



Scandalous Slopes

DARK WHY CHOOSE ROMANCE

*Will I ever break free  
from the chill and  
darkness of my  
frozen past?*

**DARK**

*Winter*

NATASHA PIERCE

**DARK WINTER**

SCANDALOUS SLOPES

BOOK 3

# NATASHA PIERCE



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Pierce, Natasha

Dark Winter

Scandalous Slopes #3

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*For everyone who doesn't even want to try, because you think  
you will fail.*

*Pick your head up, and prove to yourself you can.*

*I did it, and so can you.*

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## FOREWORD

While this book ends on a “happily ever after,” this female main character has fought hard. She still experiences trauma and PTSD in this book. This is the culmination of her story, but the ending is still a ways away. Please remember that not everyone will experience trauma and its after effects in the same way. Some of the choices this main character makes may not represent all victims of the type of trauma displayed.

Also please note, with multiple POVs, we see other characters’ thoughts about the female main character’s trauma. You may or may not approve of the way these characters think about said trauma. Unfortunately, not everyone around the victim is or will be enlightened and educated, so sometimes words and thoughts might be triggering and anger-inducing as you read.

This is a representation of what victims experience in real life, and is meant to be stated this way. This is not my opinion, this is written to identify ignorance amongst the masses. For full content warnings, please visit <https://tinyurl.com/SlopesWarnings>.



## PLAYLIST

Thank you all for being on this journey with me. Below is the link to the songs I listened to as I wrote this book. This playlist reflects the love between Cait and her guys, as well as the woman Cait becomes. This transformation was so beautiful to write, and I hope you can see that, in this book, Cait wraps herself up and slowly turns into a beautiful butterfly. It takes a while, as at first she's a helpless caterpillar, and then she retreats into her cocoon. Even after she emerges, she's fragile for a little while. In the end, she embodies the strength I wish for all women.

[Dark Winter playlist on Spotify by Natasha Pierce](#)

# PREFACE

Please note:

There is a potentially triggering section in chapter 9 where the FMC flashes back to a memory of non-consensual sexual abuse during her childhood. There isn't anything important that you will miss if you skip it, so please consider doing so, if this is something you cannot read.

The section is marked with an asterisk (\*), and it listed in the table of contents.

Take care of your mind and heart.

# PROLOGUE

## JASON

That bitch. She thought she didn't have to worry about me? I'll show her. I know exactly where she is and what she's doing. She's being a fucking whore, slutting around with all those little boys. I bet she is fucking them all. That's okay. I'll fix that shortly.

Driving up to the quaint little resort she arrived at last night, I scout the area to determine the best location to stage my car to make it easier once I have my girl. Or, I should say, the car I now drive. That useless bitch I took it from doesn't need it anymore. I made sure of that.

I pull around to the event area first, and noticing that there are vendors running all over the place, I park in a prime spot for my getaway and scout the best way to make my move. I already secured a position with the caterer as a server, just in time for tonight's rushed celebration. The bitch back at the new hotel made sure I had the connection. Luckily, she was able to pull those strings. She's been losing her usefulness, and I might need to find a replacement, at least until I get my girl.

This whole party is a farce. Looks like Cait is following in her mother's footsteps since she's a slut herself. Marrying that uptight fucker. I don't know much about Aaron Wilkins, but I do know the people he associates with, and Sarah seems to have turned into a gold-digging whore, marrying him just for his money.

I am dressed in the required solid black, which is fortunate. My newly dyed, darker hair will hopefully help disguise me around all these people as well. Only Sarah and Cait would likely recognize me. I doubt my own daughter would even know who I am at this point. Lily was only five when Sarah packed the girls up and took off. It doesn't matter; I was never really invested in my marriage to Sarah. She was an accident on my part. I couldn't help it, that night I spilled myself into

Sarah. I was only imagining Cait as a teenager. I knew she'd grow up to be a beautiful young woman.

The night drags on, and as I complete the mundane prep work around the bar, I scan the ballroom and take note of all the exits in the vicinity of where I left my car. The hallway to the restrooms and the patio are the best places to get out of here if I can get her alone. Once I finish, I excuse myself for a last-minute "cigarette break" and make my way out to the car. I'm glad I didn't bring the vial and syringes inside with me at first. I wouldn't want to worry about breaking one prematurely. Just in case, I prepare two and cap them both. Now I just have to wait for the right moment to get her alone. She'll be mine, forever, tonight. I'll make sure of it. No one else will touch her, ever again.

ONE



## CAIT

*Chills run down my spine as goosebumps break out along my arms and legs. It's like I'm submerged in ice-cold water, but the water is made of clouds with a fluffy texture that wraps around me. It would almost be comforting if I wasn't freezing. It's deceptively comforting because I know something isn't right. The atmosphere surrounding me reminds me of weightless quicksand, ready to suffocate me. As I contemplate this impending danger, my body suddenly jerks around, shifting roughly in the fog I'm in. I can't help but feel like I'm falling, tumbling down a hill. Why can't I stop?*

*As my body slowly comes to a halt, a cold current around me picks up, like a rushing wind trying to freeze my limbs. I can't help but think this is what the offshore gold miners in Alaska suffer through during the ice mining season. Murky waters, cold temperatures, the inability to move as you want. The overwhelming sense of danger claws at my skin. Even though I know this can't be real; this is nothing like any of the nightmares I can remember. I've never struggled to move my body—at least, not without someone there to hold me back.*

*I steady myself before bracing my hands on what I think is the ground. Looking around me, I try to determine if there is anything actually holding me down, restricting my movements, but the darkness hides so much. It's unreal just how much evil can hide in the shadows of life, slinking around under our noses.*

*With nothing physically restraining me, I attempt to move again, but an audible rumble rolls through me like a shockwave. I pause, unsure of what just happened. The draft surrounding me thickens, and I can barely breathe through the dark clouds. A frown pulls at the corners of my mouth, and I roll my neck, trying to loosen up the muscles in my shoulders. I'm so confused, but I'm trying to at least figure out where I am. What is going on, exactly?*

*A break in the smoke surrounding me appears for just a second, like a flash of light from somewhere on the other side. I peer around, reaching out into the darkness as it closes back in on me, trying to make sense of the encompassing madness. As I come up empty-handed, the fear of what is out there, lurking, causes the hair at the nape of my neck to stand on end. My pulse quickens and sweat beads on my brow as the unknown of what's going on starts to overwhelm me. I can feel my hands beginning to shake, and the sensation of being trapped makes my skin crawl. I run my hands down my legs in an attempt to clear the feeling of something holding me back, but the scratchiness of my clothes distracts me from the ominous feelings of drowning in this fog. I glance down, noticing the dark swirls of whatever fog or current I'm floating in wrap and flow around the shimmering gold dress I'm wearing.*

*This dress... A faint memory of me wearing this dress for a specific reason feels just out of reach, and I try to cling to the consciousness that could help me. Why am I wearing this fancy dress? The glittery material is thin and sheer along my one sleeve, and the rest of the dress is form-fitting and cuts off halfway up my thigh.*

*My head falls to the side as I look at my dress, and I notice a tendril of the dark gray smoke that flows around me brushing up against my left thigh. A wave of creepiness surges through me, and I can feel the sense of my body revolting. The urge to crawl away rises from deep inside me, but I can't seem to escape the reach of whatever is touching me.*

I suddenly become aware that I was just dreaming, but I'm not in my bed. I struggle with my consciousness; my body feels so heavy, like I can't wake up. I know, though. I *know* I'm not okay. The nightmare I just experienced was not like the others I've had. This was almost sentient, with a feeling of something evil watching over me. My body sways slightly, and the hum of an engine pulls at my awareness. I know what that sound is, and I know that this all just doesn't seem right...

Darkness surrounds me as I struggle to open my eyes. My vision clears to see waves of faint blue lights, and I recognize



a car's interior. It's definitely an older car, with nothing like the newer technology I'm used to. Where am I going? Last I remember, I was getting ready for the party. *The party*. We were celebrating Mom and Aaron's elopement. I was dancing with the guys, and then I stepped out onto the patio to contact the fireworks vendor to make sure everything was ready. Why am I in a car?

I roll my head, unable to lift it completely to look around. What the fuck is wrong with me? Why do I feel like I have no control over my own body? I can't even lift my hands. It's so dark, but I know I'm not driving. I... think... I'm in the front passenger seat? A moan escapes my dry, scratchy throat. *What I wouldn't give for water right now*. I know I wasn't drunk, but I sure as hell feel hungover. The headache pounding in my head seconds that opinion. I crack my eyes one more time and happen to catch the clock on the dash. *One-thirteen*. That's not right, either. It was only around eleven-thirty. The last I remember, it was about thirty minutes till the fireworks were supposed to go off. Where the fuck have I been for almost two hours? Passed out?

"There's my Little One." The voice that haunts my nightmares reverberates throughout the car's interior.

Fear and shame roll down my body like a tsunami, wrecking my frame of mind. Thoughts of the end begin to race through my mind. *No. NO. I can't be with him. Has Jason had me for almost two hours?! How the fuck did this happen?* I was just surrounded by all of my friends and family. How am I going to get out of here? Will I ever get to see Mom again?

"Cait, you've been a very bad girl. We'll have to come up with a punishment. That can wait, though. Till we get back home. Or, at least, where we are staying for the night. We'll be heading home tomorrow once I've rested enough to make the drive."

"Young lady, you were hard to track down. I had help, though, regardless of how willing she was. That's another problem I have to fix. But it's okay, I'll handle that tomorrow. I'm just excited to get you home. Tonight will be the first time I'll be able to hold you while you sleep in almost five years.

Five years I've lasted not holding your body against mine, feeling your soft skin, or breathing in the scent of your shampoo. Wrapping my hand around your curves. You comforted me and enticed me, both, spurring dreams for me that I had to shower away in the mornings before your mother woke and found me in your room."

"I will say, I'm glad we got you that bigger bed when you turned fourteen. That was the first time I was able to crawl into bed with you. The memories of that first night lasted me for years when I was in prison, and I can't wait to recreate those sweet memories with you." His rambling ends with a contented, proud sigh. What the fuck is he talking about? A wave of nausea rolls through me at the thought that he's done things that I don't know about or can't remember. The absolute sicko. *Fuck! How did I not know he slept with me? Is this part of the hypnosis? What else did he do? How far did he go when I was a teenager?!*

I try to prop myself up, but his hand on my leg makes me pause, if only to prevent myself from gagging.

