



Daddy's

BEST FRIENDS

ZOEY FOX

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AN AGE GAP REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE

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CONTENTS

1. [Jillian](#)
 2. [Kalen](#)
 3. [Chris](#)
 4. [Rich](#)
 5. [Jillian](#)
 6. [Kalen](#)
 7. [Chris](#)
 8. [Rich](#)
 9. [Jillian](#)
 10. [Kalen](#)
 11. [Chris](#)
 12. [Rich](#)
 13. [Jillian](#)
 14. [Kalen](#)
- [Epilogue](#)

ONE

JILLIAN

I'm fully aware it's entirely my fault for crushing on my father's three best friends.

Kalen, Chris, and Rich, the sexiest men alive, are somehow the height of perfection when it comes to the things that turns me on. As I partake in the slow ride up toward the top floor and my office, I can't stop myself from daydreaming once again about how sexy each of those men are, and how each one just makes me yearn for their touch.

Kalen, the oldest of the three, is forty-three years old. He's just been made CMO of Daddy's company, and I can't think of a better marketing coordinator.

Chris, on the other hand, is forty-two, only about eight months older than Rich, and he is the domineering one of the group by far. He's just become CEO.

Rich, also forty-two, is the youngest of the three, but that doesn't take away from his silver fox sexiness, nor the fact he reminds me of the wolf of the group. He's CFO and smart as hell, and my third boss.

My promotion came with theirs, and I'm now the head assistant of Daddy's company, the personal assistant to these three gods.

My day in the office starts with checking my emails.

I tend to open Kalen's first, and today he's reminding me to make sure I've got my things packed up in time to meet them at the airstrip this evening. They want to be in the air to Manhattan ASAP, and he's making it clear he hates being late

for anything, and how much he'd appreciate it if I'm there on time.

I'm not a fool. He's ordering me to be on time.

I proudly reply,

Sir,

I am already packed and ready to go with my bags put in the back of my trunk this morning. I am heading right to the airstrip as soon as I've finished here for the day, and if there is anything else you need last minute before we leave, please let me know.

Jillian

In fact, all three of them have flirted with me openly at one time or another in the past few years. It gives me hope that one day they'll take my virginity.

And if there was ever a chance for that, the time is now.

Normally my father, James Baker, would accompany his three best friends and managers of his company along with his daughter to a meeting like this. But recently, Daddy's taken a massive step back in the active function of the company, and instead has been leaving the management of the company to Chris, Kalen, and Rich, and given me more unsupervised time with them as their assistant.

I'm out the door half an hour earlier than normal and on my way to the airstrip.

"Glad you made it on time," Kalen tells me as he takes my bags and throws them in the luggage compartment.

"Of course I'm here on time. Ten minutes early, in fact," I tell him as I wave my phone with a flirtatious smile.

"That's why you're the right one for this job," Chris tells me, coming up behind me as I board the plane. He's so close behind me I feel the heat of his breath on the back of my neck, and I flush with excitement.

"Thank you," I nearly squeak, my throat catching with the compliment.

Sitting in the small jet plane with the three men is the closest proximity I've ever been to all of them at once. I feel the tightness of the small plane not for the way it bounces on turbulence, but the fact that I can't stop thinking of myself bouncing on the cocks of each of these men.

The idea is enough to keep my cheeks flushed with excitement, and I'm grateful for the dimly lit interior of the cabin. The three gods surrounding me can't see just how flushed I am at the idea of being so close to them, and how badly I want to feel their touch.

It's all in my head, but how I wish it wasn't.

I've never wanted anything more in my entire life.

TWO

KALEN

I sit back in my chair and stare out the window, minding my own business and listening to the conversation taking place around me.

“Is he letting you move your office?” Rich asks, talking to Jillian. It didn’t take long for him to strike up a conversation with her, and Chris soon joined in.

“Closer to the CEO’s seems like a good place. I would rather just tell you shit than have to hope you see the email on time.”

“You know I make a habit of checking my email every hour, so you never have to wait long,” she replies.

“If I have to wait at all, it’s too long,” he asserts.

She giggles, but he isn’t joking.

The hum of conversation continues.

I don’t really care for small talk. Never have. I know these guys well enough, as I see them almost every day and work with them just as often. If there’s something I ought to know about either one of them, I would have found out already at the office.

But, every time I hear Jillian’s voice chime in, my entire body tenses. I feel my jaw tense and my muscles bulge, I’m alert and at the ready as though I’m angry. But anger is the furthest thing from my mind whenever Jillian speaks. It’s not fury, it’s lust.

The common sense side of my brain almost immediately snaps at me, reminding me it's a terrible idea to fantasize about having sex with my best friend's daughter. He isn't just the founder of the company, he's Jillian's father. But yet, even that knowledge isn't enough to keep me from fantasizing about her and what I wish I could do to her if it were possible for us to get away with it.

I think about how I'd stand up, walk over to her, and take her by the elbow, leading her with me to the bathroom at the back of the cabin. We would be far enough away from the other guys to not really catch their attention, but hey if they know what's going on back there I don't see any harm in that, either.

I'd bend Jillian over the sink, touching her soft tits, playing with her erect nipples. My cock would find its way to the tight little sweet spot, the opening of her pussy where I can sink into her body.

"That's a slippery slope, boss," a man in a bar once said to me when I mentioned this fantasy one night, and I know he was right about that. There are so many ways that having sex with Jillian Baker would be so absolutely worth it that, even knowing it's a slippery slope to tread on, it's not so scary that I don't still want to plunge myself into her slippery slope.

I continue to imagine the way I'd make her gasp and moan, her hands bracing against the sides of the sink as I sink into her pussy again and again. I'd hold her hips, even lifting her off the ground to be able to get nice and deep into her, thrusting again and again, our bodies slapping together and echoing throughout the tiny room.

I imagine filling her pussy with my load, holding her in one place as I fill her tight little pussy to the brim with my cum, stroking a few more times deep inside her just to make sure I've given her every drop.

Of course, it's just a fantasy, and I don't see myself actually doing it. Not without being sure it's the right thing. I can't help but see what a sexy young woman she's become. Since she started working at the office when she was twenty,

she has now filled out so nicely, her hips and breasts round and full, her waist still thin and curvy.

There isn't a thing about Jillian that isn't absolutely perfect in my mind, and I'm convinced the other two guys feel the same. None of us have held back with our flirting toward her when we aren't around the other assistants, and while we've made passing comments here and there to each other, I've noticed that those comments we're making are getting bolder.

The things all three of us would love to do to her, I'm sure we would be happy to take turns. We all see Jillian daily as it is, and this trip we're taking right now is going to be three weeks long. More than enough time for us all to get our chance with her.

I shake my head.

What am I doing?

Jillian is James's daughter. How could I cross that line and do those things to her that my body yearns to do? I could make her cum so hard, taking her to places she's never been with anyone else. I feel trapped in a never-ending cycle.

As Jillian transformed into a beautiful young woman, and we all got the chance to know her on an emotional level in addition to her physical changes, I knew she was a girl I want to fuck. The urge has become stronger every passing year, and my will not to do it weakens. With James now taking the step back that he has, what better time for us to live out the fantasies I'm sure we all have about our beautiful young secretary?

These next three weeks are going to be quite the adventure, I know that. I swear I can feel a sexual tension in the air that we've not had before. Yes, there's always been a tension there, but it's almost palpable where we sit right now. The way Jillian is laughing, her voice catching in her throat in a manner I recognize as nerves.

It leads me to believe she's also wrestling with the same thoughts. It's no secret she's been flirting with each of us for months now, and it's getting bolder without her daddy down at

the office. Now he's not here at all, meaning she can be as brazen as she likes. It might even be the chance she takes that gets her something in return.

I glance around, still not really listening to what's being said specifically, but definitely getting a glimpse of the way my two partners are looking at Jillian.

I'm certain I am sharing the same expression of lust mixed with conflict etched into my own features every time I get a glimpse of her face. We all know what power she has over us, and I'm certain we would all love to take our chance with her for even just a few weeks.

We've been able to spread out since the takeoff, and now even while we're in such close quarters, there's still enough room for us to have some privacy with our conversations if we so choose.

So, I can't help but wonder what Chris wants when he gets up and crosses the plane, stepping away from the conversation Jillian is having with Rich. Jillian is laughing and giggling, acting like a girl who's much younger than her twenty-four years. But I don't mind that at all. I love the innocence Jillian has about her.

I love the feeling I get when she looks up at me with her large, doe eyes. She looks so sweet and untouched, I want to be the one to make her feel what it's like to be taken like an animal. I know I could make her cum hard, so hard she wouldn't be able to breathe with the pleasure that would be crashing through her.

Chris was up and pouring drinks for the other two while they were talking away, and now he heads back over to the counter and pours another one to bring over to me.

"Silent men make me nervous," he jokes. Nothing makes Chris nervous. It's why he's our CEO.

"Better get over that if you're our fearless leader now," I tell him. "I don't think James knows that about you, or he'd have picked someone else to take over CEO."

“Who? You?” he asks, teasing me. “Because having the dark and brooding front of the company is the real way we’re going to secure partners.”

“I would rather scare them into working with us than strong-arm them, like someone I know.” I give him a look. “You make it sound like life or death when you talk to anyone on the phone, and I can’t help but wonder what they think when they look at our company’s credentials after talking to you.”

“You’re the CMO. You keep up our appearances, not me,” he tells me. “All I do is make the big decisions and tell you and Rich to deal with it.”

He finally hands me the drink he’s brought, then sits next to me on the bench seat.

“You going to admire it or drink it?” he asks as I haven’t yet partaken in any of the drinking that’s been going on since we took off. But, now that we’re up in the air and the atmosphere is heavy with desire, I’m glad to take the drink from him and calm my nerves a bit.

I take a gulp of the burning liquid as Jillian’s laugh fills the plane.

“Rich sure knows how to make her giggle,” I comment. I then turn back to Chris. “You think it was a joke that he made Rich the CFO? Talk about ironic having the man in charge of the finances being named Rich.”

“No more ironic than having our personal assistant being hot as hell and none other than his daughter,” Chris replies. Both of us are watching Jillian with a hunger in our gaze. Though we might hold different ranks in the company, there is no competition between us.

We are both confident, sexy alphas. Chris is more outgoing, I’m moody and dark.

Rich is flirty but definitely the bad boy, and somehow it just works.

“What is ironic about that is the fact that he’s not here,” I reply. “Which means we can admire as openly as we want and

not have to worry he's going to catch us checking out his daughter. Not that I feel he has any right to say anything. Look at her. Everything about her makes me think and feel things I haven't before. And I'm not sorry about that, either.

While I love having the primal side of me opened up and stroked, I also know I have to behave myself. I can comment on Jillian, and I can admit to Chris how I felt internally, but she's still our best friend's daughter.

I have to maintain a professional attitude. That is, as long as the other two follow suit. I know as soon as one of us decides to make a move, we all will join in. It might not all happen at the same time, but it would certainly open the floodgates of what we are allowed to do and how far we can go with this girl.

"Isn't she damn fuckable?" Chris asks me with a light nod toward Jillian.

It's the boldest comment I have heard either of the other two make about Jillian so far, and it's far bolder than anything I've admitted out loud to the other two in the office. Not that I worried they were going to snitch on me to James, but the fact that I had to be certain they felt the same about sharing her made me not want to overstep our dynamic.

I nod.

There is absolutely no debating whether any of us would like to fuck her. But, even with Chris's bold assertion, I still know it's smart to keep this in perspective for everyone.

"Do you care about your newfound position?" I ask.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I can only imagine a wild night with her would be pure heaven, but you know she's the daughter of our boss, right? You were just given the title of CEO. You make a stupid move like that, and you can kiss that goodbye. She's off-limits. Forbidden. Fucking her is career suicide, I don't care how sexy she is."

"Bullshit, you don't believe a word of what you just said," Chris calls me out with a smirk on his face.

“I don’t know what you mean,” I feign.

“Bullshit again,” he declares. “You know as well as I do just because James founded the company and took the step back that he did doesn’t make him the boss. We talked about this before he left, remember?”

“Did I step on your toes?” I ask sarcastically.

“Secondly,” Chris says, still unbothered with the tone I took with him. We share a certain dynamic, and there are times that requires a lot of classier roasts toward each other in respect to our mutual standing in the company.

“Secondly,” he repeats, “if you don’t find her as sexy as I’m saying she is, you’re lying out your ass. You want to know how I know?”

I give him a questioning look. I have an excellent poker face, and I’m sure he’s not going to give me a valid answer.

“Look at your pants,” he laughs.

I do, and I realize my erection is fully on display to anyone who looks in that direction. The fantasy I’ve been having all evening combined with the confirmation that Chris thinks the same things I do was enough for my body to physically react.

There’s no denying how hard I am, and I don’t even bother pretending otherwise. Chris continues to laugh at me with glee over winning the argument in such an undisputable way. And since we’re being ignored enough by Jillian and Rich, I don’t care that he’s being as blatant as he is about this.

Knowing I am not alone in my fantasies awakens an even more dangerous side of my personality. I become not only like a wild beast, but like a feral monster with only one thing on my mind.

I know we have three weeks together in Manhattan, and I’m already certain of what to expect of the time we have there. And I have to admit, I welcome those thoughts with open arms.

But now is not the time. She’s lost in conversation, and I’m not interrupting.

Instead, I walk alone to the bathroom in the back. I don't have Jillian in the bathroom with me physically, but I do have her in my thoughts.

And that's enough for me to get off on. Hard.

THREE

CHRIS

We're immediately taken to the penthouse suite after we land in New York.

The four of us make our way up to the suite, and I smile when I see Jillian is shocked by how amazing it is. There's a large, open common area set up much like a living room, along with a small kitchen, four separate bedrooms, and a large bathroom for the four of us to share.

I remember this is her first time ever being on a trip like this with us. Considering how proper her father is, the trips she came on in the past all included her getting her own private suite separate from the rest of us.

This time, however, her room is just an extension of the penthouse we've rented for the next three weeks, which means we're never more than a few dozen steps away from her bed at any given time within the penthouse.

"Alright, boys," I say once we're inside, "pick your room and don't bitch about the view. You know I'm getting the best in the house anyway."

There's more laughing and roasting among the three of us, and Jillian jumps in with the laughs every time she can. There are a few jokes we make that she doesn't seem to get, but she laughs along anyway. There's an amazing rosiness in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that makes me glad she's laughing. I want to hear it again and again.

And I'm clearly not the only one who feels this way.

The physical flirtation has been escalating since we got to New York, with both Kalen and Rich taking opportunities to flirtatiously brush up against Jillian. It's subtle, but at the same time, there's no secret in my eyes as to what they are doing.

More important and interesting than that is Jillian's reaction to the way my two business partners are behaving toward her. I'm reading her body language every chance I get, and I'm watching her give them cues to urge them on with what they're doing. Everything in the way she's swaying her hips and getting as close to them as she can without being blatant tells me she is enjoying this.

And she's asking for more.

