

A woman with dark hair and red lipstick lies on her back on a red, textured blanket. She is surrounded by the bodies of other people, including a man with a beard on the left and another person on the right. The scene is lit with warm, golden bokeh lights, creating a festive and intimate atmosphere.

EFFIE CAMPBELL

Theirs for
CHRISTMAS

A TWELVE DAYS OF SMUTMAS NOVELLA

THEIRS FOR CHRISTMAS

EFFIE CAMPBELL



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If you are looking for hallmark, you've taken a wrong turn.



*If you are looking for the crazy auntie's spiked eggnog version
of hallmark where a woman gets tag teamed by her ex's dad
and his friend, come on in.*

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ONE

THE SOFT GLOW OF THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS WERE ALL THAT LIT up my dorm room as I waited for Adam to come back from the bathroom. Sitting up on the bed, I cleared away the half-eaten remains of our charcuterie board and fluffed up my hair. I pulled my extra large sweatshirt off of one shoulder to show a sinful amount of my new black lacy bra. The price of the set had been eye-watering, but Adam had barely kissed me in the past few weeks, let alone rocked my world. Maybe upping my game would help?

Relaxing back on the bed, staging myself so that my sweatshirt would ride high on my thighs, I tried to pull off a sultry minx.

When Adam walked in, he flopped down on the bed without a glance at me and flicked on the television, finding a movie full of space aliens and explosions.

‘Hey, babe,’ I said, running my hand up his arm as he pulled me up against him. ‘You go home tomorrow for the holidays, don’t you want to, you know...’

He didn’t meet my eyes as he let out a sigh. ‘Cara, it’s not that I don’t want to. I’m just tired. You could give me a blow job if you like, but I don’t have the energy for anything else.’

I fought back the prick of tears as I turned toward the screen. It was fine for Adam to not be in the mood for sex, but it had become more and more frequent over the past few months. He always had a reason, whether he was tired or stressed out about his course.

‘Hey,’ he said, pulling my face around to his before capturing my lips in a chaste kiss. ‘It’s not you, my little maple leaf. It’s me. You’re still my girl.’

He pulled back as quickly as he’d made contact, leaving me wanting more. The sex with Adam wasn’t exactly mind blowing, but it was enough to make me come. Usually. Or it had been. I missed the closeness. The first time he’d hit on me at a party, I had fallen for his Scottish accent in a heartbeat. A fling with someone who’d end up leaving Canada was a terrible idea. My reluctance only seemed to spur him to pursue me harder, to pull out all the stops in an effort to win my heart. And he had, eventually. Two years on, and in our final year at university, I couldn’t help but wonder if his attraction was waning.

‘I’m going to miss you,’ I said, busying my hands with the remote control he’d abandoned on the bed.

‘I know, I wish you could come to Scotland for Christmas; you’d love it.’

‘I’ll be able to next year. I can’t wait to live in Edinburgh together in a proper apartment instead of being stuck in the dorms.’

Adam smiled at me and placed a gentle kiss on the side of my temple. ‘It’ll be great, babe.’

TWO

‘CARA, THIS IS INSANE.’

My dorm-neighbour, Jamie, was busy stuffing clothes into a series of tote bags as she readied herself to head home for the holidays.

With my finger hovering over the buy now button, I grinned at her. ‘Insane, but exciting, right?’

‘No, just insane,’ she said, sitting down on the edge of the bed behind my chair and peering over my shoulder. ‘Jesus, fifteen-hundred dollars for the flights?’

It was going to use up all my savings, but it would be worth it to see the surprised look on Adam’s face when I showed up in Scotland for Christmas. Getting away from university was exactly what we needed for a bit of a relationship revamp. I’d pack a suitcase full of sinfully delicious lingerie and outfits, and knock his socks off. All while schmoozing his family until they fell in love with me.

‘It’s a lot, but it’ll be my gift to him.’

‘Didn’t he get you socks?’ Jamie said, lifting a brow.

‘And a hot water bottle shaped like a hippo...’

‘Those are practically mom gifts. He’s not worth it. You want a man who makes you feel like the most important thing in the world. Not one who would rather watch soccer than dick you down.’

‘Football,’ I pointed out. A picture of Adam pulling me down on the bed while kissing me passionately flashed in my

head. Fuck, I missed feeling like his top priority.

‘God, who cares? That man is more focused on balls than on you. Red flag.’

Adam really did love football far more than was probably normal. He’d forced me to watch hours and hours of it over the two years we’d been together.

‘I’m going to do it,’ I said, as my fingers trembled over the enter key.

‘I think you should just go home and see your parents. Have the perfect little Coal’s Lake Christmas your mom always puts on. Think of the cookies! I bet they won’t have the cookies at Adam’s house.’

Christmas was always picture perfect at my parents’ house. If I went to Scotland, it would be my first without them. I ignored the tug in my chest at the thought of it.

‘I can’t spend Christmas with them forever. I have my own life now and I’ll be moving to Scotland next year, anyway. I’m sure they have cookies.’

‘All the more reason to spend this year here.’

Ignoring the sense in her argument, I pressed the button and watched as the tiny paper aeroplane dashed across the screen.

YOUR TRIP IS BOOKED



‘Mom, you guys will be fine without me.’

The little wrinkle that appeared between her eyebrows telling me she wasn’t pleased was in full force.

‘Honey, this was going to be our last Christmas with you for a while. We’ve been so looking forward to it.’

Guilt gnawed at my gut as her disappointment eked into her voice.

‘I know,’ I said, sighing as I rested my chin on my hand and stared at the screen. I had put off the video call as long as possible. ‘I’m sorry. I just really feel Adam and I need this.’

‘Did he ask you to go?’

‘No... It’s a surprise.’

‘Oh, Cara, I’m not sure this is a good idea. You don’t fly halfway around the world as a surprise. He might not even be there.’

A text popped up, covering the top of Mom’s head on my phone.

At the airport, babe. I’m going to miss you so much. Wish I could wake up with you on Christmas morning to kiss that pretty face. Will text when I land.

Flutters went through me, and I couldn’t help but smile. He missed me already. I knew it was just the stress making things difficult. He’d get his wish.

‘He will be. He told me he’ll be at his dad’s over the entire break. Plus, I’ll be back in time to spend New Year’s Eve with you guys.’

Adam hadn’t exactly given me his address in Scotland, but I’d done some sleuthing and found it on paperwork in his dorm room. Was it a bit creepy? Maybe. But he’d be so stoked with the surprise, I was sure it would be worth it. I just needed him to look at me the way he used to. A jolt to the system was exactly what we needed.

‘If you change your mind, you know we’d love to have you,’ Mom said.

‘Thanks Mom, love you.’

‘Love you too, honey. Just remember that sometimes the best guys are the ones who you don’t need to chase.’

‘I’m not chasing him. I’m surprising him.’

Her words planted a little seed of doubt in my stomach. It felt like the script had flipped and I was doing an awful lot of

the chasing. It was just stress. It had to be. We had planned out a whole future for after we graduated. Adam had been so excited when he found a master's degree in my field in Edinburgh. He'd ordered the prospectus and helped me fill in the forms. Hell, he'd even given up an entire night to prepare me for the video interview and sat behind the camera writing prompts to help me remember everything. He wanted it as much as I did.

It would be fine.

I'd finally get to see a bit of my future home country while Adam and I spent quality time away from university life. A step into our next chapter.

Another message popped up as I went to reply to the first. It was a frothy hot chocolate covered in tiny snowman marshmallows with the caption: **Wish you were here.**

I didn't need to be told twice.

Two days to go and I'd be on my way.

THREE

‘ALL RIGHT, LOVE?’ THE TAXI DRIVER ASKED ME AS THE CAR slid slightly on the icy ground. I clutched the seat, worn fabric dipping beneath my nails as I tried not to show my absolute terror.

Everything had gone wrong. They had diverted the plane to an airport in northern England due to high winds. I’d been bussed up to Edinburgh while seated next to an older man who reeked of stale cigarettes and sour milk. I’d squashed myself against the condensation covered window as best I could, but he still kept rolling his head against me as he snored.

A murky grey fog bathed Edinburgh’s streets as I transferred from the bus to a taxi. The streetlights were just a dull yellow glowing faintly in the grey. I hadn’t even gotten the chance to see any of the city that I hoped to make my home.

Glancing up at the taxi driver’s information sheet, I spotted her name: **Moira Leigh Grey**. Well, I hoped Mrs Grey slowed down as large, fluffy snowflakes mounted up on the car windows. The further into the highlands we drove, the worse the storm seemed to get.

‘Well, lass, I’m not sure how much farther I’ll get,’ she sighed, ‘but we’re pretty close. This blizzard is a beast.’

She pressed a button as a crackly voice sounded from the car radio.

‘The storm has blown in from North America, causing massive disruption to air, rail, and roads. Government

officials are warning people not to travel unless it's absolutely necessary. There is a real possibility of danger to life, especially further north.'

'We're pretty far north, aren't we?'

'Sure are. In the arse end of nowhere. What brings you to Auchen, anyway? You're nae from around here, are yi?'

Worry coiled in my stomach. The small county road ahead of us was caked in white, not even another tyre track around.

'I'm surprising my boyfriend.'

'Not enough boys back stateside that you need to come all the way over here?' Moira said with a pleasant smile in the mirror. She clearly felt less panicked about the road situation than I did.

'He goes to university in Canada with me.' I squeezed my eyes closed as the tires crunched loudly.

'Must be an affa fine loon if you'll come all the way over here to spend Christmas with him.'

I had no idea what half of the things she said meant, so I just nodded, keeping my eyes closed.

'Well, lass, this will have to do you. I'm no getting up that brae with the amount of snow that's laying.'

'What?'

'The hill. I can't take the car up. You'll have to walk it,' Moira spoke slowly, trying to make her accent clearer.

'You can't just leave me here.'

'I've no choice. You walk the rest, or you'll have to come back to Edinburgh with me. It's no far. See the wee lights up ahead? It's just there.'

Following her pointed finger, I squinted through the heavy snow, seeing a set of warm lights ahead.

Within minutes, I'd paid the huge taxi fare, and stood with my bag and case at the bottom of the hill. Wind bit at my face

and my feet sunk to mid-calf in the quickly building snow drifts. Water seeped through my trousers while I shivered.

