

A DARK REVERSE HAREM COLLEGE ROMANCE  
A COVINGTON HIGH BOOK

A woman wearing a red and white Christmas-themed outfit is lying down. A hand is placed on her forehead. The background is dark with bokeh light effects.

*Christmas*  
WITH THE **KINGS**



AMELIA WINTERS



CHRISTMAS WITH THE  
KINGS



# AMELIA WINTERS



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[author.amelia.winters@protonmail.com](mailto:author.amelia.winters@protonmail.com)

# AMELIA WINTERS

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- [Dirty Crown, book 7](#)
- [Covington Christmas](#)

## THE SAVAGE DARK

- Lords of Darkness
- Dark Duplicity
- Deviant Darkness

# CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Also by Amelia Winters](#)

[About the Author](#)



# CHAPTER 1



“YOU STILL DON’T HAVE ANYTHING FOR THEM FOR Christmas?” Penny asked me on the other end of the line. Her voice was filled with shock. “You still haven’t done any Christmas shopping? You know they’ve been planning your gift for weeks now, right?”

“I know,” I groaned and rolled over on my bed. I was hiding out after getting back early from a work trip. These days I spent my life finding the balance between my new job as a research biologist for a non-profit organization, life as Ivan’s daughter, and life with my Kings.

As much as I loved my work and spending time with Ivan, Amara, and Nat, my Kings won every chance I got. Our non-profit had just done a massive fundraising drive for the Christmas season, and I was exhausted now. I had two weeks off, and I intended to spend every moment of it with them.

The problem was they were nowhere in sight. Each one of them was just as busy as I was. Archer and Valen were working for their family businesses and were constantly overseas. They both worked in finance and traveled too much for my liking. Kingston was in a research study program that kept him busy with academics. And Ryker had moved on to start his own business. He’d never been the type to enjoy school as much as the rest of us, so he decided to become an entrepreneur. First, he opened a gym and fighting training center, then another, and now he owns several across a few different states.

We had pledged to spend our two-week Christmas break together, just like in the old times, those simpler times before life got in the way of us having fun, back when we had summer breaks and long, lazy afternoons when school was done. When we were all together, with no cares other than making each other feel good.

I wasn't even twenty-five yet and already felt old and jaded over life. Part of me thought maybe I should just quit everything and live off Ivan's wealth. Become a rich, spoiled girl and indulge my every whim.

Damn my work ethic and my need to stay busy while making the world a better place.

If only hired assassin was a full-time job, and if only people hired me to rid the world of people like those from the Organization of Maksim and Ilya.

"What are you going to do?" Penny asked. "You guys are leaving tomorrow, right?"

"We are, and there's nothing on the way to the cabin," I sighed. "I don't know. Maybe I'll come up with some way I haven't had sex with them yet and pretend that's their present."

"First of all, ew," she giggled. "Secondly, like there's a single thing you haven't done. Mark and I are only two people, and there isn't much left on the table for us to try. I can't imagine how empty your list is."

"First of all, ew, right back at ya," I laughed. "Secondly. Well, you're probably right. I wonder if I should go look for something."

"Going to the mall two days before Christmas? Are you nuts?" she asked.

"You know me well enough to know that, yes, I am quite crazy," I said and sat up. I exhaled slowly and continued. "I don't really have a choice, now, do I?"

"I guess not. Good luck with that," she said, and we talked for a little bit before ending the call. She was getting her guy a kayak, something simple and something he wanted.

On the other hand, I had no idea what I would get my Kings. So I decided I'd figure it out after some food court food and a stroll through Oakville's over-packed shopping center. Maybe I'd get a glimmer of inspiration on the way.

When I thought I was an adventurous person, I had things like being fucked on the kitchen counter with a zucchini or pegging each of my Kings one by one. Or maybe even hiking the Inca trail, like we'd done as a group last spring.

But I didn't have the Oakville shopping center right before Christmas on my mind when thinking about adventure. It turned out I was wrong. It should have topped my list all along.

The place was packed, and I was forced to walk shoulder to shoulder among frantic crowds of late gift buyers like myself. And when I say walk, what I mean is being pushed along a river of fellow human beings with no way to control the direction or the speed.

Stores blurred past me, and somehow I found myself standing in the middle of the mall, taking refuge next to the oversized Christmas tree near the unending lineup for photos with Santa. People were talking, kids were screeching, babies were crying, and I could hear the jangle of old Christmas carols somewhere above the ear-splitting drone of it all.

Not exactly spirit-inducing, not exactly bringing the holly out of my jolly.

And then, to the side, seemingly empty, was the perfect spot.

A high-end jeweler specializing in exclusive brands, Tiffany baubles, and high-quality diamonds. The doors were closed, and a single security guard dressed as a nutcracker stood in front of them.

I decided to push through the crowds of people and somehow got across, only sustaining a few elbows to my ribs along the way.

I stood in front of the doors, looked up at the guard, and exhaled, blowing a lock of hair off my forehead.

“Rough crowd,” he chuckled and stepped to the side to let me in.

And as soon as I stepped through the doors, my plan unrolled in front of me, and I knew exactly what I had to purchase.

I made eye contact with a bored-looking saleswoman, and once she took a closer look at the quality of my clothing and the expensive jewelry I was wearing, her eyebrows went up. The minute she realized I had money, her entire demeanor changed, and she practically wiggled in anticipation of making a sale.

And she did. She made enough to leave her smiling broadly and waving while she begged me to come back to see her again. It was amazing how money made people love you. In the moment, at least, I knew the minute she got her commission, she'd forget all about me.

But what I purchased would change my life forever.

## CHAPTER 2



“COME ON, GUYS, IT’S CHRISTMAS EVE! WE HAVE TO GET going, or we’ll never get out of this bed,” I said, finally dragging myself away from their sprawling, warm bodies and into the cold morning air of my bedroom.

I shivered and headed straight for the shower, but as I turned the water on, I heard them all grumble and get out of bed behind me.

Somehow we managed to get cleaned up instead of turning the steam room into yet another sex fest, and we were on the road just after breakfast.

Kingston drove, as usual, and I sat in the front seat. At this point in our relationship, the other three called us the parents and acted as if we were equally in charge of the whole crew. I had to laugh. It was a silly nickname since we were all equally in charge most of the time. Although I was mostly the one in control, it seemed natural since I was the center of attention.

We were heading to a cabin at a ski hill a few hours out of Oakville for the week. We were meeting Ivan, Amara, Nat, Neve, her three guys, and of course, Penny and hers. In addition, there was a cousin of Ryker’s, Archer’s dad, and a few other family and friends we hadn’t seen in a while. We would have everybody over for Christmas dinner, but the rest of the time, we would be alone in our private cabin.

I was looking forward to it. I hadn’t seen much of Nat lately. She was almost finished high school and had been traveling with Amara quite often. Amara was teaching her to

be quite the badass, and with Nat's looks and her fierce independence, she was a force to be reckoned with.

"Shit, this snow is getting worse," Archer said as we drove slowly up the winding mountain road. We'd been going for over an hour at that point and had just stopped to load up on snacks. I took the back seat between Valen and Ryker, and Archer was in the front seat. Kingston was still driving. It was kind of his thing.