But as they spread out in the penthouse to pick out their rooms, I notice it doesn't take Jillian long to pick out her own. I love the confidence she's showing on this trip, it's giving me the reading that she's definitely a woman who knows what she wants.

I'm shocked and amazed at how mature she is for her young age, and the way she's constantly doing things that interest me—from the things she talks about at the office to how surprisingly assertive she can be at any given moment—has me always keeping one eye on her. I don't want to lose her to anyone else, and I know with a personality like hers she's bound to be popular outside the walls of the office too.

I'm also proud of her for being so confident, and neither of the other guys says a thing about it to her, either. I'm sure they are just as turned on by a woman who is decisive and assertive as I am, so they're both very okay with the way Jillian picked out her own room.

We all unpack the basics of our things and settle into the penthouse quickly. But, being only eight at night, I feel it's too early for us to settle down and go to bed already.

“Come on, guys, we're in the prime of our lives in one of the greatest cities in the world, and you want to just relax?” I ask. “You've got to be kidding me!”

“You mean to tell me you want to spend twenty-four hours flying across the country and then cleaning up to go out the same day you arrive at our destination? You know I’m always down for a night out downtown, but you’ve got to want to take a breather first, don’t you?” Kalen demands.

He’s in his usual pissy mood, and I want to point out that he used to call himself a creature of the night. But I hold back on that. Going downtown tonight isn’t the most appealing thought to me, either. I just don’t really want to put up with people and the energy that it takes to be downtown in New York City late at night.

“Who’s saying anything about going out?” I shoot back at him. “I don’t want to go out, I want to do something other than go to bed. There’s a nicely stocked fridge and freezer over there, I bet you anything they’ve got the makings of some drinks on the rocks.”

“And cocktails,” Jillian chimes in. I can see she’s still feeling pretty good from the drinks we had on the plane, and I am incredibly turned on by how relaxed she’s being. We’re on a business trip, that’s what brought us here in the first place, but given how casual the atmosphere is, and the fact that Jillian already switched into her pajamas, I feel she’s viewing this as more of a vacation than a job.

And I’m getting the strongest impression that I am not the only one who is okay with this.

Rich takes over the job of putting together the drinks, Kalen helping distribute them as they’re being made.

Jillian laughs and puts her hand over her mouth when she tastes the mixed drink Rich made for her.

“Is there even any mixer in this?” she asks. “It tastes like straight vodka.”

“You said you wanted it strong,” Rich tells her with a wink.

“I didn’t mean barely a shot of juice in five shots of vodka strong! I think you got that backwards,” she laughs.

“If you don’t want it, send it back and the bartender will make you something a lot easier for you to drink,” I announce. I don’t want her to feel she has to drink to impress us, though I don’t mind how adorably free she is when she’s drunk.

“No, I want to,” she insists. “I’m just teasing.”

She takes a long drink of the cocktail, and the night passes much faster once we decide we’re going to have a few drinks and continue to talk and laugh with each other in the penthouse.

It’s not long before someone suggests we play the drinking version of the game Never Have I Ever. The rules are simple. Each player must make an announcement of something they have never done, and if it’s true that they’ve never done it, they do not drink. However, if anyone has done the action, they must take a shot.

It isn’t any surprise to me that Rich is constantly taking shots with the proclamations being made around the room. Of course, it’s no secret he’s the real bad boy of the lot, and he does what he wants. I have a feeling there are many, many more things we could have claimed to never have done, and Rich would wind up still taking shots for most of them.

The turns and statements continue around the room, Jillian not drinking as often as the rest of us. But then, she is young, and still fresh out in the world. It’s even more of a turn-on to see how innocent she is, how she’s still so untouched by life.

Her fullness in the world is like a breath of fresh air, and I can only think about the things I want to do to her myself. The things I know my partners also crave doing, Kalen unable to hide the fact he was so turned on at the thought of Jillian that he was hard in the middle of our flight.

I have to admit, there are a lot of things I want to put out there. And the longer the game goes on, the sexier the themes become. I know Kalen and Rich are both incredibly curious about the experience Jillian has in the bedroom. I know I want to know myself.

But at her next turn she shocks us all with her stark revelation.

“Never have I ever wanted to lose my virginity to all three of you,” she proclaims.

She is so loud and straightforward with her announcement that when she takes a shot right after it comes as no surprise to any of us. Still, there’s a moment of stunned silence that follows. It doesn’t matter that we all have the same feelings toward her among ourselves, but to know that she also has those feelings, no more guessing, no more wondering, is more than any of us were expecting.

And I’m the first to add to the sentiment.

“Never have I ever wanted to bend Jillian over the desk in my office, pounding her tight little pussy until she cums harder than she’s ever cum before,” I say, then I take a shot of my liquor.

It’s only when both Rich and Kalen do the same thing that it’s officially in the open, and the mood in the room instantly changes. I’m sitting closest to Jillian on the couch, and before there’s time for Kalen to take his turn in the game, I lean over and kiss her.

And Jillian kisses me back. It’s not a small, quick kiss by any means. She lingers, her mouth moving over mine as though she and I are the only two in the room.

Of course, it brings Rich over, and he turns her face to his and does the same. Jillian is just as eager to make out with him as she was with me. She kisses with the same intensity, and the same, sweet little sounds come from her mouth, her throat.

I fully believe she is telling us she is still a virgin, and she wants to give herself to us in that way.

She’s still making out with Rich as he scoops her up from the couch, carrying her with him as the three of us go into her bedroom. She’s got a large, king-size bed in the room. We all do, but it’s especially amazing that she’s got such a nice bed tonight.

We all come into the room with her, and Rich is the first to lay on the bed.

He's still making out with her, but now he's pulling on her loose pajama shirt, lifting it slowly from the hem all the way up her lean stomach to reveal her lace bra and perfectly shaped tits.

Her bra is simple despite the lace pattern, but it's not long before Rich is pulling that off as well, having unclasped it with one hand behind her back.

At the same time, I untie the string of her pajama shorts, pulling them off her legs before removing her panties as well. There isn't anything remarkable about her panties, I notice. They're just a simple black cotton, almost adding to her innocence.

And that turns me on all the more.

She's still kissing Rich on the bed while I now pleasure her clit with my tongue, and Kalen is massaging her tits, pinching her nipples in his teeth from time to time and making her gasp and moan with the sudden surprise of the nip.

It's the hottest experience I've ever had, and sharing it with two of the men who mean the most to me in life along with the daughter of my best friend, a girl I have grown to love in the years we've worked together, it's incredible.

We all have our turn with her, all of us coming together to warm her up and take her virginity.

I am the one who enters her first. But I don't feel like I'm the one who takes her virginity alone. As I push into her and she cries out, Rich kisses her once more and Kalen is massaging one of her tits in his hand. This is a group moment that we're sharing together, and there isn't a single one of us who is experiencing more of her than the others.

I gently move in and out of her, taking my time, making sure it's not too rough.

But being gentle is in no way being weak. I am moving in her and over her with the same dominance I carry throughout every other part of my life, and I am in full control over this

situation. I can see from the way she winces that there's still some pain with someone inside her, but she's warming up to the feeling, and she's starting to moan once more, moving with me on the bed.

Kalen is helping her find the right rhythm, so she's able to move with me in a way that's also making her feel maximum pleasure. He's showing her how this can be something that the two of us can do together—and that quickly translates to the four of us once she has the technique in mind.

Kalen and Rich resume pleasuring her with their hands, one focusing on her nipples as the other focuses on her clit. But both are also rock-hard, and it's not too long before Kalen moves up from her nipples and pushes his dick into her mouth.

I am surprised by her ability to suck on him and move her head up and down on his shaft while I am also moving with her back and forth on the bed. But then, I'm the one who's doing most of the work here, and she's focusing more on what she's doing with her tongue.

Watching her move over his shaft, flicking her tongue under the bottom then working around the rim of his cock, is so hot I can't hold my load in any longer. I grab her hips, thrusting into her hard and fast now. It's too much for her to handle so she lets go of Kalen and instead focuses on me, crying out with pleasure as I make her cum hard.

And I do the same, grunting as I push myself deeper into her one last time, holding myself there as I empty my full load deep inside her pussy.

I then lean forward on the bed and kiss her slowly and deeply before I pull out.

It's not but a second before Kalen takes my place, and he too starts to thrust into her. But she's warmed up now. She knows what to expect, and she's getting more pleasure out of the feeling between her legs than she had before. I know it's simply because her body is adjusting to the feeling of having someone there, but I also watch, mesmerized by how hot she is.

Jillian is a fast learner, and she's moving with Kalen much easier than she did with me. But I'm not finished with her yet myself. I lay on the bed next to her, placing my hand over her tits, feeling them bounce and jiggle with the movement of the bed. I lean forward to kiss her once more, enjoying the way she's moaning into my mouth as Kalen once more pushes her all the way to the brink of orgasm, then finishes in her as she also climaxes.

She's shaking from this orgasm, but I continue to keep my mouth over hers, flicking the top of her mouth with my tongue to maximize the sensations running through her. I know she's on cloud nine right now, and there's a moment when she's cumming so hard it's as though she's hardly able to breathe.

As the final waves of that feeling subside, Rich takes his turn. But he's not interested in being inside her pussy.

"Turn over," he says.

"What?" she asks, still trying to recover from the high she's experiencing.

He doesn't answer verbally, and instead flips her over onto her stomach and grabs her hips, dragging her back toward him.

"Get that ass in the air," I tell her. "Nice and high."

I slap one of her ass cheeks, and she yelps before putting her ass high into the air. Rich takes a moment to eat her out from behind, then he pushes his cock into her tight booty.

She cries out and grabs the sheets on the bed, and I once more take her hand.

"Relax. Take him all the way and relax as you do. It will feel good if you do," I tell her.

She nods, and the grimace turns into a look of pleasure as Rich pumps in and out of her. He continues to thrust for a few minutes, but her ass is so tight and he's so aroused that he's not able to hold on for very long until he cums hard inside her.

She smiles, feeling the warmth inside her as he fills her with his load, and he remains there for only a moment before pulling out.

Time has flown as we enjoy her together, and I'm shocked to see that it's well after midnight. We have shit to do in the morning, and we really need to get to bed. But, there's a sacredness to the end of this evening. It's as though something we've all been wanting for so long has finally happened, and we're in shock and wonder that we were able to do this.

It's the most incredible thing in the world to have shared this with these people in my life, and I know I'm going to hold this in my heart forever.

An experience none of us will forget.

FOUR

RICH

I sit back in the chair watching Chris and Kalen giving the presentation for the other CEOs we're meeting this morning.

A large part of this business trip is to touch base with other CEOs from companies we are hoping to collaborate with in the coming months and see where each of our respective companies are in our thought process.

There aren't going to be any big decisions made this trip, so I feel comfortable not being as hands-on with the presentation as my two partners are. It gives an air of importance to the potential CEOs we're presenting to, and not all of them are even paying attention to the presentation with the same aura in mind.

But, I'm also grateful that I don't have to actively be part of the presentation.

My mind is on last night.

Entirely.

From the moment I got into bed with Jillian, I knew it would be some of the best sex I've ever had. We continued to make out on the bed, Jillian and I, as Chris and Kalen pleased her tits and pussy.

And the more aroused she became, the more she begged us to please her. I hadn't known for sure she was a virgin before last night, and I immediately found out she was when Chris pushed his throbbing erection into her pussy. She gasped and cried out in surprise and pain as I filled her, but as her tight

pussy loosened up to accommodate my size she started to moan on the bed next to me.

I slid in and out of her, fucking her slowly and gently as it was her first time. We each had our turn with her one-on-one, each of us filling her with our loads as we climaxed inside of her.

But that wasn't everything.

I was surprised how open-minded she was when it came to trying various sexual positions. I assumed that since she was a virgin she wasn't going to want to try anal or taking two of us at the same time, but I was wrong.

After we'd each had our time with her and came hard, we started pairing up with her. At one point she was sucking Kalen's cock while I took her from behind at the same time, this time my dick buried in her beautiful ass.

She hadn't liked it at first, but she trusted Chris when he told her she would be taking it in her ass next. She grimaced in pain but, just like when I was the first in her pussy, she eventually relaxed and started enjoying what we were doing until she came hard all over my dick.

Then Chris's.

Then Kalen's.

It was beyond incredible being buried entirely in her ass, and as she came Kalen also climaxed again, pulling her face onto his cock as he shot his load down her throat. I came again myself shortly after, as Chris jerked himself off sitting in the recliner she had in the corner of her room. He offered his tips to us as we continued to fuck her, only to trade places with Kalen while I took a minute to clean up.

The more I think about her and how hot it was to be buried so deep within her, I start to become horny.

At first, I think I can control myself and focus enough on the presentation my partners are giving that I can hold back. But, by the time they finally call a ten minute break between sessions, I head straight to the men's bathroom.

I call Jillian, my voice low as I close myself into the single stall that's in the room.

"Hello?" her sweet voice is on the other end of the line, and my cock twitches in anticipation. I clearly remember the sensation of being inside her in all the ways she could take me, filling her up with my load each time.

We all shared her long into the night, and I am already looking forward to another round.

"What are you wearing right now?" I ask.

"My blue V-neck top, the one with the lace around the throat," she tells me. "And those pinstripe pants that fit my curves in all the right places."

"I want you to put your hand down your pants right now," I tell her.

"Right now?" she asks in surprise. "I'm in the middle of a call with some of the assistants back home. They're on hold in the other room, I told them I'd be right back."

"Then you better be quick," I tell her. "I'm not asking you, I'm telling you to put your hand in your pants right now. Tell me when you do."

"I'm doing it," she tells me.

It's only taken a few minutes for her to tell me she's ready, and I tell her how to touch herself while at the same time she's imagining it's me doing it to her. I control every part of her touching herself, reminding her she's my good girl when she obeys me.

She starts moaning louder, and she's moving her arm faster than before. I know she's getting ready to climax, and I stroke myself faster than before too.

"I'm giving it to you," I tell her with my voice still low. "I'm giving you my cock, and you're taking it like my good girl does. You're taking the full length of my cock in your tight little pussy, stroking my cock with your most intimate muscles, making it your cock. You don't want to share with anyone else, this is your cock."

“Yes, yes, yes!” she cries as I continue to stroke myself hard and fast, as I would if I had her in front of me right now. I finish hard, dropping my load into the toilet, but still imagining being buried deep inside Jillian’s pussy.

“Thank you,” she tells me. “That’s just the kind of break I needed. I feel a lot better about going back in there now and finishing the meeting.”

“That’s the exact same thing I’m thinking,” I tell her. “Don’t work too hard. I don’t want you to be too tired for tonight.”

“Oh, what’s tonight?” she asks, her flirtatiousness seeping through her tone.

“It’s a surprise,” I tell her. “You just make sure you’re ready for it.”

“Yes, sir,” she tells me, and I feel another surge of pleasure run through my body.

It’s not the same feeling as cumming, but it’s another more possessive feeling. I’m a guy who likes to flaunt what I have, and what I have with this woman is incredible. I never thought I could be with a woman as hot, as open, as pure as Jillian is, and way she’s able to make me cum even through phone sex only makes her that much more desirable in my world.