I pulled up my phone. I tried calling Adam, but it didn't work. I had no signal. Worry settled heavy in my stomach as I gazed at the snow-covered track ahead.

Putting on my phone's torch with frozen fingers, I sighed. There was only one thing I could do. I'd have to pull my case up the snowy ass hill and arrive looking like a drowned rat.

Fan-freaking-tastic.

Not exactly the movie-type surprise I'd envisioned.

FOUR

MY TEETH CHATTERED AS I APPROACHED THE ADDRESS I HAD listed for Adam. If it hadn't been so cold, I may have appreciated the large brick cottage, but as it was, I was desperate to get inside into the warmth. Snow continued to billow down around me as I reached the front door, my legs aching from the freezing cold after having to stomp through the deep drifts.

'Thank God,' I said as I rapped my raw knuckles against the old red door.

No one answered.

'Shit. No, no, no.' The house lay isolated, without no neighbours as far as I could see—which was admittedly not very far in the blizzard.

I banged the side of my fist against the door, wincing as pain jolted up my arm.

Please let someone be home.

Anyone.

Then I saw movement beyond the little mottled glass windows that stood on either side of the front door. A light flicked on.

Relief flooded me.

The door opened, and a man stared at me like I'd appeared out of nowhere.

‘I’m Cara. Landry. Cara Landry,’ I said through a frozen stutter.

The man looked no wiser upon hearing my name. Fuck, had I gotten the house wrong?

‘Adam’s girlfriend. From university. Is he here?’

The man ran a hand through his hair while shaking his head.

‘He’s not here, I’m afraid.’ His voice was deep and low. It vibrated with his thick Scottish accent.

‘Can I come in and wait? The weather’s turned and I’m freezing. Sorry, I should have called ahead, but I wanted to surprise him. Are you his dad?’

The man laughed and shook his head before swallowing hard. ‘No, just a friend of Bash’s.’

My face must have shown my confusion.

‘Sorry, Sebastian’s... Adam’s dad. I’m Damien. Come on in. I’ll go fetch Bash.’

Standing aside, he let me into the reception hall and hauled my case in after us. The warmth wrapped round me as I removed my soaked coat. I hung it awkwardly on the handle of my case, both leaving a slowly expanding puddle on the tiled floor.

‘I’ll grab you a towel and a cup of tea. Go into the sitting room and get yourself heated by the fire. Back in a minute.’

I watched as Damien left the room, my face burning at the embarrassment of showing up and Adam not even being there.

Where was he? Catching up with friends? At a bar? I should have called ahead.

So stupid.

Damien reappeared and handed over a towel and a blissfully hot mug of tea. I had no intention of drinking the foul stuff, but the heat warmed my fingers as I perched on the edge of a leather armchair by the fire.

When Sebastian walked into the room, my heart all but stuttered. He looked a lot like Adam, but older and more rugged. Grey peppered his dark hair and his stubble was similarly silver tinged. Thick muscles corded his arms where his t-shirt sleeves rode high on his biceps. Where Adam was clean cut, impressive tattoos etched over Sebastian's arms, darkly swirling up into his clothing. A tingle gripped me between the thighs, and I let out a tiny squeak as he grasped one of my hands in a firm shake.

‘Sebastian Rudolph.’

‘Cara Landry.’

Sebastian sat in the leather chair that mirrored mine on the other side of the fire.

‘Damien tells me you’ve flown in from Canada to surprise Adam?’

‘Yeah. He was sad we couldn’t spend the holidays together and said he missed me, so I decided to surprise him. I hope it’s not too much of an imposition. In hindsight, I should have called ahead.’

Sebastian looked at Damien, who shrugged. Nerves tickled at my insides. He looked back at me and let out a sigh.

‘Where is he? I’d call him but I don’t have any signal here...’

‘Cara,’ Sebastian said, ‘Adam is spending Christmas at his fiancée’s family’s house.’

He hesitated and took a breath before adding, ‘It’s their last one before the baby arrives.’

His words stabbed at me and I jumped to my feet, sloshing hot tea over my wet trousers.

Fiance.

Baby.

What the...

‘Whoa,’ Damien said, rushing over and taking the drink from my hands. He steadied me with one arm around my

shoulders. ‘Shit, poppet, you look like you’re going to puke.’

My world lurched.

Adam had a fiancé, and she was pregnant? Fuck.

‘But we’ve been together for two years. I applied for my Master’s degree in Edinburgh. We were going to get an apartment together...’ A sob stole my words, pain washing over me. Everything had been a lie. All of it.

‘I’ll go,’ I said, as tears breached and ran down my cheeks. ‘Sorry. Shit. I’m so sorry.’

I ducked under Damien’s arm and headed for the door, picking up my sodden coat and cringing as I slid my arms into the cold, wet sleeves.

I needed air.

The room was spinning.

I wrenched open the door and tried to haul my case over the threshold. It was stuffed full of gifts and stupidly expensive lingerie I’d bought to wear for Adam. God, I was such a dumb ass.

‘Hey,’ Damien said, catching me by the arm. ‘You can’t go out in that. It’s getting worse.’

‘It’s okay, I’ll find a taxi.’

‘You won’t,’ Sebastian said behind Damien, leaning against the wall and watching me with nothing but calm despite him finding out his son was a cheating little fuckwad. ‘The roads have been closed off, the snow gates are closed. You can’t get through.’

I sniffed, tears leaking, and felt like the room was closing in.

‘It’ll be okay,’ Damien said, taking my hands in his. ‘Bash has the space. You can stay the night and we can see what’s happening in the morning with the roads. I’ll drive you to the station myself.’

I glanced at Sebastian, who didn’t show an ounce of the warmth that Damien had. He looked... bemused, perhaps.

‘You’re fine with that, aren’t you, Bash?’

‘I suppose.’

Damien rolled his eyes and bent to unzip my boots, smiling up at me through dark lashes. ‘He’s a fucking grumpy bastard, but he’s alright. Let’s get you settled in a room, and I’ll bring you something to eat.’

‘I don’t need you to do that,’ I said as he pulled off one of my boots, my sock squelching against the tiles.

‘It’s no bother, I’d rather you didn’t catch a chill if that’s alright with you. It’s bad enough dealing with one misery-guts,’ he said as I wiped my eyes. ‘Now, away you go. We’ll put you in the room with the bath and you can get yourself warmed up.’

‘Thank you,’ I said, closing the front door. It looked like I had no choice other than to stay in my cheating boyfriend’s house with his grumpy dad and his dad’s best friend. At least Damien seemed nice.

What a mess, Cara.

Such an idiot.

FIVE

I AWOKE TO THE SOUND OF WIND WHISTLING AGAINST THE cottage and dragged myself out of the warm bed. Deep snow caked the world. Outside the window, I could see only the top of fence posts and white dusted trees.

Oh no.

If the road wasn't even visible, how on earth would I get home? Assuming I could even change my flights. I didn't have the spare money to get a hotel over Christmas, and I really didn't want to call my mom to bail me out.

Pulling on an oversized jumper, leggings, and some thick, woolly socks I'd bought for Adam, I ventured down into the house.

'Alright, poppet?' Damien said as I followed the mouth-watering smell of bacon to the kitchen. Sebastian sat at the head of the table, reading a book and drinking coffee while Damien manned the stove. 'Sleep okay?'

The pet name was weird from a guy I barely knew, but the cheeky smile he threw along with it made me blush.

'Yeah, eventually.'

'Hungry?'

'Famished.' I sat gingerly down at the table and pulled out my phone. 'Is there a way I can try to call Adam?'

'Wi-Fi password is Password1,' Sebastian said without looking up from his book.

‘That’s a shit password,’ I said, while quickly logging on. ‘Aren’t you worried about someone stealing it?’

‘Unless the sheep learn how to work an iPhone, I think we’ll be okay.’

With a roll of my eyes, I pulled up Adam’s number and rang it, but the tone kept ringing and ringing until I gave up. Texting him, I demanded he ring me.

‘He’s not going to answer. Adam’s always been shite at confrontation.’ Sebastian sipped his coffee before finally looking up.

Damn, how had I missed his eyes the night before? They were a piercing icy blue that held me rapt for a few moments, unable to look away.

‘I can’t believe he has a fiancé,’ I said at last.

‘Sorry, love,’ Damien said as he placed a bacon sandwich and steaming mug of coffee on the table. I added milk when no creamer appeared and closed my eyes, taking a sip.

‘He pursued me. Made me fall for him. And all the time he had a whole assed fiancé back home?’

‘He’s an idiot. Nice lass like you and he goes and leads you on.’

We ate our sandwiches in silence, an awkward tension hanging over us. The kitchen was large and roomy, but with old features. Dark wooden beams striped the ceiling, and the windows were set into stone walls that must have been a foot deep. Damien tended to the big green range cooker as he fried up more bacon between eating.

‘Are you a couple?’ I asked, curiosity winning out.

Damien shook his head, but with a furtive glance at Sebastian. Hmm, they may not be, but he looked like he liked the prospect. I already knew that Adam only lived with his dad after his mom cheated. He’d spoken so cruelly about her, all the while doing exactly as she did. My blood boiled at the thought.

‘I’m guessing we’re not getting to the station,’ I said.

‘Not unless you’ve the means to melt a road’s worth of snow,’ Sebastian quipped. God. It wouldn’t hurt him to crack a smile.

‘What should I do?’ I asked.

‘Guess you’ll be spending Christmas with us,’ Sebastian said.

Trust me to mess everything up so badly.

But looking from Damien to Sebastian, I figured I could have been stuck in a worse place. Both were attractive men, despite being much older than me. At least Sebastian would be nice enough to look at, even if he wasn’t much company. Damien emitted a kind warmth all wrapped up in a cheeky chap type package.

‘Thank you,’ I said at last. ‘For letting me stay.’

I collected my dishes and took them to the sink, figuring it was the least I could do. Squirting the dish soap into the basin, I filled it with hot water. I began cleaning the plates, when a body brushed up behind me. I froze in place and glanced over my shoulder. Damien reached around my waist to deposit his dishes into the water. Swallowing hard, I told myself that the zinging I felt in my spine was nothing. Only the previous day, I’d been in love with Adam, and being alone with two hot older men didn’t change anything. It was probably just misplaced appreciation for them helping me out in my time of need.

Yup.

That had to be it.

Anything else would be crazy.

