and plead with them to let me go, to not hurt me, yanking on my wrists and kicking out with my legs until finally, two steady hands encircle my ankles. Holding me still, squeezing tight enough that I'm sure he's left bruises, and I must bite back a whimper when I feel fingers on each nipple, pinching, twisting, and pulling, drawing out a deep-seated scream until a slap across my ass steals the air from my lungs.

The shameless chuckle when my body seizes from pleasure peeks through the sound of the thumping base of the music, and I whine when a hand grips a fistful of my hair and drags my head back.

"Please," I beg. "Stop." I earn another slap, this time on each nipple. "No more." I play further into the fantasy. I need it like I need my next breath. "I can't!" I cry out so loudly that it pierces the other sounds in the room.

There's a dip in the bed between my legs, and when I kick, I get one leg loose, my heel landing on a solid rock wall of a chest before it's recaptured. "Naughty little kitten," the man laughs, biting down on the thickness of my thigh until I swear

the skin cracks and bleeds. I feel the blunt head of his cock against my entrance, and I freeze, unable to even breathe, but he doesn't move any farther; all movement ceases entirely.

“Open your whore mouth,” Colt, who seemed so sweet, demands with a light slap to my cheek. I do as he says. “Tongue out,” he grunts, and I feel him straddling my chest. “Now!” He slaps my cheek again. Obeying him, I wait, suspended in this space of anxious torture until warm liquid slides across my tongue, and I realize he spit in my mouth.

I wasn't expecting that, so I don't get a chance to do or say anything before he shoves his cock down my throat, reaching my tonsils, and I begin gagging, but he doesn't let up. I don't get to catch my breath or beg for a chance to recenter myself. Instead, I feel the man between my legs plunge into my virgin channel and mercilessly take what I've been dying to give so that I scream while being choked by the dick in my mouth.

Pain rips through my body, and I squeeze my eyes shut as I attempt to breathe through my nose, forgetting momentarily that this is what I asked for. I fight hard, kicking, screaming, biting down on the firm flesh between my lips until my hair is yanked back and someone whispers in my ear.

“Careful, darlin', or we'll stop. Safe word or not. We don't want to hurt you so bad you don't enjoy this.” He lightly kisses my fluttering pulse before continuing, “Nice and easy. You feel Major's oversized dick in your cunt like a brick fuckin' wall, don't you?” I can only nod slightly. “Good, that's good, because the look on his face is pure paradise as he slides in and out. He's working harder now, though; be ready for more pain.”

I whimper at the speaker's threat, my fingers flexing in and out of fists, trying to grab onto something when the body

above my chest leans forward, forcing my head back farther as he slides deeper down my throat. His hands clasp mine, thumbs rubbing soothing circles on the inside of my wrists as he thrusts in unison with Major in my pussy.

The ache down there throbs from the forced penetration, and as I absorb it, catalog the way I feel as he ruts within me like a madman, I feel myself growing wetter. I know I'll be sore come morning...hell, even when he's finished with me, but god, do I love it.

Arching my back to take them deeper into me, I get lost in the pleasure until I can't take it anymore, and my body combusts. Stars flash behind my eyelids, and my heart feels like it's about to explode from my chest. It's like I'm floating as ecstasy fills my body with need and desire.

Just as I'm floating down from my high, the cock in my mouth swells and pulses, shooting a load of release down my throat faster than I can swallow. It spills out and drips down my chin and neck.

Colt pulls back, and before I can fully catch my breath, Major shifts over my body, giving me his full weight. Mercy, he's huge and rock-hard. His mouth claims mine as his hands dig through my hair. His hips are punishing as he continues thrusting, hitting my clit with his pelvis on every stab of his hips, and making my pleasure circle like a vulture, waiting to attack when I least expect it.

My legs get pushed up my sides by the other two men, and somehow, Major slides deeper, fucks harder, and my body detonates. The orgasm painful in its intensity. It's with half an ear that I hear him bellow out his release, and I feel him shooting inside my body. A moment of panic flashes before

remembering I'm on the pill, and we had wellness checks before coming. It's part of the rules.

He barely lifts off my body before the last man, the one whose name I don't know, takes his place. Major's seed making his drive inside me easier. I hiss with pain as he begins assaulting my pussy with an enthusiasm that matches the words he's been saying to me all along.

This night has been more than I ever could have imagined, and now that we're nearly finished—surely, it's been hours since we started—I find myself sad because I've somehow become invested in these men.

“Please, don't stop,” I whisper against his lips, breathing in every one of his ragged exhales.

“Never, darlin'. I'm addicted to this virgin pussy. You should see all the innocent blood on Major's cock. It's a sight to behold.” I want to scream with need at his filthy mouth.

My body is exhausted, my mind in need of rest, and as this man continues his beautiful assault on my body, I know I'm not ready to give them up yet.

“Fuckin' hell, baby, your pussy is milking me so damn good. You're taking me so well. Squeeze that pussy harder. Pull the seed out of me. Every. Fuckin'. Drop.” He explodes in the next second, and I follow him into the abyss before my body decides it's had enough, and I pass out just as I feel him withdrawing from my body and Colt taking his place.

THREE

Diesel

Hitting the ice, it never matters how hot NOLA is, the chill from the empty arena always cools me down. Our girl was still out cold when we were forced to leave her this morning. Despite taking her two or three more times overnight, much more willing than the first time, she refused to remove the blindfold or give us her name. Fuck, I don't even think she knows mine. I shared Colton and Major's with her because I needed her to humanize us.

Exiting that room was the hardest thing we've ever done. That pussy of hers, her willing mouth, and her sweet-as-sin body all have me hooked like an addict. I want more—which is why I left our numbers in her bag. I'm hoping like hell she'll call or text. Anything. Even if it's only to get pissed about the fact that I stole her birth control and every pair of panties I found in her bag.

Skating through the practice with ease and muscle memory, I allow my mind to sink back into last night with her and the way her body contorted with pleasure. How even when we were hurting her, she would beg for more. She enjoyed the pinch of pain with every gasp of pleasure, and I can't wait to do it again.

Growing up, life wasn't always easy for me or my little brother, Finn. With a single mother working two jobs to make sure we were taken care of, I'd barely made it to the NHL before life caught up to her and cancer took a shot at her body. It was caught early on, and if not for my signing bonus with the Black Bears, I don't think she'd have survived. She fought me every step of the way about paying for her treatments, but there was no way I wasn't giving that woman every dime I made in order to ensure she was taken care of and beat the disease battling to steal her away from us.

Treatment worked, and in six months, she was cancer-free. It was worth every penny because now she lives a carefree life, traveling, joining book clubs, cruising, and doing everything she didn't think she'd be able to while we were growing up.

I'm *also* free to do and get all the things I want. Which right now begins and ends with a certain swarthy brunette whose moans are so addicting I still hear them ring through my head. The coach's whistle blows just as I finish a small area drill.

Major skates over to me as we wait on the centers to wind down, a knowing look on his face. "Can't get her out of your head, either?" No doubt I'm not the only one thinking about her.

"Nope. I didn't want to leave her this morning, either. I want that fucking woman tied to us," I express with a vehemence I know he feels as well.

"She'll be ours," Colt adds, coming up from behind us, out of breath and a massive grin on his face. "I know it, you guys know it, and I'm almost certain she knows it, too. Plus, you

stole her birth control. It's distinctly possible that missing it could lead to pregnancy; then she'll be forced to find us."

"How the hell did you know that?" I didn't take those damn pills until after they'd walked out of the room.

"Dude, I know you. As soon as you noticed them, I saw your wheels turning, and I figured she was about to lose them." Colt's grin is so boyish, you'd never know he was choking her with his dick last night.

"I left our numbers, too," I finally confess.

Major shakes his head as he's called back over by his coach, but the smirk on his lips and the possessive look in his eyes tell me all I need to know. He's glad I'm taking control on this one. If there is one thing about Major Reeves, it's that he doesn't trust emotion. Not with the way he grew up and how easily women have burned him in the past.

"He's going to open up with her," Colt shares with me.

"I fucking hope so because if he doesn't, we won't have a chance in hell of keeping her." We all have to be all-in, or a relationship like what we want will never stand a chance.

The rest of practice passes by much the same. The team is ready for our game against New York tonight, and all I want is to hear from that sweet kitten of ours so I can make sure she has tickets and is wearing one of our numbers until we can get one made with each of our names and numbers for her.

Christ, what I wouldn't give to have her name right now. I could search her up, find out what her social media is like. See her likes and dislikes. Find out who her family is and where she's from. I need so damn much more from her, and leaving it up to chance that she might call or text one of us is killing me inside.



Colton

Cooling off in an ice bath in the locker room, my phone on the stand beside the tub, I ignore the jesting going on around me. The guys on our team are mostly decent men, but some are young, still living out their playboy days, and I don't care to hear about any of it.

Every time my phone buzzes, my heart beats harder until disappointment kicks in. The last one was my mom back home in Montana, wanting to know when I'm able to visit. She's lonely now that my dad has passed and the last of my little sisters has moved out and married.

She hasn't left our small town of Hamilton since her honeymoon forty years ago and refuses to now. I worry that the outside world scares her. The slow and steady lifestyle no longer found in other small towns but somehow lives on in Hamilton is more than she can handle. I go home as often as possible, usually with Major and Diesel in tow because she adores them, as well. We spent two weeks this past summer with her, and she was harassing each of us about finding a woman, wondering when we'd settle down.

It was then that we finally confessed to her that we wouldn't until we could find someone to share together. She'd been shocked at first but then gave that sweet-as-cherry pie smile of acceptance she'd shown me my entire life and asked if we had any leads or if we needed help. I hadn't realized how concerned I was that she wouldn't accept our inclinations until that moment. She'd suspected I was different, needed something more than the typical, but she'd been unsure of what specifically.

As my phone buzzes again, I reach over to grab it, my eyes closed. Finding a group chat with Diesel and Major, I assume it's one of our parents until I open it because they're the only ones we do that with.

Unknown: Hi, it's me.

I sit up in such a rush that water sloshes over the tub's edge, making a mess on the floor. Major and Diesel come rushing over, towels around their waists as they slide to a stop in front of me while I'm typing.

Colt: Your name, I need to know your name. Please.

I'm not opposed to begging as I wait and add her details to my phone.

Sweet Girl: Asta...

"Classic," Major groans as he drops down onto a stool.

Major: Kitten, it's perfect.

Diesel: When can we see you?

"Dude, don't fuckin' rush her," I snap. If she runs, we're fucked.

"You're both thinking the same damn thing," he mutters, sitting on the edge of the tub, ignoring the cold water lapping at his ass.

Sweet Girl: Thank you for last night. It was more than I could have imagined and I'm really glad Diesel left your numbers.

“Shit. You think she feels this, too?” Dies asks, even though he was the one who was confident she was for us.

“No way she doesn’t,” I mutter.

Colt: We want to see you again. Tonight.

There’s a long pause before she answers, and I catch the intensity in Major and Diesel’s faces as we wait, knowing it matches my own.

Sweet Girl: I’m not sure. I have plans with my brother tonight.

Diesel: Cancel ‘em.

“Fuck, don’t pressure her,” I grumble.

She sends an eye roll emoji before following up with a response.

Sweet Girl: I can’t just ditch him for three men I hardly know...

Sweet Girl: Besides, what would he say knowing I’m with three men? God. He’d be so furious.

Major: Kitten, any man worth his salt would only care if you’re happy. Can we see you after you hang with your bro?

The wait is excruciating.

Sweet Girl: It’ll be late...

Diesel: Late works for us.

It’s obvious Dies wants to say more, but he’s curtailing the urge so he doesn’t bombard her.

Sweet Girl: I'll text when I'm done with him, and we can agree on a place to meet?

Colt: Deal. We're really looking forward to seeing you tonight.

Sweet Girl: Can't wait!

It's the heart-eyes emoji that gets me. A thousand things could be said with something like that, and all of them are good. Exhilarating.

“Any ideas on where to meet?” I glance up at the other two, whose grins, I'm sure, are identical to the one I'm sporting.

A frown creases Major's forehead as a thought occurs to him. “She doesn't have a clue of who we are, what we do. I think we need to decide if we want her to know yet or not.”

The thought hadn't even occurred to me that we should worry about her taking advantage of our wealth and fame. It wouldn't be the first time someone took a player for a ride. Not that it doesn't happen the other way around, either, but our situation is unique.

“You think we need to be concerned about it?” I ask.

I can tell Diesel isn't, but Major is more reserved. And I get it, I really do. He's lived a harder life than Dies and I have. We have to respect his concerns.



Asta

“I don't need a car, Leon,” I try telling my brother for the dozenth time. Leon is the best big brother a girl could ask for;

he also feels like he must make up for our father's lack of warmth towards me by making extravagant gestures and buying me things. All I want is a relationship with him.

He sighs heavily over the phone line. "Come on, Asta, let me do this for you. Especially here. It's a whole new city, and I need to make sure you're safe." There's the kicker. How do I say no to him now?

"You don't play fair," I accuse while laughing.

"Not when it comes to you, little sister." His tone is serious, and I understand precisely what it means. We might have only known each other for a couple of years, but from the moment he learned about me, he's taken on the role of over-protective big brother like he was born to it. And in a way, I suppose he was.

"I love you, Leon. I'll see you tonight."

A car will arrive an hour before the game. He wants me to join him in the locker room for a few minutes and get a feel for Chase Arena.

Brushing my thumb up and down my phone screen, I reread the conversation I had with Colton, Diesel, and Major not long ago. I'd been so nervous to message one of them, let alone all three. It's why I went with the group chat. I also didn't want one thinking I was more interested in another, which would be nearly impossible since I don't even know what they look like. The most I could maybe tell them apart by is their scent or touch. But I'm not sure that would even work, either.