"We'll be okay. This thing is a tank," Kingston said, patting the leather dashboard of his brand-new SUV. It was some exotic brand I'd never heard of before, but he was the car guy, so I knew it was expensive and it was safe. Everything we bought these days had the full Pope package, as he called it. Complete with bulletproof windows, tires that couldn't be punctured, and a reserve fuel tank in case we had to run it for longer than normal.

It really was a tank and big enough for a good time in the back seat. I couldn't wait until the weather was nicer and I could ride them on the sleek leather seats. Until then, we had to keep our seatbelts on during the treacherous trip up the steep roads.

"I can't see the ditch," I said, looking out the side of the car. The snow was coming down so fast and thick that it was a whiteout. "Are we going to make it?"

"We're almost there, princess," Ryker reassured me and took my hand in his. He squeezed to give me support as my mind raced wildly, thinking of how horrible it would be to get into an accident or get stranded out here. As much as I loved being in nature, sometimes I hated being far from cities or civilization.

"Just a few miles now," Valen told me and put his hand on my knee. It was a comfort feeling it there, warm and steady as the SUV plowed through the storm.

"It's getting worse," Archer said, leaning forward to peer through the blowing flakes. "This is wild. The darker it gets, the more it feels like we're flying through the stars."

“It’s cool. I almost wish I was high right now,” Kingston chuckled. The sun slipped behind a steep peak to the side of us and plunged the roadway into murky twilight.

“It’s not cool. It’s scary,” I said quietly and listened to the music and the chatter of my Kings around me. They kept me calm, each one of them. It wasn’t even the way they touched me. It was the way they wrapped me with my warmth, love, and familiarity just by being their usual amazing selves.

I was finally calming down from my near panic attack when Kingston veered sharply off the road onto the narrow driveway up to the cabin.

“Thank god for GPS,” he said, squinting into the snow. “We’d probably end up driving onto the chairlifts if we didn’t have it. I can’t see a fucking thing right now.”

The map on the SUV’s screen set in the center of the dashboard changed as he moved through twists and turns toward our cabin.

Finally, we reached the end of the forested area, and it opened into a clearing where our cabin sat on a small rise.

Calling it a cabin was kind of a misnomer, to be honest. It was a palatial log home with triple-height ceilings and a massive hand-built stone fireplace that dominated the living room at the front. I could see an enormous tree twinkling through the window already, calling us into the inviting interior. Our house staff had gotten the place ready for us over the past couple of days and had left in the morning, making it back to Oakville before we even hit the highway.

This ensured that we had all the food and drink we needed, our beds were made up, all our clothes were already here, and of course, it was decorated for the holidays. We just had to park, drag in our gifts, and enjoy.

“I hope they left enough firewood,” Ryker said, eyeballing the snow again as Kingston parked in front of the steps.

“I’m quite certain they did, and it’s under cover on the back porch,” Archer said. “I explicitly requested this after last spring.”

We all laughed as we remembered a disastrous fire where we'd tried to use wet wood to warm ourselves up from a day spent on the slopes. We'd somehow managed to fill the house with black smoke instead and had to put it out and rely on body heat to get the blood flowing again.

Not that it had been so terrible, but there was just something about a fireplace that made everything romantic, even when my Kings fought over a Monopoly game or I just wanted to snooze while they played Call of Duty or some other mindless thing.

As we tumbled in through the front doors and the warmth of the cabin embraced me, I felt my spirits rise until I felt as if my joy was going to bubble up out of my chest.

I turned and took my jacket off, threw it onto a coat rack at the entrance, and felt my phone vibrate in my pocket.

I pulled it out and read the texts I'd missed while we'd been on the road.

"Oh no," I said and looked at my Kings. "The road closed right behind us, and nobody else can make it for Christmas."

I hoped everything wouldn't be ruined because of this. Just when everything felt like it was going my way, something like this came along.



## CHAPTER 3



“CHRISTMAS IS GOING TO SUCK,” I SIGHED AND FLOPPED ONTO the wide leather sofa next to the fireplace. It was brown, overstuffed, and cozy. It enveloped me as I sunk into the cushions and let my anxiety melt away. “I can’t believe nobody else will be here for dinner and presents and all the fun.”

“When have we ever needed anybody else to have fun?” Archer asked and sat next to me. Valen and Ryker were lighting the fire, and Kingston was in the kitchen getting hot chocolate with a strong liqueur together.

“He’s got a point,” Archer chuckled. “We don’t need anybody but you to have a good Christmas, princess.”

“I know what I want under the tree,” Ryker said, looking up as the fire caught the kindling he had piled in the fireplace. “I know exactly what I want.”

I flushed with heat at his deliberate slow, sexy gaze traveling down my body and landing on my thighs. I knew what he wanted, and he would have it, but also the other gifts I’d brought for them.

“I have a feeling I’ll be giving a few gifts under that tree tonight,” I said, then pushed myself off the sofa. “Since we’re going to be alone here until the roads are open, I guess we might as well start celebrating early.”

“It is Christmas Eve,” Valen said, watching me closely. “And we have our Christmas Evie.”

“Which is exactly what I have in mind,” I giggled and trotted down the hall to my master suite. The clothes I’d sent ahead were all folded and hung in my walk-in closet, and I stripped down before having a quick shower.

I put my hair up in a sexy, loose bun and applied a little red glittery lipstick to my lips. I slipped into the Santa lingerie I’d purchased on a whim a while ago and put on a silky Santa hat trimmed with soft faux fur. I slipped my feet into red stiletto slippers lined with red silk and wiggled my painted red toenails.

I liked what I saw in the mirror, so I walked back into the living room like a Victoria’s Secret model on the runway, wiggling my hips and sauntering like I owned the place.

I supposed I did, and I also owned the hearts of every man out there. All four of them, my sexy hunks I’d had for years. They were all maturing into extraordinarily handsome men, and our love was growing with each year that passed.

But still, it never hurt to keep things fresh and fun with things like my silly costume.

They didn’t notice me at first, the fire was roaring, and Kingston was pouring drinks while the others were gathered in front of the fireplace. There was something about fire and guys. It was primal, I supposed. Every time we were near one, it was like each of them wanted to light things up and burn things down.

It was adorable. But still, I was hotter than the fire and needed their attention. I cleared my throat and teetered on the tall heels, so I grabbed the back of the sofa for support.

I must have made a loud enough noise because it cut through their talking, and they all froze and turned to me at the same time. Kingston with a tray of boozy hot chocolates, the other three in front of the fire.

I had to giggle at the looks on their faces. I knew they’d like what I was wearing, but I never expected them to all wear the exact same expression. Pure, absolute, complete lust. Like I was a delicate morsel tossed toward starving men. Like

they'd never seen me look like this before. I felt butterflies in my stomach like it was my first time with them. This feeling was crazy, I'd been with them too many times to count, and in all ways we could think of.

But for some reason, it felt different. I didn't know if it was the fireplace, the snow outside, the fact that we were cut off from civilization, or the twinkling lights of the tree and the fresh pine garlands decorating the cabin, but it felt magical.