SIX

MID-AFTERNOON BROUGHT HIGH WINDS, AND SOON ENOUGH, A power cut brought the house to a standstill.

‘Shit, the phone towers must be out,’ Sebastian said, throwing his phone onto the sofa while Damien lit the fire in the sitting room.

No Wi-Fi.

No electricity.

No heating.

Fuck.

Scotland was not proving kind to me at all.

‘We’ll need more kindling if we’re going to rely on the fire and the range to keep us warm,’ Damien said to Sebastian.

From my seat on the sofa, I pulled my oversized jumper over my knees and kept reading the thriller book I’d picked up at the airport.

‘I’ll go,’ Sebastian sighed.

Minutes later, a repetitive thunk sound drew my eyes to the window. Sebastian stood next to a gigantic pile of logs beneath an overhang from the cottage’s roof. I paused and bit my lip as he rolled up his sleeves to reveal those solid, tattooed forearms before picking up his axe and continued chopping.

‘Fuck me,’ I whispered under my breath, perving on him.

‘He probably would, you know,’ Damien said.

My face heated as I gaped at him. Shit, I'd forgotten he was there. 'He's Adam's dad.'

'Mmm. And Adam is a top-notch douchebag. What would be the harm? You'll be going home in a few days, anyway. Show Adam he wasn't the only one having his cake and eating it, too.'

Damien watched Sebastian out of the window for a moment, then stroked a thumb across my hot cheek. 'Adam's an idiot, but I can see why he couldn't resist you.'

I squirmed as he held my gaze, my thighs clenching at his unexpected compliment.

'Plus,' he said, 'It would be the sweetest revenge to fuck the cheating asshole's dad.'

'And what about you?' I said, swallowing audibly as I lowered my eyes from his intense gaze.

'You want us both, Poppet? Never pegged you for a dirty girl.'

He tipped my face back up and leaned in close, dragging his lips over my jawbone to my ear, and I gasped. 'I'd love to hear you screaming my name as Bash and I share your sweet little cunt.'

My insides melted and escaped between my thighs at his words. My face felt like it had reached a new hue of scarlet.

'You let me know, and I'm all yours, sweet cheeks.'

When he stood back up, there was an undeniably thick outline in his pants. With a wink, he left the room, leaving me breathless.

It would be stupid. And petty. And insane to do anything with Damien. Or Sebastian. But god I'd missed being desired, and every one of my nerves was on edge from that brief encounter.

The trip had been a disaster, and it marooned me in an isolated cottage with two hot, older men, with the chance for revenge on my jerk of a boyfriend... Could I do it?

Damien made his feelings clear, but Sebastian had been nothing but icy toward me. Still, an orgasm at the hands of someone other than me sounded pretty tempting.

Fuck it.

Why not?

Adam clearly hadn't cared about using his brain and sticking to his morals.

Why should I?

SEVEN

THE FIRE BURNED WHILE WE ATE A SUPPER OF CHEESE AND biscuits next to the unlit Christmas tree. The power had yet to return and as the day dipped to night; we huddled in the sitting room where the fire could keep us warm. Damien had littered the mantelpiece with candles, and despite the lack of heating and electricity, there was something charming about the cosy room.

‘I can’t believe this is my first Christmas away from my parents,’ I said, putting my plate on the side table and drinking down the Prosecco that Damien had opened after seeing my reaction to the red wine.

‘How do you usually spend Christmas Eve?’ asked Damien, leaning back in the leather armchair and watching me.

‘We play games. Mom and Dad often throw a party for their friends on Christmas Eve and it is always full of fun. It’s never so quiet.’

Homesickness hit me, lacking even the distraction of my phone.

‘We could play a game.’ Damien smiled at me.

‘Right, Bash?’ he said, forcing Sebastian into the conversation despite his nose being stuck firmly in a book.

‘I don’t have any games.’

‘You’ve got to have a pack of cards around here somewhere.’ Damien stood and rooted through some drawers

until he grinned and produced the pack. ‘See!’

Sebastian rolled his eyes.

‘Poker okay with you?’ Damien asked me.

‘I’m not very good, but yeah, that’d be great. I don’t really have any money with me to bet with. Unless you want to play for clothing...’ My heart hammered in my chest as I suggested it.

Sebastian’s eyes darkened as he looked at me, and Damien grinned like the Cheshire cat.

‘Are you suggesting strip poker, Cara?’

I nodded despite the flush warming my chest, glad I’d dressed for the cold cottage and not the warm sitting room. Especially glad that I’d put on one of the cute underwear sets that I’d packed for Adam.

‘Damn. I’m in. Bash?’

Sebastian didn’t look like he wanted anything to do with the nonsense at all, and I fully expected him to decline. Much to my surprise, he closed his book and sat forward while holding my gaze.

‘Do you want us to see you naked, Cara?’ he asked. A jolt of electricity shot right between my thighs at the very thought. ‘Because that’s a very real possibility. And if it ends up with us all naked, I can’t say that I’ll be able to hold back from tasting you. Is that what you want?’

Fucking hell.

I realised he was giving me an out, but all it did was make me want to say fuck the game and strip off for them, anyway.

‘It’s what I want,’ I whispered.

‘Then come and sit in front of the fire and get ready to lose, Princess.’

I sat on the rug between their chairs; the fire warming me as Damien dished out the cards. There was something sinfully delightful about sitting between their feet, while they both sat on the leather armchairs.

It turned out I really was terrible at poker.

So much so that I was down to just my underwear by the time they'd only lost their socks. Damien eyed me hungrily with each article of clothing I'd lost, while Sebastian barely seemed to notice. I'd spent the ninety minutes it took to get me to that point squirming under their dark gazes. Eyes widening as that thick outline appeared in Damien's pants.

'Shit,' I said as I lost another hand.

'What's it going to be, Poppet? The bra or the panties?' Damien's grin was wicked.

I reached back to unlatch my red lacy bra with a groan. With a confidence I absolutely didn't feel, I dropped it onto the pile of discarded clothes.

'Shit, Cara. Look at you,' Damien breathed as he drank me in. I felt more like prey sitting on the floor between them than anything else. Like a little rabbit toying with a pack of wolves.

I won the next few rounds, and the men slowly disrobed. Damien was the first naked, dropping his boxer shorts into the pile with a wink. He didn't seem at all phased by his nakedness. He sat confidently on the chair, his thick cock entirely visible. I couldn't keep my eyes off of it. If he was that girthy soft, shit-a-brick, what would he be like hard?

Sebastian was down to nothing but boxers when Damien stopped to top our drinks. His cock was right at mouth level as he passed, and I licked my lips absentmindedly.

Leaning back in his chair with a cool demeanour, Sebastian was like a Greek statue carved from marble, though thicker than the depictions of the gods. He was well muscled and covered in ink. Ink that disappeared below his waistband, and I couldn't help but wonder if it extended all the way below his boxer shorts. 'If you stare anymore, your eyes are going to fall out of your head, pretty girl,' he said.

'I can't help it. I've never seen someone... well, like you, naked.'

'I'm not naked yet, Princess. There's more to see.'

I fanned my face with my cards as Damien emptied the bottle of fizz into my glass.

The next round I lost my panties, blushing as I set them on the pile, and sat with my thighs tightly closed.

Finally, Sebastian lost another round. He stood and slid his boxers to the floor. My mouth watered. The tattoos extended to his dick, where they were replaced by a line of piercings that went from base to tip.

‘Holy shit,’ I said, glancing at Damien, who looked equally surprised.

‘Mate, when did you get those? Fucking hell.’

‘Two years ago. I heard that women go batshit for them,’ Sebastian said, sitting back down and taking a drink of his red wine as though he hadn’t just blown our minds.

‘Do they?’ I asked.

‘I’ve not had the chance to try them out yet...’

I changed the subject, feeling out of my depth, but also insanely turned on as my thighs grew wet. ‘What now? We’ve got no clothes left?’

Damien reached forward and turned over the empty prosecco bottle, giving it a slight spin.

Sebastian rolled his eyes. ‘We’re not teenagers.’

‘Why?’ I goaded, ‘Are you too chicken?’

With a sigh, he relented. ‘Fine.’

I reached out and spun the bottle, nerves fluttering in my stomach as it landed closest to Damien. Crawling over to his chair, I knelt between his thighs. He slid a hand over my jaw, pulling me toward him. I let out a whimper when he kissed me, my whole body vibrating at his touch. The kiss was soft at first, gentle and teasing, but within seconds he’d tipped my head and kicked up the fire. No-one had ever kissed me the way he kissed me. He kissed as if it were the most important task in the world, his tongue sliding against mine as he swallowed down my moans.

Then it was over.

And it left me reeling as I sat back down on the rug. A glance at Sebastian told me he'd very much enjoyed watching. His dick stood up fully against his stomach, twitching at my gaze.

Damien spun, the bottle landing on Sebastian. I held my breath as tension filled the room. To my surprise, Damien moved toward him, leaning down while using the armrest for support, and kissed him slowly. Sebastian's fingers clenched at the edge of the leather seat before relaxing into kissing his best friend, and his fingers moved up into Damien's hair.

I didn't know whether to be jealous or turned on. Both in equal measure.

When they broke off the kiss, there appeared to be a charged moment between them, like something integral had changed. A tipping point. Damien sat back down in his chair as I looked from one to the other.

Sebastian didn't bother with the bottle. He picked me up and pulled me into his lap before wrapping his fingers about my throat. I straddled him as he tightened his fingers. His dominance made me swoon.

It's what I wanted. To be needed so badly that my man would just take me. Not that he was mine... but that had been missing with Adam. Straddling my ex-boyfriend's dad sent a delicious thrill through me as goosebumps blossomed over my arms.

'Open up for me, Princess,' he growled before plundering my mouth with his tongue. His kiss was all heat, a burning need that swept me away.

His dick was hard beneath me, and I couldn't help but rub myself against the ladder of piercings that lined the underside of his shaft.

'Fuck, baby,' he groaned into my mouth.

'It feels so good.' I panted as his fingers tightened all the more. Hands slid over my nipples from behind, and Damien began kissing my neck.

‘Look at you, such a good girl spreading your thighs for Bash. Rubbing your wet little cunt against him.’

He pinched my nipples, making me jolt against Sebastian. It was dirty and raw, so wrong to be grinding against my ex-boyfriend’s dad, but they were making me feel with an intensity I had never had before. Making me feel desired. I didn’t want it to end.