After spending the morning exploring more of Club Sin—getting a feel for some of the rooms, the bar and lounge area, as well as the outside—I did a few quick interviews with the

bartender and the owner. I feel like I have a better understanding of the intrigue and mystique of the club. My blog post is half written with a few pointed photos that keep the club rooms anonymous, and all I have left to do is edit and send it off to the owners for approval.

When I got back to my hotel this afternoon, I also spent some time researching polyamorous relationships and whether any outside of religious sects have been successful. What I discovered was surprising, to say the least. I have no idea if what we're doing will turn into long-term, but I was elated to find there are so many. They're healthy, they're consensual, and they're something I never knew I wanted. Now, I find myself picturing the future with them in it.

Well, the them I imagine they look like.

Which really isn't much.

Maybe I should have asked for pictures while we were talking earlier. But I kind of like the idea of not knowing who they are. The fact that they could find me in the middle of a crowd, but I wouldn't know them, has my sex clenching and my heart racing.

Dropping back onto the bed, I decide to call my only real friend, Cecily James. She answers on the third ring. "It's about time! How is NOLA?" She wanted to come with me but couldn't get out of work. As a 911 operator, she takes on a lot of responsibility, and I've noticed how it eats at her lately.

"It's...magical," I say with a smile. "Much more than I anticipated. I'm going to have to come back for a week or two next time so I can see everything." I could easily fall in love with this city.

“You’ll bring me, though, right? I need a change.” Her sigh reveals her burdens, and I wish I were there to hug her right now.

“Cec, you know I’ll take you everywhere with me!” Cecily is the only friend I’ve ever been able to count on in the eight years we’ve known each other.

“You’re hiding something.” Her accusation is filled with curiosity, and I know she’s about to grill me like a 90s TV crime drama cop.

“I don’t hide things from you.” *Except this one thing.*

“Liar!” I can almost see her jumping on her bed excitedly, ready to dig out all my secrets. “Tell me. You must. I know you want to!”

“You aren’t ready for it,” I groan. “Why don’t you come to Hellmira with me?” I try changing the subject by inviting her on my next tour.

Of course, it doesn’t work. “Nope, you’re not doing that. You’ve got to tell me...everything. Right freaking now.” I visualize the finger she would be pointing at me if we were in the same room together.

“You can’t judge me,” I hesitate.

“As if I would.” She’s right. We’ve never been critical of each other.

Exhaling a deep breath, I close my eyes and rush out, “I lost my virginity in a sex club. With three men. And I don’t even know what they look like or who they are, but tonight, I’m meeting them again and hoping they’ll want to explore this relationship further.”

She’s silent. I don’t even hear her breathing.

“Cec?”

“Processing,” she finally says, and we sit in silence for almost ten minutes before she starts with her barrage of questions. “So many things, so little time. Firstly, I need to know why you don’t know what they look like?”

“I wanted to be masked. I didn’t want to recognize them in public.” I kind of regret that now.

“What kind of sex club?” I should have known she’d ask that, but I’m not prepared.

Biting my lip, I sit up, staring at myself in the mirror on the wall as I reply, “A fantasy one.”

“Fantasy?” she whisper-yells. “So, what was yours? It has to be epic if you’re hiding it from me.” There’s a slight pause. “You know, no matter what it is, that will never change our relationship, right?”

Tears gather in my eyes; it’s just what I needed to hear. “I know, Cec. I’m sorry I hid it from you.”

“Don’t be sorry, tell me what it is and if it was as amazing in reality as you imagined.”

“Okay, okay.” I suck in a deep lungful of air. “It was ten times better than what I could have ever dreamed of.”

“Uh-huh, andddd...”

“I wanted them to take me by force.” There’s that pause again, so I try for more description. “Consensual, non-consensual.” Still nothing. “You hate me?” I whisper in a small voice.

“Good god, no! Don’t you dare let that into your head.” She pauses again, and this time, there are sounds of her pouring a glass of wine. Stolen from her mother, most likely.

“And it was good? Did it hurt?” As an afterthought, she adds, “Three of them.”

Giggling, I begin pulling out the clothes I’m wearing to Leon’s game tonight. “The hurt enhanced the pleasure. It was like nothing I’ve ever read about.” And we read so many spicy things in our romance novels.

“You were raised by nuns!” she shouts, then begins choking on a drink of wine. “How do you even get this depraved when you’re raised in a house of the Lord.”

Burying my face in my hands, I moan, “I know! There has got to be something wrong with me, right? Like, this can’t be normal.”

“Fuck normal! You had some safe, fun, kinky sex, and you don’t even know what they look like. Do you know their names?” A shiver works up my spine thinking about them.

“I do. Now. One of them left me a note and their numbers this morning.” I remember waking up filled with dread and worry that it didn’t mean as much to them as it had for me. Seeing Diesel’s note, short and to the point as it was, filled me with elation like I’d never known before.

“Anddddd?” she draws out again. I love how dramatic she can be. I think it has more to do with coping with the stressors of her job than anything else.

“I texted them a little bit ago, and they’re interested in meeting tonight after the hockey game. Leon’s not happy I cancelled dinner with him, so now I’m going to the locker room before the game.” I cringe, thinking of the things I might see that I do not want to.

“Let’s not talk about big brother when we’re talking about being defiled by three men! Were they...you know...stacked?”

I snort at her description.

“I was tied up, blindfolded, and held down; I didn’t get a lot of feeling in. Buttttt...” I add my own theatrics when I know she’s going to interrupt. “From the way I was filled, I think the answer is most definitely yes.”

“God, to be you last night. And tonight!” she squeals, and I need to pull the phone away from my ear.

Putting it on speaker, I start undressing and slipping on the ripped shorts and tank top I brought. It’s casual enough for a quick meetup and still cute. “Do I wear my Chucks or sandals?” I ask her.

“What are you wearing?” She’s more alert now, and I can picture her standing in front of her mirror on the back of her bedroom door, imagining what I’m about to put on and how I’ll look.

“The ripped jean shorts we destroyed this summer and that cute light pink tank top we found in the thrift store last month.” Thrift store shopping is underrated as far as we’re concerned.

“The racer back?” She perks up again.

“Yes,” I sigh, already knowing what she’s going to say.

“Don’t you dare wear a bra!” And with her bossy instructions, I slip on my brother’s jersey and finish getting ready for the game before the car shows up.

FOUR

Major

Closing my eyes as the announcer begins calling us out, I'm the first on the ice to a loud cheer. Skating to the net, I start stretching and getting myself ready for the game. I ignore the crowd, the announcers, the noise, and other players and work at getting my head in the game.

Asta.

Unusual and unique, just like she is. I can't get her out of my mind. She lodged inside my body from the first moment I touched her. Seeing her virgin blood on my cock after taking her for the first time has changed me. I've been edgy and furious at being away from her all fucking day, and I've bitten off more heads than I can chew. More so since we heard from her this afternoon.

Watching Colt and Dies skating around me with other teammates, I'm about to begin stretching when a flash of ebony hair catches my eye from behind the benches. Nothing is screaming 'pay attention', but the color calls to me, and it's not until I pull my helmet up and get a clearer view that I feel like I've been punched in the gut.

The person must feel me staring because her eyes move from the Rapids' bench and find mine. A jolt of electricity bolts through my sternum as those beauties steal my breath.

“Son of a bitch.” I’d know this girl anywhere. Despite her eyes being covered last night, we’d snuck a peak at her face this morning, and she’s the most beautiful girl we’ve ever seen. “Colt! Diesel!” I shout, and they stop mid-stretch to come over to me.

“What’s up?” Colton glances at me, his eyes following my line of sight, and he stands taller when he recognizes her. “Holy shit.”

Diesel finally catches up, a sly grin on his face when he notices her. Her eyes move slowly between the three of us, and while she doesn’t know who we are, per se, she’s undoubtedly feeling something if that blush is anything to go by.

“She’s wearing the wrong fucking jersey.” Diesel skates off to speak to a trainer on the bench before pointing to her.

“Now what?” Colt asks, and I hear uneasiness in his voice. “She’s here with someone.”

“She’s ours.” There’s no way we’re giving her up. And given that I was the one fighting this initially, they’d better listen to me.

My eyes move to the other team, needing to know whose jersey she’s wearing and what the person means to her. “Who was she with yesterday? In the French Quarter.” I hadn’t been paying attention then; now, I wish I had.

“One of the rookies and a few other guys.” He’s now scanning the other side, as well.

“All settled. I had Jeff grab one of my jerseys and take it up to her.” Diesel grins, proud of himself.

“And if she doesn’t put it on?” Colton asks, still searching for the other men.

“I told him to tell her it’s from Diesel. She’ll put it on.”
Cocky bastard.

Sure enough, by the time the National Anthem has ended, she’s slipped off the Rapids’ jersey and is donning Diesel’s. We’ll have to have a special one made just for her, repping the three of us. A public claiming will be needed to ensure other men stay away from her.

It’s not until we’re halfway through the first period of the game that I begin to wonder if she lives in New York. If that’s the case, we’re going to have an issue.

Seeing Leon Broussard and Slater Mercy skating my way with the puck, our lines switch out, and Diesel comes rushing forward, taking out Slater just as Leon slaps the puck full force my way. Catching it in my glove, the arena explodes with excitement, and I watch Asta jump to her feet, cheering as loud as anyone else, an exhilarated expression on her face.

Tossing the puck to the ref, I lift my mask and grab a drink before shooting her a wink that has her furiously blushing. Leon notices the interaction, and when he glances over to our girl, a fierce protectiveness erupts within me.

“What the fuck?” he shouts, throwing his hands up as he faces her. She loses her smile and the sexy spark in her eyes. “Stay the fuck away from her!” He tosses a glove down and points in my face.

“Not a fucking chance.” Leon Broussard has been a pain in Diesel and Colton’s sides since their rookie days when Leon was drafted to the Rapids after their first professional season began, and they were drafted to the NHL that same year. Their enemy is my enemy, and now is no different.

“I fucking mean it, Reeves. She’s off-fucking-limits. Don’t touch her. Don’t look at her. Don’t fucking talk to her.” He’s in my face now, growing angrier by the minute.

My smirk only incites him. “Too damn late,” I taunt. Dropping my stick, I register the fist coming and don’t hesitate to throw one right back. He’s big, but I’m bigger and angrier. He has no fucking right to my girl. He didn’t take her innocence and spill his seed inside her welcoming body. He wasn’t man enough to give her what she needed.

I was.

We were.

And for that, Asta will always be ours.

“Break it up!” gets shouted as hands attempt to drag me off the cocky center, but I don’t let up, and soon enough, Diesel, Colton, and a couple of other guys from both teams are in the fray.

When we’re finally separated, Leon is dragged off the ice because he swung first, but Diesel landed himself a penalty, also, for hitting one of the other guys.

Tugging Colton into me, I hiss into his ear, “You fucking take these assholes down. Don’t let a single one of them stop you from whooping their asses because that motherfucker just tried to warn me off our girl.” Our sights cut to the woman in question to find her frenzied eyes moving from us to Leon, then Diesel in the penalty boxes, and back again.

“We need to find out who the fuck he is to her,” Colt growls. He’s as laid back as they come, but I’m glad to see his instinct to claim our girl has risen to the surface. “I got this, Maj. You stop every fucking puck. Shut ‘em out!” He skates off to the faceoff, and the rest of the game remains aggressive

on both sides, with a record number of fights between the two teams, and finishes with us winning five to nothing. Colt got a hat trick, and I've had my sixth shutout of the season.

Diesel doesn't hesitate to tell Jeff to grab Asta and bring her down to the tunnels as Colt and I head out for after-game reports and interviews. Anticipation floods my veins as I watch the entrance for Asta and Jeff.



Asta

I don't understand a lot about the game of hockey, I just know what Leon and the guys have told me or things I hear in the stands or when I watch them on TV. But I do know that what happened between Leon and Major was not typical. Goalies don't normally get into fights on the ice. And let's take a second to reflect on the fact that I slept with three of the best NHL players in the league. *How did I not know that?* Their names are familiar, of course. Leon always bitches about Diesel and Colton after a game against the Black Bears. I didn't even clue in until that guy brought me the jersey with Diesel's name and number emblazoned on the back.

When Leon noticed my change of attire, he was not impressed. He didn't speak the words, but I certainly understood the look of betrayal on his face.

The game post-fight had been incredibly intense; even the fans were on pins and needles, wondering what the hell was going on.

"Miss, if you'll come with me?" the same guy who gave me the jersey asks, holding an arm out to escort me wherever it is he wants me to go.

“Oh, uh...uhm. Okay, sure, I guess.” I’m supposed to meet Leon in the tunnels, but my plans appear to be changing. I shoot him a quick text to let him know I’ll be late.

Following along with the guy leading me, we go down instead of up, and I’m taken through where the players go back to the locker rooms. Standing at the end, near the locker room entrance, is Major Reeves, superstar goalie, breaking all kinds of records this year. Or that’s what some of the fans sitting around me said.

Slowing my steps, I stay back, not wanting to interrupt his interview or be spotted. When I messaged them earlier, I had no idea, would never have guessed, that they were three of the most famous players in the NHL. And now I know it will be plastered everywhere if I’m with them. My face will be on every tabloid possible, and my father will see it all. The judgment and animosity are already hard to bear. The accusations about ruining Leon’s career will be next.

God, Leon. He must be so angry with me. Pulling out my phone, I slink closer to the wall, trying to remain out of Major’s line of sight. My phone is lit up with messages.

Big Bro: What the fuck Asta?

Big Bro: How the fuck do you know them?

Big Bro: I can’t fucking believe this right now.

Big Bro: Just...stay the fuck away from them.

Big Bro: You know they’re my enemies right?
Diesel and Colton almost ruined my fucking
career!

Tears pool in my eyes as I read his messages. I have to believe he’s not going to hate me. I can’t have my only family

hating me. Before I can respond to him, I get a message from Cecily.

Crazy BFF: Well, have you seen them yet? God, tell me they're as hot as I assume they are!