I’m finally able to go back into the meeting, my cock finally relaxed now that I’ve been able to get some of that lust out of my mind. But I still have to force myself to spend the rest of the afternoon focused on why we’re here. If I had my way, I would continue to fantasize about her until I was able to get off again.

One thing is for sure, Jillian is the most incredible woman I’ve ever been with. I don’t want to even begin to think about what it’s going to be like to have to go home. The technique she shows, the way she’s so open about her feelings toward each one of us. The way she’s so open to us each stepping in to give her something she needs that only he can give.

Jillian has always been someone special in my life, but now I’ve seen her in a fresh new light, and that makes my

feelings for her even stronger than ever before. I can only think about pleasing her and how badly I want to hear her moaning my name all over again, her body clamping around mine as she cums hard around my cock.

We've only had physical sex once, and now phone sex too, and I'm already feeling like she's ours. I'm not about to share her with anyone back home, and I don't have a problem making that clear.

We've claimed her as our own, and it's staying that way.

There are obstacles in our way, sure, but since when does anyone get something worth having for free? I've defied higher odds for smaller things in my life, and I'm willing to do what it takes to keep this arrangement going. It's already been better than I ever fantasized it could be, and I don't want any aspect of this to go away.

I'm possessive, and I don't see a problem with that. So I'll be as shameless as I please about it too.

I'm a bad boy covered in tattoos, forever kicking against anything that's considered normal, and I'm ready to do it in this part of my life as well. I see something I want, and I take it. When I know something is valuable, I keep it, and I'm willing to fight to the death to accomplish that.

Now that we've crossed this line with Jillian, I know it's changing things.

The funny thing is, I'm perfectly okay with that.

And I can't wait to have her again.

FIVE

JILLIAN

There is no denying that so far this has been the trip of my dreams.

I'm amazed at how productive I've been, and the sex has been beyond incredible. There has been so much sex I feel like that's what my life revolves around at this point, and I have never been happier.

The fact that I gave myself to all three of them on the same night I gave up my virginity left me sore but incredibly satisfied, and I'm also blown away by how quickly that soreness wore off. Sure, I had an ache between my legs that lasted for a couple days, but that also faded every time we had sex again until today, and now I don't even feel a thing.

Except, of course, a yearning for more.

But today the men are all out of the penthouse and working with the partnering company, giving me some time to myself. I'm prioritizing getting some things done for our own company, sending out emails, making a few phone calls, and checking messages to ensure that Chris, the CEO, is up-to-date on what they need. And I'm also taking advantage of the time alone in the penthouse to pamper myself while there aren't any distractions around.

My phone rings, but it's my personal cell, not my work phone, and I quickly answer.

"Hey, Daddy," I say.

"Hey, pumpkin, I was wondering how things are going for you and everyone," he says. "I've done my best to hold off

and remind myself you're not my little girl anymore, but it's still hard for me to have you across the country and not know what's going on."

"Don't worry about me," I tell him. "I'm in very good hands."

"I know you are, but still. With Chris, Rich and Kalen in meetings all day, I don't want you to get into trouble," he says.

I think about the things I've been doing with them whenever they're back at the penthouse with me, and can't help but blush over the kind of trouble I'm enjoying. There's no need to even go there in this conversation. My dad would kill me if he found out I'm sleeping with his best friends, the new managers of his company...and not just one of them, either, but all of them.

"I'm just at the penthouse getting work done," I assure him. "When they leave, the door's locked, and with the amenities we have here there's no reason for me to even leave the penthouse. When I do feel like I'm going stir-crazy, I just go down to the deck and hang out around the pool for a while, problem solved."

"Hopefully you're not being bothered by too many admirers," Dad says. "Again, with you out there all alone I worry."

I laughed. "Daddy, you say I'm not your little girl anymore, but don't you worry about that, I'm always going to be your little girl, I promise. And I have no intention of getting involved with some guy here who has to stay when I leave. What good would that do anyway?"

"Good, you keep that mindset," he tells me, and I laugh again.

"I will. Anyway, things have been going very good for me. I'm busy most of the day while the others are gone, and the nights are enjoyable with the food here and everything. It's nice here, I like New York, but I'm not going to be disappointed when it's time to come back home. I like LA more, I think," I tell him.

“I like LA more when you’re here,” he tells me. “But it’s good to hear your voice. I’m glad to hear you’re doing okay without me.”

I smile and we make small talk for another half hour, but then it’s time for me to get back to my workday, and for me to let my dad go and get on with the things he has to deal with today. Not that he has to be very hands-on with his day. He has enough secretaries and assistants that he really just has to deal with giving orders more than actually working.

But that’s now, after he’s put in so many years of work to get to this point.

I turn my attention back to the task at hand, but it’s difficult for me to keep my attention on work itself. Not because I don’t want to do it, but because the later it gets in the afternoon the more I start to think about my sexy lovers, and the fact that they’re going to be back at the penthouse soon.

Having sex with them isn’t always a group event.

In the past several days, we’ve had a foursome a few times, but for the most part I’ve been enjoying each of the three studs separately. And I have to admit, there are a lot of benefits to be had sleeping with them each on their own. Not that I don’t love when they all take me at once, but there’s something so sensual about being able to fully appreciate each detail that makes my three lovers unique.

As I sit back in my chair for a moment, I close my eyes and think about the last time I was in bed with Chris.

He’s such an alpha, he turns me on so much. I have always considered myself to be my own boss, someone who calls my own shots. I’ve been proud to call things like I see them and not take shit from anyone. But there’s something about Chris that completely takes that out of me.

He’s domineering in the bedroom, telling me what I can and can’t do (until he gives me permission, anyway) and making me cum hard. So hard, in fact, my legs are left shaking and I can hardly find the strength to stand up afterward.

He makes the sex we have last and last. He knows he could make me cum much sooner than he does, but he enjoys making me beg him to let me cum. He loves being the one in control. And for my own part, I love being able to give up that control to him voluntarily.

Somehow, being so submissive to Chris makes me feel like the powerful one in the dynamic, and the confidence it gives me carries over into the way I conduct myself with everyone around me, even the people I deal with for work every day.

Chris, however, is different from the other men.

As much as I love everything he does to me and gives me, I also have a love for Kalen and how dark and brooding he is all the time. He reminds me of Grumpy from the childhood movie I used to watch, always in a bad mood and rarely smiling.

However, that broodiness carries into a sensual darkness in the bedroom, and the way he's rough with me makes me shudder with delight. There's a wanton need in the way he moves on me, in me, and around me. He's like a cat in his grace, but a wolf in his attitude. Everything about him reminds me of a wild animal, and I love to think of myself as the beauty to his beast.

"Good girl," he tells me after he's fucked me, and I feel my heart swell with delight every time. I want to be his good girl. I want to hear the words. Especially when my ass is stinging from the slaps and my chest is heaving with trying to catch my breath.

He has this attitude about him that screams *unsafe*, and being with him makes me feel like an adrenaline junkie. It's like I'm defying all the things I'm supposed to want and do when I'm with Kalen, and that leaves me with such a rush in my body that fills my head to the point that when I cum, I feel high on the moment.

I'm lifted to a space in my head I can hardly wrap my mind around, and it feels so good, I don't know how to explain it. He's both the villain and the hero, taking me to places that are darker than I would ever dare to go alone, but keeping me

safe, delivering me through to the other side with a smile on my face and contentment in my body.

And yet neither of those two do to me what Rich does.

He's covered in tattoos and rides a motorcycle, enough to make him a bad boy in my book.

He's also dark and brooding, but not in the same way as the others. He's controlling, but not domineering. The passion he throws into bed when he's with me makes me feel like a bad girl myself. And that too goes against everything I am in my real life.

He uses his mouth on me while he's buried inside me. He sucks my nipples and bites at my neck, leaving little marks from time to time. He sucks my clit more than the other two, and he knows how to kiss me in a way that makes me forget about everything but him and me and the passion in the moment.

Everything about Rich feels so forbidden, he opens up a naughty side of me I absolutely love to embrace. He makes me feel like I can do anything, like I'm flying, almost, and I'm hooked.

I suddenly realize in my fantasy I've been turning myself on just thinking about the three of them, and I slip my hand down my pants as I daydream about how they all work together when we all have sex as a group. I am the center of the universe, and I feel like I'm completely worshipped as their queen.

I can't get enough of it, and as I cum, I let myself moan audibly. I don't bother keeping my voice down, I know there's no one who can hear the noises coming out of this penthouse, and I'm very okay with that.

Feeling better able to focus after satisfying myself, I try to get back to work. But that doesn't stop me from looking at the clock down in the corner of my screen every so often. I'm looking forward to the guys coming back to the penthouse, and it's not too long before I decide to set aside work for the day and go to shower and shave.

I'm already certain it's going to be another long, passionate night, and I want to be ready for it. Ready for my men coming home after their day at work. Ready for what they're going to do to satisfy me.

A tingle of excitement runs down my spine as I head into the bathroom and close the door behind me.

I turn on the water as hot as I can stand it and breathe in the steam.

As I lather with the soap, I feel like I'm a queen making ready for my court, and I'm happy.

I know this is a fantasy that's probably not going to last, but I don't want to think about how things will change when we get back to LA. I don't want to think about what Daddy would say if he found out.

I push those thoughts out of my head as I just immerse myself in the moment of pampering. This is what I need right now, not stress or anxiety. I'll deal with the future when it gets here.

Right now, I'm enjoying my fantasy.

SIX

KALEN

“I thought you said you were going to have all the work done yesterday?” Jillian asks as she looks from one of us to the next.

“That was the plan, my sexy little angel, but you know how it goes with the company. You’ve been with us long enough to know there are times when we need to schedule an emergency meeting or the like,” I tell her.

“An emergency? Is something wrong?” she asks with wide eyes.

“No.” I shake my head. “Just emergency in the sense that I didn’t expect this to come up, and now it has. Don’t worry your pretty little head about a thing, we’ll be back in a few hours.”

I plant a kiss on her forehead before walking out of the penthouse. I’m the last to leave, and Chris and Rich are already down in the rental car. I told them that morning that I wanted them to come with me to lunch, and to avoid having Jillian come along I gave her the pretense it was a work thing.

Chris and Rich both know enough to know this has nothing to do with work, but they’re also keen enough to play along with my ruse for the purpose of finding out what it is I’m really doing.

Once we get to the restaurant and settled in, Chris pipes up.

“So what’s this really about?” he asks. “What’s so important you could share it with us but not with Jillian?”

“Let’s order the food and wait for it to be brought before we get into that,” I tell him. “I don’t want to be interrupted. And this is kind of important.”

The other two exchange a look, but neither of them argue the point with me. They’re clearly curious to know what I’m talking about, but neither of them are going to press the issue until the time is right. So I’m happy to wait until after we’re given our plates to begin.

“Do either of you feel guilty for what we’re doing?” I ask.

Chris and Rich exchange a look, but neither of them say anything, so I continue.

“You know? It’s not like we can ignore the fact she’s James’s daughter. Don’t get me wrong, I love every second of what we have with her, but ignoring the fact that she’s the daughter of our best friend isn’t going to erase the truth. That’s who she is, and now it’s left to us to figure out what we’re doing with that information.”

I let the words sink in. It’s not that I want to cause any rift or fights among us, but the past two days I’ve had a feeling of guilt clinging to the back of my mind, and no matter how hard I try to ignore it, it just keeps coming back. So I basically came to the conclusion that the best thing to do about it is to ask the others how they feel.

“Come on, guys, I can’t be the only one,” I say.

“You’re not,” Rich replies after another pause. I’m not surprised he’s the one to admit the truth next. Chris is far too macho to jump into any discussion about feelings. But now that Rich and I have come clean about the second thoughts we’re having, he can admit what’s going on in his head too.

“What’s it mean for us if we do?” he asks. “Are you going to let guilt get in the way of what’s going on here? Are we going to go back to that penthouse and collectively break her heart by telling her we feel too guilty about this now, after we’ve already been spending the past week having sex every chance we get?”

“No,” I slowly respond. “I can’t say I actually have a plan in place for what happens next. I just want to know your thoughts. I don’t want to be alone on this front with my feelings, and I don’t want to act like this isn’t a big deal since James is our best friend. It’s not like we can spend the rest of our lives avoiding him, nor do I want to.”

“I don’t think it comes as any surprise to us to say she’s forbidden,” Rich says. “That was something I thought was rather obvious from the beginning, but I didn’t want to fixate on that when things with Jillian just feel so right.”

“That’s where I’m having a tough time with accepting she’s off limits,” Chris adds. “The feelings I’m having for her are beyond just lust. The sex we have is amazing, sure, but I don’t want to use her for sex. If I wanted that, I could go out and find some other young thing to hook up with and forget about in the morning. That’s the opposite of how I feel with Jillian.”

“I second that,” Rich says.

And I agree wholeheartedly.

“But that doesn’t make this any less complicated,” I say. “And when it comes down to the black and white facts, I don’t want to stop sleeping with her. I’m feeling guilty, yes, and I don’t know how to reconcile that feeling with the feeling that I am also in love with what we’re doing. And the love I’ve felt for Jillian all these years hasn’t changed at all. At least, it hasn’t diminished. If anything, the love I feel for her is growing with what we’re doing now.”

“I don’t think just because something makes someone feel guilty for some reason makes it the wrong thing to do,” Rich says. “Otherwise, why would they have coined the phrase guilty pleasures? There are tons of things that we do that are technically forbidden, and in a way, that’s what adds to the heat of the situation, or the passion of the moment.”

“I’m not disputing that,” I tell him. “I just want to make sure we’re all on the same page when it comes to what we’re doing, both here and when we get back to LA.”

“On that note,” Chris says, “I don’t think we need to be caught up at this point in what we’re going to do when we get back to LA.”

I look back to him, and he shrugs. “I’m just saying, that’s still a couple weeks out, and what good is it to ruin what we have going on with her right now by worrying about what’s going to happen when we get back to LA? If there’s anything I’ve learned in my time on this planet, it’s that your life can change entirely in the course of an hour, so I’m not living life worrying about what’s happening two weeks from now, and I don’t think you guys should, either.”

“What about Jillian herself?” I ask.

“What about her?” Chris replies, his tone brisk.

“Do we have this talk with her?” I ask. “The fact that she is our best friend’s daughter, and we’ve all watched her grow up? The fact that I’m sure she’s already aware of how he’s not going to be that thrilled when he finds out about this.”

“That’s a massive *if* he finds out about it, and I don’t think this is anything we need to throw in her lap,” Rich says. “At the end of the day, she is an adult woman, twenty-four years old at that. It’s not like she doesn’t know what she’s doing, how her dad does or would feel, or that she’s the one who told us she fantasized about losing her virginity to all three of us.”

“She was drunk when she said that,” I say.

“She was drunk when she admitted to the fantasy, but she wasn’t drunk having the fantasy,” Chris reminds me.

“So what’s the verdict, gentlemen?” I ask. “We carry on as is and have the time of our lives here, then worry about tomorrow when it comes?”

“That’s how I want to live out the rest of my days on this floating rock,” Chris says as he lifts his wine glass.