EIGHT

‘I WANT TO TASTE HER,’ DAMIEN SAID, BEFORE BITING MY shoulder.

He laid on the floor at the foot of the chair and pulled me down onto his face. I moved to hover over him. ‘Sit your ass down, Poppet.’

He laid a hard slap on my ass cheek.

Lowering my weight down on him, I choked on a breath when his tongue slid over me. Tremors shot through me and I dug my nails into Sebastian’s thighs.

‘Oh my god,’ I moaned as I rocked my hips, trying to get more and more of Damien’s tongue. Adam hadn’t enjoyed giving head, and I’d never realised just how much I’d been being short changed.

Sebastian threaded his fingers into my hair and forced me to look up at him as Damien worked me with his tongue.

‘Are you enjoying that, Princess? That’s it, you keep riding his face like a good little slut.’

He used one hand to stroke his hard dick, still glistening from my wetness, making me watch.

‘Please, can I taste you?’ I begged, leaving any shred of dignity far behind. I was a ball of need, and the world could get fucked. It was time for me to finally get what I’d been missing out on.

‘You want it?’ he said, pushing his tip along my lips, dragging his pre-cum across them.

‘God, yes.’

‘Open wide, Princess,’ he said as he threaded fingers through my hair and pulled me onto his metal clad dick. The piercings felt alien against my tongue as I worked his dick, but in the most sinful way. I moaned as he held my hair tight, using my mouth as he hissed through his teeth.

My thighs trembled as Damien thrust his tongue inside me, before gripping my hips and forcing me to ride his face, his tongue slipping from my clit right to my asshole and back again. It was like fire, and within a few strokes, I couldn’t hold back anymore.

Sebastian took full advantage of my crying out and slid his cock deep into my mouth, watching me with dark eyes as I came, spluttering and choking around his dick.

‘Fuck, yes, Princess. Your throat feels fucking amazing. That’s it, lass, you can take it all.’

I thought Damien would let up between my thighs when I crumpled against him, but he held me firm while nipping and licking at my clit, making me squirm and whimper.

‘You’ll take whatever we give you, won’t you?’ Sebastian said as he started fucking my throat, not giving a shit when I coughed up a load of saliva onto his lap. ‘Yes, get your throat nice and wet for me. I’m going to feed you my cum, Princess.’

The sensations were overwhelming. Tears fell as they continued to wind me back up toward another orgasm. Damien slid his arms around my hips and held me firm, using his mouth to make me whimper, while Sebastian’s piercings slid against my tongue again and again as he picked up speed.

‘Yes, that’s it sweetie, cry for my dick. You want it inside that pretty cunt, don’t you?’ I nodded as he continued to fuck my throat. It burned as he thrust hard and held me there whilst my body fought against the invasion.

‘That’s it baby, fight it all you like. It’s time to eat up.’

Damien slipped his fingers inside me right as Sebastian unloaded ropes of thick cum into my throat, pulling back after the initial wave to spread the rest over my tongue. His groans

tipped me over the edge, making me cum hard against Damien's face, while Sebastian coated my lips.

Before I could take a breath, Sebastian pulled me up into his arms and kissed me, tasting his cum on my tongue. He kissed me until there wasn't any of it left between us. It was filthy and delicious. I stayed wrapped up in him, feeling lighter than air and a million miles away from myself. Vaguely aware of Damien moving around the cottage, back and forth, I snuggled myself into Sebastian's arms.

'Come, Poppet,' Damien said, scooping me into his arms and onto the mattress he'd pulled into the room. "We'll sleep in here where the fire is.'

He laid me against the soft pillows and pulled a duvet up around me.

'Don't you want to fuck me?' I said. He'd not even come.

'More than anything. But I want you when you're not tipsy on Prosecco and exhausted. It's late and we need to sleep, otherwise the big man won't come,' he said with a grin.

'I think he already did,' I said with a yawn.

Damien let out a laugh and shook his head. 'You're something else. It's late, and I promise that if you still want it, I'll give you cock for Christmas. Okay?'

'Yes, please,' I said sleepily, snuggling into the cosy duvet.

'Bash, you staying?' he asked, climbing in beside me and scooping my naked ass against his still hard cock.

'No, I think I'll head up.'

I looked over at him, seeing him run a hand through his hair and look away from me.

'Is everything okay?' I asked.

'Mmm. Yup. I'll see you both in the morning.' His icy demeanour had returned, and my stomach sank when he turned and left.

'Is he mad at me?' I asked Damien, who ran his fingers slowly up and down my side as he cuddled in.

‘No. He’ll be having some post-nut clarity.’

‘About Adam?’

‘Yeah. He knows he doesn’t deserve you, but he’s still his dad. He’ll come around.’

‘How do you know?’

‘Because the last time he looked at a woman, the way he looks at you, he married her.’

‘And what about you?’

‘Stop fishing for compliments, you wee pest. Sleep.’

And sated, I did.

NINE

DIRTY MOMENTS FILLED MY DREAMS. I WRITHED, BECOMING aware of fingers between my thighs and whispered breaths on my neck.

‘Shh, baby, you don’t need to wake up. I’m going to take what I need while you sleep.’

My eyes were still closed, remaining somewhere halfway between awake and asleep, the circling on my clit something of a fever dream. It felt so good.

‘Mmm, open those thighs up for me, Poppet. You’ve been teasing me with that ass all night and I need to fill you up.’

The duvet was warm around me and my body felt loose and alien as my leg lifted and something nudged at my pussy.

‘You’ll take it all like such a sweet little thing. That’s it, nice and slow. You can just keep sleeping if you’re tired.’

My head couldn’t make sense of whether I was dreaming or awake as the tip of him entered me, sliding slowly in and out. The stretch was delightful, and I pressed back against him, needing more.

It was when he gripped my hip and thrust into me fully that I knew I was awake, face pressed into the mattress as he groaned in my ear.

‘Fuck, I knew you’d feel good, Poppet.’

‘Damien,’ I gasped, his fingers still circling my clit as he filled me.

‘It’s okay sweetie, I’ll wait until you’re ready. You just stay there and warm up my cock for me.’

‘Are you wearing a condom?’ I asked.

‘No, poppet. I felt your implant. You can take my cum, can’t you?’

‘Yes,’ I murmured as he held himself inside me, his girthy dick not overly long, but incredibly wide.

‘Good girl.’

He pulled the blanket off of me; the fire fending off the early morning chill.

Alternating between petting my pussy and running his fingers over my torso, he had me desperate. Every time I came close to coming, he’d move to roll my nipples or stroke over my neck and jaw, kissing me.

It was infuriating. I wanted to be fucked.

Whenever I’d get greedy and try to rock against him, he’d still my hips and tut in my ear. ‘Just keeping me warm, love.’

That’s where Sebastian found us, an hour later. Me, positively aching with need, while Damien tortured me with his still cock.

‘Please,’ I begged as Sebastian came into the room. ‘Make him fuck me.’

Sebastian merely raised an eyebrow before stepping over us and taking a seat on the leather armchair, facing us and sipping his coffee.

‘Enjoying the view?’ Damien asked as he slid his fingers over my clit, making me mewl with need.

‘I’ve certainly found worse gifts beneath my tree on Christmas morning,’ Sebastian said.

He was fully clothed, while I was splayed wide, naked, on Damien’s cock. The contrast made me even wetter. It was different being seen in such a vulnerable position than it was fumbling in bed with another person.

Damien kept up the relentless teasing as I squirmed and moaned, trying to move against him.

‘Fuck, please, I need it so bad,’ I said.

When he pulled back to the tip and slammed his cock back in, I saw stars. The waiting had intensified everything to the point where I thought I might explode.

His hand slid to my throat as he increased the pace, ensuring he scooped his hips with every thrust, grazing his fat dick against my g-spot each time.

‘Holy shit,’ I whimpered as I clawed at the duvet. ‘Holy-fucking-shit.’

I hadn’t even noticed that Sebastian had moved until I felt his mouth settle over my wet pussy, his tongue toying with me as Damien fucked me relentlessly.

The combination of being fucked while being given head was more glorious than I could have ever imagined. My whole body quaked between them and I dug my nails into Damien’s forearm, where he held my throat tight, cutting off my air.

‘Fuck, Poppet,’ he groaned before he unloaded inside me, his cock squelching through the mess he made.

I expected Sebastian to stop and was about to curse them both out at leaving me so on the edge. Instead, he pushed Damien out of me and lapped at the leaking cum. Damien tipped my mouth to his, kissing me while Sebastian used his tongue and fingers to lick me clean. When he filled me with three fingers and sucked my clit back into his mouth, I was a goner. I came hard against his face while Damien swallowed my moans, my thighs trembling around Sebastian’s face.

‘Oh my god,’ I murmured when Sebastian grasped Damien’s jaw and brought his mouth to his, kissing him hard in front of my face, my wetness and Damien’s cum still on his tongue. Then he turned to me and slid his tongue against mine, the salty taste not as unpleasant as I’d imagined it to be.

‘Get some more sleep, Princess. We’ll wake you when it’s breakfast time.’

‘Don’t go fucking without me,’ I said with a smile. ‘I’ll be jealous.’

Sebastian smiled, and it lit up his face.

‘You need to do that more. It suits you.’

I rolled over and pulled the blanket back over me, not regretting the early wake up call in the slightest.

TEN

BY MID AFTERNOON THE ELECTRICITY HAD FINALLY RETURNED, but neither Damien nor Sebastian had complained when I squeezed in between them on the sofa as they watched Christmas movies.

When my head ended up in Sebastian's lap and my feet were in Damien's, I was in heaven. Damien rubbed the arches of my feet in a way that made my spine tingle, while Sebastian stroked his fingers through my hair.

It was wrong.

So fucking wrong.

But it felt like exactly right.

Guilt still pinged in my stomach when I let my mind fall back to Adam. He may have cheated on me, extensively and for years, but I'd ridden his dad's face while his friend fucked me, and that was so out with my usual realms of morality that I felt like I was a whole new person on Scottish soil.

'Why doesn't it feel weird?' I murmured as the four hands on me lulled me with their comfort.

'What doesn't, Princess?' Sebastian asked.

'This. Us. I should be feeling like an absolute slut after yesterday, but I don't. I know what I did was wrong, but—'

Sebastian tipped me on his lap, so I looked up at him. 'Unconventional doesn't have to be wrong. And whoever said two rights don't make a wrong was talking out of their big hairy arse.'