She seems like the safer option to answer right now, so I send her the picture I took of the three of them on the ice after I'd been given Diesel's jersey and realized who they were.

Crazy BFF: Shut the front door!

Crazy BFF: What the hell are the chances they'd be in the NHL too? Fate? Me thinks so!!

God, I love her. She's one of the best things to happen to my life, and I couldn't imagine one without her in it.

Me: Leon is so angry.

Big Bro: Seriously, you're just going to ignore me? Fucking hell Asta.

Crazy BFF: What for? He's been trying to get you to go out with Drake for a year!

"Hey there, sweet girl." A shudder rips through me at Colton's hungry tone from behind me. His voice like a caress on the back of my neck. "Why are you hiding?"

Closing my eyes, my phone vibrates again, and I'm afraid to look, but I know I have to. I need to answer Leon before I leave this building, or I'll ruin our relationship forever.

"Not hiding," I whisper as I glance down to see Leon has messaged again.

Big Bro: A, you need to fucking answer me. This isn't cool.

“Who the hell is talking to you like that?” Flattening the phone to my chest, I spin around to see fire in his eyes.

“It’s, uhm, my brother,” I tell him. The stupid thing vibrates again. I peek to see a message from Cecily asking if I prefer Drake.

“Who the fuck is Drake?” Diesel’s voice startles me into spinning again, my back hitting the wall as they cage me in.

“I...” have no idea what to say. This is all so much at once.

“Who’s your brother, sweet girl?” Colton brushes a finger gently along my jaw, his eyes soft and encouraging.

Licking my dry lips, I whisper my answer. “Leon Broussard.” His gaze flashes over to Diesel’s, and I wonder if that ruined things with them. I saw how Diesel and Leon were going at it on the ice tonight and for years before this.

“I’ve known Leon since we were drafted. He doesn’t have a little sister, certainly not one as enticing and gorgeous as you.” Diesel’s voice is accusing. “If you’re his girl, just say so.”

Overwhelmed by everything that happened tonight, the tears I’ve been holding back fall just as Major comes over to stand with his arms crossed. Features unreadable, he waits on my answer, too.

“I’m not lying. Leon is my brother. You didn’t know because I’m the stain on the family. Their dirty little secret, the black sheep of the Broussards, who is wanted by no one and was tossed aside like trash before I even knew what betrayal felt like.” The familiar panic when talking about my family wraps around my heart and lungs, squeezing until I begin hyperventilating.

Lowering myself to squat between the three of them, my phone falls out of my hand, next to my foot, and I drop my head between my knees, trying and failing to draw a deep breath. This is too much. I thought I could do this, I thought I could have something for myself. I should have stayed home. Should have never come to New Orleans. This was all a mistake.



Colton

Sliding down the wall next to Asta, I ignore the way I'm being watched by the arena staff, coaches, and other players. Dragging her into my lap, her knees on either side of my hips, she buries her face and body into me, disregarding the sweat and stench coming off me and my gear or maybe not noticing in her panicked state.

"Sweet girl," I whisper in her ear. "Ain't nothing to be worried about here," I say, trying to get her attention as Diesel snarls at everyone coming near enough to get a look at our girl.

"What the fuck happened?" Major barks. She jumps at the sharp tone in his voice.

"Not completely sure," Diesel begins as he bends down to pick up her phone, making no effort to hide that he's reading her messages. "But I'm certain it has to do with Leon Broussard. She says he's her brother." Passing the phone to Major, the skepticism remains in Diesel's eyes as he watches her, but I see his craving to touch her.

"She's mid-panic attack," I tell them, brushing my hands under her jersey and up her bare back, groaning when I realize

she's not wearing a bra. "You look fine as fuck in Diesel's number. You know that, sweet girl?" She shakes her head. "I'd like to see you in mine next time."

I feel her head move as she looks up at me beneath long, long, thick, dark-as-night lashes. "You don't mean that," she whimpers, and I want to eat up all her pain.

"I've heard the Broussard rumors," Major finally admits, and the sadness enters her eyes again. She really meant what she said. People disregard her, cast her aside because she isn't seen as an equal in that fucked up family.

Major reaches down, stroking her hair like the treasured little pet she's going to be, before grabbing a chunk of the silky locks, dragging her head back, and forcing her to her feet. She's spun around so they're chest to chest, and his eyes roam across her face and body like a rough caress before he picks her up.

Her legs immediately wrap around his waist. "I don't give a fuck who your brother is." He pushes her back into Diesel's chest. "I don't give a fuck about anything before last night." His lips suction to her neck, making her melt into their bodies and whimper as Major leaves a mark on her. "I don't give a fuck about who your family is except to show them they've lost the most amazing woman in the world because you're ours now."

Her gasp echoes around the now-empty tunnels. "But..." she starts.

Diesel grips her hair the same way Major had to get her on her feet so she can look him in the eye. "No fucking butts," he barks. "Major is right; you're ours. Nothing is going to change that now or ever."

Her head shakes as she tries to speak. “I don’t...I don’t know.”

I see the moment the challenge hits my friends, and I relish the storm that’s about to rage. While they’ll be the thunder and lightning crashing and burning around her, I’ll get to be the steady rock for her to lean on.

Leaning forward, I lick along her jaw before hovering over her lips. “You do, sweet girl. You just need a steady hand, or hands, to guide you. Let us take care of everything.” She blinks as her phone begins to ring in Diesel’s hand. He hands it to her as Major begins walking towards the locker room with her still in his arms.

We follow behind, knowing that she’s about to be thrust into our world with almost no traction to slow the slippery slide of fame that’s about to come her way.

Asta

“Are you listening to me, Asta?” Leon’s exasperated voice penetrates, but no, no, I’m not.

“Uh-huh.” Diesel smirks when he notices my distracted stare at his hot physique. Despite the fact I’ve had each of these men inside my body, this is the first time I’m really seeing them naked.

Major brought me into the locker room, hid me inside his stall, and the three of them proceeded to undress while blocking my view of all the other naked men surrounding me. I’m not complaining because I only want to see my three men, anyway. But it’s cute how possessive they seem to be.

Leon curses over the line. “How the hell do you know them, Asta?” His question drags me out of my daze.

“Uhm, I met them last night.” *Sort of.* “But I saw them in the Quarter when we were having lunch yesterday.” Not a complete lie.

“So you decided to fuck all three of them?” He shouts this question, and they each freeze, turning to stare at me and the tears I’m sure are filling my eyes.

“It’s not like that,” I whisper.

“So tell me what it’s like then? Cause it ain’t looking good.” He grunts, and I hear a crash. He must have thrown something at a locker.

“I can’t.” Leon and I have always been close since he came looking for me. He’s never been angry with me, never yelled, or lost his temper. This is new, and I’m unsure how to react.

“Can’t or won’t?” Pressing my head into my raised knees, I feel a heavy hand on my head, massaging my scalp before another takes the phone from me. Wrapping my arms around my legs, I cry silently as I listen to Major talk to my brother.

“Listen, Broussard, you call Asta back when you can calm down and not make her cry.” There’s a pause. “The fuck we did. You’re the one yelling at her and saying some seriously shit crap.” Another longer pause. “We aren’t using her.” My heart stutters, picking up pace as I listen to him claim me to one of the few people in my life that matter. “No, she’s not coming to see you tonight. Not until you calm the fuck down and can respect her and her choices.”

Someone sits in front of me, dragging me into their lap. It’s not until I inhale deeply that I realize it’s Diesel. His masculine scent holds a hint of spice, and the calluses on his hands as he sticks them down the back of my shorts are rough on my skin.

I’m not sure how long we sit like that: me wrapped up in him, face buried in his neck, and him with his arms around me. The locker room begins to quiet down, and when I feel us moving, I tighten my hold on him, not wanting to let go.

“I won’t let you go, Asta. Never letting you go,” he whispers into my hairline, kissing my temple. The move is so soft and sweet that I sigh and melt into him.

Before I'm aware of where we're headed, I'm in the back seat of an SUV, buckled in, and we're moving in the direction of my hotel.

My nerves get the best of me, and I pop out a question I might not want the answer to. "Why were you there last night?" They're basically gods, they don't need to take a woman by force, no matter how willing I was; women can and will lay down for them without complaint.

"Same reason you were," Diesel says cryptically. "I think the better question is, why were *you* there?" *Now, there's a loaded question if I were ever asked one.* "What in the world is a virgin wanting that kind of experience for?" I'm definitely not ready to delve into that so deeply.

"A girl can't have fantasies?" I try to joke, but it sounds tortured, and I get a look from all three of them that says I'm not fooling anyone.

"You're gorgeous..." Diesel says.

"Smart as hell..." Colton continues.

"Too sassy for your own good," Major finishes.

"So why did you need or want to lose your innocence so brutally?" Diesel questions.

Glancing out the window, I press my forehead to the cool glass before giving somewhat of an answer. "It wasn't brutal to me. It was beautiful. It was..." I need to think of the right word. "Fulfilling." I can feel their penetrating gazes on me, searing into me so they can get a glimpse of what's inside my mind. "You wouldn't understand," I finally reply. "Not really. No one does."

I'm met with silence at that as we continue to our destination, and I'm pretty certain I've lost them. They

couldn't possibly understand what appeal there would be to me to lose not just my virginity but the belief that something was wrong with me. I'm broken. My entire life, I've been unloved and shoved to the side. They wouldn't have any idea what that's like.

As we pull into the entrance of my hotel, I half expect them to say thanks but no thanks after my little quasi-confession. I'm shocked when Major opens my door, offering me his hand to step down from the large vehicle, and doesn't let go as we walk inside together. Diesel doesn't take my other hand; instead, I feel his hand wrap around the nape of my neck as his lips kiss my temple with a gentleness I didn't expect from him.

My eyes lower when I sense the stares of the people in the lobby as we pass. I can only imagine what they're seeing. It's not like these men can hide their celebrity status, but me? I'm a nobody. It won't be long before rumors circulate and my picture is plastered everywhere.

Cecily is going to get one hell of a kick out of the turn of events. Especially if she sees my face in some rag mag.

"You don't have to come up with me," I say as we stand, waiting on the elevator.

I feel Colton's body heat from behind as his hands land on my waist. His whispered words are warm and light me up from the inside. "That's the beauty of choices and freedom. We know we don't have to; however, we want to. We want you. Always."

I don't speak after that; I wouldn't even know what to say. They're nothing like I imagined they would be, nothing like what I'm used to with men.

The elevator ride up is quiet, the mirrors in the compact car highlighting every angle of the people inside, and what I see takes my breath away. Major stands stoically beside me, his thumb caressing the inside of my wrist with his eyes closed like he's overwhelmed. Diesel faces my side, his eyes roaming across my body like an erotic caress that has me squirming. And Colton stands in front of me, facing the doors, his body tense and rippling beneath the tight t-shirt he's wearing. Tiny beads of sweat roll down the back of his neck, and I know, I know how gross it is to want to lick up each drop, but it takes every effort and ounce of willpower within me not to.

Last night, I wasn't able to focus on them the way they did me, and suddenly, that's all I want to do. I want to be on my knees before these strong, powerful, virile men and worship them in return. I want to show them with my mouth just how much their devotion to my pleasure meant to me.

I've never been a yes girl, never had the aching desire to show a man that his needs are more important than my own, but in this case, I just might become one.

As soon as the doors split, I jet through them and run down the hallway as fast as my legs will take me. Reaching my door, I slide the card through the reader and notice their quizzical looks as I slip into the room. Flipping the latch so the door doesn't close, I strip off my clothes and drop to my knees in front of the king-sized bed, ignoring how the rug burns on my knees as I squirm, waiting for them to enter.



Diesel

“Rabbits shouldn’t run from wolves...” I damn near swallow my tongue as I push open the door. Asta is on her knees, legs spread wide so we can see the glistening arousal of her pussy. She’s completely nude for us. I’d be lying if I didn’t admit the need I feel crawling up my spine to drop down in front of her and worship every curvy inch of her luscious body.

“Fuck,” Major grunts as I hear the locks engage on the door.

Colt circles around her body, gliding a finger across her jaw as she stares up at him. Her hands are fixed behind her back, jutting out her spectacular tits with their peaked pink cotton candy-tasting nipples.

“What are you doing here, baby?” I need her to spell it out for me. My dick is the head in charge right now, and he’s barely firing on a single cylinder.

Fuck, the way she sucks Colton’s finger into her mouth makes me nearly come in my pants. I squeeze my dick through my clothes until pain registers, and I almost don’t hear her answer.

“You all tasted me last night; I think it’s *my* turn to savor you.” Her seductive eyes and pouty lips ignite the desire I just suppressed.

I watch as Major strips down to nothing, his meaty hand stroking his big dick with a roughness she’ll never be able to achieve. And fuck me if I think that’s not even what we want. Our lives are hard-hitting, action-packed, and filled with aggressive energy almost 24/7. With this sweet girl, when she touches us, I know I want gentle from her. I want to bask in her feminine power.

The way we fucked into her last night, that was a fucking dream come true, but it reminded us today that she's also an elegant flower to be treasured.

"Taste him," Colt encourages her as Major steps closer. She licks her lips and stares up at him with worship in her eyes.

Goddamn.

We are going to give this woman the world. Treating her like the queen she is and fucking her like the whore she surrenders to us as.

The pink of her tongue makes me groan as it flicks out to lick the drop of liquid oozing from Major's cock slit. Her moan is erotic and fills my balls with cum.

Colton strips his clothes off behind her as I sit on the edge of the bed next to her. Removing my shirt, I bring her hand to my chest. Leaning forward, I murmur in her ear, "Mark me, baby. Make me yours." Her sharp little nails dig into my pectoral muscle as she rakes her hand down my torso, scratching across my flesh and eliciting a hiss from my throat. What I wouldn't give to have her teeth doing the same to my cock.