Like anything could happen like we could all fall in love with each other over again.

"Is anybody going to say anything?" I asked, giggling nervously again. I was beginning to feel like a juicy T-Bone hanging in front of a hungry dog pack or something.

"You are so fucking beautiful, Evie," Kingston said, at last, his voice thick with reverence. He set the tray down on the coffee table and stepped around the sofa to where I was still balanced on the impossibly high heels of my stilettos. "You take my breath away every time I see you. Even after all these years, I still can't believe you're mine."

He swept me up in his arms and carried me close to his chest. I could feel his heart beating inside his thick muscled body, and I reached up to start unbuttoning his shirt.

"She's not yours," Ryker growled as he stood up from the fireplace. "She's ours, asshole. Don't you forget it."

Kingston chuckled and kissed my forehead. "I knew that would get them riled up," he whispered under his breath. "And I know you love it when we get territorial."

"Thank you," I replied and kicked my feet, extending them in the sexy shoes. In a louder voice, I added, "I guess that means only two Kings are into me tonight?"

Valen and Archer took my direction immediately and stood up, joining Ryker and Kingston to surround me with their muscular, hot bodies. I would never grow tired of that part of our love, being around such incredibly gorgeous men. They took my breath away, even after all this time and all the ways we'd already had sex.

But tonight was magic, it was Christmas Eve, and I was their Christmas Evie, and we were going to make it one to remember.

## CHAPTER 4



“YOU LOOK PERFECT LIKE THIS,” RYKER SAID AS KINGSTON stepped back. I was lying on a thick fur rug in front of the fireplace and what felt like a million Christmas lights twinkled all around me. It felt like I was lying on a cloud in the middle of the night sky.

“I feel perfect,” I said, and I posed for them. I extended one foot and kept my shoes on so my leg would appear impossibly long. I’d gotten waxed from top to toe in the city before we left, so I was smooth and glittery from the Christmas body lotion I’d used before I’d come down.

I even smelled minty, like a delicious treat. Like something they would want to devour, and I hoped they would.

Luckily, I didn’t have to verbalize my needs because my Kings always knew how to read the room. They knew what I wanted on an instinctual level, sometimes even figuring it out before I did.

Archer was the first to take his shirt off, and the moment he reached his pants to unbutton them, the other Kings were following his lead.

“I’m first,” he exclaimed, hopping on one foot as his jeans got caught on the other. Ryker snuck past him and dropped to his hands and knees beside me with a wide grin on his face. “Come on! I called shotgun.”

They always did this, acted as if I was the prize, and whoever called it got it. I loved this part of their play, though, the competitive edginess of it all. It made me feel even more

desired because they would fight for me, even if it was in good fun.

“He got here first,” I said and rolled over, sitting up and bringing my legs closer to me. “There’s more than enough room for all of us, though.”

They were all naked by that point, and I had to take a look at each one of them, all so different and yet so similar in their muscular physiques and absolute gorgeousness.

Kingston began taking large pillows from the sofas and chairs surrounding the fireplace and arranging them on the fur rug in front of the crackling fire. I smiled because I knew he was getting ready for all of us to have comfort while we explored each other’s bodies. He was always looking out for us.

Kingston caught me staring at him, so he stopped and looked down.

“You like this, Evie?” he asked, tossing one more at me, then flexing his arm and posing with his massive cock jutting out from his body. “It’s all for you.”

He was joking, but little did he know that I did like it, and I wanted it. I wanted all of him, so even though I joined in the fun, I was serious underneath. My goal was to get things heated up before I exploded from desire.

“It’s been too long since we’ve all had the chance to get down and dirty,” Archer said, stretching out on the rug. He ran his hand up my leg and settled on my knee. “You look incredible.”

“I feel incredible,” I said and looked around at each of them. “You guys make me feel incredible. I want you to know how much I love you, every one of you. You’re my Kings and the loves of my life. The reason I have for getting up each morning.”

“And the reason to crawl into bed each night,” Ryker said, running his hand up my other leg.

I felt Valen get behind me and put his arms around my shoulders. He lifted my hair and kissed the back of my neck,

sending shivers snaking up and down my spine. I sucked in my breath and leaned back, sinking into the heat of his body and his desire.

“You’re the reason I’d crawl anywhere,” Kingston said, and I felt him sitting in front of me. I opened my eyes and found him on his knees, looking down at me. He took his hands and gently pushed my legs apart, then moved between them. “Right now, Evie, I’m crawling to you so I can taste your sweet little cunt.”

I shivered again, but this time in anticipation. I loved the way Kingston spoke to me, his voice commanding and possessive, as if he knew he was the one in charge. He was growing into his position as leader of our ragtag little group, and soon he’d be giving off full-on alpha vibes.

“You know it’s yours,” I said and relaxed my legs. He lifted them and swung them over his shoulders as he dropped into position to devour me like a holiday snack. “It’s all yours. All of you, I belong to you.”

He rested on his elbows and stretched out along the soft fur rug. The heat from the fire kept the chilly air at bay, and the liquid flames dancing in my core kept my entire body fevered with longing.

Kingston paused as his mouth reached my aching, throbbing pussy, and I gasped, waiting for it.

“Suck her dry,” Ryker said, watching with an intensity that matched the flames in the fireplace. “Make our Evie moan. I love it when she moans.”

“I want to feel her shudder when she spills her sweet juice,” Archer breathed and squeezed my thigh. “Come on, King, eat our little whore.”

“Our sweet, delicious temptation,” Valen said behind me. His British accent was slightly more pronounced because he’d just spent a couple of months doing business in London with visits back home here and there. God, how I’d missed him, so to hear him talking about me right in my ear as his strong arms encircled me, I was transported back to high school when I

was first with him. It was hard to reconcile at times how scared I'd been back then and how confident I was now.

And all because of these four men. The Kings who had found me broken had tried to break me more but had discovered the resilience I possessed deep inside.

Somehow they'd brought it out of me, and somehow, after all these years, I was still the center of their world.

Kingston didn't hesitate or tease once he was close enough. His hot mouth began to work my tender flesh, the world slipped away, and all that was left were four bodies for my pleasure and four hearts for my love.



## CHAPTER 5



“FUCK, I CAN FEEL HER TENSE UP WHEN YOU DO THAT,” Ryker growled as Kingston’s tongue slid across my clit. I sucked in my breath sharply and shuddered as he moved it back. “Keep it up, and she’s gonna come.”

“Is that right?” Archer asked in a rough, low voice. “Are you gonna come for us?”

“Yes,” I hissed in a gasping intake of breath. Kingston’s tongue hit the exact spot I needed, and an electric jolt of pleasure exploded throughout my body. My brain was lit up with the addictive combination of love and bliss, and once the jolt hit it, a wave of released rocked my body.

Kingston kept at me, relentlessly tonguing my clit as he hooked his hands under my thighs and gripped my legs tightly, not letting me escape his eager licks.

I found myself overwhelmed with the sensation of it all and gave in at last. My body tightened with one last act of resistance, and finally, I plunged deep into an orgasmic frenzy. I called his name, I cried all their names, and all around me, I could feel their muscled, strong bodies moving and getting ready for the continuation of our sex.