"Hold still, Little One. You are in a moving car, and you'll be staying with me. We'll need to stop for gas soon. You can use the restroom there, as we still have a few hours on the road."

Attempting to yell at him fails, so shoving his hand away is the best I can do. My throat is so dry, I can't form words. "Need some water?" He reaches into the center console, handing me a cool bottle of water. Inspecting it, I notice the seal still wrapped around the cap, so I break it and gulp back half the bottle. Some of it spills because I am still weak and can't fully control my arms yet, but I don't fucking care at the moment.

"Fuck you, you asshole!" My voice cracks, but at least I can rant at him now. I take another long pull from the bottle, my throat feeling relief from each swallow of the cool water. "I'll never stay with you. I can't. I don't care. I'll run so far away, you'll never get me!"

“Ah, see, that’s where you’re forgetting my promise to you. I found you, and if you refuse to come with me, I will make sure your mother and sister are taken and kept from living their lives. Your mother is a poor substitute for your sweetness, but I’ll make sure it happens if you fight me.”

I feel all the blood drain from my face. I forgot the threat he made about Mom and Lily. *Fuck this all. Fuck him.*

“That’s right, Little One. You’re mine, now.” I glance his way, just as he looks over at me. Fear of never going home causes tears to burn in my eyes. The flicker of power in Jason’s eyes when I realize just how helpless I am, absolutely terrifies me. Is this it? Are these the last dwindling moments of my freedom?

He pulls over, stops the car, and immediately reaches over and pulls me into him. My mind is still half a step behind thanks to the effects of whatever he dosed me with, so it takes me a second to react. As soon as he notices I’m fighting back and no longer placid, he shoves me back against the car door and covers my body with his. The shock of the impact leaves me breathless, and as Jason leans over me, he attacks my mouth with his. A nasty, sour taste mixes with the bile rising in my throat, and I raise my hands to fight him off.

In that instant, he grabs my hands, holding them down, and shifts his knee in between my legs. He continues his assault on my mouth while trying to grind his knee against me; the harder he pushes his knee, though, the more it triggers my nausea. When I gag, Jason violently pulls away, providing sweet relief. “Bitch, I don’t need to kiss you. I’ll wrap another gag around your mouth. Plus, I have some toys back home that I can play with, which will ensure your mouth stays open for me. You can get sick all you want. It won’t prevent me from enjoying your body. At least, then... Maybe I can build out a room with a hose and a central drain... Yeah, I’ll wait ‘til I have you home. I can fully enjoy you without the struggle of the tight confines of the car.” He mumbles the last part to himself as he retakes his seat behind the wheel. He grabs between his legs, as if he needs to relieve the pressure in his hard dick, but thank

god I didn't feel anything when he was rubbing himself on me. I might truly have vomited if I had.

Jason buckles his seatbelt and pulls back out onto the road, humming a little tune to himself. I turn, facing the window, trying to think of how I can escape him and still keep my family safe. Everything I come up with only leaves him free to stalk us, so I rack my brain to try to figure out how to sabotage him. I'm going to have to incapacitate him, I decide. That's what it's going to come down to. I've lost so much faith in the justice system, I'm scared that if I get away, nothing will be done. He already got out of prison early, and he's run from his parole. I can't survive allowing Mom and Lily to be left to him, and I'm not going to stay with him. I just have to figure out how to get away. How I'll get the opportunity, and how long I'll be able to survive being around him. And most importantly, how long we all can last before he comes after me again.

I'm just not going to give up. I'd rather die trying to stop him than give up. I'm done with his shit. I'm not allowing myself to be attacked anymore. I don't know if I'd emotionally survive if I did. He almost broke me on Halloween night; I swear, if he had raped me, I don't know if I would've been able to live with myself. The guys were all supportive of me once they knew. I would hate for them to think I gave in.

My heart wrenches when I think of them. And Mom and Lily. And Ella and Ashton. It's been close to two hours since anyone last saw me. I know they are bound to be worried. This whole situation is a total disaster, and I can't help but hurt for them. Mom is probably distraught, crying on Aaron's shoulder. I don't know the man well, but Corey has never spoken badly about him, and Mom is completely besotted. She's been on Cloud 9 this week. Lily seems to like him. Crap, Lily. At least Kristen took her to bed before I stepped outside. I made sure and gave her a kiss on the cheek when she left the party.

I wonder how the guys are responding? Corey—poor Corey. He was a complete mess when I was attacked last time, but that was partially his fault. This time, it's no one's fault but my own. I got careless, not thinking Jason would attack me

here, at the party my friends and family were hosting. I should've known better, though. Only Mom and I are familiar with his face, and Mom didn't know about the deadline. And even though I told the guys, I don't think any of us took it seriously. This whole concept of being kidnapped and held captive just isn't normal life. It's some weird, nightmarish world that haunts my waking hours.

Bast and Dom will be mad at me, I'm sure. Dom, specifically. I left them to go off on my own to make that phone call and left myself completely exposed. He's been so tender and caring, wanting to make sure I'm happy and safe. Bast—he has opened up the most around me, I think. He went from such a quiet and reserved—almost shy—man, to assertive and in control. He's still quiet, but he definitely lets me know when I've disappointed him. I hope to survive this if only to make it up to him.

Cam is the biggest enigma of them all. His integrity is commendable, but it's so frustrating that he pulls back because of society's expectations. I feel a connection with him somehow; it's there, deep down. I fully believe we could all be together, and I think that he'd be so sweet if he gave us a chance. And now, I might never find out.

Ella is probably feeling the worst. She saw me in my initial breakdown, and she knew about the deadline. I saw her tonight, dancing and having fun with Ashton. I bet now she's with Mom, trying to console her. Ella is kind like that, always willing to help where she is needed. I can see her staying strong for Mom, but I bet she's crying inside, mad at herself for not sticking to me like glue. I don't fault her. She needs to live her life. I just hope she doesn't hold on to this guilt forever.

Stuck in my head for who knows how long, I don't notice when Jason pulls off the road and into a gas station. I try to lift my head and turn to him, attempting to tell him to kick rocks, but my head feels heavy; my tongue is thick in my mouth. I struggle to form the words, but instead, Jason just pats my thigh. "Don't worry, Little One. I'm just going to be right

outside. You rest your eyes, and we'll be at our home for the night and settled into bed together before you know it.”

I want to fight, to tell him I don't want to be here. I will vomit all over him if he touches me. The words never come. If my body could sink into the seat cushion any further, it would. Everything feels so heavy, and just as I think that this is my chance, my eyes drift closed against my will. I only hope I have another opportunity to escape, or even better, exact revenge.

TWO



## DOM

Watching the fireworks, I am amazed at what Cait has accomplished. She's managed to hold herself together through all of this trauma she's experienced, dealt with Cam's flipping moods toward her, entertained Bast, Corey, and me, and completely managed this party for her mother. I still can't believe that her mother and Aaron were dating and decided to elope. It's been such a shock this week for Cam, and I feel for him, but his father depends on him a lot less than Sarah depends on Cait.

As the finale ends, I look around at the guys, and we all line up to light the sparkling wands, ready for the send-off for the happy couple. We line up with the other party guests, two on each side, and the party planner and her assistant go down each side to light the sparklers just as the DJ announces the end of the party and the last congratulations to the new Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins. It's surreal, but watching Aaron and Sarah walk under the sparkles makes me a little emotional. I'm already thirty-three, and I hope one day to have such a beautiful celebration of love. It almost makes me think of Cait in a white dress, by my side...

Once they are passed, and the guests are dismissed, we douse our wands in a giant bucket of water. The guys and I head inside and make our way to the bar. After being outside for about twenty minutes, I'm kind of cold despite the space heaters they had lining the front drive. I seek out the bartender, and ask, "Four glasses, and a bottle of Maker's Mark 46, please."

"Right away, sir," the older man replies. He looks haggard like he's had a rough night.

"Are you doing alright?" I didn't need to ask, but I feel like it was the polite thing to say.



“Yes, sir, thank you for your concern. I just have had to rush around the last few minutes to tidy everything, as one of our servers seems to have disappeared.”

“Well, that’s understandable. I hope the night passes quickly for you.”

I turn to the guys, pass out the glasses, and then pour the bourbon all around. “Cam,” I begin slowly, “I know this week has been stressful, but I also know your dad deserves love. I want to propose a toast to Aaron and Sarah, and I hope you understand that.”

With a sigh, he nods. “I get it, man. It’s been almost eighteen years since my mom passed. She was hospitalized off and on for a year before that, so my dad hadn’t had anyone by his side for nearly twenty years. He definitely deserves it.”

“To Aaron and Sarah,” I say, lifting my glass.

“To Aaron and Sarah,” they all chime in.

“Alright, guys, I love you all, but I need to find my girl,” Corey says after downing the two fingers of amber liquor in his glass. “Have any of you seen where she disappeared to?”

“Last I saw, she was checking on the fireworks vendor,” Bast speaks up as he sets his empty glass on the bar.

“I haven’t seen her in a while either. We should check in with her, see how she’s holding up. I know she had a lot she was trying to organize, even though the party planner was hired. She wasn’t doing well earlier.” I feel for her, and I hope after they move into Aaron’s house that things settle down for her.

“I thought she was supposed to help get Sarah ready for the send-off, so she might have been back at the suite getting things together while we were in the recessional line,” Corey suggests.

“Okay, well, I’ll text her and find out where she is,” Bast mumbles, pulling out his phone. I pour everyone another serving of the bourbon as we discuss the next week. After a few minutes, Bast’s facial expression turns downcast. Broody, maybe?

“Bro, what’s up?” I can’t help but be curious about his change in mood.

“Cait hasn’t read my message. The party is over, and the guests are leaving. She shouldn’t be tied up with anything. If anything, I’m sure she’d be here, thanking the guests as they leave.”

“That is weird. Where would she be?” Corey immediately moves off the bar stool he was perched on and starts pacing.

“Let’s go find our girl. Cam, check out on the patio. Corey, go check her room here. I’ll check the ballroom and the dressing room, and Bast, go around and check the restrooms, knocking, of course. Message the group chat to check in once you’ve finished, or if you’ve found her.”