"Jesus." I glance up to find Major's head pitched back on his shoulders, eyes closed, and mouth dropped open. His entire body is tense as Asta works her mouth up and down the length of his shaft.

"Does he taste good?" I whisper in her ear, licking the shell before biting the tender flesh. A moan rises from her chest, and I can almost feel the vibrations in my dick. Wrapping a hand around her throat, her eyes cut to the side, a question lingering. "Tilt your head back farther," I instruct.

Glancing at Colt, he nods, understanding what I want to do. Placing a hand on the back of her head, Colt pushes her forward as I do the same to Major. “Take him all the way down your throat, baby.” Panic enters her eyes, and she stiffens until Major reaches forward and strokes her hair.

“So fucking good, sweetness. Swallowing me up like a good little whore.” She whimpers at Major’s praise. “That’s it, baby, swallow, keep going.” She’s past her point of comfort, but we forge on anyway.

“Such a good girl for us. Taking all that dick on your first try.” I kiss along her jaw, my hand stroking along her tender neck. When I squeeze around the bulge in her throat, Major curses, and she panics a bit more. No air is making it into her body. “Calm down, slut; breathe through your nose. There you go, good girl.” Kissing the corner of her mouth, she relaxes as Major slides deeper into her esophagus.

“Holy fuck,” Colt marvels from behind, staring down at where she’s stuffed full of cock. “I’ve never seen anyone take all of him.” She preens at the praise. Colt ain’t wrong. For as long as we’ve been sharing women together, none have managed more than half his cock in their mouths.

“That’s because Asta is our pretty little whore. Aren’t you, baby?” A tear leaks from the corner of her eye, but she nods slightly. “Now, you’re going to hold real still so Major can fuck your throat, then you’re going to do the same for Colt, then me. Right?”

“Fuck!” Major bellows as she whimpers and moans her answer. He pulls from her mouth, giving her just enough time to take a deep breath before plunging back in and coming down her throat.

Her hands reach out for him as she swallows, semen leaking out the edges of her mouth as she drinks him down. Her nails scratch at his thighs, trying to hold him closer until he's too sensitive to be sucked on anymore.

“Damn.” Major heaves out a deep breath as he drops onto his back on the bed beside me. “That fucking mouth is powerful and seductive. Perfection.”

“Thank you.” Asta blushes, and it's the most adorable fucking thing as she licks across her lips.

“Colton's turn”, I tell her.



Colton

I don't think I'll survive the blowjob she gave to Major, but damn would I die a happy man. So, I step in front of Asta, and Diesel moves in behind her after removing his clothes. He gathers her long, lustrous tresses into his fist, forcing her head back and mouth open.

“You sure, sweet girl?” What she just finished doing to Major, swallowing him down the way she did, was a lot, and she must be sore.

“Please, Colt.” Her bottom lip forms a sexy pout, and I can't resist. Leaning down, I slide my mouth across hers, taking her lips in a gentle kiss as I cup her jaw with both hands, bringing her in close. “He's right, you know,” I tell her as I pull away. “You are absolute perfection.”

“Only for you guys.” The softness in her tone brims with affection.

“That’s right, baby.” Diesel wraps both arms around her chest, cupping her breasts in his hands and plucking at her nipples. “You’re ours.” The possessiveness in his tone startles her, but she smiles shyly up at me as her tongue flicks out to lick at the head of my dick.

Her mouth makes love to me. Licking, sucking, kissing every inch she can until I’m damn near blind with lust and needing to cum. She’s pure magic—a cunning witch from Salem sent to the bayou to bring us to our knees. As our eyes meet again, I know I’ll do anything to convince her she belongs with us. Asta is meant to be ours, and there isn’t a moment in this life where it’ll be possible to live another day without her at our sides.

With a growled shout, my release surges forward, and she holds me to her tightly so she can swallow every last drop. Falling to my knees in front of her, I cup her face in my hands and capture her swollen lips in a tender kiss, pouring everything I’m feeling into the act and showing her without words how much she’s come to mean to me in such a short amount of time.



As dawn rolls around, none of us has slept. Instead, we spent the night making love to Asta over and over once we found out she was leaving today.

New York is her home. Or rather, where she lives, she said. We have her address, and she gave us a key to her apartment at Diesel’s insistence. We also shared our address with her, as well as a key to our house, telling her she was welcome any time, even when we weren’t there. Her laughter when she

reciprocated the offer, even though her apartment is barely big enough for the three of us to stand in, was contagious.

We grumbled when her brother picked her up, not wanting to send her off with another man, but she came with his team and had plans to leave with them. While we talked a little bit last night, she didn't divulge all the secrets we had hoped to hear, about why we'd never known about her and why the public had no idea Leon had a little sister. There are stories there, heartbreaking ones if I had to guess.

Arriving back at the arena for a team meeting, I'm already missing her, and I can tell from how tense Major and Diesel are that they are as well. Lucky for us, last night was our last home game for a couple of weeks, and we'll be on the road first thing tomorrow morning, with a stop in Chicago and then New York to play her brother again. We'll at least have one more night with her this week, even if it won't be long enough. Something is better than nothing at all.

My phone vibrates in my pocket as the coach goes over defensive plays that have room for improvement. Pulling it out and taking the chance I'll get in shit if I'm caught, I see my friends doing the same, which can only mean it's from Asta.

Sweet Girl: Just landed, heading home to sleep.
Text when I'm up.

She attaches a sexy picture of herself from the plane where she's pouting, those thick lips of hers in need of a cock between them.

Me: Sleep well.

Major: Miss you already.

Diesel: Call us later.

She sends back a few pink hearts with stars around them and a winky face. The day drags as we watch game video and plan out our moves against Chicago. By the time we get home, we still haven't heard from Asta, and worry begins to creep in.

Asta

The sound of a ringing phone penetrates my tired brain. We were home before lunch, and I crashed almost immediately, but I can still see a few rays of the setting sun from my open curtains—the pink and purple hues something I’ve always found beautiful—so it mustn’t be too late.

Closing my eyes again, I block out the irritating ringtone, not wanting to get up yet, but it persists. Once it stops, it starts again. “Ugh,” I groan, throwing the blankets off and rolling out of the day bed I use for a couch as well as bed. My feet hit the floor, and thank goodness for the excellent heating in my building, or I’d be freezing.

When we landed this morning, I wasn’t prepared for a snowstorm to make its presence known. The clouds are now dark and ready to pelt the state with freezing rain and snow as wind blisters through the streets like a whirlwind of fury and vengeance.

The ringing stops, and I nearly crawl back into bed. I don’t work tonight, and my shift at the coffee shop is later in the morning tomorrow, so I can be lazy for once. I finished most of my blog post for Club Sin; it just needs to be edited before I submit it to the owners for approval.

I rush to grab the phone when I notice the name, answering breathlessly, “I’m so sorry.”

“Sweet girl.” Colton’s warm voice washes over me like a gentle caress. “Where have you been?”

“I came home and slept. I just woke up.” Crawling back into bed, I lean against the cushioned backboard to settle in for what I hope is a long conversation.

“You’re okay then?” Major’s stern tone sends shivers down my spine.

“Perfect now that I’m talking to you guys,” I sigh. I never would have imagined feeling this way about the man, the men, who took me so thoroughly without even knowing their identities for the first twenty-four hours. But here I am, ready to lay my heart at their feet and allow them to take me away.

“Good, because being out of contact like that for so long will not be happening in the future. You understand, baby?” Diesel’s tone holds a threat.

Sinking down in bed, I close my eyes and imagine they’re here with me. “And if it does?” Three sharp growls filter through the line, and I swear I feel it as if they were here and against my skin. I let out a little moan of breath as I dream of their mouths on my body. Kissing, touching, licking, biting. God, what I wouldn’t give to have them mark me.

“Asta.” Major’s demanding voice has my clit throbbing. As my free hand wanders down my body, I rub small circles across the tiny nub, needing relief. “Are you touching yourself, kitten?”

“Mmmm,” I moan out, unable to form a coherent thought.

“Jesus,” Colt hisses, and I hear rustling in the background.

My body is on fire with need for them. Flames lick up my flesh from between my legs as I try to focus on what they're saying to me, but I don't comprehend a word of it. They're making demands, and I follow their instructions, but nothing else makes sense.

I'm almost at my peak as my fingers slide in and out of my tight hole, but I'm startled back into reality when I hear pounding on my front door.

"The fuck is that?" Major groans, as annoyed as me over the interruption.

"Asta, open the door. We need to talk." Leon's voice breaks through, and I swallow nervously.

"It's my brother. I'll call you back after he's gone." I hang up before they can argue with me, hating this rivalry between them.

He bangs again, forcing me to call out, "I'll be right there." Grabbing the sweatpants off the reading chair by the window, I slip into them as I head for the door, knowing my face is flushed from the recent...*activities*. Is it considered phone sex if you don't reach completion or if only one person is involved in the act? Were *they* touching themselves? I might have to ask Cecily these questions.

Unlocking the door, I push the thoughts aside as I take a deep breath and greet my brother. "Hello, Leon." I plaster a smile on my face because even though we hardly spoke on the way back to New York, I do love him.

"You weren't answering your phone," he states, walking inside and closing the door behind himself.

I cross my arms defensively. "I was sleeping until a few minutes before you got here."

“We need to talk.” I hate his tone; it’s going to lead to an argument. He’ll storm out, I’ll cry, and then our relationship will be strained. It won’t affect him the same way it will me, though. I only have Leon and Cecily in my life. They’re my family, my support system. Losing Leon will be like losing... well...my brother. I wouldn’t be able to survive it.

“About NOLA?” I sigh as I enter my cramped kitchen. This conversation will require a stiff drink or caffeine. And since I can’t buy alcohol yet, coffee it is.

“Yeah.” He sits at the small two-person table. I feel his eyes on me as I move around the room, making a fresh pot. After hitting the start button, I throw sandwiches together. I haven’t eaten since breakfast, and I’m starving.

He doesn’t begin speaking, so I take the lead. “I love you, Leon. You know that, right?” I glance over my shoulder to see him nod. “I wouldn’t do anything to hurt you or your career. I agreed to remain a secret so there wouldn’t be some huge scandal. I stay in the shadows, never making a fuss when your parents get to go to your games in the family lounge, and I’m sitting alone in the stands.”

“I know, Asta.” I can tell the pain in his voice. Everything that’s been asked of me is by our father’s demands. To be in Leon’s life, I’ve conceded to everything he wants. I just want my brother.

“Then why can’t I have this?” I turn as the coffeemaker beeps its completion.

“Three of them?” he finally says. “My past with them doesn’t matter; I know that. We were competitive assholes, always have been, always will be. But why all three? Is it just for fun? Is it more? How long have you guys known each other?”

His questions are fair. I acknowledge that, but I just don't know if I can give him the answers he's looking for. "I know what you want me to say, Leon, but I don't think I can." Shaking my head, I bring the food and drinks to the table. Doctoring our coffees, we each take a sip before I continue on. "Over my entire life, things I've truly wanted have always dangled at my fingertips, never reaching my grasp. Not until you found me." I smile to soften the blow I know he feels when I talk about my time in the orphanage.

"Colton, Major, and Diesel are the first things I've taken for myself. And, sure, it's unconventional. It's almost unheard of, but it's done. There are plenty of relationships like ours in the world." I did quite a bit more reading on the flight home.

"Have you thought about what it will do to their careers?" My heart cramps that I could ruin them.

"It's not something we've spoken about yet." *Is it a concern of theirs?* I'll have to ask.

"Maybe it should be before you decide on anything, before you're hurt." The concern in his tone and face isn't feigned, so I reach for his hand, squeezing my thanks.

"I know. We've only just met. We have so much time to figure things out and if this will be permanent for us." I pause because this next part could break us apart. "I gave myself to them, Leon. I trust them in a way I never thought I could."

"Jesus," he groans, putting his head in his hands. "I didn't need to know that part, A."

Giggling at his torment, I grab a sandwich and practically finish it in four bites. "I know, but I need you to understand that I'm serious about them." I have so much more I want to

say, but some of it will make him feel guilty over how I'm treated...how he's been forced to treat me since we met.

"I get it, Asta, I do. Just be careful." He grabs a sandwich, and we talk about his next couple of weeks of home games and how he's playing against the Black Bears again soon and looks forward to the challenge of creaming my men. He's playful when he says this, but if the last game is any indication, I'm not sure it will happen.

Before Leon leaves, he asks me, "Do you want to sit in the family lounge box?"

"You would let me?" He's never indicated much on how he feels about our father's demands in order for us to have a relationship and keep Leon from being cut off from the family, but I get the feeling there might be a coming change in the dynamics.

"I'd have always let you. I've only ever wanted you at my games, Asta, and I'd never stop you from watching where you're comfortable. It's why I try to get you the best seats in the house. But if you want in that damn box, you're there. I'm tired of hiding you from the world. If your men can announce to the world that you're theirs the way they did, then dammit, so can I."

His passionate words bring tears to my eyes. "You want people to know I'm your sister?"

Brushing a hand over my hair, he grows serious as he says, "I've never wanted to keep you a secret. In fact, I've hated it. I've hated my parents for the way they've treated you. It's time the world knows that I have a blog-writing little sister who is kind of quirky, knows absolutely nothing about hockey, but comes to every game she can to support me." Kissing my cheek, he shocks me when he confesses, "I'm sorry I haven't

supported you in the same way you have me since the day we met.”

I’m stunned speechless; a nod of the head is all I can manage as he leaves.

Tonight went ten times better than I ever could have imagined. Never in my wildest dreams did I believe there would be a time when Leon would buck against his parents. He’s not what I would call a good ol’ boy, but he’s definitely a people pleaser when it comes to them, and he doesn’t like to rock the boat.

Plopping back down at the table, I FaceTime Cecily. She is going to die over this news. It was certainly not on our bingo card of things happening this year.