This is what I loved about fucking my Kings, their eagerness for more. I was greedy for them, and I couldn’t fathom the idea of settling for one man at this point. Nobody could keep up with my needs on his own. Having four sexy studs at my command was necessary for satiating my desires.

I had long thought that I might be weird because of this, that something was strange because of the things I'd suffered in my youth. But now I knew it was unconventional but perfectly acceptable to me. It made sense, the same way it made sense to see fish in the water and birds in the sky.

This is just how I was made, and my Kings had stepped up to care for me exactly how I needed them to.

How could four such perfect men find a life with me if there was something dark in my heart?

I gasped one last time and called out an indescribable sound of ecstasy and let go.

I dissolved in Kingston's hands and flowed through the four of them, my senses spinning out of control as my pussy fluttered and clenched, craving a cock buried deep inside.

"I need you," I gasped and reached for any of them. "I need to feel you inside of me."

There was a scramble of bodies as they fought each other for position, but Valen somehow made it through the others and claimed me for himself. He used his arms around me to pull me backward off Kingston's tongue. I slid up his body, and he held me tightly against his chest as he plunged upward in one swift, sturdy motion.

"Oh fuck, yeah," I moaned like a hungry little whore when his cock split me wide and slammed into me from below. He was on his knees, and I was on his lap now, my Santa panties torn off at some point. My tight red corset was all that was left, that and my cute little hat that was hanging askew and about to fall off the next time I thrashed around.

Which was Valen's next thrust. The force was so intense that my breasts bounced out of the corset, and the hat went flying. I closed my eyes and tilted my head back, where he kissed my jawline from behind and squeezed my waist.

I felt the other three Kings running their hands over my body and recognized Ryker's rough hands on my thighs. I looked down and found him between them, dipping down to

my pussy in a similar position to Kingston's from moments earlier.

"Watch your cock, don't slap me in the face with it," he told Valen with a chuckle. And then he began to lap at my pulsing, heated slit as Valen fucked me slowly from below.

Valen grunted in response, words unnecessary to convey how deeply he was buried. There was no way he would be pulled free from my body until he'd flooded my pussy with his seed. He pistoned faster, and Ryker seemed to match his rhythm, the double assault on my nerve endings was too much, and I went limp as I sobbed another release.

"Fuck, her cunt is dripping. She's soaking wet," Archer said, reaching down to cup the mound above my slit. The wet slapping sound of Valen's cock gave it away, but his prodding fingers found the juices that were coating the entire area, making me slick with my own scent.

Archer drew his finger up my stomach, over the corset, and cupped my breast in his wet fingers. "Come on, Evie, keep coming. You're magnificent when you come. Your eyes light up like you're going to explode with passion."

"She's stunning, isn't she?" Kingston asked from the other side. He took my other breast in his hand, his cock rock hard and ready. "I love eating her sweet little cunt, and she loves it too, don't you, princess?"

I nodded and groaned as he twisted my nipple in his fingers and leaned in to kiss me.

I could taste myself on his lips, and I loved it. I loved how sweet I was when I was with them, how my love and lust for them made me that way and left me filled with joy that spilled out of me all over.

"I love it," I gasped as he pulled away from me. "I love you."

I could hear my Kings around me, their words of lust and fevered whispers of love and longing. It overtook my logical mind, and an orgasm swelled up inside, starting at the base of my back and snaking along my spine until it hit my head. I

arched myself and went stiff in Valen's arms, Ryker's mouth sucking my clit, and felt the other Kings touching and caressing me as I hovered there on the precipice of the moment.

And then it happened. I let go and plunged deep into the ocean again, the deep, endless sea of love and devotion I felt with my Kings, mixed with the fiery hot way we felt together.

Valen gave one last hard, powerful thrust up, and I felt his cock swell, spurt, and release deep inside. His heat radiated out from my center, and I gasped as we came together, then released our tension together. Our bodies relaxed as Ryker kissed a trail from my pussy to my lips, and we shared our pleasure together, all of us.

It was just the beginning of a Christmas Eve to remember, and I barely had time for a glass of water before we switched places and entangled ourselves again.

How I'd missed this, the carefree letting go of pure, raw lust cocooned in the purest love.

And with the roads being covered in snow as we fucked, it seemed like we wouldn't have to stop any time soon.

## CHAPTER 6



“OKAY, I THINK WE SHOULD GET YOU TO BED,” KINGSTON said after filling me with his hot seed. He took the last turn. He was dirty like that. He got off on the idea of fucking me after I’d been with the others. Sometimes he’d devour and lick the cream from my pussy before he thrust inside. “You look like you’re going to pass out.”

“I’m tired, not over fucked,” I said with a low laugh. “I need more, but the comfort of a bed underneath me, not the floor.”

“How about the comfort of my cock under you?” Valen asked and reached for me. “I mean again since I already plowed that field from below tonight.”

“I’ll plow you from the front again,” Archer said, raising his eyebrow with a cocky grin. He took my hand and helped me to my feet. I looked down at the rug and felt heat flush my cheeks.

“We’ve made a mess of it,” I said, grimacing at the flattened fur.

“We’ll clean up tomorrow or the next day,” Ryker chuckled. “Or never. Just leave it. I want your ass for Christmas.”

“I guess it is Christmas now, isn’t it?” I said, looking at the time. “Did Santa come yet?”

“No, but we did more than enough times to make up for it,” Kingston snickered.

“I think you came most of all,” Archer said. “That’s why you need to rest. Leave Christmas for Santa. Tonight you have us elves to entertain you.”

We made our way to the main bedroom, and I climbed into the middle of the oversized bed. I wasn’t ready for sleep, but I was tired and would need it soon enough.

These Kings, their enthusiasm over giving me multiple orgasms, one after the other, were going to be the death of me.

But what a way to die. I was willing to take the chance.

“Are you on the naughty list, princess?” Ryker asked, climbing over me. He looked down into my eyes with a cocky grin. “Or do you think you’re on the nice list?”

“Naughty for sure,” Kingston said, sliding up one side of me. “I’ve seen the things she does.”

“You’ve done half of them to her,” Valen chuckled and kneeled close to me. “If anybody’s on the naughty list, it’s the four of us.”

“I think she’s nice because none of us have plowed her tight little ass for a while now,” Archer said, sitting beside Valen. “She’s starting to forget what it’s like to have both her hot little holes filled and dripping.”

“I’m pretty full now,” I laughed. “I think I’m more like a Twinkie than a toaster strudel tonight.”

Kingston knitted his eyebrows together and said, “I’m not following, Evie.”

“She’s full of icing, not drizzled with it,” Ryker laughed. “You’ve got such an imagination, princess. Now, what do you think I’m imagining right now?”

“I think you’re imagining your fat cock buried in my ass while Kingston fucks my pussy,” I said with a sly smile. “I can always tell when you’re into anal.”

“Your ass, at least,” Kingston said, looking at his friend. “He gets a completely different grin when he wants one of ours.”