I giggled and Damien added, 'Plus, Adam brought it upon himself. He's been with Francesca for years. They were high school sweethearts. He proposed to her last year, knowing that he was stringing you on back at university. He never has to know about this, but if he did, he can't exactly take the moral high ground.'

'Don't you feel bad?' I asked Sebastian. 'For sleeping with his girlfriend?'

'Ex-girlfriend, I hope. Technically, I haven't fucked you. Yet.'

The yet sent a quiver right between my thighs. It held a promise that I hoped he'd fulfil.

He sighed and ran a finger along my jawline. 'I should feel guilty, but I don't. I think you came tumbling into my door for a reason, and it wasn't for the benefit of my shit-for-brains son.'

'I feel like I should be feeling terrible. And I feel more terrible because I don't. I'm not normally like this.'

'Like what? Pretty, perfect, sexy as all hell? You fell in through the snow like some wee winter sprite. You'll be lucky if I let you catch your flight back home when we're done with you.'

Damien grinned at Sebastian's words. 'I vote we keep her. I'll put a salt ring around the door if it keeps our waif here, warming our cocks for good.'

He ran a hand up my leg and over my ass beneath my sweater dress, making me squirm.

'I'll get us some dinner on, because we're going to need to give our girl her present afterward.' Damien shimmied out from beneath me before bending down to graze my lips with his own.

'I hope it'll be gift wrapped,' I said.

'That can be arranged.'

ELEVEN

STIFLING A GIGGLE AT THE SIGHT OF THE TWO OF THEM IN nothing other than the sparkling ribbon wrapped around their cocks, I grinned.

‘Well, well. What a Christmas indeed. Santa did ever so well. I must have been a very good girl this year.’

‘God I hope not,’ Damien said. ‘I’m going to put you deep on the naughty list with the night we have planned for you.’

They crossed the living room to our makeshift bed by the fire; the room lit only with the soft glowing lights from the tree.

‘On your knees to unwrap your gifts, baby,’ Sebastian said, a deep growl to his words.

Dropping down onto the mattress, I discarded my dress and underwear, and knelt level with their glittering dicks. They stood close to one another, hip to hip, so I could pay attention to them both at once. Running my hands over the ribbons, I grinned as they moaned.

‘That’s it, Poppet. Show us how bad you can be.’

Blinking up at them, I ran my tongue up the length of Damien’s cock before repeating the action on Sebastian.

‘Fuck, your tongue feels good.’

‘She’s a fucking treat, isn’t she?’ Damien answered.

Tugging at the bows, I let the ribbons flutter down around my thighs. I teased them both with my tongue, my hands

holding them to my mouth. Their dicks couldn't have been more different. Damien's was shorter but thick as fuck, while Sebastian's was longer and thinner, but studded with those devilish metal piercings. I'd never considered taking two dicks before, but the thought had me positively reeling with delight. What would they do with me?

Opening my mouth, I slid Damien into his base, breathing through my nose as I worked to take all of him.

'Yes, that's it. Damn.' The way he groaned made me instantly wet. Adam had always been pretty silent in bed. I had no idea men moaning could be so enticing.

Sebastian turned to Damien and captured his mouth, stealing the moans for himself. Looking up at them while I worked to please them with my mouth and watching their kisses grow more heated made me whimper. It was so freaking hot. Switching to Sebastian, I worked his dick with my tongue and mouth while Damien reached down and stroked my hair.

'Too long for you, Poppet?' he said, crouching beside me. 'I can help.'

Damien grasped my hair at the top of my neck and forced me further onto Sebastian.

My coughing didn't deter either of them, and I moaned through the gagging as Damien moved behind me and spread my knees, fitting his cock between my thighs.

'Good girl,' he said as his lips grazed my neck. 'You can take both of us, can't you?'

I nodded as he shoved my mouth down fully onto Sebastian's studded cock, making me take him in my throat while he lined himself up with my pussy.

'Is she wet?' Sebastian growled.

'Fucking soaked.'

'Do you want him to fuck you, baby girl?'

I nodded as best I could with the way they pinned me between them.

Damien slid into me, the stretch making me flinch. ‘Yes, that’s it. We’ve got you now, darling.’

My eyes rolled as they both moved their hips, rolling and thrusting into me at both ends like I was their own little rag doll.

Damien’s voice rasped in my ear, ‘You’re so fucking perfect, Cara. That’s it. Is Sebastian making you choke on his big dick? You love it. Oh, tears and everything for us. Such a pretty little thing.’

‘How’s her pussy?’ Sebastian asked, holding his cock fully in my throat.

‘Perfection. You should take a turn.’

He pulled me off of his cock as I choked, taking a deep breath. They flipped me onto my hands and knees. Damien stopped to kiss my wet cheeks while Sebastian lined himself up with me. It was time. My ex-boyfriends dad was about to sink into my pussy. There was no going back.

‘Count the piercings as they go in, Princess. There are seven. Let’s see if we can fit them all into your little cunt, shall we?’

Damien kept kissing my face as Sebastian spread me wide with his fingers.

‘One,’ I moaned as he pressed the tip into me.

‘Two.’ The feeling was intense, each piercing very obvious as it slid into me. His fingers gripped my hips as he lingered. I wanted more. Needed more.

‘Three, oh fuck,’ I whimpered as Damien slid his tongue between my lips.

‘Almost half way, should I stop here?’ Sebastian’s tone was dark and full of desire.

‘Please, no. I want it all. Fuck, I need it.’

‘Four, five.’ I panted into Damien’s mouth.

The way the piercings rubbed inside me made me want to slam back onto him, but when I tried, he just laughed.

‘Patience, Cara, I only get to enter you for the first time once, and I want you to never forget it.’

Damien ran his hand up my jaw, holding my gaze, before tipping my face roughly to his.

‘Beg for another one, Poppet.’

‘Please? Please, can I have another one?’ I writhed on Sebastian’s dick, but still he held me firmly on five.

Then he moved, and I gasped out, ‘Six!’

‘One more sweet girl, then I’m going to show you just how much I’ve wanted you since the moment you walked through my door,’ Sebastian said.

‘Oh my god,’ I moaned as he slid fully into me, rocking his hips to make me feel the fullness of him. A loud slap sounded as his hand clashed with my behind. My squeal only lasted a second before Damien filled my mouth with his dick.

‘That was for forgetting to count number seven.’ Heat radiated from my arse cheek and I writhed between them.

‘Seven,’ I cried out around Damien’s cock before he pressed forward and pinned me completely between them.

My head swam at the combined sensation of them both as they began thrusting into me from both ends. When Sebastian reached around and stroked my clit, I was a goner, coming hard as they kept up their relentless pace. He kept touching me as I bucked and writhed, trying to fight it as he worked me up again. My world shrunk to just the two of them and the way they used me, with harsh strokes and tender words, making me crave it all the more.

‘Shit, Princess, I’m going to fill your pretty little cunt up. Come for me, squeeze my dick as you swallow Damien’s cock.’

Damien slid deep into my throat as Sebastian came with a crash of moaning, his fingers digging harshly into one hip as he pushed me to my stomach. His other hand wrought an overwhelming orgasm screaming from me as he pinned me to

the floor. Damien's cock slipped from my throat as Sebastian fucked me into the mattress.

'Fuck,' Sebastian panted as I pulsed around him, both of us breathless.

I whimpered as he slid out of me and kissed the back of my neck. It was like all of my bones had disintegrated into a useless pile of mush.

Barely a minute later, Damien flipped me onto my back and slid into me, not caring about the cum leaking out of my pussy.

'Fuck, it's so bloody warm,' he said. I looked down to see him thrust slowly into me. As he did, a sea of white cum flooded over him.

'I like that,' I said, my voice feeling far off as he leant down to kiss me, his tongue working in tandem with his strokes.

Sebastian lay down on the bed beside us and pulled my mouth to his as Damien fucked me.

'Such a good little Poppet, full of cum and still wanting more,' Damien said.

Sebastian's mouth moved to my nipples, teasing and taunting them while Damien knelt up and pulled my hips up into his lap.

'God, that feels good,' I said as they worked together. Sebastian's teeth grazed my nipple as I arched up, which only made Damien fuck me all the faster.

Sweat glistened over my stomach in the soft light of the tree while I gave into my dirtiest desires.

Reaching down between my thighs, I rubbed myself, wanting to make Damien lose control.

'You're so fucking perfect,' he said, as his eyes darkened.

'Our perfect girl,' Sebastian agreed, placing bites down the side of my tits.

'Come for us, love, one more. You can do it.'

And I did. My body shook while I was torn under. Damien
clung onto my hips as I bucked around him. We were all lost.

And found.

Wrong or right, I wanted it to stay that way.

TWELVE

THE NEXT TWO DAYS WERE A PLETHORA OF SWEET, AND SINFUL moments which left me conflicted. Being wrapped up in Sebastian and Damien left me feeling like the luckiest woman in the world. It was easy to forget the reason we'd met and the fact it was an unconventional situation at best, a morally repulsive one at worst.

Adam had messaged and tried to call me a number of times once we regained the cell phone signal, but I'd avoided him entirely. Bar a brief explanation of the power cut to my parents. I'd kept both them, and Jamie, in the dark about what had gone down in Scotland.

As my flight home drew closer, every moment seemed more intense. Did I want to go home, never to see them again? I'd have to face Adam when we got back to university in Canada, and the fallout was going to be nuclear.

All I wanted was to cosy up in our three-way makeshift bed and stay there for good.

But you can't always get what you want.

'Bath's ready, Princess,' Sebastian said, towelling off those muscular arms as he walked into the sitting room.

'Will you join me?' I asked.

He hesitated a moment before breaking into a smile. 'Of course.'

The water was hot and bubbly, coming up to my chest in the deep clawed tub. Shimmying forward, I made room for

him behind me, leaning back against his thick chest as he slipped his arms about me.

‘Can’t believe I’m going home tomorrow,’ I said, running my fingers up his forearms.

‘Me either. We’ll miss you.’

‘Miss having sex on tap?’ I laughed, only half joking. The two of them knew exactly what I needed in and out of the bedroom. I’d come more in the past few days than I had in the previous year.

‘The house is so much more complete with you in it.’