“Are you home?” she asks as she answers, but all I see is the ceiling of her bathroom.

“You need to paint that,” I tell her. It’s peeling from the humidity.

“Yeah, probably.” Her face pops onto the screen as she looks down at me. “But there’s never time, and the super certainly isn’t going to do it.” Her face scrunches up. She hates the man and avoids him at all costs.

“Leon doesn’t want me to be a secret anymore.” I drop my bomb, and her jaw drops as the mascara wand in her hand follows suit.

“You’re kidding me? He’s going to go against your father?” I shrug, not really sure what he’s going to do. “It’s like a coming out,” she mutters, glaring at the linty mascara brush in her hand. Tossing it in the trash, she asks, “How do you feel about that?”

“Worried,” I whisper honestly. “What if they disown him?”

“Pfft, like that matters. He makes millions with the NHL. I’m sure he’ll be fine.” *If only it were that easy.*

“What about *your* dad? If he finally told you who your sisters were but you couldn’t have a relationship with them, what would you do?” Unfortunately, Cecily has her own messed up family to deal with.

“Easy, I’d ditch his ignorant ass and find my sisters. Surely, they have to be better than he is. Anybody is.” I tend to agree with her. The sperm donor she got stuck with is the most selfish piece of shit I’ve ever met—more so than my own. At least mine leaves me alone. Aside from the one visit after Leon and I met, I’ve not heard from him. Hers pops up every few months, keeping her poor mother hanging on with promises of love when all he does is use the woman.

“I think you’re probably right. He’s not so mad about the guys anymore; I think he might be on board with it. He just wants me to protect my heart.”

“Good. That’s what a big brother should be like. He shouldn’t be telling you who to fall in love with and who not to.” She’s not wrong.

“I know, but he asked me something that has me worried.” I bite on my nail.

“What?” She lifts the phone so I can see her whole face now.

“About whether this will affect the guys’ careers or not.” We both nibble our lips in the same manner at my worry.

“Well, I guess it’s up to you to say, hey, will this ruin you, and then to reassure you that they couldn’t give a flying fuck.” She shrugs, making it sound so simple.

Heck, maybe it could be.

SEVEN

Major

We wound up texting with Asta late into the night before she finally passed out around two. It started with a question she needed us to think about before she would call again, and the little minx demanded we not just respond but rather take it into consideration before giving her the answer.

Will a relationship like ours affect our careers?

We were all ready to give her a no, or we don't fucking care if it does, and it would be the truth. We don't. And it won't. Even if someone tried to ruin us because of the choices in our personal lives, there's not a damn thing we wouldn't do to keep her.

Our game in Chicago is tonight, so we traveled today, and our communication with Asta has been sporadic because she was also working at the little coffee shop around the corner from her house. Knowing that we must prepare for the game tonight, we've set up a FaceTime date afterwards, once we're back in our hotel. Since then, we've been discussing what will happen when our relationship becomes public knowledge. Because it *will* happen. Sooner rather than later if I have my way. I don't care who knows about the four of us. The more that do, the better, as far as I'm concerned.

“You guys got your heads in the game tonight?” Joe asks as he passes us in the locker room at the United Center.

“Always.” Colton frowns at him as he laces up his skates. “Why would you ask?” He drops his foot onto the ground and stands at full height. Colt is...nice. He’s the guy you go to when you have a problem and need help fixing it, but since Asta, I’ve seen a whole new side to him, and I have the feeling he’s not going to be Mr. Nice Guy when faced with any kind of confrontation regarding our girl.

“You guys weren’t all there during the last game. Wanted to make sure you weren’t distracted.” He shrugs, not cluing in to how close to a beatdown he is at Colt’s hands right now.

“How about *we* worry about what happens on the ice, and you worry about *you*,” Diesel snaps from his relaxed position on the bench in front of me as he texts with Asta. From the glimpse I catch, he’s telling her in detail just what he’d like to be doing to her pussy right now and how excited he is to get his dick into her tight little ass the next time we see her.

Raising his hands, Joe steps back, “Sorry, man, you guys just weren’t playing like normal, is all.”

“You want to lace up for one of us?” Dies grunts, shutting his phone off and slipping it into his locker. Spearing Joe with his intense stare as the man shrinks back. “Because I’ll let you take my position tonight.”

Joe visibly swallows, shakes his head no, mumbles an apology, and runs off. “I think you scared him,” Colt laughs.

“You good?” I inquire as Diesel stands, grabbing his stick and helmet.

“Yeah, just don’t like being questioned about my skills. Sure as shit don’t like the distance between us and our girl. We

need to lock her down.” There’s an underlying note in his tone.

“Oh yeah?” Colt grins, eager to do the same.

“You mean knock her up.” I verbalize what isn’t being said.

Diesel grins. “I took her birth control; we’ve all come inside her a few times now. It could be possible.”

“You don’t even know if that’s the kind of life she wants,” I point out. His grin dies a slow death as he frowns.

“Don’t burst my fucking bubble. I can’t help picturing her round with a baby...one of our babies...one of many we’ll give her. You don’t see it yet ‘cause you’re a fucking cynic, but it’s happening, and when it does, you better worship that woman.” Storming off, Diesel slams out of the locker room as Colton and I share a look.

“He’s right, you know.” I raise a brow. “She could be pregnant already.” As we make our way out to the ice, it really sinks in for me. Asta could be carrying a second life inside of her already. Her body could be preparing her for our seed to take root inside her belly, and the more I think about it, the more I realize I want exactly what Diesel is panting after.

As we skate onto the ice, I wait for the anthem to be sung before leaning over to Diesel and telling him quietly, “When we hit New York, she’s our first stop, and we aren’t stopping until she’s carrying one of our babies.” His grin is the biggest I’ve ever seen it as he slaps my back with a hand.

“Fuck yeah!” His shout garners the attention of our teammates, who shake their heads at the three of us, knowing we’re thick as thieves. Always have been.



Diesel

My grin and mood can't be wiped away. No matter how much the other team chirps at me, bragging about their winning streak, riding a high that they're too stupid to realize is about to crash. Because nothing is about to sour my mood, even if we were to lose this game—which we won't.

Colt and Major are on board with knocking our girl up and knowing that is better than any high a drug could give me.

Club Sin was meant to scratch an itch for us, break us out of our everyday lives, and shake some shit up. Coming across Asta in the Quarter spiked our blood, and having her be our woman for the night ignited our need to claim her. Which all just inspired this fixation I have with breeding her.

Never in my life have I felt this way before. Never have I wanted a woman the way I do Asta. I'm unsure if it's her innocence or her desires similar to ours, but I know she's it for us. Even if she were to tell us tomorrow that she never wanted to see us again, I wouldn't accept it, and neither would Major or Colt. In fact, I'm optimistic we'd take her home and chain her to our bed until she admitted she needed us every bit as much as we need her.

“Liberty, head up!” I hear Coach scream from the bench just as Chicago's newest defenseman comes at me like a rushing bull. He aims to take me out so his right wing can steal the puck from Colton.

Not. Fucking. Happening.

Dropping my shoulder, I push faster, skate harder, and nail him in the gut. As he sails to the ground, Colt glides around us and scores the game's final goal with half a second left, leaving the score a paltry 6 to 1.

Celebrating with my mates on the ice, I haul Colt over my shoulder in celebration and hope to hell Asta was able to catch some of the game. She said she'd try, but we know she's got a life outside of us.

"That one was for you, Asta!" I shout as I drop Colt, and we walk past one of the camera crews, hoping she hears.

"Asta? Who's that?" The reporter stops us. Slinging an arm across Colt's shoulder as Major joins us, I do the same to him.

"Asta," I sigh her name, almost feeling the light touch of her lips on my neck from the other night. "Is our girl."

She blinks, shocked. "Your girl?" We nod, sweating and out of breath. "What do you mean?"

"Meaning, the three of us, we've been best friends for a long damn time and discovered that there is nothing sweeter than sharing a woman. Loving a woman together. Asta, she's it, she's everything. She's our other half. That missing piece to our souls." A crowd has gathered around as I speak, each of them looking on intently.

"You share a girlfriend?" she asks again.

"No." I clear my throat. "We share a soulmate."

The woman finally clues in and seems to sigh wistfully. "And this soulmate, care to tell us more? What makes her so special?"

“Sorry, lady, we’re not exposing her to that. Not until she’s ready,” Major cuts in with a growl.

“As for what makes her special...” Colt starts. “Everything.”

We walk away after that. Our need to see and speak to Asta stronger than our desire to answer more questions and let the world in on our secret.

“She’s going to be pissed at you, man.” Major shakes his head as we enter the locker room.

“She asked if we were concerned if this would affect our career. Now, she’ll know we don’t give a fuck if it does.” I shrug, taking off my gear as I talk. “One way or another, someone’s going to find out. If it comes from us, it’s better. We don’t have to tell them who she is exactly; that’ll be up to her.” I look between them, and they reluctantly agree. “Good. Now, let’s get out of here so we can talk to her. I miss the fuck out of that woman of ours.”

When we’re in a cab on the way to our hotel room, we turn our phones back on, only for them to start beeping immediately and repeatedly.

“Holy shit,” Colton grins.

“Jesus,” Major mutters, swiping a hand across his mouth.

“Damn,” I hiss, biting my lip in anticipation.

There are a dozen varying texts from Asta. Some cheering for each goal our team got and two seductive images for the two goals Colt scored. One, she’s bent over the side of her bed, showing just a hint of her bare pussy. The second is of her lying down, her legs resting against the wall; we can see the side slopes of her breasts, and her free hand is between her legs.

And lastly. Mother of god. Lastly is a message congratulating us on our win and asking if we meant what we said on camera afterwards, with a picture of her completely naked, sitting on the floor, legs bent and spread. Her pussy is dripping wet with her desire, and her nipples are peaked and ready to be sucked on. While her face isn't in the shot, she's never looked so stunning.

“Can't you just imagine that smooth belly ripe and round, and those tits leaking with her baby cream?” I say this reverently because I can picture it so clearly. Matching moans echo through the back of the car.



Asta

I drank. I was more than a little tipsy when I took the pictures I had and sent them. It's the only way I could have. I didn't give myself time to think, I just did it.

Now my nerves are eating away at me, and I can't think straight as I lay in bed naked, hot, and waiting for them to call. The game was over almost an hour ago—it's the first I've watched on TV—and my anticipation is turning into regret the longer it takes them to respond.

Covering my face with my hands, I concentrate on breathing and not the fact that someone else might have seen the pictures instead.

When my phone rings, it startles me into yelping and nearly throwing it across the room. Sitting up, I stare at the screen as Major's name flashes with the FaceTime request. Blowing out a deep breath, I swipe to answer.

Plastering a smile on my face, my heart contracts in my chest when I see their faces. Each of their eyes is so different, but all reflect the intensity of their desire for me. “Hi,” I squeak out before biting my bottom lip until it stings.

“Kitten,” Major groans, his eyes moving down, and it’s then I remember I’m nude.

“Uhm...” The urge to cover up screams at me, but the way they’re staring begs me to stay exactly the way I am.

“Gotta tell you, babe, I’ve been dreaming of those perky tits of yours dripping with milk all fucking day,” Diesel grunts, one hand rubbing across his chest.

“Milk?” I question.

“Nice round belly,” Diesel continues, and my alcohol-addled brain begins to catch up.

“A baby?” I whisper. “You’re crazy,” I laugh, half expecting them to join in. “I’m on the pill.”

“Yeah, I know.” Diesel’s grin is pure mischief as he holds something up in his hand. “But when’s the last time you took one?”

My jaw drops. I hadn’t even realized.

“You didn’t,” I hiss at him. I had them in New Orleans, but the night began before I could take my pill for that day. I didn’t take it the next. Or the following, or today. “Oh. My. God.” I can’t believe I hadn’t even thought about that. “You stole them from me?” I accuse, my eyes narrowing.

“Yup.” He gives a prideful grin. “And we’ve been all up in that ripe virgin pussy a few times each since then.” The three of them wear matching looks.

Satisfaction.

“You can’t possibly want to knock me up? We don’t even know each other!” And then what I was drinking tonight hits me as I stare down at my stomach, dropping the phone in my lap as tears well.

“I was drinking tonight,” I confess. I know I shouldn’t have been, but sometimes I don’t get carded at the liquor store. I only got a small bottle of wine, only had two glasses. “What if I ruined it already?” I gasp, my throat feeling tight with emotion.

“Sweet girl,” Colton calls, and I look down at him. His eyes are soft as he says, “The likelihood of that is minimal. Take a breath and focus on us.” I try to do what he suggests as I lie down in bed, propping the phone up against a pillow and pulling the sheet over my body.

“Shame to cover all that gorgeousness up,” Diesel grumbles, making me giggle.

Major shakes his head while shooting Diesel with a glare. “You watched the game?” He changes the subject.

“Missed the beginning, but afterwards, I caught it all. I’m not sure my neighbors appreciated my cheering.” In fact, I know they didn’t since Mr. Gibbs from down the hall came banging on the door around nine, telling me to be quiet. I wasn’t loud, but I intentionally got louder.

“We’ve got two weeks of road games before we’re back home again,” Major reminds me, and I try not to pout. “We hit Philly before coming to New York for two games, so we’ll be there for a few days.”

“Oh yeah?” My heart races.

“What he’s not saying is, we want to see you while we’re there. We want you at both games and wearing one of our

numbers,” Diesel clarifies.

A blush creeps up my face. After their post-game interview, I’m sure it won’t take anyone long to figure out I’m the girl they were talking about. *Am I ready for that?*

EIGHT

Asta

“That was freaky as shit,” Cecily mutters next to me as we exit the Hellmira tour. Elmira Prison was originally a soldiers’ barracks in the 1800s during the Civil War before being converted to a prison and, soon after, dubbed as Hellmira by the inmates. Nearly three thousand prisoners died there from starvation, malnutrition, and poor living conditions in the year it was opened before they were set free.