“How could you tell?” Ryker asked, leaning down to cover my mouth with his. His hot kiss was exactly what I needed to regain my energy and vitality. I edged around and rolled him to the side where Archer and Valen were sitting. I bumped them and looked up with a wink.

Ryker’s hard body was smooth and strong underneath me. I straddled his hips and slid his cock between my thighs, up my slick slit, and kissed him again.

“We need to flip her over if you want her ass,” Kingston said with a low growl. “Otherwise, we’re doing it this way.”

“Fuck, I want her cunt,” Ryker rasped and lifted me with his hands on my hips. He positioned me above his hard cock and eased me down slowly and carefully.

I exhaled and dropped down, sliding the length of his shaft until the head hit me deep inside, and a deep growl rolled out of me.

“Oh god,” I groaned and rocked back and forth, feeling him throbbing as I balanced myself with my hands splayed across his chest. “This feels so good.”

“That’s it, princess,” Ryker growled and thrust upwards. I felt the metal of his piercings slipping along the inside of me, and somehow he always managed to make them hit just the right spot. I exclaimed in excited joy as he moved back and forth across it. This angle was perfect, allowing him to curve his cock forward to add pressure. “You’re so fucking hot, my little Evie. So sexy.”

“Hand me the lube,” Kingston said with intention in his voice. Archer rolled to the nightstand and drew the tube out, tossed it to Kingston, and moved back to watch.

“I love this part,” Valen said, moving to the other side to watch just as closely. “I love watching her tight little holes get split open like that. Almost as much as I love doing it.”

Ryker held me still, pinning me down by my hips so I couldn’t wiggle out of uncontrolled anticipation.

I heard Kingston spread lube all along his shaft, the wet slapping sounds of it building up the excitement in my body. I

was tense and ready to explode by the time I felt the head of his cock pressing against my tight ring. I was like a water balloon, overfilled and about to burst at the slightest touch.

Kingston took his time working his fat cock into my ass, though, and with an excruciatingly controlled movement, he finally filled me up from behind.

“Our perfect little whore,” he rasped and wrapped his arms around me, burying his face into the back of my neck. I could feel his breath hot on my skin, and it added to the overwhelming sensations that were coursing through me. “Our beautiful slut queen, our dick-obsessed little hell cat.”

I couldn't even form words at that point. All that came out of my mouth was a low moan that started in my chest and vibrated along my throat. It was more like music, or a base, animalistic noise, than anything that resembled language.

I was reduced to my most physical parts. I was turned into a machine, a sex doll designed to be fucked. My mind had no room for any other thoughts. I was being fucked, and I wanted to fuck, and that was it.

I cried out as they began to pick up speed, their dicks pistoning in and out of me like their own flesh machine joining with mine. We were all reduced to the wet slapping sounds of sex, the groans and grunts of our pleasure, and the envious moans from the observers.

Kingston came when I did. It was my first double-penetration orgasm of the night. My Christmas present, to myself and to them. We let loose at the same time, dissolving and reassembling as his dick softened and came out with a plop.

Before I had time to recover, Valen took his place and joined Ryker in fucking my body, using me like I was meant to be used. As if I'd been designed just for them, for their pleasure alone.

“This is all I wanted for Christmas,” Valen exhaled as he pushed himself inside of me. I was slick already from the lube and Kingston's seed, so he didn't need to slather his thick shaft



before he started. He'd already fucked my pussy, like the others, but he never lasted long inside my ass. None of them did.

Valen was particularly excited when he fucked me like that, though. He was rougher than normal. My sweet loving King turned into a bit of a beast when he claimed my ass. He grabbed me by the hips, let me find my balance on Ryker's body, and began to slam into me with a ferocity that rocked my world.

It was like being in the center of a hurricane. I was being tossed around and guided as if I had no control over my own body. I cried out and dropped to Ryker's chest, opening my ass for Valen to continue his animalistic rut. It was savage and wonderful and pushed me into an intense orgasm that left my legs weak and my heart pounding so loudly I was sure they all heard it.

Valen finished quickly after that, grunting my name as he filled me with spurting hot spunk. He pulled out before he went soft and gave my ass to Archer. It was seamless, I wasn't empty for more than a single heartbeat, and Archer took over fucking me hard and fast.

I cried out again and again, came quickly, and bit down on Ryker's chest to muffle my cries of ecstasy. Ryker loved pain, and that brought him along with me. He rasped his pending release and fucked me hard and furiously from below.

The two men somehow still managed a perfect rhythm with each other, one going in as the other pulled out and vice versa. They kept it up until Ryker's explosive orgasm spasmed against my inner walls. I came with him, following him as he was dragged into the storm of pleasure.

Archer finished with us, filling my ass at the same time my pussy was flooded, and the heat of their cum was like fiery bliss completing me and bringing me into the circle of their love.

I sobbed one last time, collapsed in Ryker's arms, and went completely limp.

Archer pulled out, and my four Kings took turns talking softly to me, touching me gently, and kissing me back down to earth.

It wasn't a silent night that Christmas Eve, but it was one I would remember.

My Kings, my loves, and everything I needed in the world was there in that bed with me.

I didn't need anything else for Christmas to make it complete, but I couldn't wait to give them what I'd found.

And I couldn't wait for their reactions.

As we finally slipped off into sleep, I dreamed of sugar plums and hard cocks, presents, and coming more than once a year.

All the while, outside the cabin, the snow fell, and the world was quiet.

## CHAPTER 7



“COME ON, YOU HAVE TO GET UP BEFORE WE OPEN PRESENTS,” Kingston whispered in my ear, tickling me gently along the ribs.

I groaned and tried to pull the blankets over me, but he had them too far down my body for me to reach.

I was exhausted, full of cum, and wanted another few hours of sleep.

But that wasn't in the cards because the roads had been cleared, and everybody was on their way to celebrate Christmas with us at the cabin. And there were presents to unwrap, food to be made, and a holiday to enjoy.

“Can't we put it off for a few hours?” I moaned as I rolled over into his arms. “Tell them we're, like, closed or something?”

He laughed, kissed my cheek, and began to nibble my neck until I was twisting and giggling under him.

“Okay, okay!” I laughed loudly and tried to get away. “I'm up! I have to shower first, though. I seem to be a little sticky this morning.”

“I can't imagine why,” Kingston said and kissed lower until he turned and kissed my pussy, just the mound. He inhaled and made a noise of pleasure, then slipped his tongue into my slit.

I gasped and ran my fingernails along his back, resting my hand on the curve of his ass. He was so beautiful in the

morning light like some ancient god come to life with his perfectly sculpted body. I still marveled that my first love was here with me in moments like this when life seemed far away, and I remembered falling for him when we were children. Life was amazing that way, keeping us together all these years.

“Are you sure you want to do that?” I asked lazily with a small laugh. “It’s pretty ripe this morning.”

“My favorite way to taste it,” he growled and licked again. He was upside down but managed to spread my lips with his fingers and find my clit. He lapped at me, slowly and sensually, until I couldn’t hold back.

I moaned his name and cupped his ass cheek in my hand. As my pleasure built, I woke up more and more and loved him for it. What an alarm clock.