“Same,” Rich acknowledges, also lifting his glass.

We clink our drinks together to seal the agreement, and while I do still have that nagging feeling of guilt in the back of my mind, I feel better now that I’ve spoken about it with the

other two. I'm glad to know we're all sharing the same feelings, both about how we know this is taboo, but also how we feel about Jillian.

Emotions are complicated things, which is why I avoid them at all costs. But there's something about Jillian that's just so damn attractive, I can't get her off my mind. And when a woman is on my mind like this, it's only a matter of time before I want her on my dick too.

We finish lunch with the topic of conversation changing, but I know Jillian isn't far from any of our minds. She never is. She's become something of an obsession for all of us, even if none of us have said so out loud. James is our best friend, that's true, but we're just as close with each other, and I can read these other men like a book.

I'm also relieved with the conclusion we've landed on. I didn't and still don't want to stop what we're doing with Jillian, and I'm thrilled that I'm not the only one who feels this way.

As we're getting ready to leave, I stop the other two with an idea.

"I'm going to order something for Jillian to go, and what do you think of stopping by the florist on the way back to the penthouse and giving her a dozen roses?"

"Make it three dozen, and you've got a deal," Rich announces.

"I'm in," Chris confirms, and together we choose what she would like for lunch.

We all know women love surprises, and what better way to show her she's on our minds than to bring her lunch and some flowers? Roses at that. I know she's going to love everything, and the thought of her smile brings a smile to my face.

Jillian might be technically forbidden, but she's one in a billion. As someone who can have my pick of the lot when it comes to women, I know what I've got with her. What we've got with her. And I know none of us want to give this up, so why ruin a good thing?

She's an adult and she's free to make her own decisions.
And for now, she's decided to be with us.

SEVEN

CHRIS

The conversation around the lunch table does nothing to dampen our spirits.

By the time we get back to the penthouse, flowers and food in hand, Jillian is thrilled to see us, and she's almost giddy when she sees our gifts.

"I don't get presents from anyone but Dad," she announces as she takes both the flowers and the bag of food. She quickly finds a vase for the flowers, snipping off the bottoms and putting them on full display in the center of the kitchen counter.

"They'll get good light there," she proclaims, then promptly turns to her lunch, once again gushing over the fact she isn't used to being spoiled so much by anyone.

She doesn't ask anything about our lunch meeting, and we don't volunteer. As far as she knows, it was for work and that's all there was to it. No need to go into it any further, just like we wouldn't if she asked about an actual work meeting.

After dinner, the four of us find ourselves in Rich's bedroom this time, and we're all happily engaged in making passionate, fiery love to Jillian. I'm sure we all appreciate the time we get to have with her one-on-one, but there's something about the way she gets so turned on with all three of us on her at once, it's a real sight to behold.

She's got my cock buried deep in her throat right now, sucking me hard as she teases the bottom of my shaft with her tongue. She's gotten really good with her mouth over the past

week, and I let her know I appreciate her efforts by running my hand through her hair, holding it back from time to time to keep it from sticking to her wet cheeks.

At the moment, Rich is standing at the side of the bed, jerking off as he watches her sucking me, while Kalen is fucking her pussy from behind. He's reaching around and rubbing her clit with his fingers as he pounds his cock into her, making her moan and have to fight for focus as she continues to pleasure me.

I've never been so turned on as I am now, watching her struggle to maintain focus and the ability to hold herself up on the bed as she sucks my cock, and I know when she's feeling particularly good by the way she gasps and tries to continue sucking, just like I can tell when he's making her cum.

I'm getting closer to climaxing myself, but I'm interrupted from that by the sound of my phone ringing in my bedroom. I always have the volume turned up enough for me to hear it ringing no matter where I am in the penthouse, and with the personalized ringtones I have, I can't ignore the fact that it's James calling me.

"I've got to take a break for a minute, Sweetheart," I tell her. "Don't you go anywhere, I'm not finished with you yet."

"Yes, sir," she says, her tone meek as it always is.

She's learned well in the past couple weeks. I don't ask for things. I take them. I don't request that she do things, I tell her.

"Good girl," I tell her on my way out of the room. Rich steps forward, and I know he's happy to take my place while I'm gone to the other room on the phone.

"Hello?" I say, hoping my voice is as normal as possible. I know how I change when I'm aroused, and this is the first time in my life I have interrupted sex for the sake of a phone call. Had it been anyone else on the other end of that line calling me right now, I would have let it go to voicemail without another thought.

"Chris," James says, his tone cheerful, "glad I got a hold of you. Wasn't sure if you'd be out this time of night or not,

being there in New York City. How are things going?”

“Even better than we were expecting,” I tell him. “I’m not out, so I can talk for a few minutes, how’s things back in LA?”

“It’s weird having all four of you gone at the same time,” he says. “I was at the office earlier this afternoon and saw Jillian forgot her USB here. It’s one she said she wanted to make sure she remembered before she left, so I tried to give her a call this afternoon, but didn’t get through. What’s she up to?”

As if on cue, at that moment I hear Jillian’s voice as she starts to moan and cry out, embracing the volume of her moans as she cums hard in the next room. I cover my microphone as I close my door gently. The walls in this penthouse are thick, so I’m glad that her voice is substantially reduced when the door is closed, and I hope he didn’t hear any of that.

I strive to focus as I tell him that she’s in the middle of a workout. It’s the first thing that comes to mind as I’m talking, and it seems like the best excuse for her not answering her phone.

“She headed down to the gym about forty minutes ago,” I tell him. “I’ll let her know you called when she gets back, and tell her to call you back if she’s not too exhausted after her workout.”

“That would be fine,” he says. “I spoke with her early on this afternoon, around lunchtime, and she told me things are going very well there. I’m happy to hear it, but I would like your opinion on how she’s doing. Not to be the suspicious father or anything, but this is the first time she’s been away from me like this, and you know how protective I can be.”

I cringe inwardly at the comment, but mask it in my voice.

“She’s been outstanding,” I tell him. “You’ve done an excellent job with her, James, and you should be proud. She’s been keeping up with what we need for work, and more than that, she’s even able to continue with some of the shit we needed done on the side. It’s been really nice having her here.”

“Good,” he says. “I’m glad to hear it. I’m sure with me taking a step to the side in my career here, you three are going to take the forefront a lot more often, and if she’s able to keep up with what all three of you are giving her, I won’t bother figuring out another assistant for you.”

“No need,” I tell him, smirking to myself at his choice of words. I’m glad he can’t see me at this moment. I’m having a tough time keeping a straight face. But, I’m a master of controlling my tone. I’ve been on the phone with enough tough clients to be able to maintain a calm and stoic aura even if I feel the opposite on the inside.

“She’s been able to keep up with all three of us giving her work at the same time, which I’m impressed with,” I say. “I don’t see the reason to add on another. In fact, she might be a bit jealous if you throw in another assistant, thinking she’s not enough.”

“I thought about that too,” he muses. “Okay, great. Thanks for the update, and I’ll be in touch with you again in the next few days. And please pass along my message and let her know to give me a call when she can. She may not just out of principle since we spoke earlier, but you never know. Maybe I’m having a tougher time letting go of her than I thought.”

“Oh come on, It’s not like she’s moved away. We’re going to be back in a couple weeks, and life will go back to normal,” I tell him, not letting my voice reveal any disappointment I have with that sentiment.

“I know, I know, thanks again, talk soon,” James says.

He hangs up the phone and I sigh as I look at the black screen for a moment.

I know this guilt is normal, and I’m glad I’m not the only one who feels it. But, I also know I have no desire to stop what were doing, and though I lost my erection when I was on the phone with James, it’s quickly coming back as I open the door to head back to Rich’s room.

“Who was that?” Kalen asks when I rejoin the others.

“Nothing important,” I tell him rather than telling him who.

Jillian is having the time of her life on the bed, and I worry saying her father’s name will be enough to kill the mood for all of us. James is an important person in all of our lives, but he’s not welcome in this room at the moment, and I can pass along anything he told me to when we’re done here.

It’s only been forty minutes, and I know we have at least another forty-five minutes before we’re winded. And this is just the first round of the night.

All thoughts of my best friend and the morality of what we are doing exit my brain as soon as I climb back onto the bed and put my erect cock to Jillian’s lips once again. She looks up at me with her bright eyes as she opens her mouth, slowly wrapping her lips around my dick and resuming sucking me as she was before I left.

My body shudders with the sensation that runs through me at that moment, and I’m immediately wrapped back up in this world. There is no right or wrong, there is no tomorrow. All that matters is us and what we are doing right now. How we feel about each other. How we want things.

I finish hard inside her mouth, grunting as she sucks and licks, swallowing my load as it shoots down the back of her throat. She has her hand on my sack, taking my full load and sucking to make sure she has every last drop. I shudder once again at the extra sensitivity I feel now, and I run my fingers through her hair again.

“That’s my good girl,” I tell her.

She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand and gives me a mischievous smirk. But it’s brief as she’s surprised when Rich changes places with Kalen and enters her ass.

He slaps her ass cheeks at the same time, making her moan with pleasure as she falls forward onto the bed, her back up in the air for our viewing pleasure as Rich continues to pound into her.

James is now the furthest thing from my list of things to care about in this moment. I'm in love with his daughter. There's no denying that, and I want to continue with this for as long as we can.

There is no future when the four of us are together like this. It's just us and her, our little nymphomaniac.

And we are in paradise.

Our own private heaven on earth.

EIGHT

RICH

“**Y**ou’re showing me the skills you have in other places, I’m looking forward to see where you are with your cooking,” I tease Jillian as she pulls out the thawed chicken breasts from the refrigerator.

When we went to the florist yesterday, we stopped by the nearby grocery store to get a few things, all of us tired of always ordering room service or some other delivery for the penthouse.

This morning, Jillian announced she wanted to make parmesan chicken, and since that’s one of my specialties, I told her she was welcome to help me out.

Now, seeing the way she works in the kitchen, I’m starting to appreciate another side of her I didn’t know before now. There’s never any reason for her to make anything from scratch and bring it to the office when we’re home in LA, so being able to do this now is a real treat.

Chris is starting on a dessert on the other side of the kitchen, doing what he can to stay out of our way as we cook, but I tease him anyway.

“Do you have to do that right now, your highness?” I ask.

Jillian giggles. “He just wants to cover the fact he’s supervising the way you put together the chicken.”

“Exactly,” Chris says. “I was about to ask you the same thing.”

“Yes, we have to do this now,” I reply. “Do you want to eat today or not?”

“I want to make this damn dessert. Everyone knows dessert is the best part anyway,” he retorts.

“He’s not wrong,” Jillian says.

“Whose side are you on anyway?” I laugh. “I thought you said you wanted to help me in the kitchen!”

“I do,” she replies. “But I didn’t say I wanted to help you and only you. I mean, I am enjoying the view of Chris over there whipping up whatever it is in that bowl.”

“See? Told you I had to be in here right now,” Chris says.

“Showing off the fact that you don’t think you need an electric mixer,” I retort.

“Who needs that when you’ve got guns like mine?” he asks.

He throws a wink to Jillian, and she giggles again. But she’s not teaming up with him or with me. Just like everything we do, she’s paying attention to both of us.

“How did you say you wanted me to cut these?” she asks as she holds up one of the pieces of chicken.

“Put a slice in the center there so I can stuff it with this mixture I’m making right now. We’re going to fill each of the breasts with a couple scoops of this, then we’re going to line the pan with them. Covering them with parmesan is the last step.”

“But we don’t do that until they’re nearly done in the oven,” she says. “And they’re supposed to bake for the better part of an hour. Seems like a long time, if you ask me.”

“That’s because I don’t want to rush it,” I tell her. “Some of the best things in life develop slowly and deliberately.”

I give her a smile as I’m talking, and she returns the grin with a bright smile of her own. I know she knows I’m talking about our own relationship and how we’re growing closer together. It’s not just about sex for us. Yes, sex is an important

part of what we are doing with each other, but it's so much more. I am falling in love with her, and I know the same is happening in return.

We continue to work together in the kitchen, laughing and talking with each other as we make our way through the recipe. I'm impressed with her culinary abilities, even if this is the first time I've cooked with her. It's not something that I'm always able to say with a partner, and it's amazing to know we have this to share with each other too.

I'm not the kind of guy to worry about having a ton of shit in common with the person I'm dating. As long as there's good chemistry and we're able to work together, I'm happy.

She helps me right up to the point when we're putting the dinner in the oven, then she turns to find me starting the dishes.

"Wait a second on that one," she says. "There's no reason to get those dishes done when Chris is about ready to add more to the mess."

"I don't mind doing the dishes that we made doing this," I tell her, but she shakes her head.

"I'm doing the dishes, and that means all of them once we get the dessert dishes in there too," she insists.

"You heard her, get out of here," Chris tells me with a nod to the other room.

Of course, with the open concept in the penthouse, even when I go sit down on the couch there's still an open space that allows me to watch Jillian as she works with Chris. I know I could put on my headphones and get involved in some screen, but I don't want to.

"You mean you insist on standing in my way the entire time I'm cooking, but as soon as I'm done with what I'm doing, you want me out?"

"Yup," Chris says. "I don't understand what's so hard to get about that."

"Because, never mind." I shake my head.

“Don’t take it personal,” Jillian calls after me. “You can stay close enough to talk with us, but I don’t want you to try to sneak in doing the dishes while we’re making the dessert.”

“Don’t worry,” I said. “Pretty sure Princess Chris would be better at getting them done while he rules the kitchen anyway,” I joke.

“Pretty sure I’ll just tell King Kalen to get his ass out here and do them,” Chris says.

“I don’t mind being the one to do the dishes,” Jillian says, but I hold up my hand to stop her.

“Pretty sure no one in this penthouse is going to let you do the dishes, so you can get that out of your head right now.”

I wasn’t asking, and though she smiles and goes back to giving Chris her attention, I can see she likes the way I barked at her. She knows the tone behind what I was doing and that I wasn’t being mean. In fact, she loves the way I dominate and call the shots.

As much as I can, anyway. There are times it’s a shit show with the other two men.

But that’s just part of the incredible situation we have going on. This is a relationship with dynamics, and we all know our own. I could leave and head to my room right now, but I’m enjoying this time with Chris and Jillian, even if she’s bonding more with him at this point than me.

I decide to pull out my phone to give off the impression I’m not just sitting and eavesdropping on what’s going on in the kitchen, although I am paying attention to the way Chris and Jillian interact with each other. I love to hear her laugh, and as she settles in to helping Chris with the dessert, it’s obvious she’s having a good time.

There’s an obvious bond there that reaches beyond just the sex they have. I can tell with the way he’s looking at her, and the way she’s blushing and giggling when he does.

They’re working on putting together a no-bake cheesecake for dessert, and after Chris pours the filling into the crust he holds the spatula out for Jillian to taste the batter herself. Of

course, it's delicious. Chris is an excellent cook, along with everything else he does in his life. And there's something so loving about the way he's holding it out for her to taste, my heart glows when I see the look on her face.