“It’s eerie, right? The hollows in the walls, you could almost hear the cries of the dying.” The biggest reason I love going to places that are haunted or tortured is because I feel like I gain a connection with the dead. I’m not empathic or psychic, I just feel that in the presence of so much turmoil, I can imagine what the dead or dying must have gone through. It’s what helps give my blog posts life. The ability to connect with someone long passed.

Cec snorts, “Eerie is an understatement. I feel like I need to be cleansed. I can’t believe what went on there.”

It’s true. The treatment of Confederate soldiers was atrocious—crimes against humanity. The pictures I was able to take, along with the information I learned and the video with the whistling wind sounding like the cries of the dying, will

make for a great post. I can already imagine the attention it will garner from my followers.

“What’s our next adventure? It’s not often that we aren’t both working,” Cecily asks. Somehow, she got two days off in a row from the call center, and I don’t have to be at the coffee shop again for a few days. Since my blog started picking up traffic, the ads and tours are close to paying enough to quit the second job.

“How would you feel about a train ride to Philly and a hockey game tomorrow?” Leon was kind enough to score me tickets behind the Black Bears bench, and I’m really hoping Cecily will go with me; otherwise, I’ll have to ask *him*, and I’m not sure how well that will go over between the four men.

“Seriously?” She appears excited even though I know she’s not a huge fan of sports.

“Yes?” I hedge.

“Do I get to meet them?” Laughing, I nod my head. “Then, hell yeah!”

“The train leaves at three, and the game starts at seven.”

“Let’s head back to the city; we have plans to make!” She practically drags me to the car.



By the time we board the train the following day, I’m filled with a mix of fear and anticipation over surprising the guys. What if it backfires, and they don’t want me there? What if everything they’ve been saying is only for their convenience? Thankfully, Cec is able to take my mind off everything by

chattering non-stop about this restaurant near the arena that we have to visit.

The first thing we do upon arrival is eat and then shop for jerseys. Finding one for the opposing team is difficult, but I manage to get Major's jersey, and Cecily grabs one of Colton's linemen, Hudson Michaels. He was the only one I could remember, and he seemed pretty good since he got a hat trick in Chicago.

"This is so exciting!" She tugs on my arm as we're settling in our seats just minutes before the game begins. By the time the anthem has been sung and the players are on the bench or positioned on the ice, I still haven't caught their eye and begin to worry further if this was a mistake.



Colton

Fucking bullshit call. Devens dropped like a bitch without me even touching him, and my goal was called back. A two-minute penalty has me in the box fuming, deciding on how to hit the asshole without getting called on it.

Knocking on the glass attempts to pull my attention from the game as I watch Diesel and Hudson circling Devens like a couple of rabid wolves. Waiting for the perfect time to strike.

Tap, tap, tap.

Glaring towards the sound, I'm prepared to ignore the person until I notice Asta sitting next to the tapper, wearing Major's jersey. *Son of a bitch.* This night is looking up already. Getting to my feet and turning to give her my attention, she's chewing on her lip as she watches me.

When I'm told my time is up, I almost say fuck it and jump the glass instead. She gives me a bright grin and starts screaming as soon as my skate touches the ice. Snatching the puck from Devens, I forget all about him as I weave through the other players and wrist shot the goal into the top right corner, getting my second goal of the night.

"Fuck yeah!" Diesel shouts, slamming into me with the other guys close behind him. Pointing my stick at a screaming and cheering Asta, along with her friend, Diesel notices my smile and the adoration I can't hide and follows my stare. "Goddamn," he mutters, his mood changing.

"I want that fucking hatty tonight, man," I say. I'm giving her one hell of a night if it kills me.

"We'll get you there." He taps my shoulder as we rush to the bench, standing and facing our girl.

"Who's this?" Hudson asks.

Glancing at Major, I catch his sight on Asta. Spinning my finger, I indicate for her to turn so he can see whose number she's wearing. Pleasure radiates from the man, and I'd swear the ice was melting as he grins before putting his mask back in place.

"Asta," I finally answer Hudson, who is eyeing up her friend like he's about to drag her to bed when he sees the girl wearing his own number.

"Introduce me to the friend?" he asks, and I shrug.

The second period finishes with a 4-2 score for us, and as we're leaving to go to the dressing room, I send up one of the trainers to grab Asta and her friend. Seconds turn to minutes as we wait; it feels like hours before we finally see her.

As soon as she spots us, she runs and jumps into my arms since I'm closest to her. Cupping her ass in my hands, our lips collide, and she tastes like salty popcorn and sweet soda. Her fingers dig into my scalp as she tugs on my hair, sucking my tongue into her mouth in the same way she sucks dick. A groan escapes my throat, and she rubs her pussy against my stomach, making me wish I were wearing far less.

"My turn," I hear Major say as he pulls her from me, pushing her against the wall. "Wearing my number." He bites her jaw, stealing a whimper from her. "Looking to get dicked real deep tonight, aren't you, kitten?"

"Yes, please," she breathes into his mouth as they clash. Diesel moves in, standing at their sides, and I watch his hand slip between their bodies, knowing he's looking to get her off. Hell, I'd like to, but we don't have much time.

From the corner of my eye, I notice Hudson talking up her friend, and I'm happy for the distraction as Asta silently weeps out her release. Christ, watching her come undone is the most erotic sight I've ever witnessed.

"You're spending the night with us," Diesel tells her, and I chuckle at her blushing. Love how shy she is outside of the bedroom.

"Uhm," her eyes float over to her friend talking with Hudson.

"We'll get her a room," I reassure.

Biting her lip, she nods her head as Major slowly lets her slide down his body until her feet plant firmly on the ground. "We should probably get back to our seats. I'll see you after?" We nod, and she gives us each a lingering kiss before returning

to her friend. The two huddle together before whispering, giggling, and running back up to their seats.

As Hudson saunters over, I laugh at the lovestruck look on his face. “Get her name?” I ask, and he gives a Cheshire grin as he nods.

The rest of the game was filled with hard hits, that hat trick I wanted—second of the season so far—and Major making some record-breaking saves where some should have gone in. We were playing to impress, and by the way Asta and her friend cheered, I think it worked.

We’re out of the dressing room in record time, and as soon as I see Asta, I wrap her up in my arms before carrying her out the players’ exit. “Colton!” she squeals with laughter as her friend shakes her head. “Put me down!” Ignoring her plea, I wait until we’re in the back of our rental before dragging her face in for a searing kiss.

Major gets in the driver’s seat while her friend takes the passenger side, with Asta in between me and Diesel in the back. Immediately, Diesel pulls her face towards him and claims her lips. They get lost in each other as we drive through the city to our hotel.

“So, I’m Cecily. Asta’s bestie since forever.” Cecily grins as she watches Diesel and Asta for a few seconds.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Colt, that’s Major, and the one currently inhaling your friend is Diesel.” The man in question raises a hand in a quick wave before gripping a chunk of Asta’s hair and tilting her head the way he wants.

“We’ve got you a room down the hall from ours, and Hudson asked me to give you this.” I hand her a piece of paper

with his name and number on it. She blushes fiercely as she accepts it. “He’s a good guy if that means anything.”

“I’ll, uhm, thanks.” She stares at it briefly before tucking it away in her bag.

When we arrive at the hotel, Major takes Asta up to our room while Diesel and I wait with Cecily to get her room in order and escort her to her door. With a hesitant step at the entrance, she turns back to us.

“Don’t hurt her, okay? Her family has done enough of that to last ten lifetimes.” Dies and I share a look before nodding as she closes the door behind her.



Major

“Strip,” I demand as soon as the door slams shut behind us. The ferocity in which I need Asta is overwhelming and eating at me. “Leave my jersey on.” Stripping myself, all I can picture is our girl on her hands and knees, my cock plowing in and out of her tight little asshole, and my number on her back as she begs for more.

“Like this?” she asks as she steps out of her bottoms. The jersey hangs just a little too long down her thighs, giving me a nice tease.

Biting into my lip to maintain some kind of control, I grip her hips tight and spin her around. Leaning forward, I push her hair over and lick up the side of her neck, nibbling below her ear.

“You look so damn good in my number, kitten.” She moans as I push the hem up and graze my hands along her

body, squeezing and massaging until I reach her taut little ass cheeks. Spreading them so I can rub my dick against her, I whisper, “On your knees, ass in the air, and baby, spread these cheeks nice and wide so I can see where I’m fucking tonight.”

“Oh god.” She shakes against me as she moves slowly to do as I ask. We won’t have long until Colt and Diesel arrive, and I’d like to be balls deep inside her rosebud.

“That’s a good girl.” I suppress a moan when she wiggles her ass dramatically back at me. “Head and chest flat on the bed.” She follows my instructions like she’s born to it. “Spread your legs wide.” I must squeeze my dick to stop the flow of cum dying to spray across her body. “Christ, Asta. You are so damn beautiful, kitten.”

Smoothing a hand across her peachy flesh, she steals the breath from my lungs when she says, “Thank you, Sir.” My eyes close as the pleasure engulfs me, crackling in the air like a living, breathing entity.

“Show me what I want,” I demand, my voice lowering with authority. A shiver works up her spine as her hands come back, her perfectly polished nails grip her cheeks, and she pulls wide. Showing me her beautiful rose, just waiting for my penetration. “Stunning.” I rustle a bit, reaching out to touch her. As I slide my finger across the taut ring, she pushes back into me.

“Please, Sir.” This girl is my undoing.

Slipping a hand down to her slit, I spread her swollen lips and push two fingers inside of her, immediately seeking out her g-spot, knowing an instant orgasm would coat my fingers in enough of her juices to lube up my dick and her ass.

“Oh!” she cries out as her body flushes crimson, her eyes roll to the back of her head, and she vibrates with satisfaction. “Thank you, Sir,” Asta sighs when she’s caught her breath.

Drawing back my hand, I’m literally dripping with her cream as I wrap it around my cock before rubbing some of the excess on her pink hole. Slipping a finger inside, her breath catches, but she remains relaxed.

As I slowly stretch her out, I must ask, “Why sir?” Her hum of need makes me sweat.

“You’re so authoritative, it felt fitting.” Her eyes open, and she spears me with those beautiful orbs. “Do you not like it?”

Leaning over Asta’s body, I kiss her cheek before responding, “I fucking love it, kitten.” Withdrawing my fingers from her tightness, I nudge the head of my cock into the snug opening, and we both groan in unison. “I’m already addicted to this sweet ass of yours.” Slowly, I work myself inside her until my sack is resting against her soaked pussy.

“I never thought I’d like this,” she confesses, tightening herself around me as we grow used to this new position.

“Oh, I knew *I* would.” Pressing my head into the back of her neck, I grip her shoulders in both hands and use her like an anchor, driving in deeper and harder until she’s screaming out an orgasm so intense, we don’t hear Colt and Diesel enter the room until they’re seated near her head, watching as I continue to fuck her.

“Would you look at that,” Diesel groans, brushing the hair from her face as he strokes his dick. “Taking dick in that ass like the pretty whore she is.” Her mouth opens when he traces her lips with a finger.

“I want another one, kitten, give me one more, and I’ll let loose so these two can take that pretty pussy of yours together.” Both men groan at the idea of double penetration in her tight cunt.

“Yes, Sir,” she whispers, and her body locks up around me.

“Did she just say, sir?” Colt murmurs, leaning down to kiss her, swallowing her scream as her body explodes. White lights flash behind my lids as I follow her over the edge, thrusting viciously until she’s flat on the bed and my cum is leaking out around my cock. Her body appears boneless as she convulses and settles into the soft mattress below.

Rolling over, I take her with me so she’s leaning against my chest. I spread her legs wide, showing off the way my seed leaks from her body.

“Fuck, she’s a beautiful cum slut, isn’t she?” Colt murmurs as he settles down by her pussy, rubbing a finger gently on her clit, ignoring the way her body twitches with sensitivity. Leaning forward, he sucks the hardened nub between his lips, and Asta goes off like a rocket. Her body quivers and quakes as a silent scream rends the air from her lungs.

Her hands reach back for me, needing to hold onto something because Colt doesn’t let up, not when she begs, not when she tries to push him off, and not when she releases heart-wrenching sobs. He continues to make one orgasm roll into another, and it is, hands down, the most beautiful thing ever.

When her body goes limp and her breathing evens out, he pulls back with little kisses around the raw bundle of nerves, moving slowly up her body to suckle on her nipples. “That was amazing.” He finally sits back, pleased with himself.

“How was it?” Diesel asks me, his eyes glued to where my cock head is still pressing to her back hole.

“Fucking amazing. She loved it.” Stroking her throat as she rests, I realize I’m in love with this woman.



Diesel

Colt lays under her limp body, his hard dick nestled nice and tight in her slippery cunt. His forcing those orgasms out of her loosened her up enough that we won’t have any trouble taking her pussy together.

“How is she rippling around me like waves when she’s out cold?” Colt groans as we hear the shower running. Major is cleaning up, prepared to watch us take her together now.

“Cause she likes the D, man. Wants it, craves it like a bitch in heat.” I chuckle when he groans, lifting his hips into her as I continue tying her hands behind her back. I have every intention of fucking her back to consciousness.

“She was made for cock,” he agrees, his hands fisting her hair on either side of her head.

I angle her hips up farther for my penetration, her body bound up in knots with the silk of our ties. Seeing her pink flesh stretching around Colt’s cock has my dick leaking and hardening because I know the pleasure we’re about to experience with her will be out of this world.

“How long do you figure until she’s knocked up?” I grunt as my cockhead pushes into the tight hole that brings us such euphoria.

“Sooner rather than later, I hope,” Colt mutters, the muscles in his arms straining as we fight not to lose control together. “So. Fucking. Tight,” he groans.

“Best. Feeling. Ever,” I pant as I sink deep inside her wet sheath, collapsing on top of her body just as she begins stirring.