I knew what he meant. We’d fallen into such an easy pattern with one another. Cooking, cleaning, laughing, fucking. It all just worked.

‘You could come back,’ he said as he slid his hands into my hair, running the tips of his fingers over my scalp.

‘I was supposed to go to university in Edinburgh in the fall. I have a space for my master’s degree course and everything. A—I mean, we were supposed to be getting an apartment in the city together.’

I cut myself off from saying Adam’s name. Neither of us were under any illusion as to who I was talking about, but mentioning his son’s name while I was in the bath with Sebastian seemed a little uncouth.

‘You could still go. Is it what you wanted?’

‘I don’t know. Was I going for me? Or for him? I thought we had this whole life together, but it was all a lie. The course here is excellent, and the opportunities in the field are unmatched. But I don’t know anyone else here. I’d be leaving everything behind.’

‘You know us,’ Sebastian said, tipping my head for access to my neck, so he could graze his teeth along it and make me moan. ‘And even if you go home and never want to see us again, you can do it without him. Don’t let his idiocy and selfishness rob you of your opportunities.’

‘Will you tell him?’ I asked, angling myself so I could see his handsome face.

‘Would you like me to?’

‘It might make things more difficult back at university. I’m not sure I’d come out of the situation any better than he would.’

‘I can be your dirty secret if you like.’ He leaned down and kissed me, his lips firm and demanding. ‘On one condition.’

‘What?’

‘You promise to visit when you come back.’

THIRTEEN

WE SPENT OUR LAST EVENING TOGETHER CUDDLED IN A PILE on our floor-bed, watching comedians argue on the TV and luxuriating in each other.

‘Fuck, poppet, I don’t think I can let you go. I’m going to tie you to the chair and keep you,’ Damien said, placing kisses along my jaw.

Sebastian wrapped his arms around me from behind, his fingers exploring my body with unhurried ease.

‘I’ve never been tied up...’ I said as I slid my hands over Damien’s chest.

‘Then you’ll have to come back so we can show you what you’re missing.’

‘You promise?’ I asked.

‘We promise, baby,’ Damien said into my mouth as he stole a kiss. ‘I’ll buy you some pretty rope and tie you open so we can both fuck you until you beg us to stop.’

‘I don’t think she’ll ever beg us to stop,’ Sebastian said, sliding two fingers into me.

‘I won’t.’ I shifted my leg up over Damien’s hip and pulled his hard dick against me. ‘Make me forget that I have to go home in the morning.’

‘I could have killed the farmer for clearing the roads,’ Damien grumbled against my neck as he replaced Sebastian’s fingers with his cock, sliding inside and stretching me wide.

‘I want you both inside,’ I whispered, licking across Damien’s throat.

‘You want my pierced dick in your ass, Princess?’ Sebastian asked.

I swallowed and nodded.

‘Say it.’

‘I want you to fuck my ass.’

‘Damn, baby.’ He said, angling my face to kiss me hungrily. When he let me go, I tried pulling him back to us.

‘Back in a minute. If you want me in your arse, I’ll need something to get you ready.’

Damien kissed me slowly, exploring my mouth with his as we waited for Sebastian to come back. He slid a hand into my hair while pulling me on top of him, allowing me to ride his dick at my pace.

Sebastian slipped in behind us and rubbed something warm against my asshole.

‘Just some coconut oil, Princess, to get you all ready to take us both.’

Running circles over my ass with his fingers, he pulled me to him. Damien gripped my hips, rocking me back and forth on his cock. I gasped as Sebastian’s hand tightened over my throat, his voice in my ear as he slowly worked a finger into me.

‘Look at you, sweet girl, taking Damien in your cute little cunt while I finger your ass. Do you know I can feel him inside of you? When I stretch you around my cock, he is going to feel every piercing rubbing against him.’

Damien groaned at the idea, his thrusts harder as I quivered on Sebastian’s fingers.

Biting my lip, I accepted a second finger, and eventually a third, while he continued to whisper filth into my ear.

‘You better get your fucking cock in her before I blow,’ Damien growled. ‘I can’t hold back in her tight cunt.’

Sebastian pushed me roughly down onto Damien's chest, who slowed his thrusting momentarily to accommodate Sebastian. My body tensed as he lined himself up with me.

'Just the tip, Princess. You can take that for me.'

The pressure was intense, and I squirmed against Damien, who lifted his hands to my face and alternated between kissing me and whispering sweet encouragement.

'You can do it, Cara. You're the perfect fit for us. You were made to take us both. Spread wide for him.'

'Fuck,' Sebastian groaned as the tip of his cock breached the inner ring of muscles. Tremors took over my body at the intensity of the sensation, and I reached down and ran my fingers over my clit, my hand sticky and hot between our bodies.

Within seconds, I was over the edge, screaming out. Sebastian used my orgasm as the moment to sink himself fully into me. Damien panted, arching his hips as I clamped down on them both.

They moved in tandem, groaning and grunting as they both sought to follow me over the edge. Their movements kept my orgasm from fading, extending it until I didn't know where it, or I, started or ended.

Damien came first, his dick filling me full of hot cum that squelched out with each of Sebastian's erratic thrusts. My ass felt like it was on fire as the piercings entered and exited repeatedly until I was soon lost in a whirlpool of lust.

'Princess, I'm going to fill your arse,' Sebastian said as Damien's softening cock slipped from me, along with a gush of warmth. Damien pushed me up, so that Sebastian pinned me to his chest once more, one arm over my tits while the other gripped me about the waist. His thrusts were merciless, making me squeal with each one.

Damien reached beneath me and stroked my clit until another powerful wave hit me, and when Sebastian whimpered in my ear before coming with a growl, I fell back into the pit with him.

And that's where we were when a voice came from the other side of the room.

'Cara? What the fuck?'

Adam stood, holding a very round bellied woman by the hand, with his jaw hanging open, as his father's cum dripped from my ass to pool with Damien's.

FOURTEEN

‘OH MY GOD,’ I SQUEALED AS I GRABBED THE COMFORTER AND pulled it over my body right as I heard the unmistakable sound of a photo being taken.

‘You fucking whore,’ Adam said, phone in hand .

His fiancée looked from me to Adam as Sebastian pulled on some pants and I moved off of Damien.

‘You keep using words like that and you’ll have no teeth left,’ Sebastian said, standing at full height and wiping his hands on a discarded t-shirt.

‘How could you?’ Adam said to me, ignoring his dad.

‘How could I?’ I asked, dumbfounded, before standing, pulling the comforter up with me. ‘What do you mean, how could I?’

‘Babe, what’s going on?’ Adam’s fiancée asked. ‘Do you know her?’

It was in that moment that Adam’s face changed, his eyebrows raising and his mouth opening as his brain tried to wrestle out an answer.

‘Oh, he knows me. I’ve been his girlfriend for the past two years at university,’ I said as Damien wrapped an arm around my shoulders.

‘She’s lying. She’s been stalking me,’ Adam spluttered out. ‘She’s insane.’

Rage sent heat through my veins.

‘What should I show her, Adam? The text messages? The emails? The hundreds of photos of us together on my phone? Take your pick. I came here to surprise you. To spend a Christmas with you before rerouting my whole life to Scotland so we could start a life together. You told me to apply to Edinburgh. You helped me fill out the forms. What the fuck were you playing at?’

Adam’s face drained of colour as he looked from his fiancée’s grief-stricken face to mine, which flared with anger.

‘Is it true?’ she asked him, her hand cradling her pregnant stomach. Tears filling her eyes.

‘Babe... it wasn’t like that.’

‘I raised you better than this,’ Sebastian said, as the fiancée stormed out of the room.

‘You are fucking my girlfriend, Dad. You don’t have a leg to stand on.’

‘I’ve two legs and I’ll put one of my feet up your arse if you think you’re going to shame Cara over this. Now hand over your phone.’

‘No. I’m not a little kid anymore. You can’t order me around.’ Adam spat at Sebastian and shoved his phone in his pocket.

‘You’re right. I should treat you like an adult.’

He took two steps toward Adam and punched him right on the nose, a satisfying crunch sounding through the room. As Adam’s hands went to his bloodied face, Sebastian reached into his pocket, grabbed his phone, and threw it to the floor and used the foot of the chair to smash it to pieces.

‘That’s for even daring to take a picture of Cara. You don’t deserve to even look at her. Now get out of my house before I beat some sense into you.’

Adam’s eyes widened as he backed toward the door, before fleeing and calling out after his fiancée.

I hoped she would stand up for herself and throw him to the curb where he belonged.

‘Are you okay?’ Sebastian asked, coming over and wrapping his arms around me, sandwiching me between him and Damien.

‘I will be. Are you?’

Sebastian swallowed before kissing the top of my head. ‘I will be, too.’

FIFTEEN

BODIES JOSTLED AROUND US AS WE STOOD TOGETHER IN THE foyer of the airport. My words caught in my throat as I tried to find the right thing to say. It had only been a few days. It was only sex. Rebound.

Right?

So why did I feel like I wanted to stuff the two attractive, older men into my suitcase and hide them in my dorm room until fall?

‘Princess, I’m going to miss you,’ Sebastian said, capturing one of my hands and placing a kiss against my fingers.

‘She’s coming back. Aren’t you?’ Damien said, threading his fingers into my hair and tipping my face to his. ‘Promise it and I’ll kiss you.’

My heart thumped in my chest since a few people stared, but I shook it off with a grin. I was done worrying about what anyone thought about me.

‘I promise,’ I said before launching myself against his lips, kissing him without holding back and then pulling Sebastian in to do the same.

‘Keep in touch, Poppet. And if Adam tries anything, let us know. We’ll be on the next plane over to kick his arse.’

I just wanted to crawl back into the bubble that their cottage had provided. What would I tell everyone?

‘Thank you,’ I whispered as they both held me close. ‘For everything. It was such a disaster, but you both made it okay.’

‘Anytime, Princess. Now you’d best get your arse through the gate before your plane leaves without you.’

‘Yes, Sir,’ I said, fighting back the wave of emotion that threatened to flood out.

‘Fuck, Princess. Start that and I’ll fuck that pretty mouth of yours right here in front of everyone.’

His Scottish drawl sent electricity right between my thighs.