I wanted him, though, so I grabbed his cock and helped him adjust, so it was within mouth distance. I slowly licked up and down, tasting the soap from his recent shower. I sucked harder as he tongued my clit, and took a moment to lick my finger with his cock.

I quickly cupped his ass cheek again and prodded at his puckered hole with the tip of my finger, the one I kept a short nail on just for moments like this.

I paused and relaxed, let me slide it in, and then kept going.

I sucked his cock, he lapped hungrily at my clit, and I fingered his asshole, knowing exactly where I needed to press to get him worked up harder. There was something about hitting his prostate. It was like a button to turn him into a higher mode, one where he could come twice as hard and shoot more hot jizz into my mouth.

That’s why I loved being fucked by him when he was being fucked by Ryker, and there was always so much more to it when we were all bound together.

We didn’t last long together, and as I was gasping my release, he tensed up, and I knew what was going to happen. I pressed his prostate harder inside, swirled my tongue around

the edge of the head of his cock, and ran my other hand down his thick, muscled thigh. I loved his body so much, just feeling it was enough to get me wet and ready and add that dimension to my orgasm that sent me to another level of pleasure.

“Fuck, Evie,” he grunted at last and flooded my mouth with his hot seed. I sucked it down, the salty tang of it familiar to me now. “Fuck, I love you, Evie girl. My princess, my little queen. I love you so much.”

The way he said it sent shivers down my spine and struck something inside of my head. I really felt it then, felt it like a tightening around my heart, safety, and reassurance that this was it. This was my love, where I was meant to be, and where I would be safe forever.

It wasn't just about my Kings. It was about my original King. My first love, the alpha to me, my partner in this crazy relationship.

I loved them all. I really did. I felt that love in every cell of my body, but there was something about my first love that hit differently.

Not that any of it mattered now, we had breakfast to make, three others to feed, and presents to exchange.

I rolled out of bed when we were done and felt his eyes on me as I strolled toward the bathroom for a shower. I could hear the sounds of my Kings in the kitchen, their voices talking and teasing each other. I could smell bacon and coffee and the fireplace roaring with a fresh fire.

I was content, I was loved, and I was happier than I was with anybody else in any place on the planet.

Where my Kings were, I was home.

I pulled on a cozy, soft onesie that was decorated with little bunnies wearing Santa hats and headed into the kitchen in search of food and coffee. Not necessarily in that order.

I was greeted with love and kisses from my Kings, and before I could do anything at all, Archer took my hand and led me to the overstuffed leather chair near the fireplace.

“You have to open your presents,” he said. “I’ll bring you coffee and a sugar cookie to tide you over until brunch, but we have to see you open presents.”

“No arguing. We have to do this,” Valen said, bouncing nervously on his heels. I looked at each of them one at a time, and they were all looking a little suspicious. There was a definite nervous buzz in the air, and that gave me a shot of nervous adrenaline.

“You guys have presents, too,” I said. I’d send all of their gifts up with our house staff when they set up the cabin for us. There were piles of brightly wrapped boxes under the gigantic tree. “Who’s gonna play Santa this year?”

Every year one of them took on the important role of handing out all the presents. Last year it had been Ryker, my tattooed, pierced, sexy Santa. This year it remained to be seen. They’d have to play rock, paper, scissors for it or decide some other way.

“Kingston is up,” Ryker said. “We already decided.”

They were practically vibrating by that point, and I still couldn’t figure out what they had going on to make them so nervous.

I glanced around and realized I still didn’t have my coffee or something to nibble on, so I stood up to get it myself. That in itself was unusual. I was normally waited on by my Kings. They treated me like their queen. It was weird for them to forget my drink and cookie like that.

I took one step, and Valen blocked me, a wide grin on his face. I turned back to find the other three lined up, Kingston wearing the fancy Santa hat with the soft fur trim and silky red material. They were all dressed already, and it occurred to me that they were dressed very well.

Each of them had on dress pants and a tailor-made linen button shirt. They looked polished and full of anticipation.

“What’s going on here, you guys?” I asked with a nervous giggle.

Valen moved to stand next to the others, and Kingston stepped forward, presenting me with a smallish box wrapped in bright red brocade.

“Evie, this is for you from all of us. This is the only gift that matters right now. All the others can wait,” Kingston said, and every one of my Kings wore the same smile filled with anticipation and excitement.

“What did you guys do?” I asked carefully and took the box from him. I turned it over to try and get an idea of what it might be, and I had a feeling I knew. “Is this what I think it is?”

I laughed, turned it upright, and concentrated on carefully untying the silk ribbon that tied the lid onto the rest of it. I let the ribbon drop and removed the lid with a shaking hand.

Inside the box, nested on a bed of the softest red silk, was the prettiest ring with the biggest diamond I’d ever seen in real life in the center of the clasp.

I gasped, looked for my Kings, and found each one of them down on one knee in front of me.

“Evie, we all came to the same place in our lives this past year,” Kingston said. “I’ve been asked to speak for all of us, so believe me when I say this is coming from each and every one of our hearts. Will you marry us? However, we manage to find a way. Will you make our union official and accept us as your husbands?”

Tears prickled the backs of my eyes, but before I gave them an answer, I couldn’t help it.

I threw my head back, and I laughed.

## CHAPTER 8



KINGSTON CLEARED HIS THROAT, AND EACH OF THEM LOOKED as confused as the next. They slowly rose to stand in front of me, looking down as I stopped laughing and handed Kingston the box with the ring in it.

They looked even more confused when I stepped around them and walked toward the tree, found the four small gifts I had put there when we'd arrived the night before, and turned around.

"I want you to open your presents, too," I said. "This is the only one that matters."

They were still confused as they tore the paper off and found a black velvet jewelry case in each one of their hands.

And then they caught on to what was happening.

"Is this?" Ryker started to ask but then stopped himself. He raised an eyebrow and started to chuckle.

They opened their matching boxes and found their matching rings. Each one was done in platinum with a single diamond inlaid in the band. I had gotten a special message engraved on the inside of each one.

Kingston's read "My First Love."

Ryker's read "My Rebel."

Archer's read "My Trickster."

Valen's read "My Heart."



Each message corresponded to their personalities, and each one of them smiled when they read it, knowing I had hit the nail on the head.

I sunk to one knee, looked up at the four of them, and started to speak.

“Will you marry me? I don’t know how we’ll work it out, but I want this forever. I can’t imagine my life with anyone else, and I can’t fathom how I could go without all of you there for me until my dying breath. I need each one of you, my loves, my support, my Kings.”

And it was their turn to laugh. They reached for me, pulling me up and into their arms. I was encircled by their solid, muscled bodies as we all laughed and let tears of joy fall down our cheeks. They helped me put my ring on my finger, I helped each of them, and we held our hands out together to admire them.

“Just like real life, you sparkle bigger and bolder than any of ours,” Valen said, noting the size difference in the diamonds.

“I hope you don’t expect something larger,” I said with a dramatic, exaggerated sigh. “I have four of them to buy. You guys are sharing the price on one ring. It’s not exactly fair.”