“Sssh, sweet girl, we’ve got you,” Colt reassures, pressing kisses all over her face. My fingers dig into her hips, forcing her to remain still.

“It hurts.” Her whine tears from her throat. “Please.” Her plea is brushed aside, though. We want this; she wants this. We know she does.

“Oh, but baby, we can make it feel oh so good,” I murmur in her ear.

“No, it hurts too much. It’s too much.” Asta’s words blend together, and her breathing grows heavier. Her cunt gets wetter the more we talk, the more she feels us inside of her together. “Please, stop.” She hiccups this time.

Glancing at Colt, I see we’re on the same page and know we’re not going to. She’s going to take us both; she’s going to enjoy it. And by god, she’s going to be knocked up before this night is over.

“But, baby, how are we going to plant our seed in your womb if we pull out?” I kiss along her shoulder, biting when she shivers.

“A baby?” She squirms.

“Our baby,” Colton confirms. “Yours, mine, Diesel’s, Major’s. Ours.”

“You can’t mean that,” she whispers, her eyes flicking between our faces.

“But they do, kitten.” Major saunters over, towel wrapped around his hips, hair dripping with water from his shower before sitting on the bed near her head. Leaning down, he licks across her lips before telling her, “You’re going to take them both, right now, exactly how they are, and you’re going to enjoy it.” His head shakes when she opens her mouth to dismiss his claim, but she shuts up again. “You will, kitten, I promise. And when they’re done, when you’re leaking with their seed, I’m going to slip in and let go of another load for you so we secure our chances of knocking up our forever girl.”

Her eyes go wide with his confession, and Colt and I begin to take turns thrusting inside her. He pulls out, I push back in. We carry on like that until her body gives off triggers of her impending orgasm.

“See, kitten, you like it. We promised you would, didn’t we?” Major asks.

“Yes, Sir,” she gasps as she spasms around us, and we both shove far into her pussy at once and come together, flooding her with warmth as our bodies nearly drop dead next to her.

“That’s our girl,” Major whispers, shoving me to the side. Not that it’s hard since I’m now on a new level of existence. Rolling her to her side, Major falls between her legs, slipping his erection inside her sloppy cunt.

“She feel good all soaked in our cum?” I ask him with a wicked grin.

“Perfect, sloppy little pussy,” Major grunts as he rocks back and forth as Asta moans and reaches for each of us, needing contact before her body rockets again.

Her scream is deafening; someone from the room next door bangs on the wall, and she passes out completely as Major ruts her like a dog in heat. “Fuck!” he shouts, sweat streaking down his temples.

“I fucking love her,” I tell them quietly. “I don’t know when or how it happened, but I do, and I don’t want a life without her in it.”

“I feel the same,” Colton chimes in, stroking her cheek.

Major stares down at her, and I wonder if he’s holding back. He’s never done it before; I’d be shocked if he did it now. “I think I fell before we even met her.” The words are quiet but impactful.

“So how do we convince her this is for life?” Colt’s question vibrates around the room.

As Major sits up and backs off, she reaches for him before searching for us. “I don’t think we’ll have to. I think she’s feeling the same, we just need her to admit it.”

Asta

It's been three nights since the Philly game. I watched the guys play against the Wild with Cecily last night, and we had a blast. Tonight, they have off before playing the Rapids tomorrow, so we're sitting on the floor in my crappy little studio apartment, Chinese food spread out on the coffee table in front of us, talking.

“An orphanage, huh?” Colton appears distressed at the news that I wasn't raised with family but, rather, strangers.

I shrug. “It wasn't always terrible. There were some nice girls there, and on Tuesday, we always had tacos.” My grin is mischievous. It's not a complete lie. Nobody said the food was any good—honestly, most nights, it was terrible. According to them, nuns were not put on this earth to cook nor to teach a bunch of girls how to cook.

“Cause tacos make everything better.” I'm discovering that Diesel is filled with flirtatious comments and dry humor. Learning about their different personalities has been exhilarating. Colton is sweet and compassionate. Major is reserved and observant.

“They do so,” I counter, spearing him with a glare. His eyes roll, and I laugh at how he leans back, crossing his arms, pretending to be hurt by my disagreement with him.

“What about your father?” Major asks, pulling me into his lap before I can withdraw. I told them all about what I know of my mother, so I figured the question was coming. Didn’t mean I had to like it or even be sure what to say.

“Richard wasn’t prepared for me,” I reply diplomatically.

“It’s okay to say what you really think of the man,” Colton encourages, rubbing a hand up and down my bare thigh.

“What I really think probably isn’t legal.” The hatred I have for my sperm donor is so visceral that it leaves me breathless at times.

Grabbing a piece of ginger beef, I take my time chewing before explaining my complex feelings. “We met a few times during my childhood. The nuns tried to convince him to take me, to learn to love me, but when he told them that I would have been better off at the bottom of the Hudson, they stopped and refused to allow him to see me any longer.”

“Jesus,” Colt hisses. Major and Diesel share a thunderous look. “When’s the last time you saw him?”

That’s easy. “About a month after Leon found me. He threatened to ruin me if I did anything to trash Leon’s career.” My eyes drop because I know without a doubt that as soon as this relationship is made openly public and my identity is revealed, he’ll consider this a blemish on Leon’s name. However, the real reason he’ll be angry is that he’ll be questioned about his bastard daughter.

“Leon is his concern,” Diesel repeats. My shoulder lifts casually, but the reality stings. It will always burn that Leon is a welcome addition to him, but I’m a stain on his life.

“It’s okay.” *It really isn’t.* “I’ve made peace with how our relationship is. Leon and I have also talked in length about

things, and he's finally recognizing the hurt our father's treatment has caused me. In fact..." I jump to my feet, excited to show them what Cecily made for me. I don't know how she did it so quickly, but I was amazed and thrilled. Grabbing the hanger from the wardrobe in the corner with the new jersey on it, I slip it on over my tank top and spin around to show them the back.

"Shit."

"Damn."

"Fucking hell."

The growled curses have my thighs rubbing together to stem the flow of desire. "Do you like it?"

The jersey is made of the same colors as the Louisiana Black Bears, with each of their last names and numbers stacked on top of each other, and the bottom strip is in Leon's team color with his name and number.

"Fucking love it," Major says first, and I feel the heat of his body at my back.

"I can even get over the fact you have your brother on there 'cause I know what you're doing," Colton comments as he circles around to my front.

"What am I doing?" I breathe out the question.

"Loving the men who love you. Supporting the men who support you," Diesel acknowledges.

I'm not sure why, but their understanding brings tears to the corners of my eyes. Sobbing in their arms isn't how I pictured this night going, but here we are...them holding me, loving on me as I come undone between them. For the first time, I feel like I can truly be myself with someone, and there

won't be consequences because I'm not following orders or marching in a straight line, causing a stir.

From the moment these men came into my life, drugged me, tied me up, and forcefully took my virginity, they've done nothing but care for me. Even when doing those questionable acts, they always had my comfort and safety in mind. Never have I felt any need to fear from them.

It's in this moment that I realize they're meant to be mine, and I'm meant to be theirs. We spend the rest of the night talking and learning as much as we can about one another before they make love to me again in the early hours before the sun rises. It's not frenzied, we're not in a rush; it feels like it lasts for hours, and when they finally leave to prepare for their game against my brother's team tonight, I know precisely what I'll do to prove to them how much I love them and want everything they've been promising me.

TEN

Diesel

I don't like that she's not behind the bench where we can see her. After her breakdown last night, crying for too damn long, in my opinion, Asta told us she was going to sit in the box her brother reserved for her family every home game. We didn't like it, but we're determined to treat the woman better than her own damn family.

These past few days have been tremendously good for the four of us. We got to know each other and learned about quirks that never would have come up if we weren't in such close quarters. At first, Asta had been worried about the scant size of her apartment, mainly because all she had for furniture was a two-seater dining room table and her makeshift daybed that she turns into a couch when she's not sleeping.

Once she realized all we wanted was to be in her presence, she calmed down and stopped fussing. We enjoyed spoiling her by taking her and her friend to restaurants they'd never been to. Skating in the park, hot dogs from street vendors, and enough hot cocoa to give her a cavity.

Now more than ever, we're confident that she's ours, but she's still hesitant to take it further, not wanting us to regret settling for her. As if that were a fucking issue. We aren't

settling for her, we're choosing her. Something she can't seem to wrap her head around.

"I hate that we can't see her," Colt mutters next to me as we sit on the bench, glancing up at the box Leon told us she was in.

"Yeah, me too," I say as I follow his stare. "One more period." There are three minutes left in the second, the game is tied at zero goals, and so far, it's looking to remain that way.

As the third line comes back on the bench, we jump out, and the first thing I do is steal the puck from Chad Baker, follow it up with a hip check so he hits the boards, and when I feel a tug on my ankle, I know he's hooked me. There's no preventing the impact as I hit the ice in slow motion, my helmet flying free and my face smacking off the cool surface.

Immediately, blood sprays from my nose and mouth. The swelling and my determination transform into rage as I get to my feet and turn to find the asshole with a slick smile on his face. It's what he says that sets me on fire, though. "Not so pretty for your girl now, are you? Maybe my teammates and I will get a chance to comfort her after this."

"You dirty son of a bitch." Dropping my stick, I'm on him before a ref can get between us. Throwing punches to his head and gut, alternating between the two until Colt and Hudson drag me off the bastard. I'm still cursing when I'm sent to the locker room, and he gets a penalty for tripping.

I hear the buzzer as the period ends, and it only angers me further because I know I've still got one more period to go before we can see our girl. Sitting in the medical room, a trainer checks to see if my nose is broken and whether my busted lip needs stitches as I hear the team coming in.

Coach glares at me as he starts yelling, giving a ‘pep talk’ as he likes to call them. I’d like to see this fucker on the ice, taking hits, making shots, playing the fucking game. “Gluing this,” Jeff mumbles as he pulls at my lip, and someone else pushes gauze up my nostrils to stem the blood flow.

“Can I get back out again tonight?” It’s all I care about. Baker is going down. That son of a bitch should have kept his fucking mouth shut.

“Yeah, you’ll play,” Coach responds, wiping my mouth clean of blood and cleansing where I was just glued together. The bruising and swelling are already starting, and I know the second I kiss Asta tonight, it’s going to burn like a bitch. Worth every ounce of pain, though.

Entering the locker room, I sit next to Major and Colt as the coach carries on about the lack of goals and us needing to get our heads in the game. “You good?” Colt grimaces when he gets a look at my face. I give a nod.

“I think you rearranged Baker’s organs,” Major chuckles, drawing the ire of our coach. We ignore his censure.

“Fucking deserves it,” I hiss as my lip tugs at the glue. “Fucking wants to comfort Asta over my fall with his team.” They both stare at me, anger overtaking their features.

“He realize that’s Leon’s baby sister?” Colt asks.

“Doubt it.” Glancing at the dressing room doors, I’m itching to get back out there.

Time crawls before we stand and make our way back out to the ice. On the bench again, I turn to look up at where my girl is supposed to be, and I see her plastered to the window in the booth, gazing down at me. A slow smile graces her lips when she catches my attention on her.

“Let’s win this!” Hudson shouts, a grin on his face when he recognizes Cecily with Asta. He’s out to prove something to that girl, and I don’t doubt he’s looking to win her over, too.



Asta

“It’s fine,” I mutter. “He’s fine.” Cecily squeezes my hands as I mumble to myself while doing my best to ignore the snickering from behind me.

“He’ll come back out.” Cec takes a long chug of the champagne we are not supposed to be drinking, chuckling when my father groans as Diesel returns to the ice.

His wife huffs out an annoyed breath from a few seats over, glaring our way. “They should kick him out of the game,” she whines. “Poor Chad had to be helped off the ice.” It’s all she’s been concerned with since the fight, and I have a terrible suspicion she’s either interested in the player or is already fucking him. I keep the opinion to myself, however.

Richard glares over at me. “I can’t believe you wore that ridiculous getup.” He’s been bitching about it from the moment I walked into the box. He’s equally pissed Cecily is wearing Hudson’s jersey but won’t say anything to her because she’s not his child. Not that I am, either, as far as I’m concerned.

“Just supporting all the men in my life.” I give him a cheerful grin that I know will piss him off. So will what I plan to do tonight, but I keep that bit to myself.

He snorts before downing another scotch. “Just like your mother, a little slut.” That strikes a nerve, but I try to ignore it.

“You would know.” I shrug, not looking over, but I feel the strength of his glare.

When I told Leon we were sitting up here tonight, he’d been concerned. Not about what his parents would think but about what they would say because, apparently, they could be pretty vicious with their words.

After assuring him we would be fine, I told him we didn’t need an escort or for him to play referee. He needed to concentrate on his game. It was a fake-it-till-you-make-it moment, and it worked because he’s been playing amazingly all night.

“You think she’d be proud of you being a little whore?” Richard tries to whip me with the insult.

“No”—I finally meet his cold gaze—“I don’t believe she thinks of me at all. Less than you, actually, because she ditched me the day I was born.” He scowls. “If you didn’t want me, you should have kept your dick in your pants around women that weren’t your wife.” The wife pales, his scowl deepens, and he downs another glass of scotch.

“You need to fucking leave. You’ll ruin your brother’s career, then he’ll want nothing to do with you.” A smirk lifts the corner of his lips, and I can tell he thinks that’s a kill shot.

Cec leans over to me, pretending to whisper, “Didn’t Leon give you his blessing?” She’s not so quiet about it.

“He would never!” My ‘father’ gets to his feet, storming over to us.

“I’m not a little girl anymore, *Richard*. You don’t intimidate me.” Standing up, I turn my back to him, watching as Colt scores his first goal of the night and cheering so loudly they cover their ears.

I realized being with three men would come with controversy, but I don't care. I love them so much that it steals my breath.