As we all split up, something aches in my chest. Was Bast right? Where is she? It’s not like she was mad or upset tonight. She had a great time, as far as I could tell. As I turn into the ballroom, I scan the area. The only people in here are the vendors cleaning up. I make my way up the staircase and down the hall, turning into the dressing room Cait shared with her mother earlier today. A quick knock on the door and no response gave me all the motivation to turn the handle. Shoulders tensing up unintentionally, I turn the handle and prepare myself for a potentially distraught Cait.

Instead, I find an empty dressing room. Literally, everything is gone. No belongings from the bridal party remain. I take a seat on the sofa and check my phone.

CAM

She’s not outside. I don’t know why you wanted me to check here.

BAST

Because that was the last place we saw her. She’s not in any of the entertaining area’s restrooms, either. I checked both ballroom ones, plus the main entry, and the one on the wing of the athletic center.

COREY

She's not in her room, either. At least, I don't think she is. She's not answering the door.

She's not in the dressing room, either. I'm assuming the party planner cleared their stuff during the party.

COREY

Fuck, where could she be then?

CAM

PATIO. NOW.

My heart practically stops once I see that last message come through. I burst out of my seat, flying to the door. It slams behind me as I tear down the hallway and fly down the stairs. Within minutes, I'm bursting through the doors to the patio with Corey right behind me. Bast and Cam are standing against the wall, near one of the heaters, with their heads ducked.

"What's going on?!" I practically yell in my baritone voice as they ignore our arrival. Bast eventually lifts his head, tears in his eyes, and says, "She's not here. But her phone is."

"She would never leave her phone on purpose. Where the fuck did she go?!" Corey rages, frustrated that we can't seem to figure out where she is.

My mind races, thinking about her and where she might be. She'd never leave and not tell anyone. "Should we find the party planner? Maybe she can contact the fireworks person?"

"That's great," Cam agrees, "but what if this isn't so innocent? *Fuck*. She told us that fucking asshole Jason gave her until the end of December. We have to consider that he might have kidnapped her."

"What the fuck are you saying, bro?" Corey is so far gone, he's beginning to become an unwanted distraction. I throw my arm around his shoulder and pull him aside.

“It’s definitely a possibility. But we should check around and see if anyone has seen her. In the meantime,” Bast says, turning to Cam, “can you go inside and get a plate? One of those ceramic ones from the appetizers they were serving.”

Cam turns and leaves, not saying a word. I’m still trying to get Corey to breathe and calm down when I notice Bast snapping pictures of Cait’s phone on the patio tile. When Cam returns, Bast covers the phone with the plate, careful to not touch the phone itself.

It doesn’t take Corey long to calm down, and I lead everyone inside. No use standing outside for no reason. We don’t touch the phone, just in case.

When we get back inside and settle at the bar, I leave Corey with Cam, and I go find the planner. It doesn’t take me long, as I just ran by her in the ballroom. After I’ve confirmed she hasn’t heard from Cait since before the fireworks, I make my way back to the guys.

“She hasn’t seen Cait. I think it’s time we notify your dad and her mom.”

Cam isn’t happy with my words, but I can see the fearful understanding in his eyes. “Damn it!” Both fists raking through his dark hair follow his outburst. “Fine, but let’s do this in person. Now.”

“Are you sure in person is best?” Bast chimes in with Corey by his side. “I know he’s in his forties, but he’s not that old. I’d assume he’ll be... enjoying his wedding night.”

“Fine, I’ll text him on our way,” he grumbles, spinning with his phone in his hand. I look at Bast, silently asking him to stay with Cait’s abandoned phone and not to disturb the scene. He’s the only one calm enough that I trust to make sure the evidence remains.

Corey and I take off after Cam, and I’m not looking forward to this conversation. The storm of his energy moves all the late-night employees we pass out of our way, and I know from experience when Cam is distraught about Cait, it doesn’t end well. The anger rolling off of his shoulders is

leaving a wake of stomps and grunts for the rest of us to trail behind, and if the situation wasn't so drastic, I'd find it almost amusing that he's reacting this way. He basically abandoned her again, still so wrapped up in his confusion, he didn't know how to react. But, unfortunately, this danger is absolutely present, and we need to break the news to his dad and her mom.

By the time our group reaches the Wilkins' suite, Cam is already pounding on the door. The door opens, revealing a scowling Aaron. "What is the meaning of this? It's late, boys," he says, as Cam barrels past him. Sarah emerges from the bedroom on the other side of the suite. Immediately, I pull Aaron aside and calmly break the news.

"Cait's missing. I'm not sure how much Sarah has told you, but Cait's former stepdad is stalking her, and we haven't been able to find Cait for the last hour or so. Her phone was left on the patio, and we've checked *everywhere* in this resort. She's not here. I have Bast staying with the phone and not touching it, but we need Sarah to call the detective working on the case. I think Jason snuck in during the party and took her."

Aaron's brows furrow as my story goes on, and he slowly realizes what exactly this means. "Alright. Let me break the news to her. I'll get her to unlock her phone first because I doubt she's going to be able to speak to anyone. I also have someone I want to call. Let me do that first, so I can give my wife my full attention when she needs it."

As Aaron turns back to his wife, he speaks softly. "Hun, I need to make a phone call, and then I need to talk to you. Why don't you go start a pot of coffee, because I think we're going to be up for a while."

"Is everything okay? Why are the boys so upset?" Sarah frets slightly, clinging to Aaron's arms.

"Give me just a few moments, sweetheart. Then we'll tackle this situation. Will you go start that coffee for me?" He reassures her and distracts her, and I can't help but recognize the tactics. It's something I would do. As Sarah moves to the kitchenette, Aaron quickly moves to the bedroom and shuts

the door. I take the moment to check in on the guys. Cam is pacing back and forth in front of the sofa, while Corey has settled onto one of the barstools that were tucked under the counter. His head rests in his palms, propped up by his elbows on the counter. I make my way to him first.

I gently nudge his elbow with mine and wait for him to acknowledge me. Once he lifts his head and meets my eyes, I shift my gaze quickly to Sarah in the kitchen before meeting his stare again. I stare intently, emphasizing that we need to try to hold ourselves together because she hasn't been told. When he silently nods his understanding, I rest a hand on his shoulder, lending him support and courage for the situation. We all are torn up about this, but losing our cool won't help right now.

Aaron returns to the room, on his cell phone and holding Sarah's phone in his other hand. "Okay, thank you. I understand about the travel, just let me know when you arrive. We'll see you soon," he says, ending his call. "Sarah, sweetheart, I need you to open your phone and get me Detective Wallace's number."

Sarah freezes, her face draining of all color. "W-why?"

Aaron crosses to her, gently offering her phone. "Please, my sweet? Get it for me, and then I'll explain why the boys are upset."

Sarah takes her phone and enters her code, but as the phone wakes up, her eyes meet Aaron's, and the terror hidden in her blue irises tells us she's added up all the clues Aaron just dropped.

"Detective Wallace?" Sarah turns to Corey, her first choice of getting a straight answer. She knows Corey has been dating Cait, but I doubt she knows about Cam's or my relationship with her daughter.

Corey looks up at her, sorrow and uncertainty in his eyes, and she spins, looking to her husband for strength. "Cait?" she asks. Aaron can only duck his head as he looks for words. In that instant, Sarah collapses to the floor, the tears spilling over as she whispers to no one in general. "No. No, no, no..."

As Aaron sinks to the floor and whispers the details in her ear as gently as possible, I snag her phone off the floor and pull up her call log. Hitting the Detective's number, I wait not-so-patiently as the call rings through. When the call connects, a rough voice passes through the connection. "Yeah?"

"Detective Wallace, my name is Dominic Karlsson. I'm a family acquaintance of Cait Monroe and her mother, Sarah. I have what we believe is an emergency, and I felt the need to contact you right away."

"What happened?" I hear rustling, and I assume he is climbing from his bed.

"Tonight, we celebrated Sarah's recent nuptials. Cait went outside to the patio to make a phone call right before the finale of the event, which included fireworks. It was close to an hour later that my friends and I realized we hadn't seen her and tried to contact her. We texted her, and she never opened the message, let alone respond to us or call us. We began to search for her, and we didn't find anything, except for her phone on the ground. And before you ask, we haven't touched it. I have a close friend standing guard until someone can protect the scene."

"Where are you? I'll be right there." I give him instructions on how to get to the resort, as well as the room number and where to find Bast. He tells me he is calling in a crime scene unit and asks for us to guard the location until they get there. As I hang up the phone, I silently pray this is all a stupid mistake.

Bast immediately texts us when the detective arrives and says he's going to go speak to the night manager to notify him about what happened and see if they can get started on reviewing the security footage. *Damn it, I didn't even think of that.*

Corey, Cam, and I are still set up in Aaron and Sarah's suite thirty minutes later, trying to calm Sarah. I did think to track down Ella on social media and let her know. She hasn't responded to my message, but I'm sure she will when she wakes up. I'm sitting on the sofa next to where Cam is still

silently pacing when a knock sounds on the door. Corey jumps up from his perch on the stool and rushes to the door. No doubt he's hoping for Cait to be on the other side, and I feel sorry for the disappointment he's about to feel. I'm resigned to the fact that Jason has her; I just need to figure out how to get her back.

On the other side of the door stands a man I don't recognize. "Can we help you?" I ask, standing and approaching the door.

"Yes, I'm here for Sarah Sanders?" he asks right as Bast walks up behind him.

"Dom, it's Detective Wallace. He has some info," Bast whispers. *Ahh*. I take a breath before introducing myself.

"Hello, Detective. I'm Dominic. I'm the one who called you earlier. Sarah, now Wilkins, well... She's not doing so well, if you can imagine. Come in, though. I'm sure she'll be comforted knowing you're taking this seriously."

We step back, allowing the detective and our friend to enter the living space. Wallace gently approaches Sarah, who is standing across the room next to Aaron, whose arm is still wrapped around his wife's shoulders. Her red eyes and tear-streaked face can't hide her despair over her missing daughter, but her calm silence is an emotional reprieve for the rest of us after her extensive crying.

"Mrs. Wilkins, I understand tonight was a bit of a celebration, so I'd love to wish you congratulations, but I feel we should at least discuss what's been going on. Has Cait told you anything more that she hasn't communicated with me?"

Sarah looks up at the detective and breathes out a long sigh, but only responds with a slight shake of her head.