Emotion held me to the spot, despite the overhead board flashing that my flight would be boarding soon. I’d come to Scotland to try to save a dying relationship with glaring issues that I’d refused to see, and I was leaving after having not nearly enough time with Sebastian and Damien. It was just a holiday fling. I shouldn’t care, but even after a few days with them, it felt like I was leaving too much behind.

‘Enough of that,’ Sebastian said, pulling me tight to his chest as a tear fell. ‘You’ll see us again, lass, if you want to. You’ve got our details. You can message any time.’

‘Or call?’ I asked, sniffing.

‘As long as we get to see your pretty face.’

‘Deal,’ I said.

‘Right, away with you. If you miss your flight and I need to take you home, I’ll not be letting you leave,’ Damien said as he wrapped his arms about us for one last hug.

Being wrapped up in two older men was something I’d never imagined, but it felt more right than any other relationship I’d experienced. Would they keep up whatever was blossoming between them in my absence? Jealousy bit at me, despite knowing they owed me no commitment.

‘Let us know when you land safe, Princess.’

And with that, I walked away toward the security lines with every nerve in my body screaming at me to turn around.

SIXTEEN

MOM AND DAD'S HOUSE WAS DECKED OUT TO THE EXTREMES as always. I mixed the pie filling as Mom crimped pastry into the dishes while we chatted.

Being back in Coal's Lake felt alien. It was the same house, in the same town, yet something had changed.

I was pretty sure it was me.

Before Adam, I'd thought I'd end up back in Coal's Lake after university, teaching at the high school or somehow smushing my degree into a job. But he'd forced me to look outside my hometown for the first time. It was one tiny silver lining to the clusterfuck our relationship had turned out to be.

I wanted to see more of the world, to explore situations that were out of my cookie-cutter norm.

Like dating two men at once.

Sebastian and Damien hadn't gone more than a day without checking in since I'd arrived back on Canadian soil. I missed them. They'd left me feeling desired, despite the many thousand miles separating us.

Mom took the bowl from me and began slopping the filling into the pastry.

'It's time you told me about Scotland,' she said.

I'd been avoiding any conversations about it since arriving at my parents' house that morning. Agreeing to come for the New Year's party was probably a mistake. I'd barely had time to process everything myself. I was far less ready to tell my

mom about it. I'd filled Jamie in, and despite being furious with Adam, she still thought what I'd done was overstepping the mark a bit. When I showed her pictures of my two muscular Scotsmen, she figured she might have done the same.

'You've been off since you got here,' Mom said, narrowing her eyes at me.

'I'm a bit tired, that's all.'

'Where are all your pictures from Scotland? You're normally shoving your phone under my nose the minute you're through the door when you've been somewhere exciting.'

'I was snowed in. We didn't really do anything.'

'And who are we?'

I clenched my teeth as I avoided meeting her eyes. I didn't want to lie...

'Cara, I noticed that any trace of Adam seems to have disappeared from your social media accounts and that he's no longer your friend on anything. I'm your mom. Tell me what's going on.'

I sighed and sat down on one of the kitchen bar stools.

'He wasn't at his dad's house when I got there. There was a storm, and I got snowed in.'

'Where was he?'

'With his pregnant fiancée.'

My mom stopped making the pies and looked at me wide-eyed. 'His what?'

'His fiancée. They are expecting a baby soon, and he'd neglected to mention her at all. The socials he had were fake. He lied about everything.'

'Oh, sweetheart,' she said, coming to my side of the counter to pull me into a cuddle. I didn't realise quite how badly I needed it until my face was buried against her

shoulder. ‘Let me get you a glass of wine. Your father had a delivery.’

Dad was a huge fan of his wine subscription boxes, despite rarely actually drinking the wine himself. Still, it was always handy come party season.

Mom poured me a large glass of chilled white wine and rubbed my back as I took a sip.

‘So what did you do?’

‘His dad let me stay until it was time to go back. I couldn’t get back out anyway as the roads were blocked.’

‘That was kind of him.’

More than you know...

‘So what now? What about your studies in Scotland?’

‘I don’t know. I think I still want to go,’ I said.

‘Good. You shouldn’t let a stupid boy ruin your plans. As much as I’d love for you to just come home after your degree ends, you should take the time when you’re young to go and live. See the world, have fun, maybe meet a new partner in Europe. There’s plenty of time to settle later. I’m so sorry Adam turned out to be a cheater, love.’

‘Me too, Mom.’

‘Maybe it will be a blessing in disguise. He never treated you the way you deserved.’

After seeing the way Damien and Sebastian had treated me, I knew she was right.

I had to let the past go and move on to better, brighter, and, hopefully, more sinfully delightful things.

SEVENTEEN

MUSIC MINGLED WITH CHATTER AS THE PARTY WENT ON. IT felt like half of the town must have come. My head ached with the amount of Adam related questions I'd had to bounce. Where was he? Did I get a ring for Christmas? How was Scotland?

Slinking into my bedroom, I shut the door and sighed.

I wished for the small hours of the night, when everyone would drunkenly stumble home so I could get some peace.

Pulling out my phone, I smiled at the notification from our group chat.

Wish we were there, baby. Save your New Year's kiss for us - S

I smiled as I typed back.

Until August? I don't know if I can be kiss celibate until then.

The first one of the year is special. Start as you mean to go on - D

If you go kissing some other guy, I might have to remove his lips - S

Sebastian's possessiveness made my thighs clench.

I'd have loved nothing more than to be in their arms as they kissed me instead of moping in my bedroom to avoid

Adam-related questions.

Are you asking me to be exclusive, Mr Rudolph?

Not asking. Telling. I need to know you belong to us. Every day without you is a day too long - S

I should have been turned off by how quickly things had proceeded, but I truly wanted nothing more than to belong to them both, and have them be mine.

I don't feel like that is something that can be agreed upon by text.

Good - S

What?

Look outside, Princess - S

My eyes flew to the window, where in the lightly falling snow two figures stood.

It couldn't be...

Could it?

One held a phone in his hand, the soft glow lighting up his face, while the other waved.

My cell started ringing, and I picked up the call.

'Is it really you?' I asked, my voice breathy.

'It is. You've got two minutes to get your cute little arse down here to kiss us as the clock strikes midnight.'

I didn't need any more encouragement.

I was down the stairs, weaving through bodies and grabbing my coat in record time. Cold air whipped at me as I stepped outside, snow crunching beneath my footsteps.

A grin slashed my face as I ran into their arms, burying my face in them and inhaling their woody scents.

‘Shit, Poppet, nearly knocked me on my arse,’ Damien said with a laugh.

‘I can’t believe you are here.’

‘There’s nowhere we’d rather be. Now, I’ve flown thousands of miles for a kiss, Princess. Don’t keep me waiting.’

Sebastian’s mouth was on mine with a furious fire as he kissed me hungrily, leaving me in no doubt to the depth of his feelings. His tongue slid over mine as I moaned into his mouth, only to sigh happily as Damien tipped my mouth to his and kissed me with a matched ardor.

Was kissing two men on my father’s doorstep a good plan? Probably not. But at that moment, I didn’t care in the slightest. Coal’s Lake be damned, I had two hot as hell men who I wanted more than anything.

My moan turned into a needy whimper as they swapped me from mouth to mouth, never taking their searching hands from me.

Eventually, we broke off the kiss and stood staring at one another, our hot breath clouding in the night air.

‘Happy New Year, Princess,’ Sebastian said.

‘Happy New Year,’ I said with a grin.

‘Best start to one yet,’ Damien added.

‘Are you going back in?’ Sebastian asked, looking at my parents’ house over my shoulder.

‘You didn’t come all this way just for a kiss, did you?’ I asked.

‘We did.’

‘Well, fuck that. I’m not nearly done with the two of you.’

Their faces broke into grins as I spoke. ‘Hungry?’

‘For cock? Absolutely.’

‘Jesus, Cara, you’re going to kill us talking like that.’

‘What? Don’t think you can handle it?’ I said teasingly.

‘Baby girl, I’ll feed you enough cock that you won’t need to eat for a week. Don’t you worry your pretty head about it.’

Damien hoisted me over his shoulder as I laughed. ‘Our hotel room only has one bed. We’ll need to share.’

‘I’m sure we’ll find a way...’

EIGHTEEN

THE AIR HAD THE FIRST COOL CRISPNESS OF FALL AS I STEPPED off of the airplane and onto the tarmac below. A light wind ruffled through my hair as nerves flickered in my chest.

With my feet firmly on Scottish soil, I couldn't help but smile. My life had felt like a weird limbo in the intervening months since my Christmas rendezvous with Damien and Sebastian. I'd finished my degree, determined to succeed despite Adam throwing a spanner in the works. Much to my relief, he hadn't reappeared at university, and I'd managed to field most of the questions about his disappearance without too much scrutiny.

The whole time, a piece of me had remained in Scotland with the two men who'd swept in and stole little chunks of my heart. Our days may have been lust fuelled and quick, but their effect had held me in a grip over the long months without them.

Long night phone calls and short, sweet texts had kept me going in the time since they'd last held me between them, and a nervous excitement skittered through me to finally be on the same landmass as them.

I'd held off telling them when exactly I'd arrive, not wanting them to feel the pressure to come see me if it wasn't what they wanted. I'd told them it would be sometime that week, and that I'd call them when I was all settled in my apartment.

I wanted nothing more than to hire a car and go seek out Sebastian's cottage in the wilderness.

Fuck it, that's exactly what I would do.

Waiting for my bag had me dancing foot to foot with impatience. The queue at the passport checks drove me mad. Every minute that ticked by was one more minute without them.

Was it crazy?

Probably.

Did I care?

Not one bit.

With a skip in my step, I wheeled my case through the arrivals lounge and toward the car hire counter when a deep Scottish drawl stopped me in my tracks.

'Where are you running off to, Princess?'

I turned, my eyes widening as Damien and Sebastian closed in on me.

'You're here!'

'Of course we are, Poppet. We've waited months for your pretty little arse to get here.'

'But how did you know which flight I was on?'

'We didn't. We've been here for every single one that arrived from Canada since Monday.' Damien grabbed me and swung me up into his arms with a kiss.

'You're crazy,' I laughed as Sebastian encircled us and pulled my mouth to his, his tongue exploring as I sighed.

'Crazy about you.'

'I was about to hop in a hire car and come find you all. I'm as addled in the brain as the both of you,' I said, before grinning at them.

'There was no way we were missing our girl arriving,' Sebastian said, his voice gravelly.