“She’s got a point,” Archer shrugged and nodded at me.

We laughed again, and finally, my stomach flip-flopped and gave a loud groan of protest.

“God, we haven’t fed her yet,” Kingston exclaimed. “We’ve got waffles and bacon. And those hash browns you love so much.”

“You know how to spoil a girl,” I grinned and followed him into the kitchen, at last, the ring on my finger a reminder of their love. I couldn’t help but look at it and roll my hand around in the light, enjoying its beauty.

“No, we know how to spoil our fiancé,” Ryker said, pouring me a big mug of black Americano at long last.

I savored the taste of it as they served me brunch. I added fresh, sunny-side-up fried eggs to my bacon and waffles, took a few orange slices and some melon and sat back to ponder how I'd managed to get such an incredible life.

I was the luckiest girl in the world.

No, check that.

I was the luckiest fiancé in the world.

And nothing in life could ever ruin that for me. Whatever happened in the coming years, I would always have this moment with my Kings, and I would remember it forever.

\* \* \*

“YOU GUYS,” I SAID AND OPENED YET ANOTHER PRESENT. SO far, almost every gift under the tree had been mine, but again, I had four to buy for, and they had four of them buying for me. I guess that made sense, but I still felt a little pang of guilt when they were finished with their gifts, and I was still going. “Is this what I think it is?”

So far, most of mine had been jewelry, shoes, makeup, and fashion that they nailed perfectly. I suspected Penny and Neve had helped with some, and my personal assistant, Gilles, had helped with the rest. His husband was a designer, and I loved his work as much as I loved supporting somebody just starting out. My Kings honored my wishes that way. Most of what they'd given me had been from small artists and businesses in an attempt to spread our wealth around as much as we could to those who needed it.

I hoped at the end of my life, I could face whatever was on the other side with a clear conscience by balancing my bad deeds with good deeds. So far, my good far outweighed the bad, especially since everybody seemed to have settled down in their vendettas against Ivan and the Popolov Empire.

The Organization was still at work, though, and I was still at work hiring people to chip away at them. As they say, you

eat an elephant one bite at a time, so I was going to take them down one person at a time.

“That depends,” Ryker chuckled as I began to unwrap the long box I was holding.

“Depends on what?” I asked, looking up.

“On what you think it is, of course,” he replied, and I groaned at his dad joke.

I finally tore all the paper off and opened the box, taking out exactly what I wanted. A fancy leather restraint system done by a guy in Japan who specialized in bondage gear. Normally his work took years to obtain, and there was such a waiting list, so I wondered how they’d managed to get it done so fast.

“Not fast at all, princess,” Archer said. “We ordered this for you a couple of years back. It finally arrived in November.”

“It’s so pretty,” I said and ran my fingers along the butter-soft black leather. It would keep a person restrained in a position that left them open and exposed to whoever wanted to slip inside of them.

I would wear it, of course, allowing my body to be used by my Kings, especially if they put a ball gag in my mouth. We hadn’t explored much, but I was ready to test the waters and find out how we all wound up in the spectrum of bondage and discipline.

I suspected I would be pretty dominant, but this harness would allow me to have the freedom of no control, and I couldn’t wait to try it.

“Here’s another,” Ryker said, handing me a little box. “Open it, and we can use it later after everybody leaves.”

I tore through the paper and lifted the lid on the box. I found a metallic vibrator nestled in the black velvet interior, and it was shiny and intriguing.

Next to it was a remote control. I looked up, and they were all smiling.

“What’s this for?” I asked, furrowing my brow.

“It’s for us to play a little game. Like Russian Roulette, but with your pussy,” Kingston chuckled. “We spin a dial and find out who gets to use the remote for the night.”

I was about to open my mouth and suggest we use it immediately, but the front door of the cabin flung open, and snow billowed all around as Ivan’s voice boomed out, “Merry Christmas!”

And just like that, our sexy fun came to an end while we turned to entertain our families.

And yet, I couldn’t be happier. As much as I loved being with my Kings, I was excited to spend the day surrounded by those we love.

## CHAPTER 9



“I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU GOT ME A REAL BIRKIN BAG,” PENNY gushed later in the day when we were alone. The cabin was large, and there was the front open space with an attached kitchen as well as another rec room at the back, but it still felt crowded with everybody milling around. Penny and I had snuck off to my bedroom to sit in my big, cozy velvet chairs and catch up on our lives since the last time we’d seen each other.

“You deserve it,” I said. “And it was one of the only couture gifts I gave. The rest were all bespoke items from small artists and craftspeople. I wanted to spread my money around to people who needed it. But this bag, I know how much it means to you!”

I didn’t know why I said that. I meant to illustrate how special she was to me, but instead, I sounded like a snobby rich bitch. I’d always sworn I’d never let the money change me, but maybe it was inevitable because of the differences it made in my life.

“I’m sorry, that made me sound like an uppity asshole,” I laughed. She was still admiring the bag on her arm, and it looked good on her, especially with her broad smile.

“Not at all,” she reassured me, glancing up. “I know your heart is still the same, even if you’ve changed dramatically since high school.”

“Have I really changed that much?” I asked.

“You’re much more serious now,” she said. “You take life more seriously, I guess. I don’t know, that doesn’t seem right because you were serious before. Okay, let me try again. You take life more seriously than before, but you’re not depressed. You don’t have that dark cloud hanging over you like in high school. I used to worry you’d go home one night and never come back. I thought you’d self-harm.”

“I thought about it more than once,” I said quietly. “I never knew you saw that about me. I thought I was hiding it so well.”

“I guess you must be happy you never went through with it because look at your life now. That’s the thing with feeling the darkness weigh you down, it can feel insurmountable at the time, but once you get through it, you look back and can’t believe it almost ended you,” she said. “Imagine if you had, I wouldn’t have this gorgeous Birkin on my arm today.”

And then she raised her eyebrows and giggled, letting me know she was kidding. She was just trying to direct the conversation away from heavy things on this, of all days. A day of celebration and joy.

“You’re right. And think about the tragedy if I’d died a virgin,” I grinned back.

“Oh, even worse,” she gasped. “Imagine all the ugly bitches these guys would have hooked up with. Or the society snobs they would have married by now!”

“That’s emotional damage just thinking about it,” I gasped with her, holding my hand to my chest. “They’re the luckiest of all. I saved them from some nasty, evil women!”

We were laughing together by then, and as we started to describe the horrible people my Kings would have chosen if they didn’t have me, we started laughing even harder.

We had tears streaming down our cheeks when Neve found us, and we laughed harder as we explained it to her and got her to join in.

It felt good to giggle like I was a teenager again. It was such a release to let it all out. To let my happiness and joy

bubble over inside my chest until it could no longer be contained.

When we walked back out into the main room at the front of the cabin, I was more relaxed and happy than I'd been in a long time. I had missed my Kings, and I had missed my friends and family. Even Nat, with her bigger-than-average ego, had me smiling on Christmas as she described the way her girlfriend had burned pancakes for them that morning.

Mom was finally okay with Nat being bisexual and even stayed sober long enough to tell her part of the funny story.