"Mmmmm, oh my god, I had no idea cheesecake could be that good," she says.

"There's a knack to it," Chris replies. "You don't just treat it as some quick and easy dessert. It's an underrated art, like so many things."

"I don't know how you just whip that up from your imagination," she says with a shake of her head.

"It's more memorized than something I invented," he tells her with a wink. "Though I will admit that I've done a fair amount of tweaking the recipe to make it perfect, so I guess I can take some of the credit for whipping it up the way it is."

"That's what I thought," she tells him with a smirk. "It's got to be the richest, smoothest cheesecake I've ever had, and that's saying something with how much Daddy loves desserts. We've sure had our fair share in the house when I was younger."

"I don't know if you're aware of this, but I have taken a few culinary courses in my time, and that could have something to do with the reason it's so good," Chris says. "In fact, if I didn't get involved with your dad on a professional level, I probably would have gone into starting my own restaurant."

"There's still time for that," Jillian tells him. "Reach for the stars, right?"

"Not with being the CEO of Prime Elite," he tells her. "I might be good at what I do, but I'm not Superman."

"You're my Superman," she says as she stands on the tips of her toes to kiss him.

He gives her a smile as he turns to start with the dishes, but she stops him.

“I don’t know what it is with you guys thinking you’re going to do the dishes,” she says with a laugh. “You made the dessert, and Rich made the chicken, why don’t you go out there and have a seat now and leave the rest to me?”

“Oh my god, are we really back to the dishes thing?” I ask, chiming in from where I sit on the couch. “I thought I told you to leave those damn things alone?”

She opens her mouth to reply, perhaps even to be a bit of a brat, when the three of us are interrupted by another voice.

“I can give a hand with those,” Kalen says as he appears in his bedroom doorway. “I had an alarm set to come out when the chicken was getting done so I could pitch in and set the table at least. I know it’s not much, but damn with you three out here working your fingers to the bone, I feel it’s like the least I can do to help earn this meal.”

Jillian laughs. “With how fancy this meal is, I feel like it’s an occasion to set the table fancy.”

“I agree with that,” Kalen says.

He heads to the cupboards and pulls out napkins and dinnerware, then he and Jillian go about setting the table. I have no idea the technique involved in setting the table the right way, and I’m glad to see Kalen is about at the same skill level.

The fact that he’s struggling a bit with the setting shows me that he’s not practiced this himself, and I find that funny. On the other hand, I haven’t either, so I really don’t have any room to tease him, even if I can’t help but smirk at the way he struggles.

Jillian, of course, is stepping in and giving him a hand, showing him where the proper silverware pieces go—something I’m sure none of us has really paid attention to before.

“You know this is why you’re amazing,” he tells her.

“Why’s that?” she asks with a flush of her cheeks.

“It’s the way you pay so much attention to detail. I love the way you keep an eye on not only the little things like setting the table, but how you’ve always been able to keep our projects organized and ready for us when we need them. It’s really appreciated, and I know I don’t tell you I appreciate the work you put into it enough.”

“You don’t have to thank me,” she says, though she flushes another shade of crimson at the compliment.

“I don’t have to, but I want to. I want you to know there are so many things I admire about you, and it’s not all physical or how you are in the bedroom. I find so much about you to be absolutely stunning, and that includes the things that go on in that beautiful brain of yours.”

“Thank you,” she says again.

The two of them settle into further conversation as they wash the dishes together, and I’m glad Jillian has finally let someone join in and help her do some of those house chores. It’s not up to her to be the one to do the cleaning as though she’s the maid, and Kalen clearly feels he can get some of the dishes done since he hasn’t been helping with the other aspects of the meal.

They’re just wiping off the last of the dishes and putting them away when the timer goes off on the oven, so I get up to check the chicken.

“Perfectly crispy on the outside,” I announce. “And you’re going to be shocked with how juicy they’ll be on the inside too.”

I serve up the plates, and we all settle around the table, as though we’re one big family.

I’m amazed at how natural it is, and how comfortable we feel together. Once again, there’s the creeping fear in the back of my mind about what’s going to happen when we go back to LA, when James finds out—or what’s going to happen if we can’t get this deal we’re pushing for.

But, I refuse to let my mind dwell on that for very long.

This is a good night, and I love getting the chance to just bond with these three people. Most of all, with Jillian.

She's laughing and talking, and clearly she's having the time of her life with all of us here, just enjoying each other's company and spending quality time together. It's really nice, I have to admit, and I almost wish there was a way for us to know this is something we can always have.

But the future is unclear, as always, and I have to force myself to live in the moment and enjoy the here and now.

Because right now is worth everything.

NINE

JILLIAN

I'm walking through the crowd, a glass of champagne in hand. But it's difficult for me to focus.

This is the last night we're in Manhattan, and I've been invited to the party being hosted by our partner company in our honor.

Chris, Kalen, and Rich are here, but I don't know where they are. We arrived in style in a limousine, and while I appreciated the bit of flare given with our arrival, it wasn't enough to blow me away with the event.

Daddy took limos a lot when I was younger, and I went with him to most of his events. Even if I was too young to be part of anything at the party, I still enjoyed the ride.

So, while it was a nice way for us to arrive, I wasn't enraptured with the luxury of it all, and I expected to get the chance to hang out with the guys while at the party.

Unfortunately, I quickly realized that wasn't the case.

We headed inside the convention hall, and I was amazed with the décor. There was a large, crystal chandelier in the middle of the room, along with glassware everywhere the eye could see. Not only that, but the linen adorning the banquet tables was a gorgeous shade of maroon, complimenting the golden accents I also noticed throughout the room.

At the same time, the sparkling crystalware throughout the dining area gave the entire place a flavor of pure luxury and indulgence, and the opulence of the evening wasn't lost on me.

Ordinarily, I would enjoy the evening flirting with young men and having a good time. But tonight, I'm having a tough time walking through the crowd because I'm alone. I essentially came here with three dates, and though I understand in this professional setting we aren't going to behave as though the four of us are in a romantic relationship, I'm not at all happy with the fact that I've been basically abandoned by all three of them.

I suddenly spy Rich and Kalen along the wall on the far side of the hall. They are talking with two young women who I quickly assess to be older than me, but not yet in their forties, so still close to ten years younger than Rich and Kalen.

They are giggling and laughing, and I find myself judging the dresses they've chosen to don for this event. Cocktail attire was recommended, and to me, they look more like they're about to go out clubbing than to an upscale event such as this. And furthermore, I'm having a tough time with the way Kalen and Rich are indulging them with their laughter and attention.

The foursome is engrossed in some sort of conversation, and as I draw nearer I can hear the women openly hitting on Kalen and Rich. They aren't holding back in the slightest, telling them how strong they look, and how they must work out when they aren't at the office.

"I don't know when you find the time for things like that," the darker-haired girl says. "With all that you and your company have accomplished in such a short amount of time, when do you get the time to go out and work on yourself so you look like that?"

"Oh, Trina, don't be silly," her friend giggles. "I bet you anything these are the kinds of men who are simply blessed with genetics. Rich, you look like you could do pretty much anything you set your mind to with your physique, and after that PowerPoint presentation you put on last week, I agree with Trina here, there's just not time for you to be able to do things like that and still find the time to work out."

"Or, if there is, I don't know what my excuse is," the girl whose name was evidently Trina laughs. "I was horrified when

I tried on the dress I was going to wear tonight and found it was a size too small. I wound up having to go out this afternoon and find this thing to put on. What do you think? Do I look like I could stand to lose some weight?"

She takes a step to the side of the group and runs her hand down her side, looking at both men for approval. It's more than I can stand. I'm horrified that she's being so brazen right now at this party, and I can't believe Kalen and Rich are both standing there and feeding into this. It's shocking to me, and I want to walk over and tell her to get lost.

Instead, I step over and smile at both of them.

"Good evening!" I say with a flashy smile. "I didn't know where you two ran off to, so when I saw you over here I thought I'd come see what was so funny. With all that laughter, I thought there must have been a pretty good joke shared."

I know the bitterness is showing in my tone, and though I hide my feelings with my smile, I get the impression that the entire group picks up on my accusation. The flirtation was obvious, and I'm certain I'm not the only one who thinks so.

But, to my dismay, the unnamed girl gives me a look from head to toe and takes a sip of her champagne before simply replying, "You had to be here."

I feel heat creeping up my neck and flushing into my cheeks, and I force another smile.

"Oh, inside jokes are such fun! It's a shame I'm not part of this one. I'm sure they'll let me know all about it on the way back home, however," I say. "To LA, I mean. I'm the head assistant in the company."

"Oh, you're the secretary," the same nameless girl replies, and once again I feel my blood boil. "Well it's nice to have met you, but I'm not understanding why I haven't seen you anywhere before."

I want to point out that I was back at the penthouse getting work done, and follow it up by asking her if she's ever been to a penthouse, but I bite my tongue. I didn't come over here to

engage in petty bickering with these women. I came over to make a point to Kalen and Rich that I'm here, and I don't appreciate them flirting with other women.

It feels like a slap in the face to hear them laughing and talking with these other females, especially since none of the women here are holding back with hitting on them. I know they're handsome, I know they're sexy and alluring, but they are also mine, and I don't like the way they're encouraging this attention right now.

"Are you having a good time?" Rich asks, his tone even. Kalen is clearly pissed off, but I don't know if he's grumpy from dealing with these women, or if he's angry with me for attempting to scare them off.

"It would be better if I wasn't wandering around alone," I tell him. "But it seems you two are all tied up here, so I don't want to intrude."

"It's no problem for you to join us," Rich tells me, but I want to prove a point. I want him to chase after me when I leave, and to show these two women that I am the one they want, not them. But as I turn and walk away, I hear one of the women saying something about secretaries.

I'm not close enough to hear what she says, but I'm not going to make a bigger ass out of myself by confronting her. I'm sure Rich or Kalen will shut her down if she's trying to say something bad about me. But I'm also angry with both of them, and I don't really want to hang out.

I find Chris on the other side of the room, but he's also engaged with two other women. They are also being flirty, and I have to once again bite my tongue. I'm not sure if it hurts more to see him here flirting with two women alone, or knowing Kalen and Rich are over there with two other women, but I feel sick.

"Are you okay?" Chris says when he sees me. "You don't look so well."

"I just got a wave of nausea," I tell him. "I hope it wasn't something I ate."

“We can get going back to the penthouse if you’re sick,” he says. “Where are Rich and Kalen?”

“Over there with those girls,” I say as I roll my eyes. “Seems like you guys love all the attention you’re getting.”

He ignores me as he goes to get Kalen and Rich, but I keep up a wall between myself and the three of them all the way to the limo. It’s not until we’re halfway back to the penthouse that Chris finally calls me out on what I’m doing.

“I just don’t see why you are all over the room flirting with those women,” I say. “I thought we had something special, something that matters.”

“We do!” Rich says. “What do you want from us? To walk around with bags over our heads?”

“It’s not like you can get angry with us for being admired by women,” Kalen chimes in. “We’re attractive, and we know we are. It’s not that I’m bragging, it’s just a statement.”

“And you have nothing to worry about, little one,” Chris tells me. “I think I speak for the three of us when I say that you are the one I want. I’m talking to other women because it’s a professional environment, and we have to be professional toward them. I’m not trying to get with them or anything.”

The other two agree, but I’m hurt.

“I just don’t see why you can’t tell them you’re seeing someone or something,” I say.

“And then what? Tell them all four of us are together? You know as well as we do why we have to be careful with that,” Kalen says. “Trust me, when you’re in these kinds of places and you start talking about having someone special in your life, the questions start. I think it would be worse to lie about what’s going on and treat this as something it’s not, then to just go with the flow.”

I swallow a lump in my throat. I hate so much of this conversation, especially knowing they are right. I don’t know what’s going to happen when we get back to LA tomorrow, and I don’t know what Daddy is going to say if he ever finds out, either.

I have spent my life hoping and trying for his approval, and to know I have gone so far against anything he would want for me is something that makes me sick to my stomach.

But that doesn't change the fact that I'm hurting right now, and this conversation is only making it worse.

We get back to the penthouse, but I head straight to my bedroom and close the door.

I want to be alone.

I hear all three of them try at various times to get my attention, but I ignore them.

I'm hurt, and this is the only way I can deal with my emotions right now.

They'll just have to understand.

TEN

KALEN

Very little is said at the penthouse all morning, and the silence carries into the flight back home.

Jillian has been sullen since getting back from the party, and I've about had enough of her pouting. I know it sounds harsh, but there's another part of me that's pissed with her for being so upset about us being hit on. It's not like we set out to be hit on by those women last night, and there's not much we can do when it does happen.

I understand why she's upset. I know she doesn't want to lose us. We each feel the same way about her. But we're not going to pout or be pissed off at her if she's hit on by another man, and if we're going to continue moving up in the world with our own success, we will have to deal with being hit on by other women.

I try to ignore the tension in the plane. But it's starting to really grate on my nerves. We were so happy and chatty on the flight over to Manhattan from LA a few weeks ago, and I'm not in the mood to put up with a long, dreadful flight back home because she's pissed at us.

After a couple hours of uncomfortable silence, I finally get up from my seat and quietly take Jillian's hand.

"What are you doing?" she asks. Her tone is cold, but she's not fighting against me.

"I think it's time for us to have a talk," I tell her. "All of us."

I lead her to the back of the plane. There's a section where we can close the door and give ourselves some privacy from the pilot, which is exactly what we need to be able to talk to her right now. Chris and Rich follow along, and I'm glad they're going to get their opinions in as well.

I let a minute of silence pass once we're all in the back of the plane and seated on the couches. After gathering my thoughts, I finally say what's been on my mind.

"Look, Jill, I know you're upset about last night, but you have to understand we are going to have female admirers just because of who we are. I know it's not easy for you to watch that happen, but unless we are entertaining those women or pursuing them, you have nothing to worry about. Like we tried to tell you last night, you are the only one on our minds, and we don't want you to get thrown into this jealous funk every time we're out dealing with the public," I say.

"But do you have to be so charming back to them?" she asks.

"Yes," Chris says. "That's how we make connections. The more charming we are with the clients we work with—be it the public, or working with a partnering company, the more charm we lay on, the better relationship we have. But you have to understand, what Kalen said is true. Charm equals money, it's not going to wind up in sex."

"But how do I know that?" she asks, her tone tight with worry.

Now, Rich speaks up. "Because that's what a relationship is. This isn't just a hookup for us. This isn't like you are some sex toy that we all want to use. We want to have a real relationship with you, and we want to make sure you are happy and confident and secure in that relationship. It might seem like it's a contradiction, but the more you let go and accept that we are going to interact with other women, the more secure you're going to be in this relationship."

"I don't know," she says with a shake of her head. "I don't like feeling this way, and I know it's such a drag when you're dating someone and they get jealous every time you're with a

member of the opposite sex. But, I just got so scared last night when I saw all three of you out in that room with those pretty girls wearing those dresses they were wearing, and I don't know, it just felt like there was no way I could compete with that."