"I do have news. Our team did find Cait's purse and keys dropped along the grass from the patio to the service entrance for the kitchens, and I was able to locate her Jeep, which is still on the property. Given that evidence and her recent issues with being targeted, I'm completing a missing person's report. I have people with the security manager of the resort right now



trying to track down vehicle traffic information, considering we believe she was taken prior to the end of the celebration. That might narrow down which vehicles we are looking for. I hate to say it, but now we just have to wait to find evidence to track her attacker down.” As the detective finishes, fresh tears stream down Sarah’s face.

“Thank you for your efforts, Detective,” Aaron speaks up on Sarah’s behalf.

“Um, Detective, can I speak with you?” I ask as I walk the detective to the door.

“Yes? What can I do for you?”

“I think I have information you may need, but it may not provide much help in finding her. Her attacker, Jason Sanders, actually found her and attacked her recently. It was after the break-in, but due to past trauma, she didn’t feel comfortable bringing it up. This man has a dirty obsession with her, stemming from her youth. When he caught up with her on Halloween, he sexually assaulted her in the woods behind what was the Fright Zone, and he threatened her, saying she needed to leave her family and come with him voluntarily. He verbally threatened her mom and sister if she refused. Since then, the idea he would catch up with her has terrorized her. We need to find her. This man has already escaped parole, and he’s dangerous.”

“I wholeheartedly agree, my man. I’m doing everything I can to get resources in this case. What is your number? I would like to have a contact who isn’t so emotionally close to the situation.”

We exchange phone numbers, and then I tell him to call me anytime if there is any new information. As I close the door behind him, I think about how we’re all losing sleep, but I doubt anyone will be sleeping any time soon. It’s as if Cait’s nightmares have come to life and are now haunting all of us.

THREE



## CAIT

When my eyes open again, we're no longer at the gas station. My head is leaning back against the headrest, but it's tilted, resting on the seatbelt. I can only see the dark world passing by in a blur, and I smirk to myself that this is so like my life. Dark and blurring past me, out of control, and there is nothing I can do to stop it.

*Why is my life like this?* Did I do something to encourage him when I was younger? I don't know if I ever tried to stop him. I know that once I realized what was happening, I was too scared to stop him. Maybe that encouraged him? Ugh, it makes me sick that I'm now stuck in this car, on this path, and I have no way to stop or escape it. I just want to live the life I've built. To love the guys I've grown to love... Wait. Love. I love the guys. All of them. Well, maybe not Cam... yet. I don't know. I'm not even sure if he'll be able to ever love me, now. Fuck, this whole situation is such a mess.

I think about how out of my control this is. I've never felt like I've been in control of my life. I've always gone along with whatever Mom says, and I always did what was asked of me. I never argued about anything important or ever spoke up about something I'd rather do. So, why am I still allowing this? I doubt there is much I can do to change my fate, but how pitiful would it be if I just gave up without trying?

Fuck this. Maybe I can hurt him so seriously that he won't want me. Whatever happens, I refuse to back down. I don't care if I die, I'm not going to just give up; I will not let him win without a fight.

Wait... die. I could wreck the car, but that might kill us both. At this point, I don't care if I kill myself too if Mom and Lily would be safe. Surviving and enduring whatever Jason has planned for me would be much worse. I have to do something, at least to just get away. I need to address the most important issue, my current situation. I'm not sure if I'll have a

chance to get away if we get to wherever we are going, so I need to do something now.

I consider my options. I don't have any weapons here in the car. When I was awake earlier, I didn't see my purse, and I don't have anything worth wielding in there anyway. I think about what's in the car that I might be able to use. Too bad I'm beside him, instead of in the backseat. I could've used the seat belt to choke him. Fuck, I don't want to draw attention to myself just yet. I currently have the advantage because he doesn't know I'm awake... So, what can I do?

The car. I'm thinking inside the box when I should be thinking of the car itself. The car can kill him. I just need to cause an accident. I mean, hopefully, I'll survive, but I'm not going with him any further. Now, to cause an accident. I could just yank on the steering wheel, but then he could just yank it back. What if I blind him? Nah, I doubt I'd be able to get an attack accurate enough to actually blind him. Besides, he's already proven he can take control of me. He's not super strong, but he's bigger than I am. He has long arms and can hold me back if I show my hand.

What if I take out one of his arms? The wheels begin to turn in my head as my thoughts race as fast as this car. If I can disable his hand or arm altogether, he can't drive or control me. My eyes shift rapidly around me, and I take in all my options. Shit, I can do *that*, I think. Moving ever so slowly to not draw attention, I reach my right arm down, stretching as much as I can, and tuck my foot in between the seat and the door. My deft fingers slowly but accurately unstrap my stiletto, but, unfortunately, I can't get my foot out *and* grab the shoe with my hand.

I sniff deeply, act like I'm yawning, and arch my back as I fake waking up. His head turns, and a warm smile spreads across his face, wholly creeping me out.

"Little One, you weren't out as long that time. Do you feel rested? I hope you don't mind me giving you things to help you pass the time on our trip. We're almost there!"

His enthusiasm is gross, and I immediately look at the clock. *Two-seventeen*. That's almost three hours he's been driving. I can wait that long to get back. If I survive what I'm about to do. I look up at him, faking the depressed, submissive, resigned facial expressions he expects. When he acknowledges my passive attitude, he turns back to face the road.

It's then that I move. Faster than I can believe, I reach down, grab my shoe, spin the stiletto heel, and swing it down on him. I swing the heel down hard, slamming the sharp point into his right shoulder, close to his collarbone. His scream of pain ricochets throughout the car, and I yell out, "You fucking asshole! I'm not going anywhere with you! I'll never be yours!" I rip my shoe out of his shoulder, swing again and leave it anchored in his flesh. Then, yanking on the steering wheel, I force the car off the road and into a spin, slamming sideways into a power pole. The car shakes to a halt, and my body jerks from the violent stop. The seat belt holds me in place, and the airbags in the steering wheel and front console deploy, filling the cabin with the explosive gas and dust used to pack them in. I shake my head, trying to clear the stars from my vision. Just as I lift my head to survey the crash, I hear Jason groan in pain.

As quickly as I can, I unbuckle my seat belt. I shove down the giant airbag in my face and turn to look at the monster next to me. Fuck, he's still alive. But he's definitely in worse shape than I am, slumped over into the middle of the seat. Beyond the bloody shoulder courtesy of myself, he hit his head on the door's window, and there is a trail of blood dripping down the side of his face.

Think, think. Quick, what do I want to do? Fuck, I decide to try and reach under him and unbuckle his seat belt and unwind it from around him. Then, careful to not touch him, I grab the steering wheel, and I hoist myself up, leaning over him, unlocking and shoving the door open. The door groans as it breaks free from the crumpled metal, and I notice how close we came to smashing the driver's door shut. I would've had to run, instead of kicking him out, and that would've been miserable.


The cold air whooshes inside, and I barely notice it. I refocus myself on the goal at hand. Sinking back into my seat, I spin my back to lean against my door. I place both of my feet on this man's body and position them to try and get the best leverage. Since my left foot is still in its stiletto, I angle it up under his armpit. I place my bare right foot at his hip since I'm able to flatten it.

On my first attempt, I only get him to wobble a bit. I take a deep breath and push. *Hard*. When Jason slides out of the car and onto the ground, I weep for just a moment. But now what? Fuck, I'm so tired. I know I just woke from who knows how many times he drugged me, but I'm just so tired of fighting. Tired of struggling just to live my life. Soon, I'm going to be able to rid myself of this trash.

"I wonder," I speak out loud, disturbing the silence of the dark, quiet road we're on. I reach over, turn the ignition of the car back, and then flip it forward again. The car sputters for a moment, and I grunt in frustration. I swat the airbag out of the way as I climb into the driver's seat. Deciding to try again, I turn the ignition again and give it some gas. Finally, it turns over, running like it was just a few short minutes ago. The miracle that is vehicle engineering will never cease to amaze me.

Slamming the door closed over the monster I've thrown to the roadside, I take a moment to think. *Alright, what the fuck do I do, now?* I don't have my phone, so my best bet is to make my way back in the direction he was driving from. I just want to get the fuck away. Damn, is it tempting to run him over... No, I can't do that. I don't care if he dies from the elements or from someone else hitting him, but I can't take a life. Focus on getting home; that's what I need to do. Hopefully, I'll run into that gas station or some other public place. I need to call the cops and Mom, not necessarily in that order.

I should have killed him, but I'm not sure if I could've lived with myself. I was able to get away, at least. I can live to fight another day. Now to get home to my family, both born into and found.



After about an hour, I'm still driving, staring out at where the road reaches the horizon. Reliving every moment that I can remember, specifically those since we arrived in Golden. Visions of happy, sad, frustrating, debilitating moments pass across my eyes as I gaze out into the dark early morning. I'm not even consciously thinking, I'm just on autopilot until I come up to a stop light. It takes me a minute to realize that I'm stopped, and I blink to try and figure out what I'm doing. *Looking for someone to borrow a phone. That's it.*

I gently press on the gas when the light turns green, trying to baby the broken car now that I'm entering a town, and I'm not coasting down a long road. I'm going to have to find someplace soon, or the car might end up breaking down along the side of the road. I start looking for lights in buildings, something. I just need to find someone. Right as I crest a hill, I see lights in the distance, and I increase my speed.

As I get closer, I realize this might be the same gas station that Jason stopped at earlier. Not that it matters, but if it was, I'm at least heading in the right direction. I pull the car into a parking spot, turn it off, and open the driver's door. The crunch from the metal door as it closes and meets the damage from the pole echoes into the night, but I pay it no attention. I'm safe now. I'm safe.

Walking inside, I look for a clerk. With no one immediately behind the counter, I wander through a couple of aisles until I find a woman older than Mom mopping the floor. "Um, ma'am?" I hesitantly speak up.

"Restrooms are in the corner, just let me know if you need somethin'," she hollers, while still mopping.

"Actually," I start, tears welling in my eyes, "I need to call my Mom and the cops."

The woman's head turns on a swivel, her scrutinizing eyes appraising my haggard appearance, and immediately softens into a motherly gaze. "Oh, honey, what happened?"

"I was kidnapped tonight by my stalker. I managed to escape, but I have no idea where I am or how to get home. I don't have anything with me, no phone or money, so I was hoping to borrow a phone to contact my Mom?" I'm so exhausted, barely keeping it all together as the tears begin to overflow.