Ivan was flirting with her until she got too busy making dinner and directing a few others to help, so he cornered me at one point to tell me I was going to take over everything for him one day.

"I want to retire before I'm too old to enjoy it," he said and nodded as if encouraging me to agree to anything he said.

"You should have thought about that ten years ago, old man," I smiled at him.

He exclaimed, "Hey, now, that hurts," before he carried on. "I want you to take it all over, you know. The entire empire will be yours and your boyfriends. All four of them have a place at our table."

"They're not my boyfriends anymore," I said, narrowing my eyes to gauge his reaction.

"Oh, thank god, you finally dumped them?" he said, exhaling a huge sigh. "It's about time. I couldn't stand any of them."

I tensed up and was about to give him a piece of my mind when Amara ducked over my left shoulder and said, "He knows about the engagement, so he's reversing the joke on you."

My eyes flitted back to Ivan and saw the huge grin on his face, and I realized it was true.

"You knew, and you were going to let me try and trick you?" I scoffed. "I was dying to tell you they're not my

boyfriends anymore. They're my finances, you jerk!"

He laughed again, and Amara stepped around him to stand with us. "I take it he's told you his plan?"

"Yeah, and I think it's nuts. He's not ready for retirement. It would be a disaster if I had to run things. I'm not ready for any of it," I said. "And honestly, I don't know if I want to."

"You might not want to now, but you will need to get your head into it before you're thirty," Amara said, looking over at Ivan, who nodded in agreement. "But for now, we should go enjoy the meal."

"Yes, let's table this and bring it up another time," Ivan said. "I can smell the turkey now, and I want to carve it up before somebody else butchers it like last year."

He put his arm over my shoulders and walked back into the open room with me. Amara was on the other side, and we laughed and talked about inconsequential things in between, Amara telling me how incredible Nat was getting at hand-to-hand combat.

The scent of turkey hit me as we hit the kitchen area, and I looked around at everybody gathered and smiled to myself.

The cabin was so filled with love at that moment that my heart swelled from the weight of it. Everybody was talking with each other or helping Mom and Neve get the dishes out on the kitchen island where we'd serve ourselves.

I found my Kings hanging out with Ryker's cousin, who had started college recently, along with Archer's dad, who was in the area for once.

I didn't want to interrupt them all, so I watched for a moment and made my way back to the kitchen to help get the last of the meal out so we could eat.

"Hand me the potholder," Mom said, pointing at the quilted gloves on the counter. I did, and she put them on before opening the oven.

She lifted the massive turkey roasting pan out of the heat and set it on the wooden trivets set up for this purpose. She



moved to the next wall oven and opened it, removing stuffing, roast vegetables, and a couple of pies.

“You’re going all out,” I said, my mouth watering as I watched her work her magic. In these moments when she was being a mother and not her usual flaky self, I appreciated it even more.

There was something about the holidays that would mellow her out and bring her back to us for a week or so. After this, she would be off again, and I’d hear from her when she needed money or help with something. I didn’t know what she was up to or who she spent her time with, and I didn’t want to know.

“It’s going to be so good,” Neve said, arranging dinner rolls in a large serving bowl at the end of the kitchen island. It was the perfect buffet space, and once Ivan came in the slice up the turkey and the ham, everything was in serving bowls and ready to go.

When I called out, “Dinner!” it was like a mini stampede to get in line. I hadn’t realized exactly how many people had shown up until they were all gathered for the meal, but with each smiling face, I felt my happiness level rise.

My Kings came near the end, and they refused to eat until I had picked out what I wanted and filled my plate.

They followed me to the head of the table, where I sat on the end and was flanked by Ryker and Archer on one side and Valen and Kingston on the other.

“Are we saying grace?” Mom asked loudly before we began to eat. “We should, really...I know some of us need it more than others, but we should.”

“I’ll do it,” Nat said, surprising me. She lifted her glass of bubbling apple juice and held it up. Amara looked at her like a proud mother, and I was still so grateful for her guidance and care of my sister. “Here’s to family and friends, hard work and love, and to the next year being the best yet.”

“Tell them,” Amara said, nudging her gently. “You can brag.”

I wondered what they were talking about, but Nat seemed reluctant to tell us. Finally, she sighed and smiled and said, “I got into Harvard. A medical program I had my eye on. I want to be a doctor, and this is the best place for me to learn. I didn’t even have to get you guys to donate a big amount to the school or anything. I got in on my own.”

“That’s amazing!” I exclaimed, and the whole table broke out in applause for her success. We tilted our glasses, clinked them together, and sipped the champagne inside.

I started to cut my turkey when Penny’s voice cut through everybody’s low chatter.

“Aren’t you going to tell them?” Penny asked with a grin. “You think we offend all noticed you staring at that ring on your finger? You can’t stop looking at it and smiling.”

I blushed and couldn’t believe I’d been that transparent. But I guess I was on the spot, so I said, “Yes, I guess I should confess. We are getting married. We don’t know how, and we know it’s not usual, but we’re going to make it legal somehow.”

My Kings stood and lifted their glasses to me, and immediately after, the entire table stood and followed suit.

“To your future happiness and joy!” Neve called out, and everybody joined in, agreeing. They cheered and clapped, too, and I was swept away on a wave of pure happiness. I grinned and watched them all, seeing my own love and joy reflected back at me as we all communed with each other.

“Okay, now that I’m going to have four sons added to the Popolov empire, we’d better get eating so we can talk business,” Ivan announced and began to cut up the turkey on his plate with the same way he carved the entire bird.

My Kings looked mortified at the idea of getting roped into business talk with my father, and I whispered, “You still have time to turn me down.” I laughed to let them know I was joking and hoped they’d know I’d have to kick some asses if they did walk away from me now.

“Never,” Kingston said with a fierce whisper. “You’re stuck with us now, princess.”

The others nodded in agreement, and I nodded with appreciation that they always propped up my momentary flashes of insecurity by loving me fully.

I bit into my meal and savored the flavor while letting the moment fill me with jubilation and exhilarated wonder.

I didn’t know what the future held for my Kings and me, whether we’d continue what we were doing or we’d work with Ivan. I didn’t know where life would take any of us after this perfect pinpoint in time, but I knew for that moment at that exact time, it felt perfect.

It didn’t matter where we’d end up because being here with the laughter of friends and family and the love of my Kings, I knew I could handle anything it brought my way.

Just as I was overcome with reverie of the moment, Ryker leaned toward me and said, “If you’re feeling adventurous, I dare you to go insert that little silver gift we gave you earlier. Let’s see which one of us can make you jump during our feast.”

It took a moment, but I caught onto what they meant, and my eyes widened in curious excitement.

I nodded vigorously and got up from the table, announced I’d be right back, and practically skipped to my bedroom to slip the vibrator inside my pussy so my Kings could play with me discretely.

Even when life brought me love, it kept me horny and satisfied with my four sexy beasts.

As long as they were with me in this world, I would never have to worry about a thing.

And I would always be satisfied.

**THE END OF THE COVINGTON SERIES**

*Thank you for reading, I hope you loved the story of Evie and her Kings! Feel free to let me know what you'd like to read about next!*

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