"You don't have to worry about competing," I tell her. "In our mind, there is no competition, you are so far ahead of the other women. It wouldn't matter what they look like or what they wear or anything. You are the only one any of us want to come home to at the end of the day, and we mean it."

The other two nod their agreement, and Jillian finally gives us a small smile.

"I'm sorry I'm being so crazy about this. I know I have to learn how to trust you. But you are honestly the first men I've ever been in a real relationship with. Sure, I dated in high school, but you are the ones I have given myself to, and I don't want that to go away. It scares me to think that we're going home, and I just don't know what's going to happen."

No one says anything in reply. There really isn't much to say. The fact that we're going back to LA is going to change things. The biggest thing that will change is the fact that James is going to be back in our lives. He's taken a step back and won't be in the office that much anymore, but the fact that he's going to be there, and the fact he's her father and our best friend, will change what we have going on in some ways.

But there's no reason for us to think it has to stop.

Nothing has changed in the way we feel about each other, and I'm not going to let James change that, either. I'm not sure how we're going to navigate this part of our lives moving forward, but I know there's a way. And we'll work together to figure it out.

Instead of focusing on that, I walk over to her and lean forward, kissing her.

She's a little cold toward me at first, but the more I kiss her the more she loosens up. It's obvious to me that she's missed

this, and I'm happy to remind her just how much she matters to all three of us right here and now.

She gives in to the kissing, and the passion quickly grows. It's only seconds before Rich and Chris join in, and as a group we start pulling her clothes off, kissing her and touching her all over.

We all know she's not part of the mile-high club, and this is the moment we are officially inducting her in. There isn't a thing about her that's not memorable, but I'm already sure this is going to be one of the most memorable parts of the trip, even if it does happen right before we get back to LA.

As we make her cum again and again, I know we've really made progress in our relationship with the talk we just had. It's not always going to be easy, I know that, but I also know that it's important for us to communicate.

With this many people involved in our unconventional relationship, communication is key in everything. And I feel we have really touched base here with Jillian.

There's trust and community restored in our small family, and I know the other guys are as happy with the outcome as I am. We all knew this wasn't going to be smooth sailing all the time, and we all agreed we were okay with that, even if none of us took the time to say so out loud.

Jillian is too amazing for us to even think about giving up, and there isn't another woman out there who comes close to comparing to her.

And that's not going to change, no matter where we are in our lives.

ELEVEN

CHRIS

“So, my place then?” Rich asks.

“That sounds like the best option to me,” I tell him. “You always have the best selection of drinks and food, and it’s not like we have anything else to do with our time tonight.”

“Your place is bigger than mine anyway,” Kalen chimes in. “And it’s really our first time back home as a family, so it will be nice to be able to relax and just spend some good, quality time together. I think we all know what we’re facing in the next few days, and if we can put that off a little bit longer, I don’t think any of us are going to be too disappointed about that.”

There’s silence in the car for a moment.

It’s true. Being back home in LA does mean we have to face reality sooner rather than later, and none of us are looking forward to it. We know with James here in LA, we have to own up to what we’re doing.

We aren’t about to let Jillian be the one to deal with this on her own. It was a group decision, and we’ll deal with it as a group. But, for as much pushback as we are prepared to deal with in the coming days, we also don’t want to open ourselves up to that criticism any sooner than we have to, either.

Jillian cares immensely what her father thinks. And since he’s my best friend along with everyone else’s, we do too. It’s not going to be easy dealing with his feelings on this matter. But we also can’t deny the way we feel about Jillian, and when

it comes down to it, we are willing to put it all on the line for the chance to be with her.

Rich drives us to his penthouse, and we all head upstairs.

We all have keys to each other's homes, though we never just show up unannounced. That's part of the bro code we all share with each other. Even James knows better than to show up at any of our places without at least texting first, which is why we know it's safe to have Jillian over here all night without worry.

"I don't think I've ever been inside your place, Rich," she says as we step off the elevator and head into his home.

"What's mine is yours," he says with an elaborate gesture of his arms. "You're welcome to anything you want, whenever you want, however you want. In fact, I'm sure I have another spare key around here, and I think it's the perfect time to give you your own."

"Really?" Jillian gasps, the smile on the face widening.

"I know I've got a spare at my place. I'll bring it into work next week," I tell her.

"Same," Kalen chimes in.

"I'm going to need to make a couple more spares to my place. Daddy has the only extra key I have to let me back in if I lock myself out," she says. "But I guess it's not too hard to go get extras."

"I'll drive you there tonight if it means I get to have a key to your place," I joke with her.

Everyone laughs and agrees.

"What is it?" I ask when I see the expression on Jillian's face. She doesn't look upset per se, but there is clearly something on her mind.

"Oh, I don't know, it's just, talking with you guys like this, talking about having keys to everyone's places and you having a key to mine, it makes me feel like this is all real. Like, for the past few weeks of us being together, I felt that it was like a fantasy for us to be together. But now, with us all having

access to each other's places whenever, it feels like we are really making this official," she says.

"And why wouldn't we?" Rich asks. "Now that we're back home, it's time to work out some of those things we were talking about dealing with when we were in New York. Like there wasn't much we could do about the fact you don't have a key to my place there, but here, we can fix that right now."

He walks over to the drawer in the kitchen and pulls out his spare key, then walks back to Jillian and hands it to her. "You are the only person I have ever given a key to with full permission to show up whenever you want. I have told everyone else to at least drop me a text first, if not a call, but I don't care when you show up and it doesn't matter to me what time it is, either. If you want to be here, then this is your place as much as it's mine."

"Aren't you just so cute and romantic being the first one to give her a key?" I remark. I'm joking, of course, but I have to tease him for what he's saying. Of course, he's right, and I know Kalen and I feel the same. There's no reason for her to have to call or text first.

What is she going to walk in on that we don't want her to know about?

When we were dating other women, of course we didn't necessarily want to have one of the guys show up the next morning without warning, but we aren't living that way anymore. Now, we have Jillian, and we have nothing to hide from her. She's welcome to do anything she wants at any of our places, and what better way to show her that we aren't hiding anything than giving her one-hundred-percent access?

"I don't know what to say," Jillian says. There are tears forming in her eyes as she looks down at the key. "I really don't. I thought I had a crush on you, on all of you, but these past few weeks have shown me that this is so much bigger than a crush. I'm not just having sex with you out of some fantasy I've had or anything, I really do love each and every one of you."

“That’s one thing I’ve wanted to make clear for a while now,” I tell her. “I don’t view you as a sex object, and we aren’t doing this because we think it’s hot. I love you too, Jillian, and I want to see where our relationship goes.”

“I’ve never been overly good with words,” Kalen says, “But I love you too. There’s something real and strong that has grown between us these past few weeks, and I’m willing to do what we need to in order to make our relationship last.”

“I could say they’ve said it all,” Rich says, “but I can’t ever be satisfied with someone else being the one to tell you they love you without telling you that I love you too. You are my dream girl, and I have been happier than I’ve ever been before in my life with you now being our girl, and I want you to know just how much you mean to me. To us.”

Agreement runs through the group, and Jillian beams with happiness. I’m sure I’ve never seen her so happy before, even after we hooked up with her the first night in the penthouse, even when we shared those nights together and bonded with her all through the past few weeks back in New York.

Hearing us all tell her just how strongly we feel about her, along with the fact that this isn’t just something that we’re doing for a fantasy, means the world to her. It’s clear from the expression on her face. And, more than that, I love hearing it from the rest of the guys. This is the first time in our lives we have ever been part of something like this, but I have such love for them that not only am I comfortable sharing Jillian with them, but it’s something I actively want to do.

We are building something strong together, and I’m glad we have the chance now to talk about how we’re feeling aloud. Feelings aren’t something I’m always willing to sit down and discuss, but now that we’re here and things could be going public with us, I don’t want to wonder where anyone else in the group is with their own feelings about this situation.

“My only question now,” Jillian says, “is what about Daddy?”

“What about him?” I ask.

“I just know he’s not going to be happy with what we’re doing. He’s always been so protective of me, ever since Mom died, and I know he’ll have some choice words about this. I hate that he’s going to be so upset,” she admits.

“It’s not like any of us set out to hurt him with what we’re doing,” Rich says. “But you can’t always pick and choose who you fall in love with. I didn’t think I would ever get the chance to be with you, but now that I have had the taste of what that life is like, I don’t want to even consider what it would be like without you. I know James isn’t going to be thrilled, but I think we’re all on the same page when it comes to how we’re going to deal with this.”

“And how’s that?” Kalen asks.

“We’re going to be open and honest. And we’re going to be adults about the whole thing,” I say. “There’s no need for us to turn this into a fight or for us to make ultimatums. James is our best friend, and it just so happens we have all fallen in love with his daughter. That’s really all there is to it. Don’t you think at the end of the day he’s going to want us to be happy?”

“I’m just sure this isn’t what he had in mind,” Jillian says.

I can’t argue with that, but I do know James. I know we’ve been through a lot already, and I’m sure with time he’s going to be okay with the idea. At least, that’s what I’m hoping, and what I’m clinging to. I have to, or I’ll start to really feel guilty about this all over again.

“Are we going to announce it, or how are we going to let this play out?” Rich asks.

“I think it’s best for us to give it a few days and get settled in back home before we deal with that,” I say. “What’s the rush? We’re all here tonight, and we don’t have to worry about what he’s going to think about it quite yet. I think this is the first we’ve ever had the chance to really talk about how we do love each other, and with that being the case, I would rather not ruin the night worrying about how we’re going to do this in the future.”

My perspective is largely praised around the room, and it's not long before we order some food and put on a movie to enjoy. Rich's living room is huge, and there's more than enough room for us to settle in with each other and watch the movie. It feels so cozy, so homey, there is a large part of me that's already wondering if we could build a life with each other all in the same house.

I really don't see why not. It wouldn't be any different than what we were doing in the penthouse in New York. But I don't want to get too far ahead of myself, or ahead of where we're at as a family at this point, either. We are doing so well, it feels right to just take a breath and slow down, to not worry too much about how we're going to do things next.

At the end of the movie, we're tired but happy. And it's so natural for us all to head to the bedroom as a group. There's no question about who is going to go where, or what's going to happen next.

After such a romantic evening of the four of us hanging out together, we all have one thing on our mind now, and that's to make love to the woman we have fallen in love with. She starts kissing me as Rich removes her clothes and Kalen is pulling the sheets back on the bed.

The California king-size mattress is large enough to accommodate all of us as we make love to her, and she takes all of us. For the first time, we all cum inside her pussy, leaving her satisfied and aching from the sex we've had.

Rich stays in bed, of course—it's his place—and Jillian simply curls up with him.

There's plenty of room out in the living room for Kalen and me to have our own couches to sleep on, and we're fine with that. I love how there's so much support and peacefulness in our relationship, I can't believe this is something I've missed out on all this time.

Being with Jillian now and sharing her with two of my three best friends isn't something I thought would ever happen, but now that we're doing it so naturally, I am happier than I've ever been before.

And even with the hardship we face, I'm looking forward to tomorrow, the next day, and the rest of our lives.

TWELVE

RICH

I wake up with Jillian draped over my chest, sound asleep.

She's moaning softly every now and then, and I'm sure she's having a dream about our life together. Hers and mine, hers and Kalen's, hers and Chris's. I've never thought I could be so happy before, or that I could be okay sharing a woman with someone, but here I am, in utter bliss with this situation and without any intention to change a thing about it.

I continue to lay in bed until she wakes up, and she smiles up at me.

"Morning, handsome," she says. "How did you sleep?"

"Like a king," I tell her. "With my queen in bed beside me and at home in my own castle, I don't think it gets any better than this."

"I agree with that," she says. "The only thing that could possibly make this any better would be to have breakfast going for us already. I always wake up starving."

As if on cue, the words are barely out of her mouth before can smell the warm scent of pancakes coming in from the kitchen.

"Sounds like one of your Prince Charmings is already on it," I tell her.

"I wonder who," she said. "Chris is such a good cook, but then I haven't had Kalen's cooking yet, so maybe he wants to show me some of his own culinary talent."

“Chris, I can bet anything on that,” I say. “At least, let’s hope it is. Kalen has his strengths, I’ll give him that, but I would rather eat just about anything from any fast-food restaurant than have to endure what he puts on the table.”

“Maybe he’s going to prove a point to you today and show you he really knows how to make pancakes,” she replies with a small laugh.

We get out of bed together, and I pull on a robe. It’s then I realize she only has her clothes she wore last night with her, besides what’s still in her suitcases in the car.

“We’re going to have to get you set up with some clothes over here,” I tell her as I toss an extra robe onto the bed.

“What’s the point of that when I can walk around naked all the time?” she teases.

I laugh. “I’m not complaining, but you know you might want to put something on one of these days that’s not mine.”

“Doubt it,” she replies. “And if I do, it’s going to be Kalen’s or Chris’s.”

“Fair enough,” I tell her.

We head out to the dining room and after greeting the other two, we sit down at the table. I’m right with my guess that Chris is the one making the pancakes for us. And he’s got scrambled eggs going too.

“Thought you wouldn’t mind having some breakfast on the table when you got up,” he says.

“But you’re late,” Kalen tells him. “They’re here, and there’s no food on the table.”

“No coffee, either, and you’re the one who’s supposed to be doing that,” he shoots back. “So what’s your excuse there?”

“I was waiting for you to pull out the cups,” he says with a shrug. Jillian laughs at both of them, and I just roll my eyes.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got it,” I tell him. “You go sit your princess ass down next to our queen and I’ll get the coffee going.”

“Finally. You want something done for you, just act like an idiot until someone else does it,” Kalen tells Jillian as she kisses him good morning.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she says.

It’s not long before I have four cups of coffee prepared, and Chris brings the food over and puts it on the table. The pancakes and eggs look perfect, and I’m glad to have had them both over last night to join with us in this meal. Everything is just so perfect, I don’t want to do much else with the day besides hang out with these three.

And I’m sure they all feel the same.

That is, until we hear the front door unlock.

“What was that?” Jillian asks, clearly confused.

The door opens, and James walks in, a young woman on his arm.

There’s dead silence around the table, and I’m shocked that he showed up without calling first. He’s never done that before, and I never thought he would, either.

James grins as he walks into the room, but stops short when he sees Jillian at the table with us.

“What’s this?” he demands. “Why are you here, and where are your clothes?”

He’s addressing his daughter, and Jillian fumbles over her words, clearly not ready to have this conversation with her father.

“Go on, spit it out!” James snaps. “It’s not like some fairy came and stole them from you. Where are your clothes?”

“I can explain,” she tries, but James clearly isn’t going to let her. It’s obvious what’s going on right now, and he’s livid.

“I hope you’ve got a good explanation for this! Where are they? Tell me!”

I’m not going to let her flounder, so I do my best to explain the situation to James as respectfully as I can. Of course, there really is no respectful way to tell a man you are sleeping with

his daughter. Or, more than that, that three of you are sleeping with his daughter.

“Look, James, this isn’t her fault,” I start.

“It isn’t? Then whose fault is it? Last I checked, there isn’t some clothes thief around taking clothing, and she’s wearing one of your robes I see. So I’m sure you can tell me what’s going on?”