"Oh my word, you poor thing. Come over here and sit down. Let me get you some water and a snack, and we'll make some phone calls."

She leads me to the stool behind the counter, grabbing a few things for me, while I cover my mouth when a yawn escapes me. I stare out through the window and into the darkness as she quickly calls the local police. They say they will be there soon to take my statement and to collect the car as evidence. Once the police are called, though, I request to use the phone to call Mom. My mind is filled with so much noise, and with the exhaustion beginning to grow, it's all I can do to remain calm. I'd love to break down right now, but until I get somewhere I know is safe—with people I know—I won't allow myself to let my emotions go.

Looking at the clock on the wall, I realize it's after three in the morning, but I pray she's still awake. By the second ring, the call connects, and I hear a snuffle and a confused "Hello?" come through the speaker.

"Mom? It's Cait. I'm okay," I mumble through the uncontrollable sobs. I swore I'd stay strong, but just hearing her voice has me ready to collapse.

A wail and more crying flow through the phone, followed by some static. Soon, a rough voice comes through the speaker. "Hello? Who is this?"

"Aaron? It's Cait," I say, stumbling through my own tears. "I'm safe. I'm at a gas station that I believe is about two hours away, but I'm not sure. The worker here called the local cops, but I'm also going to need to figure out how to get home."



“Oh, thank fuck. Guys, she’s okay.” The guys are there? At three am? “Cait, stick with the cops. We’ll figure it all out. We’re going to let Detective Wallace know, and we’ll find out how to get you home as soon as possible. Don’t you worry, we’ll take care of everything. Alright, man, stop. Here,” Aaron fusses, evidently handing the phone over.

A click happens, and all of a sudden, the background noise flows through the speaker.

“Angel, are you there?”

“Sunshine, tell me you’re okay, please!”

“Baby girl, tell me where you’re at, I’ll leave right now to come get you.”

I swear, if I wasn’t already crying, these men would have brought tears to my eyes. They all love and care for me so much. It gives me hope that this night will eventually end, and the dawn will break. God, I need this night to end.

“Hi. I’m here,” I say with a small smile. “Corey, I’m not hurt. I escaped before he could do anything. And Dom, I’m not sure where I am, exactly, but the cops are coming. Stay on the phone with me? I’m a couple of hours away, I think, so I don’t know if we’ll still be here.”

“Where would you go?!” he half-yells, panic lacing every word.

“Babe, it’s okay. I’m alright. I may have to go in for questioning. I mean, I caused an accident by stabbing him with my shoe.”

“Oh. Yeah, alright. Detective Wallace is still around here somewhere, I think talking to the security manager, so let me call him and get him back here. I’m sure he’ll want to speak with you, but maybe I can convince him the questions can wait ‘til we’ve all had some sleep.”

As soon as Dom mentions sleep, another yawn escapes me. As I’m blinking away the exhaustion, the bell for the door rings, and a deputy walks in.

“Hi there. Can you tell me what’s going on?” The bigger man is cautious, with wide eyes and a hesitant stance. He keeps looking around the store and outside at the busted-up car, but he still focuses on me when addressing me. He just seems alert for a scam or attack.

“Dom, I’m not hanging up, but I need to talk to the deputy. I’m just going to set the phone on the counter.”

“Okay, Baby Girl. We’ll be right here.”

As soon as I finish explaining my abduction from my mother’s elopement reception and my current issues back in Golden, we agree we need to get Detective Wallace here to confirm my statement. The deputy calls in a crime scene unit to comb the car for evidence and have it towed. I am able to confirm I’m in Akron, just about two hours east of Golden, and the deputy tells me he’ll take me back to the sheriff’s department to wait for Detective Wallace. I’ll need his approval to be released, but Dom says he’ll be there for me. I have no doubt that Corey will be with him, and maybe Bast, too. These men seem to be just as obsessed with me as I am with them, and I can’t help but feel the love. It’s times like these that I’m thankful for the family I already had and the new family I’m building. These men mean the world to me, but the piece that is missing is wearing a jagged edge on my heart. I hope we can work things out sooner rather than later.

**FOUR**



## CAIT

The past couple of days have been hard to endure. The wait to be picked up was so long, I fell asleep on a cot in one of the Akron County jail cells. I didn't mind. They didn't have an actual reason to hold me, as the wreck happened in the next county over and was never reported. I hope to god that Jason froze to death, but he's so skeezy, I find it hard to believe he succumbed to the elements. He likely wormed his way into someone's home and has been hiding out. I know that the wound from my stiletto won't allow him to use his arm for a while, even if he survives.

After they released me, I walked out of the doors of the sheriff's department, only to see my Mom waiting for me, huddled next to Aaron. I couldn't help but run those last few feet with tears in my eyes. My Mom and I have had some communication issues these past few months, but knowing she dropped everything to be with me means the world. She told me on the ride home that she pulled rank, telling the boys they could wait at Aaron's house for us, but she was my mom, and I was her baby girl. She also told me that we had a lot to discuss, but that could wait.

It's like the guys knew we were close. Once we pulled into the driveway, I saw them all waiting outside for me. As soon as I could exit Aaron's car, I ran straight to all four of my guys. I was immediately embraced in strong arms, and I didn't want to let go. This felt right. All of them were here for me. Cam didn't offer a hug, but the fact that he is with them, waiting for me, means the world to me. He's showing he cares. It's hard when your mind thinks one way and your heart another.

Even though only Cam and I have bedrooms at Aaron's house, Corey and Bast stayed with me, sandwiching me in the bed and making sure no one could harm me. Dom, even though we've stepped up our relationship, decided to let me

have time with the two guys I've been dating longer and crashed on the couch. Cam escaped relatively quickly to his own bedroom, content to let us all do whatever we needed to do.

The next day, I said goodbye to my guys, knowing I needed to disclose some serious info. After pulling Mom aside, I came clean to her about the basics of what happened. I told her Jason found me on Halloween night, about the note stuck to the Jeep, and what happened last night. I felt bad that I hadn't told her before, but I felt like I had encouraged Jason or something, and I just couldn't explain the guilt that weighed on my conscience. She was understandably overwhelmed and asked for a few days to collect her thoughts.

The guys finally started filtering in and out over the next couple of days. After the third day, I was getting stir-crazy. I felt the need to go back to work, but they wouldn't let me go by myself. That very first day, Corey walked in with me and set up camp in the corner. Ella immediately pulled me aside, as she had been covering extra shifts, in case I couldn't make it in.

"Girl, what the fuck is going on?" she whisper-yells at me when I walked in that first day back.

"Jason."

The single word that has caused me so much anguish instantly draws the connection for her, and she immediately turns pale. I drag her to the back and explain the abduction and that nothing happened. "I survived, much easier than the last time. Even though he got the jump on me, he was playing a long game, and I just wanted to get away. I figured the easiest way to get away would be to immobilize him. So, I damaged one of his arms. Simple."

Tears rim her dual-colored eyes, and when she jumps to envelop me in her arms, I can't help but be thankful I have amazing friends. This woman has been by my side since I arrived, being my confidant and my steady hand in all of it. Without her, I wouldn't have survived Halloween, so I can stand here and be here for her as her emotions overtake her. I

wrap my hands around her, hugging her close, and let her know that I *am* here. I'm still surviving, and since I was able to survive what I thought I'd die fighting for, I'm holding out hope that I'll be able to get rid of him once and for all. I mean, I'm still here, right?

We make it through the rest of the afternoon with my guards exchanging shifts. Corey leaves around noon when Dom comes in and settles himself at the same table. The rest of the day passes quickly, and just as my shift ends, he meets me at the counter with a wan smile.

“Baby Girl, I can't wait till we have some time together, but I have to go. Adrien needs me at Plein Air for an emergency meeting about board issues.” He turns, looking at the door, right as Cam walks in. “Cam was already headed home from work, so we decided this would be easiest for us all.”

“Okay,” I say, with the smallest voice. I know Cam doesn't want to be near me, but if he's volunteering, that's not my fault.

Dom wraps his arms around my waist as he leans down, capturing my lips in a sweet, soft kiss. I know he could make that kiss much hotter if he wanted, but he chooses to keep it soft. Like he cherished even the few minutes that he had with me, knowing that we didn't have the opportunity to take it further.

As he pulls away, I notice Cam right behind him, staring us down. But it isn't an angry stare. Dare I say it is jealousy I see? The fire lit in his eyes as Dom turns away threatens to scald me. I quickly follow Dom out the door, just to avoid any conversation. Unfortunately, he turns to his Range Rover, and I find myself walking to Cam's Porsche. I don't dare turn to face Cam on the ride home; instead, I turn and look out the window of his Porsche Cayenne. The smooth ride is as enjoyable as it could be. The turbo engine is loud enough, with the music playing lightly in the background, to deter any conversation. I can't help but feel like I'm stuck, no matter what I say. So, instead, I avoid speaking altogether.

When we get home, however, I walk from the frying pan into the fire. Mom is waiting for me in the entryway. “Cait, I think it’s about time we had a chat,” she states, the stern motherly tone emanating throughout the hall. The expression on her face is strained like she’s trying to be happy to see me home, but she’s not looking forward to this conversation. Same, Mom, same.

Cam strides past us, totally ignoring the tension in the hall. I guess whatever his issues are with me are causing him enough stress to ignore everyone else. I sigh, resigned to my immediate future, and nod my head. It’s definitely time we talked. I should’ve sat her down and talked with her about all of these things months ago. It’s been a disservice to her, considering she’s always been there for me.

I follow her upstairs and into the sitting room along the master bedroom. As she closes the doors behind us, I can’t help but be thankful that we have a little privacy. I don’t want anyone else to hear this, because I know I’ll be telling Mom everything.

As we sit down on the sofa, I begin to divulge everything that’s been happening since we arrived in Golden. The weird feelings of being watched, the break-in and how it relates, and then finally, I broke everything down for her about the attack on Halloween. I know I had already told her about the guys abandoning me, but I never fully broke down what exactly happened after they left. I needed to tell her that he threatened to go further if I didn’t do what he said.

“Mom,” I say between the tears, “he threatened you and Lily. I had to do what I could to make sure you were safe, so when he told me he was going to let me go, so I could choose to come to him on my own, I just went along. Self-preservation, you know?”