"Now or never." I grin down at Cecily, who looks as excited as me. Stepping up to the glass window, I hold up my sign and wait...

It doesn't take long for the cameras to catch sight and for me to be plastered on the JumboTron, the crowd going wild.



Major

There's sixty seconds left in the game; we're up one-nothing. Chad Baker has continued to play dirty, but he's not getting the reaction from Diesel he's aiming for, and his frustration is plain to see. In the next faceoff, Leon and Colton are face-to-face, and from the frown on Leon's face, he can hear the shit Baker is talking to Diesel.

Colt gets the puck to Hudson, Diesel plows through Baker. Colt flies up the ice from the right side as Hudson comes down the middle. Leon is close on his heels, and just as Hud passes to Colt, Leon makes his move, but it's too late. Colton shoots the high right side and scores. My eyes fly up to where we know Asta is, and we can see her and her friend cheering like crazy. Pride fills my chest as she watches us, making cute little hearts with her hands and blowing kisses.

Her father is behind her, cursing and whispering to whom I assume is his wife. I can only imagine the shit Asta has put up with in the last few hours because not only is she up there with them for the first time, but she's cheering for both teams. I don't think the man is aware she's dating the three of us,

though he'd be an idiot not to, considering she's got four names and numbers on her custom jersey.

As the cameras in the arena pan over to her, she holds up a sign that we're unable to read from down here, but I glance up at the JumboTron at the same time Colt and Diesel do.

My jaw drops, followed quickly by my stick, and I hear more than see Colt and Diesel do the same as they come skating over to me. Meeting them halfway, I hear Colt ask, "Does it really say what I think it does?"

"What do you see?" Diesel responds, while my eyes are glued to the girl who is now on the balcony of the box, biting her lip. A second camera pans to the three of us as we stare dumbfounded between the big screen and Asta.

"She's asking us to marry her," I say, the words finally sinking in, and a slow grin spreads across my face as I give her a sharp nod. She wipes a tear.

Colton is still stunned, so I smack the back of his head. "Yes!" he shouts, hands around his mouth. She wipes another tear.

I turn to look for Diesel, but he's at the penalty box, speaking to one of the reviewers, waiting for something. There's a stunned silence throughout the arena because everyone is not only wondering what Diesel's answer will be, but they're curious about all three of us with her.

"Asta freaking Lynne." Diesel's voice erupts from the speakers of the arena. "I love you more than a few simple words could explain, and there is nothing more I want than to become your husband...one of your husbands." Cheers erupt as he hands the microphone back to the ref and skates over to us.

“Guess we’re getting married.” Colton grins like he’s just won the lottery. In a way, we have.

Leon skates over, a friendly smile on his face, as well. “Couldn’t be happier for her,” he says, dragging us each in for a hug. “I’m not letting them keep her a secret anymore. She deserves better than our family has ever given her, and I’d say the three of you have provided it to her. Thank you.”

The last few seconds of the game are met with an intensity I haven’t felt since my rookie years. Everything happens at a snail’s pace as we move through the motions of winning the game, where our lives have changed forever.



Asta

“I still can’t believe you went through with that,” Cec whispers in my ear as we wait in the tunnels for the guys to come out of the locker room. Cecily has been buzzing with excitement while I’ve been a bundle of nerves.

Squeezing her hand when I hear a door open, I softly say, “Me either, but it felt right.” Now the world knows about us.

“Your blog is going to explode with followers.” She beams from ear to ear.

“I didn’t even think about that.” My hand covers my belly as butterflies erupt when I see Major, Colton, and Diesel making their way towards me. A team of reporters follows behind, and I’m not sure if the guys brought them along on purpose or not, but I don’t care. I’m ready for everyone to know they’re mine, and I’m theirs.

Cecily slaps my ass and gives me a shove. “Get ‘em, girl!” She laughs as I jaunt down the corridor, jumping into Colton’s arms. He catches me effortlessly.

“Fucking love you, sweet girl.” He kisses me until we’re forced to separate so we can breathe.

Diesel drags me into his arms, pinning my body against the wall. His face buries in my neck, and he inhales deeply before nipping the tender flesh. “Can’t believe you did that.” He kisses up my throat and across my jaw before nibbling on my lips, seeking entrance to my mouth. I open for him, and he does just what I had hoped and takes my breath away while claiming me fiercely, my body melting for him as he tastes every inch of my mouth. I whine when he draws back, leaving me panting, longing for more.

Major maintains the distance between us as he surveys my body, his heated gaze like a physical caress. “You told the world about us.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Didn’t even ask us if it was what we wanted.” His head tilts to the side curiously.

Exhaling, I glance to Colt and Diesel before meeting Major’s stare again. “No, Sir.”

His pupils are blown with arousal. “You ready for the consequences?” His hands flex at his sides, and I can tell Major is fighting a war within himself to come over to me.

“I’m ready to be yours-” I pause. “Sir.” The word comes out on a purr, my body reaching out for his as my feet propel me forward, ignoring the clicks of cameras as I move.

“You think so?” His arrogant smirk makes me want to lie flat on my back, spread my legs, and beg each of them to use

my body for their own pleasure.

Gripping the front of his shirt, I push up on my tip toes and whisper against his lips, “I know so, Sir.”

He snaps. His hands grip my hips, lifting me until my legs wrap around his waist. His mouth claims me, biting and sucking on my lips and tongue until I’m whining and writhing in his hold. Humping up and down the steel length in his pants, knowing precisely the kind of pleasure he will give me tonight.

“Slow down, kitten.” *I don’t want to.* “There are cameras,” he cautions. I still don’t care.

“Major, Sir...force me,” I breathe into his mouth, knowing he’ll understand exactly what I want.

Storming down the corridor, he ignores everyone as Colt and Diesel lead the way to a vehicle waiting outside. I see Cecily with Hudson and another man and make a note to ask her about it later.

I’m floating on cloud nine when we arrive at a building not far away, and it’s not until we’re heading inside that I realize it’s a condo high-rise. Before I can ask, Colton speaks as he presses into my back from behind.

“Decided that since our girl lives here, not only would we need a bigger space than a shoebox apartment, but she would also need to be in a more secure building.” Before I can ask what he means about that last part, the elevator doors open to a penthouse suite on the top floor with a stunning view overlooking the river—taking my breath away with its beauty.

“Asta.” My name gets growled so menacingly that a shiver rushes up my spine like I’ve been touched by death himself. Turning slowly, my mouth dries as I stare at all three

completely naked men, stroking their cocks and ready to take me.

“Strip,” Colton demands, a thread of darkness tingeing his tone—something I haven’t heard from him yet.

He steps forward when I don’t move quickly enough, and I undo the button of my jeans as I kick off my shoes, sliding the zipper down and pushing the material from my thighs.

“Fuck me,” Diesel groans as I begin to lift my jersey. I didn’t wear panties or a bra tonight, knowing exactly how this evening would finish. I had no desire to wear more than necessary.

“Keep going, kitten,” Major encourages when I pause. Shoving my jeans off my feet and to the side, I drop the jersey on the floor and slowly walk backwards towards the wall of windows, not caring that someone could look up and see these men all too eager to claim me at once. My back hits the cool glass, tearing a surprised cry from my throat as they advance on me as one.

“On your knees, woman,” Diesel snaps. Sliding to the floor, I do as commanded, only moving when Major brings a cushion to place between my flesh and the cool flooring.

“You’re going to suck our dicks, one at a time, and swallow every load of cum we give you.” Colton smiles, excitement making his eyes sparkle.

As he steps closer, I reach out, placing my hands on his muscular thighs, massaging the rippling muscles. The coarse hair tickles my palms as I move them along the strength and power of his body.

“You ready, sweet girl?” His hooded eyes gaze down his body to see me leaning forward, licking my lips, almost

drooling for a taste of him.

“Mmmm, yes, please, Colt,” I hum, blowing air across the head of his dick before flicking my tongue out to taste the drop of pearly liquid that slips out. His knees practically buckle as my eyes close, and I swallow his flavor down. It’s bitter with a hint of musk, and the texture is odd, but I’ll do anything to show these men...my men...the pleasure they’re always showing me.

Taking Colt’s long shaft into my mouth, I slip him to the back of my throat as my other hand moves around to clench his ass cheek. Holding him against me as I swallow and massage his dick with my tongue.

One hand slaps against the glass at my back as his other cups the back of my head. Ignoring everything else around me, I move up and down his length at my own pace, enjoying the sexy moans he makes, the tensing of his muscles when I release one of my own and it vibrates along his shaft. My thighs are soaked with my slick juices, my need for them so great that I can’t control myself, so I release Colt’s length and slip a hand down my body between my legs.

A sharp slap on my ass makes me cry out as Diesel growls, “Don’t touch that fucking pussy. It’s ours. Your pleasure will come soon enough; now swallow Colt down like the good little cum slut you are.” My hair gets tugged until I’m angled to suit their needs, and Colt is coming down my throat until it feels like I’ll drown in his release.

Diesel doesn’t hesitate to shove him out of the way and force himself down my throat until his pubic hairs tickle my face, and I feel like I’ll choke. Meeting his eyes, I force myself to breathe through my nose and swallow around his head.

“Fuck, baby, fucking do that again.” His finger traces around my swollen lips where they barely meet the end of his length, and I repeat the action, moaning and closing my eyes as he cups my cheek. He strokes me with all the love and gentleness of a man who wants a dirty woman to treat right.

Epilogue

Two Months Later.

Patience is not my strong suit. Not anymore. Not since Asta. It's only gotten worse since we married on New Year's Eve after we beat Dallas at home in New Orleans. Asta had been the one to surprise us yet again by showing up and planning the wedding ceremony for as soon as the game was over. The entirety of Chase Arena was witness to our nuptials.

After her proposal in New York, the tabloids took to us like hot glue on a popsicle stick. Everyone wanted to know every damn detail. They tried to twist it into something dirty, but Asta used her blog to post moments in our lives. Pictures, videos, funny stories, she presented them all to the masses, and the sports world picked up what she was laying down, loving every minute of it. She's the princess in our world now, and everyone is dying to know whether she's pregnant or not.

Diesel is convinced she is because she's missed her last two periods, but her life has also exploded into the spotlight, and while it's been fun, she's also exhausted.

"Well?" Diesel asks as he joins me on the bench, finishing his endurance competition with the best time. Asta thought, with the All-Star games upon us and the way she's repeatedly

surprised fans at other momentous events, that today would be a good day to tell the world we're expecting.

"Nothing," I grunt, keeping an eye on the tunnel to the bench.

Being nudged with an elbow, I glance back to find I'm being waved over; I'm up next for shooting accuracy. "Don't let her tell you until I'm back." That comes out snarly. I'll be pissed if they find out before me. Major went with her to the locker room so she wouldn't be harassed by Baker again. The son of a bitch enjoys spreading rumors about the four of us, and Leon told us that because of that, he might be bought out of his contract and labeled a problem player. Which will essentially end his career. Nobody will trust him again.

In the stands, I hear the excitement of our fans as me and four other guys take the ice, waiting on the side before being called up. I'm last, shooting and scoring five of my five shots, hitting every target. Despite my split focus, I'm thrilled and hand my stick off to a young boy in the crowd wearing Asta's name on a jersey.

The Black Bears organization has really taken to making Asta feel welcome, and like she's part of the family. Some of the other guys are married, too, and at first, Asta was worried she'd be stepping on toes because none of the other wives are in the spotlight like she is. Until she attended a luncheon a week after we got married for a charity that the wives and organization put on, and they loved her. They were glad Asta was comfortable with essentially being considered the face of the Black Bears wives' club.

A loud roar goes up in the stadium from all the players' fans and families, and I glance over to see Asta and Major rejoining the team on the bench. A reporter on the ice skates

over and asks, “Well, will you be having the next Black Bears star, or are we all waiting just a little bit longer?” If it wasn’t for the jovial way the reporter inquired, I know Major and Diesel would have clobbered the guy, but he’s never been anything but respectful to Asta.

Her eyes find me, and she waves me over, refusing to answer until I can be touching her, too. The woman loves when all three of us have our hands on her. Leon slides into our tight circle, ignoring his coach’s shout, and the smile on our woman’s face is sheer happiness. I know her answer before she takes the mic.

“We’re having a baby!”

Cupping her cheeks in my hands, I drag her forward for a kiss, sipping at her lips and letting all my love flow into her. I whisper against her mouth, “Thank you, sweet girl, for being our everything.” She kisses me again before Major drags her into his lap until he’s called up for his breakaway challenge.

“You’re just perfect, baby, just...perfect,” Diesel manages to get out between kisses. The crowd enthusiastically cheers as she’s finally released and can accept a hug from Leon.

This day could not get any better. Even if we all win our categories, nothing trumps today. Our woman is here, loved, ours, and now carrying our baby. We’re on top of the world; nothing could ever change that.



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About the Author

KL Donn is a USA Today Bestselling Author of dark contemporary romance, a genre she has made her own with series such as the Adair Empire/Legacy, Mafia Made, Kings of the Underworld and more. As a Canadian author Krystal plans to write a brand-new series called Hello! Summer, based in the beautiful Rocky Mountains of her home province, Alberta.

Unafraid of a new challenge, Krystal loves bringing you stories that will break your heart and heal it all in one breath. With over 70 published titles since 2015, she has many more books planned for the future and intends on continuing with some next generation spin-offs for current series as well as brand new characters in new series such as, Kings of the Underworld, The Good & The Bad Things, and Bad Men Possessing Good Girls.

On her off time, she's bingeing Supernatural, Grey's Anatomy, raising 4 amazing children, and carting children from Soccer, Football, and Ball Hockey 6 days a week. Married for more than half her life, she experienced her own happily ever after with husband Steve, at just 17. You'll find them both at book signings once or twice a year, she's the shy one, he's there to tell you all about the books his wife writes and how proud he is of her.

Krystal loves connecting with readers so please feel free to get in touch with her at any of the platforms below:

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