I exchange a look with both Chris and Kalen, not asking for their help, but demanding their input.

“James, we’ve developed a relationship with your daughter,” Chris says, volunteering next.

“We?” James is turning redder by the second.

“The three of us have fallen for Jillian, James. I know this isn’t easy for you to hear, but what’s happened has happened, and we feel how we feel. I could say I’m sorry right now, but quite frankly, I’m not,” Kalen says.

“I’m sorry for hurting you and for putting you in this position, but I’m not sorry for my feelings about Jillian,” Chris states.

“We all knew this wouldn’t be easy when you found out, and I would hate for you to take drastic action over this, but James, you have to understand the dynamic at play here,” I say, hoping to smooth things over with him before he absolutely explodes at the four of us.

Jillian is biting the inside of her lip and saying nothing, but she gives us all a grateful look.

James, on the other hand, is gearing up to let us all endure his wrath.

“I don’t have to understand shit!” he shouts. “What I understand is that my three best friends just got caught red-handed with my undressed daughter, that’s what I understand!”

“It wasn’t supposed to turn out the way it did, but that’s what happened,” I reply. “And after it did, we wound up where

we are this morning. It's not like we can just turn off the way we feel for each other, or the way we all feel about Jillian."

"This is why you didn't answer your phone this morning!" James shouts at his daughter, deciding to ignore me and the other two at the table. Briefly, anyway. "And how dare you three? How dare you call yourself my best friends and you are fucking my daughter? She is twenty years younger than you, and you all just sleep with her like she's some girl you picked up in a bar?"

"Hold on there," Chris says. "What are you doing here? With all due respect, since when do you show up without calling first?"

James gets flustered for only a moment. "I wanted to introduce my girlfriend to Rich. I knew you all were going to be giving me shit for the age difference, and Rich was the most likely to be happy for me on the outset, so I came here first."

"Wait a minute," Jillian starts up. "How much older than her are you?"

When James doesn't answer, she turns to the other girl directly. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-five," the girl meekly replies.

"You're such a hypocrite!" Jillian shouts at her father. "You're going to come in here and yell at your three best friends for what they're doing with me, but you are doing the same thing with someone else? What is your problem? How can you stand there with her right by your side and yell at us when you don't have a leg to stand on?"

"This doesn't have to turn into a big argument," I say, holding my hands in the air to try to calm the situation. It's going about as well as I figured it would, but I'm going to stick with my intuition and try to keep things calm. If pushed, I know I'm going to stick with Jillian, but if there is a way for me to have both her and James in my life, then I'm going to work that out. I don't know how easy it's going to be, but that's my goal.

“I think you need to keep your damn mouth shut!” James shoots back at me. “I have never been so infuriated in my entire life, and you are just lucky my girlfriend is here and I don’t want to make an ass out of myself in front of her!”

“Daddy, that’s enough!” Jillian says.

“And you don’t speak to me that way!” he shoots back. “You go get your clothes on right now, young lady, we are leaving!”

“If you think I’m going anywhere with you and her, you have another thing coming,” she says with a sound that’s half a squeak, half a laugh. None of us have ever heard her stand up to her father before, and no one knows how to handle this.

Jillian herself is clearly uncomfortable with the moment, but she’s angry too.

And I don’t blame her.

“We will be dropping Misty off at her place, and you and I are going home to talk about how you could sleep with my three best friends behind my back,” James announces.

I open my mouth to reply, but he holds up his hand.

“Rich, I don’t want to hear it. She’s my daughter, and there is nothing you can say right now that’s going to make this any better. So save it,” he says.

I close my mouth again, and after a moment, Jillian disappears and then reappears with her clothes on. She makes a point of giving each of us a quick kiss on the cheek. I’m proud of her for doing that, but I’m also glad she doesn’t put us on the spot to kiss her on the lips in front of her dad right now.

James is pissed, I can see that, and I don’t want to rock the boat more than it’s already been rocked in this situation.

“I’ll call you,” Jillian says over her shoulder on her way out the door.

She doesn’t address any of us specifically, so we understand that she’s talking to all of us at the same time. Of course, no one says anything as she walks out the door, pulling

it closed behind her, and I finally let out a breath I didn't even realize I was holding.

There's still silence at the table, and no one wants to keep eating.

This is what we didn't want to happen, but what we all knew would be the case when James found out the truth. Now that he's gone with Jillian, we can only sit back and wait to hear how it goes.

And I know we're all nervous.

This could be the day that either makes or breaks what we have going on with her, and I know all three of us are hoping against hope that she chooses us over what her father thinks. She really is my entire world, and I don't want to lose her over anything.

Even my best friend.

THIRTEEN

JILLIAN

“How can you do this to me?” Dad demands as soon as the door closes behind us.

The car ride to drop off his new girlfriend was completed in tense silence, as well as the ride back to his house. I didn't want to get into a screaming match in the car, and he was too busy stewing over what had happened this morning to want to talk to me.

But, as soon as we're inside the house, he turns and unleashes his anger on me, yelling at me all over again for sleeping with his three best friends.

I let him carry on with the same speech all over again, telling me he knows this is why he wasn't able to get a hold of me very much when I was in New York, and why he wasn't able to reach me last night or this morning.

“You were just over there fucking those men. All three of them, twenty years older than you and you're doing what? I don't know where I went wrong, but please, tell me, tell me!” he snaps.

“The only thing I have to say to you is that you are being the world's biggest hypocrite right now,” I snap.

Daddy looks at me in surprise. I've never stood up to him over anything before, and I know he's not sure how to handle it. Of course, there's a good chance he's going to blame it on one of the three men I'm with, and I'll have to have another comeback for that. But for now, I fold my arms and glare at him.

“You’re going to have to explain to me how I’m being a hypocrite,” he says.

“You say I’m being terrible to you because I’m sleeping with your best friends and because they are so much older than me, when you were busted just this morning for coming into that apartment with that girl who is my age! One year isn’t going to make that much of a difference, and you are more than a year older than any of the men I’m with, so why are you getting so upset with the age thing?”

I raise my eyebrows to challenge him to argue with that, and he’s flustered for another moment. I wish I could sympathize with him for his feelings about me being with his best friends, or at the very least call myself his little girl and excuse his anger because of that. But, the fact that he came into the apartment without warning with his own girlfriend who is my age on his arm—I just can’t look past that.

“I only have one,” he says at last. “You have three. I don’t know if I would take this any better if they were three men your age, even. How are you able to look yourself in the mirror when you’re with three men?”

“Oh please,” I say with a small laugh. “Now you’re going to take the route that I’m with too many men? Daddy, you had your own little rotating collection of girls when I was in high school. I know you did your best to keep them at work and away from me, but I knew what you were doing. I just didn’t say anything because I wanted you to be happy. So now you need to give me the same grace!”

“The same grace?” he repeats with a scoff. “You’re telling me I have to be happy for you because you’re with three men who are old enough to be your father, and I’m supposed to just turn a blind eye? What, are you going to have some wedding with the four of you all getting married? Are you expecting me to consider calling my three best friends my sons-in-law?”

“You’re getting way too far ahead of yourself here,” I tell him. “I never thought the day would come when I would be the one who was talking sense and you were the one who was throwing a fit about nothing! If you want me to break up with

them, then fine, I will, but you have to break up with Misty too. If you're going to put this on me because you can't handle me being with someone older, then you have to put your money where your mouth is and do the same. It's only fair, Dad, and you have always been a man who cares about what's fair, right?"

I know I have him with that one. It's clear he really likes his girl, and while it's going to take some time for me to get used to him being with a girl my age, I'm willing to accept that if it's what makes him happy. I don't expect him to love the idea of me being with my three men, but I do expect him to be fair about the situation.

If I have to break up with them, then he's going to have to break up with Misty, and that's all there is to it. Of course, I know the only reason I'm able to put this idea out there is that I know he's not going to break up with that girl. I could tell by the way he was looking at her in the car, the way he said he would talk to her later when we dropped her off, that this girl is something special to him.

He isn't going to throw that away for the sake of being fair.

So he is left with the only other option. And that is to accept what I'm doing.

He sighs. "Jillian, you know I love you. You know I've always wanted what's best for you. And honestly, it freaks me out to think that you're with all three of these guys. I know them. I don't know that they're the men I would pick out to be with my little girl. But you're right. Fair is fair, and I can't put that on you if I'm not willing to face the music in my own life."

"Daddy, I love you, and I'm always going to love you. I just want to make you proud, and it kills me to be in a situation that you don't approve of, but you have to trust me. I'm twenty-four years old now. I'm older now than you and Mom were when you got married. I know what I'm doing."

"I am proud of you," he tells me. "I know it's going to take me some time—and I can't even say how long that will be—but it's going to take me some time to be able to come to terms

with the fact you are with these guys, but that's not going to change the fact that you're my daughter, and I do love you. And no matter what, I will always be proud of you too."

Tears form in my eyes. I rush to my father and take him in my arms, sharing an embrace with him.

It's the first time in my life I feel he's treating me as a grown woman and not as his child. He's able to tell me he's not happy with something I'm doing, but he's not going to force me to see things his way, either. He can give me the respect to make my own decisions here, and I'm grateful for that.

"I love you, Dad," I tell him.

"And I love you too, Jilly," he tells me.

By the time I leave his penthouse, I'm feeling better. I know it could be quite some time before I'm able to talk to him like I did before this, or to even be able to spend time with him like before, but I do feel happy that I'm out in the open now, and that he is aware of what I am doing.

It makes me feel good to know he's proud of me too.

I am happier than I have ever been in my entire life, and I know that while the lifestyle I have chosen is going to come with its own set of challenges, it feels good to know my dad isn't angry with me or judging me for the life I've chosen.

After all, he's always been a very fair man, and I know he wants to see where this goes with Misty. And to prove to him I am also fair, I'm going to stand by him and do what I can to support him despite the age difference. I love my dad, but I have also fallen in love with my men too.

And I'm so grateful I don't have to choose between the two.

I really can have my fantasy life.

And that feels amazing.

FOURTEEN

KALEN

“No! Don’t touch the stove. I swear to God as soon as you get involved with anything, it burns!” Jillian laughs as she swats my hand away from the pot she’s stirring.

“I just feel like I should be helping,” I tell her.

“Set the table, and make sure you put the salad forks in the right spot,” she instructs me.

I roll my eyes, but do as I’m told. “As you wish, my ladyship.”

“That’s right,” she says with a smirk. “And don’t you forget it!”

I know I’m no cook, and I have tried during the past few weeks to show Jillian I can learn. But the bottom line is that I probably can’t. I know Rich and Chris are good cooks, and as it turns out, Jillian herself is pretty good too. But she’s right.

Every time I get myself involved with anything on the stove, I might as well take a torch to it. I don’t know what it is—perhaps I’m cursed, perhaps it’s jinxed. Either way, I know she’s right about me not doing anything with the food.

I set the table for four.

Chris and Rich will be over shortly. They’re both at the bank right now, working on some communications we’re dealing with from our partners in New York.

“Should we pull out the good glasses for drinks tonight?” I ask. “There’s something about the weekends that makes it feel

like a special occasion even if technically it's just another dinner."

"I think any time the four of us can be together that calls for something special," Jillian replies. "With the way our lives are so busy, it's always special to me to have the three of you around at once. I'm just glad you didn't have to go in and deal with this banking stuff that the others did."

"Well, with Rich being the financial coordinator and Chris being the CEO, there wasn't much room for the marketing operator to be in the mix," I tell her with a shrug.

It didn't require the three of us to be there, but since it's a Friday I told them both to come over as soon as they were done, and to make sure they were ready to spend the night. It had become routine for the three of us to rotate spending the night at each other's penthouses every weekend, and I looked forward to being the host this week.

James still hasn't come around to the idea of us dating Jillian, but he hasn't forbidden it, either. He's still somewhat involved with the company, but he's never down at the office, and we don't blame him. We're sure the day will come when he's back, but until then we're willing to do what it takes to keep our own relationships with each other and Jillian strong for when he comes back.

Perhaps the most encouraging thing of all is that he still finalized the sales of each percentage of the company to Chris, Rich, and me. It could have been a business move, but somehow, I doubt that's why he did it.

To me, it's a strong indication that things will be okay, and we will all be back in harmony again one day.

He seems to be madly in love with that girl who isn't much older than Jillian, and I hope that lasts for the sake of our own relationship. But, even if it doesn't, I'm sure he's going to come around. Jillian's his daughter, and we're his best friends. Even when he was pissed at us before and telling us that we were creeps for what we were doing, he never said anything about ending the friendship, and I'm glad for that.

There's a brief knock at the door before it opens and Chris and Rich come in.

"The life of the party has arrived!" Chris announces on his way into my apartment.

"More like the obnoxious one has arrived," Rich says on his way through the door.

"Whatever you feel like calling yourself today, just get in here and shut the damn door!" I call out. "I'm not paying to cool the entire state of California!"

"Listen to the billionaire bitch about the power bill," Rich laughs.

They have a bouquet of flowers as well as a cheesecake, and Jillian fairly skips toward them to give them each a hug and a kiss and to welcome them into the penthouse for the night. She's been spending her time rotating among the three of us, having given up her own apartment after her discussion with her father.

She still takes the time to see him every so often, but when she does, she goes over to his place and doesn't stay very long. Just long enough to make sure they're still able to connect and talk to each other freely about life, even if they aren't in agreement over what they are doing with their life partners.

"Smells good in here," Rich says, changing the subject. "Seems like Kalen has stayed away from the stove."

"Thank God," Jillian says with a laugh. "I wouldn't let him get near it, but I see that he does know how to properly set the table now."

She leaves her place at the stove to run over and give both of them a kiss.

Chris gives her a quick kiss on the way by, heading to the kitchen to put the flowers in a vase and to check on the food. Even with how good of a cook Jillian is, Chris still likes to put his personal touch into anything that's made.

"Not just another pretty face," I say with a smirk, watching Rich dip Jillian in a deep kiss.

“Had me fooled,” Chris teases from the kitchen as he puts the flowers in a vase.

I flip him off and he laughs at me, but of course it’s all in good fun. These days when we’re all together, nothing but laughter fills the house.

Jillian catches her breath after the kiss from Rich and skips out to the kitchen to take the flowers from Chris, then buries her face in the middle and takes in a long breath. I’m taken with how beautiful she looks, her face framed with the flowers.

“Perfect,” she announces as she takes them over to the table and puts them right in the middle. “I love the amount of light Kalen gets here, so I think I’m going to leave them here.”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” Chris tells her.

These days, we have a lot of our belongings scattered among the three penthouses. It’s just how things have worked out with us spending so much time with each other. There was a time when I didn’t want them to leave their shit over at my place, but things have changed since we all started dating Jillian.

We’ve decided not to all move into a single place together, but that’s mostly for the sake of the media and our privacy. So much of our lives is out in the public’s view, we want to have what little privacy we can.

With each passing week, all three of us are getting more famous, and we don’t want the world to look in and judge us for our unconventional situation. We are in love, and we are all happy and content with what we’re doing. We don’t want the world to make it harder on us, nor do we want people to turn their backs on our company for the sake of their own prejudices.