“But, Hun,” she replies, wiping her own tears away, “if you were harmed, we wouldn’t be able to live with ourselves. You are a part of this family. I need you to hold your own position as one of value. We love you. You are a loved member of this family, and I’m sorry if my absence from

working so much lately has camouflaged how much I love you. We need you here with us.”

“Sweetie, I love you,” she continues. “I’m so sorry that you felt you were expendable. We are all a unit, together. The other two couldn’t survive without the last. We need you here with us. Please tell me you’ll never give yourself up to anyone just to protect us.”

I jump up, leaning over and embracing my mom in a tight hug. I used to love wrapping up in her arms. It was the safest place I could be. I don’t know how I got away from that security, but being here right now? Wrapped up in her arms? It’s the best feeling ever. It feels like home. Like I’m completely important, no matter how our family is expanding. Her soft sobs as I hold her tightly break my heart. I feel like I’ve let her down with all of this, taking away the opportunity for her to guide me.

“So, since we’re chatting...” I say, pulling away slightly.

“Yes? What is it, Hun? I’m here, ready to listen.”

“I have a few more things I need to talk about. First, I’m not going to school this semester.”

“Oh no, is this all too much to handle?”

“Well, yes, but there is more. For some reason, ten credit hours of prerequisite classes were deemed not qualified for transfer. I was told in October, but I was trying to figure out why. I was told by the Dean that I couldn’t continue with my business courses until I can make up those courses. I’ve looked into it, but it was all approved in August, and they can’t tell me why it was approved then and not now.”

“Oh, Cait, we’ll figure it out. For now, I totally agree with taking this semester off. There is too much going on for you to have to stress about school.”

“Thanks, Mom. So, there’s something else, too...”

I glance over at her, wondering if I can discuss this. As she dabs at her eyes with a tissue from the side table, I wonder if she’d judge me for what I’m about to say.



“You know how I’ve been seeing Corey and Bast?” I ask, turning my eyes down again to avoid her judgment.

“Yes...” she replies warily.

“What if I told you Dominic asked me out, and that I think I wanted to date him too?” I can’t help my curiosity, glancing up again.

Shocked silence fills the room. The air thickens with the judgment I was trying to avoid, but instead, it settles around us like a dark fog.

“Um,” Mom says, looking away as if I’d be judging her. No, Mom, this is only a one-way feeling.

“It’s okay. I know it’s not conventional, but these guys were already a family. Fitting in with them has become seamless. I feel like each of those guys treats me how you’d want someone to treat me. I’m precious to them. Each one. Corey has always looked at me like I could do nothing wrong. Bast has been helping me with my trust issues, taking things slowly and at my pace. And Dom. Dominic has been the latest one to show his interest, but he’s proven that he wants to take care of me. Like, they all agree that they all want to be with me, and there is no fighting or jealousy, so I’m letting it ride for the moment.”

“Ok,” she says, taking a deep breath. “I trust you, Cait. I know you’ve always had a stable head on your shoulders, and you know what’s best for you. But I want you to please be careful. I know you’re in therapy, but you’ve been through a lot in such a short time. I worry you’re getting in over your head.”

“But, Mom,” I say, taking a deep breath, “I have a slight problem. I like Cam, too. My only issue with him is that he’s kept me at arm’s length for the longest time. I feel like he’s trying to protect himself, and he’s hurting himself by denying it.

“We... We’ve had issues. He didn’t trust me at first. Evidently, they had someone that they all casually dated for a while that betrayed them. She used and manipulated them, so

he basically shut down all potential relationships. It was so bad, he tried to sabotage my relationship with Corey, and potentially the other guys. He almost opened up to me, right before Christmas. Mom, he asked me out, and we actually had the best time. But then your announcement of your elopement triggered something, and he shut down again. I don't know what to do."

"Hun, I know this hurts, and I don't want you to feel I think badly of you, but is this prudent? Going after someone when you have three other boyfriends?" The worry etched on her face shows me she's concerned about my actions, but I know she just doesn't get what is in my heart.

"I get that it looks bad, but think of it like this. If you all of a sudden found so many pieces of your life that benefited you, that was a blessing to you, but one piece was missing, would you leave it out there? Or would you look for it?"

"Is it the same for loving three people? Or four, in this case?"

"Yes, for me, it is. Mom, they don't have an issue with it. Cam didn't have an issue with me and the other guys when he asked me out before Christmas. His issue is that his dad is now married to my mom. I can only think that he feels dirty for feeling whatever way he does. And it's incredibly frustrating to sit here, knowing my missing piece is somewhere in this house, choosing to ignore me because of some arbitrary societal taboo!" I'm practically screaming at this point, but fuck it all, I don't care anymore. I've stayed on the sidelines, but I'm done. Tag me in, coach, I'm ready to play. I'm finally ready to fight for what I want. My life as I know it was almost taken away, and I've fought back. I deserve to be loved fully, to be cherished the way I know they all want to cherish me.

"Wow, I never thought of that. Cait, I never thought we'd be talking about this topic, but your argument is sound. I have never witnessed or been a part of a multiple relationship, but I imagine communication is the key; just as much, or more so, than a traditional, monogamous relationship. Have you talked with your therapist about this situation?"

“Not yet. Tomorrow is my first appointment with Dr. Francis since New Year’s Eve. She knows about me dating all the guys, and she said that this might be my way of exhibiting control over my sexuality if I subconsciously feel like I never had control. She also said these types of relationships can be successful, with the proper work.”

“Okay,” she begins hesitantly. “I’ll agree with that. But you know what that means, right?”

I lift my eyes from my lap, looking deep into her blue ones, and sigh. “It means I need to take the first step, doesn’t it? I just feel like he needs to apologize for his behavior at Christmas. I hadn’t seen that frigid side of him in months, and it all fell on me when we found out you and Aaron were married, and he walked away from me.”

“I do agree with that, but, Hun? If this is something you want, then fight for it. Fight for him.”

“Even if he was the one in charge of making the decision to leave me alone at Fright Zone and leaving me vulnerable?”

“Cait, did he apologize for Halloween?”

“Yes,” I say, nodding my head.

“Do you believe it?”

Sitting there, I contemplate that night in front of our last apartment. He cried as he fell to his knees. I don’t think that this man would be so conniving as to act all of that to such a degree. Yeah, he’s passionate about the things and people he loves, but to go to such an extent to fake an apology? No. I don’t think he has the patience for it. The more I think about his behavior, I can’t help but feel that he has a need to be loved. Every woman he gets close to leaves him, so he either pushes them away from the beginning or leaves to protect himself.

Mom reaches over, grabs my hand in my lap, and squeezes. “I think you have your answer.”

I exhale deeply, knowing full well this isn’t just going to be a one-on-one conversation. All the guys will be involved at some point, so I make a vow to myself to not give up when

things get tough. I didn't give up in the face of death, so this shouldn't matter.

“Alright, Mom. Thank you for talking to me. I appreciate all of your insight, and for your not judging me for my preferences. I know this is unconventional, however, I've found myself wrapped in love when I am in need of it. It's become so healing, and I'm not backing away now.”

“Honey, I absolutely love you, and I'll never fault you for being happy. I just want you to protect yourself, and that includes your heart,” she says, holding her arms out for me once more. “The more people you give it to, the more risk of it getting hurt.”

“I know, and I'm doing everything I can to protect it.”

FIVE



## CAIT

After the long and awkward conversation with Mom, Bast comes over for dinner. When we finish eating, we wander around the house a bit before making it back to my room to recline on my bed and watch a movie. Bast suggests a mindless one that we've both seen a ton, and I'm thankful because once the movie starts, I can't seem to focus.

"Hey, what's going on tonight? You're restless and unsettled." He snuggles me into his side, lightly fingering my hair. The soft scalp massage is immediately calming, and I smirk to myself that the Dominant in him is pulling out these ways of getting what he wants.

I sigh, knowing the next awkward conversation for the day is about to commence. "I had a full, drawn-out talk with Mom today. I told her all the details about Halloween and the party. She deserved to know, but I felt bad breaking everything to her. I'd held so much back."

"Yeah, I bet it was hard, confessing everything. I know you have conflicted feelings, Angel, but..." A sigh breaks free from him, and he pulls me up to straddle him, so he can look deep into my eyes. "Cait, I want you to know something. I've grown so attached to you, it scares me. I've never felt this way about anyone, and I am struggling with the thoughts that are ricocheting through my head." He takes a moment, picking up my hand and placing it over his heart. The strong beat vibrating through his chest resonates into my soul, and his next words lock them in tight. "I love you. I love your kindness and your passion for life. I love your faithfulness to your family and friends. And seeing you this last week or so, I'm worried about you."

I lean forward, gently taking his lips with mine. The heartfelt words coming from this quiet man's lips break me open, and I can't help but feel more alive this second over the

last. His words infuse a desire into my soul and fire into my body.

“I love you, too.” I break our sweet kiss to whisper those words against his lips. With another quick peck, I pull back, determined to finish my confession.

“The thing is, I also told her about Cam. About my feelings for him, and my struggles to connect with him.”

“And what have you done about it, Angel?”

“I’ve been considering just how to approach him. I’m scared. I don’t want to push him, but I also feel like he belongs to me. You all do.” Dropping my eyes to my hands, slowly caressing his hard abdominals, I take a deep breath and collect my thoughts. “I am finally getting somewhere with Dom, and I feel like Cam is mine, too. I just don’t know how to approach him. My anxiety and stress from this week have been overwhelming me today.”

A soft growl rumbles from my quiet man’s chest, and I look up at him through my eyelashes. The heat burning through his hooded eyes immediately floods my body, and I squirm a little under his observation.

“Angel... Do you need help to let go of the stress from this week? Release... some tension? Because I can help. I can provide a very convincing distraction.”

“How convincing?” I ask, knowing full well I’ll say yes to whatever this man wants to do with me. I trust him implicitly; he’s cared for every single piece of my soul since he met me, and I have no reason to doubt him.

He sits up, bringing his tight stomach and broad chest closer to my body, and whispers in my ear. “You walked away from all of us at a very busy event. Into the dark and alone, knowing full well you have a stalker. *And* you still haven’t been reprimanded for hiding the fact you had someone after you to begin with. So, what do you say, Angel? Think you deserve a little punishment?”

“I guess it depends on what you think I deserve,” I say breathlessly.