‘Am I your girl?’

‘Since the minute you stumbled through my door,’
Sebastian said.

‘Does that mean you both belong to me?’

Damien laughed and ran a thumb over my jawline. ‘You own every fucking breath, Poppet.’

NINETEEN

THE WINTER SOON MADE WAY WITH THE CRUNCH OF RED AND orange leaves, shortening days and lengthening nights. As days flitted by, I spent the week in Edinburgh studying, making friends and exploring the city. On weekends I'd wake up with my delicious duo in my bed, or travel up to Sebastian's cottage to wile away the hours there. As the weeks turned to months, Damien had taken up a pretty permanent residence in the cottage, softening Sebastian's hard edges with a more homely touch.

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't jealous of all the extra days they had without me. I loved my time at university, but I didn't want to only be a weekend member of our trio. I missed them too much.

Snow crunched beneath the tires of the taxi as I approached the cottage, lighter than the previous year, thankfully.

Luck would have it that Moira Leigh Grey, once again, drove me from the station to the cottage, chatting away from the front seat.

This time, I was going knowing that my reception would be warm and full of love, rather than trying to piece together something broken.

'Here you are, lass,' Moira said, pulling up outside the door.

'Thank you so much,' I scooted out from the seat right as my mom called.

‘Hey mom, happy Christmas Eve!’ I said into my cell as Moira took my bag from the trunk of the taxi. I mouthed a thank you and swiped my card on her reader before trundling toward the house.

‘Is that you at Sebastian’s?’ Mom said, her voice tinny on the other end.

‘Yeah, just pulled up in the driveway.’

It had taken some time for my parents to accept my relationship with two men so much older than me. But they’d come round. Sort of.

‘Can you bring them home next year? Your dad and I are missing you too much. We’d love to meet them properly.’

‘I’d love to. I know it’s a bit different, but they both make me feel so loved, Mom. It’s more than I ever thought it could be.’

‘I can see, sweetheart. The past year you’ve been back to your sunny self. You’re a big girl and your choices are your own to make. If that’s a threuple, then that’s okay with us.’

I laughed. ‘A throuple, I think you mean?’

‘Well, whatever you want to call it, as long as they treat you well, it’s okay with me.’

‘Thanks, Mom.’

The door opened wide, spilling yellow light in a square on the snow.

‘You’re here,’ Damien said, dashing out and scooping me up in his arms.

‘I am.’ I laughed as he kissed me behind the ear. ‘And I’m on the phone with my mom.’

Damien took the phone out of my hand with a grin. ‘Mrs Landry! How are your holidays going?’

He deposited me in the hallway before heading into the kitchen, chatting up a storm with my mom.

‘There’s my girl,’ Sebastian said as I entered the sitting room. He put his book down and patted a knee, drawing me into his lap as I joined him. ‘Missed you this week, my love.’

He kissed me slowly, his breath tinged with cinnamon and red wine. I moaned softly as his hand slid up my waist, applying pressure that made me want to scoot even closer to him.

‘I can’t believe it’s been a whole year,’ I said as we broke the kiss.

‘I can. Every minute away from you felt like a day.’

‘So sappy,’ I said before nipping him with my teeth.

‘I’ll show you sappy...’

‘Oh? What will you do, Mr Rudolph?’

‘I’ll make you climb up here and ride my face until you squeal.’

The way my insides twisted, even a year on, at the dirty things he and Damien said, astounded me.

‘Don’t threaten me with a good time.’

‘Dinner time, you two,’ Damien said, handing me my cell so I could say goodbye to my mom.

‘We have a surprise for you after we’ve eaten,’ Sebastian said as I finished the call and pushed my cell into my pocket.

‘I do like surprises...’



Later that evening, we were curled up on the sofa together in a contented little bundle. Adam had called Sebastian during dinner so that he could see Arabella, his granddaughter. The relationship between them was still fraught, but they’d both agreed to be civil for the little one. So far, I’d not met her, nor seen Adam. But I was glad that Sebastian had. As wrong as Adam had been, he’d already lost everything. He hadn’t completed his degree, his fiancée had left him, and his family

had turned their back. After a lot of initial anger, he'd come to realise he'd brought it all upon himself, and that building bridges would better serve him than setting them alight.

'You okay, Princess?' Sebastian said.

'Yes, sorry, away with the fairies.'

'Are you ready for your gift? You're allowed to open one on Christmas Eve, and we want you to open this one.'

The package was small and wrapped in a thick red paper topped with a bow. On the gift tag it said, 'Cara, you were the key that we never knew we were missing. Meeting you flipped our worlds upside down. We love you. S + D.'

'In a good way, I hope?' I said, as I looked up at them with a smile.

'The best way.'

The paper tore as I ripped into the little package, opening the box to find a silver keyring with a tiny version of Sebastian's cottage in the solid metal dangling from it. I turned over a flat metal disc and looked up in surprise. It read 'Our Home'.

'What's this?' I asked.

'Cara, will you move in with us? After your degree. We want to take things to the next stage, all of us, and that starts with this becoming our home. Hell, if your work takes you elsewhere, we'll move. It doesn't matter which house, but we want to be together,' Damien said.

'We want it to be our home. Our bed. The three of us.'

I sniffed as I nodded. 'Yes.'

'You'll move in?'

'I will.'

Damien let out a whoop as Sebastian crushed me to his chest, stealing my kisses between smiles.

'Fuck, Princess, we're the luckiest guys around.'

‘I think I’m the lucky one,’ I said as Damien tipped me back and kissed me from above as Sebastian grazed my neck with his teeth.

Our kisses turned to petting, and then to a hazy blend of mouths and fingers and tongues until we were all wet and hard and horny.

‘Do you want us both inside?’ Damien asked.

‘Tell us what you want, Princess.’

‘Anything I want?’ I asked.

‘Anything.’

‘I want to see what it would be like riding you while Sebastian is in your ass,’ I said to Damien, feeling my cheeks flush at the request. Despite the months without me, they’d never gone beyond oral with one another.

Damien flushed as he looked at Sebastian. ‘I’m game if you are?’

‘Get the lube.’ Sebastian was as tight-lipped as ever.

I dropped to my knees and took his pierced length in my mouth, blinking up at him while Damien fetched the lube. He groaned and ran his fingers through my hair.

‘Fuck, Princess, you’re too good at that.’

Damien soon joined us, tipping the lube onto my hand as I sat back and ran it up and down Sebastian’s cock. His dick leapt when I stopped, demanding more in a way that made me even wetter. I stayed on my knees as Damien climbed into Sebastian’s lap, guiding the pierced cock to his ass. Lining them up, I flicked my eyes to their faces as Sebastian entered Damien for the first time. The pure ecstasy made me squirm against my heels. I was torn between watching each metal piercing disappear and watching the divine emotions glitter across their faces.

‘Fuck,’ Sebastian said as Damien slid down him until he was seated fully inside him.

‘I think that’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen,’ I said before, licking my way up Damien’s dick and sucking it into my mouth.

His groan made me reach down and touch myself, while Sebastian rocked his hips slowly, getting Damien used to him.

‘Poppet, if you don’t get yourself up here, I’m going to cum in your mouth,’ Damien growled after a few minutes. ‘There’s not a chance in hell I can hold off.’

I climbed up on top of them and slid myself over Damien, whimpering as he stretched me. God damn, I’d never tire of his thick cock.

Damien panted into my neck as we moved, my hips sliding as I fucked Damien. Seeing him pinned between us made me need them all the more. Sebastian slid one hand up into my hair and pulled my mouth to his, drowning me in hot kisses as Damien slid a hand between us. When he circled my clit, I saw stars.

‘Come for us, baby,’ Sebastian said. ‘I’m going to fill Damien’s arse with my cum, then I’m going to pin you down and do the same to you. You’ll both be dripping by the time the night is through.’

The dirty words sent me over the edge as I came. Damien wrapped his arms around my waist and thrust hard into me as I heard Sebastian grunt. The fingers in my hair pulled hard as Sebastian shot his load into Damien, while Damien filled my pussy up.

We sat there, panting and looking at one another in wonder as the clock struck midnight.

‘Merry Christmas, my loves,’ Sebastian said.

‘The merriest by far,’ I sighed before collapsing against them.

AFTERWORD

Thank you so much for reading my short. Smutty Christmas novella.

I had a load of fun writing Sebastian, Damien and Cara's story. What more says Christmas than being snowed in with two hot guys?

'Theirs for Christmas' was written as a part of the Twelve Days of Smutmas. Twelve authors in numerous genres all bringing you a snack sized spicy read for the holiday season.

Find the others on the next page <3

Love Effie

TWELVE DAYS OF SMUTMAS



TWELVE DAYS OF SMUTMAS ALL BOOKS



HOW THE GRINCH SAVED CHRISTINA by Amanda Bentley

GIFTING HER REVENGE by Luna Knight

FROSTED by Maia Terry

NAUGHTY ALL THE WAY by Valerie Pepper

THEIRS FOR CHRISTMAS by Effie Campbell

ALL KNOTTED UP by Elliot Ason

A COURIER FOR CHRISTMAS by Eliza Anne

SAY IT AIN'T SNOW by Bella Leigh Michaels

CUPID'S CHRISTMAS by Kelsey Woods

SINCE THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO by K.M. Gillis

MERRY IN SPITE by Irene Bahrd

A NOT SO SILENT NIGHT by J.L. Quick

ALSO BY EFFIE CAMPBELL

Dark Escapes

Alex chases mafia princess Esther when she tries to run from her arranged marriage. A battle of loyalty to her father and trying not to fall for her ensues.



Dark Enemies

Maeve is forced to marry ice-cold Cameron, a long time family enemy. Time shows them they have more in common than they thought. It's a shame she's determined to ruin everything he holds dear...



Dark Obsessions

It may be unorthodox to stalk your sister-in-law, but love knows no bounds. When Mac sees her boyfriend hurting her, he can't hold back any longer. He pulls on a mask and shows her her worth...



Dark Desires

Valentina wants the hot older man that she can't have. Him being forbidden won't stop her, though. She follows him to a hedonistic resort in the Scottish highlands and puts herself up for the primal hunt auction... but gets far more than she bargained for when she discovered he really enjoys sharing his toys.



[Heart of Wrath](#)

It's a shadow wielding demon with a double-dick. A bloody, paranormal novella.