So, we keep the appearances of having three different homes, but the truth is that we all basically live at all three places. It’s really convenient that way, and I have to admit, the biggest benefit I get out of it is the fact that I don’t ever forget my shit anywhere.

I bought what I need for all three places, so at any given time I'm heading to the place where I will have another charger, another shower, another change of clothes. Another anything, really.

Not to mention, the three of us having such an open approach to the life we're living makes it really easy for the three of us to have our time with Jillian.

We've had to deal with working out when and how we are going to split up some of what we do, but for the most part we have all chosen to live life as though we are all just doing what we want. We don't want to be weighed down with rules or always keeping score on who did what and when. We don't want to have our lives together constantly under the management of a calendar, either.

If it feels right for us, that's what we're going to do, and Jillian is largely the one who decides what's happening and where. Work being what it is, we're all okay with this, and we love to see her happy, so it's not difficult for any one of us to set aside our own wants and needs and do something for the best of the group as a whole.

And I have to admit, my life has never felt more fulfilled than it does right now.

This is the last thing I ever would have expected when it came to settling down with someone. I was sure I would find someone, fall in love, and get married. It would be the two of us, and we would do the conventional and traditional thing of having kids and just living our lives as the rest of the world would expect.

But that's not what happened at all, and somehow it's even better.

The fact that I am with Jillian and she is also with Chris and Rich blows my mind, but in the best way possible. With the three of us, she is able to get every part of her needs fulfilled, and we know she's not going to ever want for anything we can't give her. We are defying the norms and defying what the world says we should be doing, and we are all happier than we have ever been before.

We all sit around the table, and Jillian brings out the plates of food, setting the goulash in front of everyone as Chris starts serving the salad.

“So what do you want to do this weekend?” Jillian asks.

“I was thinking we could fly down to Mexico tomorrow,” Rich says. “You know the water is so pretty down there this time of year, and what better way to blow off the week than with a beach?”

“Mexico!” Jillian cries. “On a whim like that?”

“Why not?” I ask, looking at her with a smirk. “You can do whatever you want, baby. You just have to tell us what that is, and we’ll do it.”

She sits silently for a moment, then she just smiles and shakes her head.

“I never thought I would say this, but fuck it! Let’s all go to Mexico in the morning and spend the day on the beach!”

With a laugh that reverberates around the table, we all pick up our wine glasses and clink them together before sipping in agreement with the plan.

Jillian is still getting used to being able to live her life on a whim. Her dad has always been a billionaire during her lifetime, but he isn’t nearly as sporadic as the three of us are—we are all about doing fun things on the spur of the moment.

Jillian isn’t used to the idea yet, but we can tell she’s getting warmed up to the lifestyle fast.

“I don’t have a swimsuit,” she says. “Here, anyway.”

“Good thing we’re going to be by the beach,” I say. “Pretty sure you’re going to be able to find one.”

“Or not,” Chris teases. “I’m okay with not.”

Jillian blushes and takes his hand first, then mine. She smiles at Rich on the other side of the table, and tells us again how much she loves the life we have together.

“You have no idea how much each and every one of you mean to me,” she says with a warm smile. “And I am the

luckiest girl in the world to have you. All of you.”

She leans over and kisses Chris, then me, and blows a kiss to Rich.

She’s taken the words out of all our mouths, except we feel we are the lucky ones.

I never imagined this would be my family, but I’m more than okay with this. I’m happy. We’re happy.

This is love.

EPILOGUE

JILLIAN

ONE YEAR LATER

“This way, just come this way, you’re going to love it!” Rich guides me through the hallway to the back end of the seven-bedroom house we have purchased. It’s nestled back on the outskirts of Hollywood where a lot of the celebrities build their mansions to keep prying eyes away. The perfect place for the four of us to have a house to call our own.

The media has picked up on the chance that we might have a unique situation in our relationships to each other, and they haven’t held back with their commentary or trying to guess what’s going on for sure. I’m both surprised and relieved my dad hasn’t said a word about it to anyone.

He refuses to engage with any of the reporters who try to ask him about me or what my relationship might be to any of the three managers of the company he started, but his answer is always the same.

“I sold that company and I’m retired now. I don’t keep up with what they’re doing.”

We bought this house close to a year ago—right after I found out I was pregnant.

One by one the men sold their penthouses, making the transition as slow as they could to minimize the attention from the public. But, there’s only so much we can do, with them all being the men they are and the company they own being as popular as it is.

Still, we do manage to keep our secrets, which is why I’m excited to now be bringing my baby home—and finally getting to see his nursery for the first time.

“Kalen, get out of the way, your fat head is taking up the whole camera!” Chris snaps as he holds up his phone, doing his best to capture the look on my face when I see the nursery with my own eyes at last.

Once we found out the gender of our baby, the three men decided they were going to surprise me with a fully customized nursery that they designed themselves. At first, I wasn't too enthused with the idea, thinking that I would have a better idea of what I wanted in the nursery than they would. But they really surprised me with some of the suggestions they asked me about.

Now, with Baby Chase in my arms, I can't wait to see what they've put together.

"I don't know why you have to have that on anyway," Kalen grumbles. "It's not like we don't already spend our entire lives in front of the camera anyway. Why do we have to film this?"

"It's Baby Chase's homecoming!" Chris says. "We want to capture every moment."

"He does have a point though," Rich says. "The poor kid is going to grow up in the eyes of the public whether he wants to or not, so I kind of feel bad putting him in front of the camera now."

"Not if I have a say in it he won't," I speak up. "There are plenty of people who manage to keep their baby out of the spotlight, and now that I'm not working at the company anymore, I'm going to do the same. We don't even have to think about him dealing with the public until he's old enough for school, and even then I bet we can figure something out to keep his identity private."

"Let's worry about that when the time comes," Chris says, though he does put his phone away. "We already managed to keep the public out of the loop when it came to his birth, and that's something to be proud of considering all the questions the nurse was asking."

"I think she got the hint when you made it clear we better not walk out to find paparazzi waiting," Rich laughs.

"Close your eyes," Kalen says, stopping us at the doorway of the nursery.

I do, and all three of them guide me into the room, keeping me and Chase safe with my eyes closed. They stop me in what feels like the center of the room, then Kalen tells me to open my eyes.

I gasp.

“What did you guys do?” I say as I look around at the nursery. It’s perfect in every way. There are shelves of books and bins of toys, a changing station, a rocking chair, a crib, baby monitors, and more diapers and baby supplies than I could ever ask for.

The walls are decorated with balls, bears, and baby rattles, and there are adorable baby-themed rugs on the floor. The one thing that really stands out to me, however, is the fact that the wall itself is painted a pastel shade of green.

It’s the color I have always wanted for a baby boy’s nursery, but I don’t remember telling any of my men that little detail about me. I assumed they would go with a standard baby-blue color when they knew Chase was a boy, and since none of them ever asked me about the color for the walls, I never volunteered.

I wanted them to be able to pick it out for themselves, so how did they know to go with green?

“You’ve outdone yourselves,” I tell them with a smile on my face. “I really don’t know how you managed to get all this put together without me having any idea of what was going on in here, but more than that, I’m a bit confused—but in a good way.”

“How so?” Rich asks.

“The walls,” I tell him. “And really the whole color scheme of the room. You put green—the shade of green I have always wanted for a baby boy’s room, but I’m sure I never talked about that with any of you. I just don’t know how you knew that I wanted it. It’s not like green is my favorite color.”

The three exchange a look with each other, and I get the feeling they’re hiding something from me.

“What is it?” I ask.

“What’s what?” Chris replies.

“I know when you’re hiding something,” I say. “And I want to know how you found out about this. How did you pull this off?”

“There are some things that only a father knows,” a voice tells me.

For a brief moment, I’m even more confused. The voice came from the hallway, and as far as I knew we’re the only people in the house. Not only that, but the door remains locked, and the only way for anyone to get in is to have the code. I’m not expecting anyone, and none of the guys told me they were having anyone over the day Chase came home, either.

“We thought we would keep one more surprise for you for today,” Kalen says as he and Chris take a step away from the doorway.

They were both standing so that I wasn’t able to see what was behind them, but as they take a step to the side, I realize it’s my dad.

Immediately, I burst into tears.

“Daddy!” I cry. I hand the baby to Rich and rush to throw my arms around his neck. “What are you doing here? I didn’t even know you knew where I lived now, and how did you get in? And how did you and everyone start talking again? I have so many questions!”

“And you know what?” he asks, “I don’t think you need to know all the details. All I know is I love you, and now I have a little grandson to love too. There are some things you may choose to do in your life I may not agree with, and they might make the same choices. I have to say, it’s been a rare thing for all of us to agree on something.”

He looks around the room and Chris, Kalen, and Rich agree.

“We wanted to have his input with the nursery, knowing how much it would mean to you to have your dad back in your life. And we don’t just mean you going over for the occasional

visit, either. You were close to your dad your entire life before this change, and we wanted to do what we could to bring that back as much as possible,” Kalen explains.

“It’s not been easy, but we have all worked through what we can. Though I will say having this bit of incentive here really did help out with the situation we were facing,” Chris says with a small nod toward Chase.

“What can I say? You were an only child, and I have often wished you had a younger sibling to have grown up with you. Although I can say that you grew up way too fast, and now I feel like I get the chance to have a little one in my life all over again,” Daddy says.

“You must come meet your grandson!” I cry out through my tears.

I hurry back and take Chase into my arms before walking back over to Daddy.

“This is your grandpa,” I tell my baby. “And this is Chase, your grandson”

“He’s got my eyes,” Daddy says with a grin. “I don’t know what the odds are of that, but I’ll take it!”

“I have your eyes too,” I remind him. “So I’m thinking he had at least a fifty-percent chance of getting them. Pretty sure he’s got your nose too.”

“That he does, he does,” Daddy says. “I can even see a bit of your mom in him. I really am amazed with this. I remember the day you were born, and what a miracle that was. Now I feel like it’s a miracle all over again.”

“Do you want to sit down with him?” I ask. “It’s the first time he’s really been this quiet since we left the hospital. He might even fall asleep if you want to rock him in this chair over here.”

“I would love to,” Daddy says.

I can’t believe how fatherly he’s being. It’s been a long time since he and I have seen each other face-to-face. He wasn’t sure how to handle it when I told him I was pregnant,

and I was much too stressed about the idea of how he'd take it to really spend too much time with him. I wanted to have as easy of a pregnancy as possible, so I cut out what stress I could where I could.

But now, seeing him holding my son in his arms, he's like a new man. He's clearly feeling protective over my son, just like my three guys are too. I can already see that this little boy is going to grow up in a house full of love, and that makes my heart swell with pride.

"I'm going to go pour some drinks. What can I get everyone?" Chris announces.

"I think we ought to pop the champagne now," Kalen says. "It's time to officially celebrate the homecoming of our family!"

"Amen," Rich agrees.

"I think I'm fine with some tea," I call after them. "You know how I really fell in love with tea while I was pregnant!"

I hear someone shout out a reply, but they're all talking to each other so loudly I'm not sure what is said or by who. Not that it matters. As long as they heard me request the tea, I'm okay with whoever brings me whatever.

I walk back over to where Daddy is sitting with Chase and take a seat in the rocking chair next to his.

"I can't believe I have a grandson," Daddy says, his tone low. He shakes his head as he speaks, and I smile as I adjust the blanket around Chase.

"I'm still having a tough time with the idea that I'm now a mom," I say. "I thought of myself as so young and living life, and now I'm a mom. Makes me feel old."

Daddy laughs. "You are a long way from old, sweetheart. How do you think I feel? I'm holding my grandbaby."

"Oh, but you're young for a grandpa," I say with a smile. There's a brief pause before I add, "I'm really glad you're here, Daddy. I've missed you a lot. I didn't know how to tell you how badly I want you to be part of Chase's life, and I

didn't want to push anything on you with how you feel about my lifestyle. But I just want you to know that now that you're here, I feel like my life is perfect."

"I love you, Jillian. I have loved you more than anything else in my life since the day you were born, and I know I haven't made it easy for you to live your life this way, and I apologize for that. I just want you to know all my disapproval of what you are doing has only come from a place of concern. I want you to be happy. I want you to be loved. I know I'm not always the best at showing those things, but it's always been out of a good place."

"I am happy, Daddy," I tell him. "I've been happy this entire time. I know you don't understand the way we do things, but I want you to know they all work very hard to make me happy, and they do. I am here because I want to be, and now we have Chase too. I don't think my life could be any more perfect than it is right now, really."

"That brings a question to my mind," Dad says.

"What?" I ask.

"Whose son is he?" Dad asks as he looks down at Chase. "We have already talked about how he looks like you and your mom and me, but as much as I'm trying to see his father in him, I'm not sure I can. So, who's the father?"

"They all are," I tell him with a shrug.

"You don't know?" he asks.

"That's just it," I say. "I do know. I know all four of us are in this together, and we are all dedicated to raising this child in our family. We aren't worried about whose DNA is whose. We worry about how we're going to be the best family we can be for this little guy. So if anyone wants to know who the father is, I guess the easiest way to answer that is which one do you want?"

I can see my dad isn't sure how to take my answer, but he's not arguing with me about it, either, and I'm happy for that. It shows me he's doing his best to learn. He's trying, and that's all I have ever wanted from him. I know this isn't easy

for him to handle, and he doesn't understand how I can be so comfortable with how my life is, but that's okay.

As long as he's trying, I'm happy with that.

"Drinks have arrived!" Kalen announces as the three come back into the room. "And how is Grandpa doing with the little guy?"

"Okay, I can handle that from my daughter and Chase himself, but it's going to be quite some time before I'm ready to hear any of you three calling me Grandpa," Daddy says as he turns to his three best friends. "We are the same age, and I'm not really in love with the idea of being *Grandpa* while all of you are just *Dad*."

I see the look of surprise in their faces, and they don't seem to know how to respond to hearing Daddy accepting the dynamic of our home so easily. But they all accept it for what it is and don't question it. We all know the sooner we move on and don't worry about the details, the sooner our lives are going to just be normal.

And that's all I want.

"I propose a toast!" Chris says as he holds up his champagne flute.

Everyone heartily agrees.

I take my mug of tea and try a small sip to make sure it's not too hot to toast as I listen to what he has to say.

"It's time for us to start a new chapter of our lives, and I am beyond happy to share this with all of you. I know we are all still learning, and that's okay. We are figuring this thing called family out together, and as long as we have each other, we will all be okay. So here's to family!"

"To family!" the toast is repeated around the room, and even Daddy repeats it. But I say my own version as I lift my glass.

"To love!" I announce and take a sip of the hot liquid from my mug as the rest of the group takes a sip of their champagne.

Love is the foundation of all we have with each other, all we share. It's what keeps us four together and what brought Daddy back into my life. And I know it's what will make our little Chase thrive in this world.

I had a crush on three of these men once upon a time, and now I'm madly in love with all of them. Life is crazy, but so is my family, and I'm okay with that.

We are here for each other, we've got each other's backs.

We are a real family.