One of his hands skims from my hip up my back, grabbing a large handful of my hair and pulling it down, exposing my neck. He leans in closer, nipping the shell of my ear before dragging his lips down the lines of my neck, placing soft kisses along the tender flesh. As he comes to a stop in the hollow of my collarbone, his other hand grips my hip tightly and presses me further into his lap. The evidence of his arousal is blatantly obvious, and a gasp peels from my throat.

“You’ve been a bad girl, Angel. I think I should scold you a little. Can you handle some harsh words?”

My lord, this man. “I’m not sure, but I’m willing to try.”

“That’s my girl. I think I should introduce you a little more to my world. Can I play with you today? I don’t want to spill all of my secrets, but would you be okay if I tied your wrists to the bed? In a way that you could easily slip out if you feel overwhelmed?”

“I’ll try it. I trust you.” The burn on my scalp is so real, it is keeping me grounded as my body begins to become overwhelmed by his intensity. So much energy is radiating from him, and I want it all.

“What about edging? I want to bring you to your biggest high, my love. That means I need to work you up to it.”

“Yes, I’ll try it. Please.” I’m squirming with need at this point; I want to feel his skin on mine.

“Get up and strip for me.” The deep command full of power immediately causes my core to clench. I know this man has an effect on me, but *hot damn*. I grind down on him once with a smirk on my face. I just had to see his reaction, and fuck me if the look of ecstasy on his face before his firm hand smacks my ass doesn’t do something to me. I mean, the smack to my ass does too, so I’m already needing to change my panties. Fuck, bratting back is fun. I’ll have to remember that.

Crawling to the end of the bed, I revel in the chills that run down my back as I feel his gaze track me. I step off the bed, stand, and slowly unbutton my jeans. As I begin to slide them off my hips, I notice Bast slide off the side of the bed. I pause,



watching him, but as he passes me on his way to my new closet, he smacks my ass again. This time, the sting causes a little yelp to escape my lips.

“Keep going. I want you kneeling on the bed, holding your hands behind your back when I come back in here.”

*Goddamn. Yes, Sir.* Stripping my jeans off, I remove my panties and socks as well. I continue with my task, ripping my sweater over my head and unhooking my bra. I’m settled on my knees in the center of the bed when I feel the brush of a breeze float against my back. Goosebumps erupt down my arms and legs, and the tight pull of my nipples makes me smirk.

”Damn, Angel. That ass of yours. I’m going to enjoy tonight so much...” My eyes widen, wondering just what he has in store for me. The bed dips as he climbs up behind me, and I have to adjust my balance to not fall over. He wraps a soft fabric around my wrists lightly, making sure I have plenty of room to escape should I become overwhelmed, but I don’t think I’d ever need to with Bast.

Once my wrists are bound, he gently finger-combs my hair up into a ponytail behind my head. With my hair up, both of his hands caress my shoulders, dipping to glide down my sides. I shudder when his fingers brush the sensitive skin along the sides and under my breasts. As he settles his hands on my hips once more, his fingers curl around, and my stomach muscles tighten at the sensation of them being so close to where I want to feel him.

”Angel, I want to move slowly with you, so we are only starting out with a blindfold. If it becomes too much, please let me know. But limiting your sight will increase your other senses, and I plan on playing with that. Taking advantage and making you squirm, so you know just who you belong to.” With those words, he pulls me against him. He’s removed his shirt, but his jeans-covered dick is rock hard against my ass, and damn it, I need him to fill me.

He moves his hands to slide a scarf I own to cover my eyes, and immediately I can hear his breathing quicken. It’s

like the sight of me bound and blinded before him does something to him. *You're not alone, babe.*

As soon as the scarf is tied, Bast pulls my knees apart to widen my stance on the bed. He then grabs my waist and a gentle hand pushes against my back, bending me over until I'm lying chest down, my ass propped up in the air.

The low growl that rumbles behind me causes me to clench again, and I gasp when a rough finger slides through my drenched folds. "Is that for me? Are you this wet for me?"

"Yes," I pant. "All for you."

He moves to the side, leaning over me, and begins to circle my clit with a rough finger. The feeling is nothing compared to the words he growls into my ear. "Angel, you have been a bad girl. I think you need to be punished. Not listening to Dom when he says to take care of yourself; such a shame. I'd love to get you down on your knees between us. Do you think you could do that? Could you be a slut for us, Angel? You make it up to us by letting us use you. I love you, but I love when you're a little cum slut for us, wringing every last drop from us."

A whimper escapes me as I grind against his hand. The quick thrust of two of his fingers inside my cunt quickly changes that whimper into a cry of pleasure. "Shh, Angel. I wasn't planning on gagging you, but if you can't be quiet, I will." Fuck. I forgot where I was. But Mom and Aaron's bedroom is on the other side of the house, with Lily's room right beside theirs. The only person near me is... Cam. Yeah, not going there right now.

I nod my head in understanding; I will have to remember to keep quiet.

Bast pulls his fingers out almost all the way, teasing my entrance. A shudder runs through me, the need for him making me practically vibrate. He adds a third finger, slowly this time, stretching me. Grinding against my hip, I can feel just how badly he wants me too, but it seems he's in the mood to delay his own gratification in order to wring out mine.

He curls his fingers, hitting that spot inside me and causing me to see stars. I groan, becoming desperate for him. “Please...” I’m not afraid to beg for what I want.

”Oh, Angel, see, that’s the thing. I’m here to teach you a lesson tonight. You trust me, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I pant.

”Excuse me?” The growl that he emits causes my eyes to roll. That tone just does something to me. “Ahhh. Yes, sir.”

“That’s right. Be a good girl, and endure what I give you, and I’ll reward you. But you’re going to have to make up for a lot. We are yours just as much as you are ours. Trust me to take care of you.”

”What can I do, Sir?” My voice is so small, but only with him. Or Dom. I’ve never been so soft-spoken with anyone else because I didn’t trust them. And now, with him rubbing that heavenly spot inside me, I’m ready to explode.

He withdraws his fingers once more, this time skimming them along my folds before smacking my ass. Hard enough to elicit a screech from me. I wasn’t expecting it, and yeah, it hurt, but the pain was only for a moment, and it warmed my ass as much as my pussy. Fuck, that was hot. Do I like a little pain? Maybe. I mean, I don’t want welts and bruises, but hearty spankings? Fuck, I’m dripping from the slight pain. I can deal with that balance.

“Ahh, I’m going to have to gag you, aren’t I?” He lifts me from my bent position, sliding a hand along my cheek. “I know what you’re thinking, that the house is almost empty, but I don’t think you want to tease Cam like this, do you? Not until you have a talk with him?” Bowing my head, I shake it side to side to admit I don’t want to go there. He slowly unties my hands before whispering into my ear.

“Lie down and roll over, Angel.” The command causes my core to tighten again, and I am beginning to think I like this giving up control thing. Doing as he says, I follow his guiding hands to make sure I’m safe, and his approving voice reaches my ears. “God damn, I love seeing you stark naked, waiting

for me.” The jingle of his belt buckle sounds only moments before the whoosh of him removing his belt. “You need to scoot toward the side of the bed and hang your head off. I’m going to feed you my cock. I want to watch you swallow me before I cover your tits with my cum. You’ll make such a pretty little cum slut, won’t you? I think you’ll like it too. And after I decorate your tits, I’m going to feast on your pussy. And then... Then, I think I’m going to take your ass. You’re such a whore for me, making up for all the times you didn’t trust me. I’m yours. This is me reminding you of that.”

I scoot to the edge, tip my head back, and wait. I wait for him with my tongue out; he’s going to be treating me with all the orgasms, so I’m going to make sure he gets at least this one. Bast has never let me down, he’s always made sure I was satisfied. I can’t help but think, though, that him calling me his little whore is... interesting. It doesn’t turn me off like I thought it would; instead, I think it’s having the opposite effect.

Lying there with my mouth open, I feel the shift of the bed as he leans over me. I wait for the taste of him with my tongue out. Bast has a unique taste, similar to his warm, spicy scent. It’s a warm, musky flavor, and I immediately recognize it when a bead of moisture precedes the smooth skin of his cock. I open my mouth wider, and when he reaches the back of my mouth, I take a deep breath and relax my throat. As I take him further, I hear his groan of pleasure.

His body shifts above me, and I wait patiently. He steadies himself, and I’m sure he’s watching his cock disappear into my mouth. I bet he can see it in my throat, too, with my head hanging off the side of the bed. Another groan pours from his throat before he stands fully and withdraws a bit. “Fuck, Angel, this is going to be fast and rough. I need you too much.”

I raise my hands above me, one to brace on his strong thigh, and the other to grip the length that he’s refusing to choke me with. Within moments, he’s fucking my mouth with the fervor I’ve grown to love from him. This man is quiet and unassuming until he gets you into the bedroom. He is so fierce

and passionate that I'm willing to swallow all of him. Suddenly, though, he pulls my hands up, removing himself from my mouth, and within moments I feel the splash of his release across my tits. He held back his vocalization; I know he wanted to roar out his pleasure, but he won't make things more complicated for me. A single finger drags across my nipple, and I smirk, knowing he's spreading his cum across my chest.

Once he finishes marking me, he lifts my head to sit me up and spins me around, laying me back down with my legs hanging off the side of the bed. I gasp when I feel his hands traveling up my thighs and continuing past my waist and ribs.

"I'll be wrapping a scarf lightly around your mouth, only to muffle your screams of pleasure. I won't wrap it too tightly, so you can pull it down to talk if you need to. You are still in control. I just need to show you the way to release it."

Releasing my hands allows me to be more comfortable, and I appreciate it since the gag around my mouth challenges me. Memories from that night start to surface, but before I can get too deeply in, Bast reaches out to me. Forever watching out for me, he drops to his knees and gently kisses my inner thigh before whispering again that I'm in charge. I'm in control. I am allowing this because I trust him.

When his mouth descends on my core, I moan through the scarf in my mouth. This man's tongue was blessed in heaven, for sure. He starts off slowly, thrusting his tongue into my entrance, all the while pressing a gentle thumb against my clit. His thumb begins to rub small circles around the bundle of nerves, and my body just can't hold still. I squirm and wriggle, unable to contain myself, the pleasure building in my core. Within minutes, he has me ready to fall off the cliff.

He suddenly pulls away, and a whimper muffles through the scarf. "Ah, shh, I told you I'll be building this up. Just be patient, and you can earn all the orgasms you can handle."

He stands, his absence wafting in a cool breeze against my overheated body. My ears pick up a rustling sound in the corner, and then a click. It's not long before I feel his warm

hands against the back of my legs, lifting them to balance on his broad shoulder. One arm wraps around my calves, but his hand doesn't grip my legs. Instead, I feel a cool drip across my folds and jump from the unexpected sensation. Closely following the drip, I feel a finger sliding into my warmth before dipping lower.

"I told you I was eventually going to take your ass, didn't I?" I moan as I nod my head, anticipation spiking within my body. I feel the electricity tingling under my skin as his hand moves down, slowly pressing against my tight ring of muscle, massaging as he goes. I shift, trying to relieve the tension and hurry the process, but that only earns me a swift spank to my ass cheek. "Do *not* rush me, Angel," the firm command comes from above. I nod my head, breathing out my frustration. He continues, despite my little show of annoyance, but when he finally breaches the ring of muscle, my entire body relaxes. Slowly, he thrusts his finger in and out. Reaching out, I cling to the sheets, because holy-fucking-shit.

When he releases his hold on my legs, I leave them on top of his shoulder, so he has access. I'm rewarded for my obedience, though, because he lines his now hard cock along my center, thrusting to hit my clit in time with his fingers. "Do you think you would enjoy the others playing with us, Angel? Fuck, I'd bet you'd be a dirty little slut and take two of us at the same time. I bet we could even fuck your tight little cunt at the same time." I furiously shake my head, as there is no way two of these guys would fit there. "Aww, I bet you'd love it. You'll be begging us for it, I guarantee it. But we'll work ourselves up to it."

He slips the tip of a second finger into my ass, and I gasp around the scarf. The burn is delicious, completely turning my body into a furnace. I'm burning with desire for him to fill me, and I know I'm almost ready. He begins to pump his fingers again, this time pressing his cock to my entrance at the same time. "Want a taste of what that might feel like?" I jerkily nod my head, already on the edge of a climax. He slowly lowers my legs, and it's not until I feel his face between my thighs that I realize he's dropped to his knees.

Bast continues to thrust the two fingers he's using to stretch me, and when I feel the press of his tongue to my clit, I clench my thighs around his head. Within seconds, I'm hanging on for dear life, my fingers speared through his hair. As he finally allows me to come, a third finger joins the others. I'm too far gone to care about the sting of the muscles stretching beyond what they've ever done before, as wave after wave of pleasure crests throughout my body. He replaces his tongue with a thumb, and the sweet, dirty words that accompany my orgasm only help prolong the experience. "That's right, Angel, come for me. Open up for me; you're almost ready to take my dick. I can't wait to feel you clench around me. You're going to look so good as I fuck that tight ass of yours. You're such a good little whore, aren't you?"

My muffled cries slowly taper off, and Bast stands, lightly smacking my hip. "Roll over. Feet on the floor and spread wide, I want to see the canvas I'm working with."

I roll over, shift my hips off the bed, and stand with my top half lying on the bed, as he asked. "Fuck, this delicious ass needs to be eaten, too, but that's for another time." I hear the click again, and then the sound of sloshing as I assume he's pouring lube on his hand to lather his cock. Fucking hell, I hope he uses enough.

It's only a moment before I feel his tip press up against me. Uncontrollably, I tense up, even though I know he's already worked to stretch me. "Relax, Angel. I want you to do something for me. When you think the sting of the stretch is too much, and that I'm not going to fit, I want you to push. Try to push me out. It'll contract your muscles that keep you closed, and it'll allow me to slip inside you easier."

His dirty words run another electric thrill through me, and I nod my head, communicating my understanding. I feel him lean into me, wrapping a hand around my hip and going straight for my super sensitive clit, and the distraction almost works completely. When I whine, he reminds me to push.

It takes only a couple of seconds of me pushing against him before the tension releases, and he slips past that tight ring. I reach out, grasping at his forearms. As I breathe out in

relief, Bast pants. “Fuck, Angel, I knew you’d feel good. But, holy shit, your ass...” He groans as he begins to move, and I slowly rock against him. The need to have him fully seated in my ass takes over. The hand not flicking my clit has a solid hold against my hip.

Gentle thrust after thrust, he finally makes it fully inside me, and the hand holding my hip lifts me to stand. He rips off my blindfold, and after a blinding few seconds, I register where I’m at in my room. I’m off to the left side of my bed, with my dresser and attached mirror to my right. I turn my head, looking at the image of the two of us standing in the mirror. Bast flexes his ass, thrusting into my mine before slowly withdrawing.

Snaking his arm up, he plucks at one of my nipples. Sinking back into me, he licks a line up my neck, causing me to tilt my head and give him more access. The light nibbles he places down my neck before biting down harder across my collarbone only serve to intensify the pain-to-pleasure transfer. Luckily, he doesn’t bite too hard; only enough to provide that “sting.”

“Alright, Angel. Lie down again, but prop yourself up on your elbows. I want you to watch in the mirror, because you are so fucking tempting right now. I don’t know how much longer I’ll last because your ass is so perfect, so I want you to see how I’m going to make you come again.”

I bend down to lean on my elbows, and the grunt from behind me elicits a smile behind the scarf that remains in my mouth. That smile doesn’t last long, though. Within moments, Bast is pumping his rock-hard cock into me, and my eyes roll in my head. The sensations aren’t the same as regular sex, but goddamn, does it feel good.

Wave after wave of pinpointed pleasure spreads warmth up my spine, but when Bast returns his fingers to my clit, I almost instantly go off, clenching around him like he’s a lifeline to this plane of existence.

“Fuck, Angel, I can’t hold back.” His words of disbelief over how good this feels matches my own thoughts from a



second ago, and after three more thrusts, I can feel his dick throb and pulse inside me.

As soon as he has finished, he pulls me back up, crushing my back to his chest. He pulls down the scarf around my mouth and unties it, before slipping the remaining scarf off my hands. As he slips from my body, he spins me and kisses me deeply. Fully communicating his love and awe in one kiss, his lips move against mine as he bends and lifts me into his arms. Walking me into the shower, he warms the water, content to remain silent for now. After washing my body with care, he quickly washes himself before toweling me off and carrying me to bed. He crosses the room, silently flicking the lock on the doorknob. It's only after he returns and slips into bed, pulling me to cuddle against him, that he finally says something.

“I love you, Angel. I hope I didn't take anything too far.”

“You were fine. When I did get flustered with the scarf in my mouth, you talked to me, grounding me and walking me through it. I'm hoping in time I won't immediately trigger, but for now, I'll just need you to walk me through it. “

”I can do that. I promise, I'll always walk you through anything I'm interested in. You've seen most of it by now. I'm just so thankful you are letting me be a part of this.”

I tilt my head back to look up at him, questioning what he means, but he just wraps an arm around me and whispers with a sigh, “You are healing.”

I nod, too tired to say anything more. I'm thankful too, though, because for once in my life, I'm really beginning to feel at peace.

SIX



## COREY

It's only been a few days since New Year's Day, and this week has been hell. After the chaos of getting my Sunshine back, we've increased our training. We made sure that Cait was okay after talking with her mom, and then we headed out to Aspen to get more slope time in. We have two weeks until the X Games, so we aren't even working at Plein Air until that is over; sponsorships are everything right now.

I've missed spending time with Cait, but I know that she's surrounded by her mom and Aaron, so I'm not worried. I just wish I could be there with her. She's been calling while we've been away, and I can hear the sadness creeping into her voice when I have to go. I text her when I can, but that's mostly when we're in for the night, as she's not awake yet when we head out.

Last night, she told me she stayed home from work because the nightmares she's started having again were so vivid; she had to go walk on the treadmill in the Wilkins' gym until the sun was up. Only then was she able to shut her eyes and not see that asshole, Jason.

I'm so torn. I want to be by her side, but I know she wants me to focus on my dream. Dom offered for her to tag along, and I begged her to join us, but she refused. She's so selfless; she didn't want to be a distraction. Little does she know, she's a distraction whether she's here or not. I can't help but hope one day this will all be behind us, and we can all be together without any issues or interference.

As I train on the stunt course this weekend, I think about the future. This girl has all the makings of wifey material, so I just want to get past this drama. I know this isn't her fault. I just want to settle down and live my life with her. She is long-term goals, and I can't wait to treasure her every day for the rest of my life.

Competing in a new competition this year is both thrilling and challenging. The Knuckle Huck competition takes slopestyle and makes it “lazy.” There are no rails or jump ramps, but you basically skim over the snow hills into the air. This allows for twists and flips like a ramp could offer, except it’s more difficult because of the shallow lift angle. Training for this has been extremely demanding, as I’m not used to such little lift. I can only do inverted MC Twists and 720s with the lift I’m getting. I either need to increase my bounce going into the hill or perfect whatever moves I have prior to the opening round.

After my last pass through the stunt course, I ride down to the café area to wait for Dom and the others. Bast shows up first, though, and decides to go sit in the sauna to relax his tightening back muscles.

As Dom and Cameron approach, I wonder what would happen if Cam let her in. We know his circle is tight, but his unwillingness to open up is a struggle we’re all facing. Dom steps up and leaves his board with us while he grabs something to warm us up. In the meantime, I look over at Cam and wonder just what exactly is going through his head.

“Bro, how did you do?” I ask Cam as he unhooks his bindings from his boots.

“Hey,” he says, letting out a breath. “I think if I can nail the transition I have from my switchback 12 to that double crippler I’ve been working on, I’ll definitely place on a podium.”

“Fantastic, bro!” I’m so damn proud of him, and I’m not afraid to show it. Cam and I have been friends since before we met Bast and started formally training. All of these moments build core memories for me, and I love that he and I can spend them together.

“So…” I trail off, not knowing how to start this conversation.

The side eye he gives me lets me know he isn’t going to respond. He’s waiting for me to finish my thought. The only issue is, I’m not sure what I’m trying to say.

“Alright, look, I’m not sure how to broach this with you, but I’m tired of seeing you sabotage yourself.”

He huffs, turning and picking up his board and walking over to lean it against Dom’s. As he turns back to me, I see Dom on the way back with a tray of coffee. Now is the time, at least I have backup.

”Cam, we know that you have feelings for Cait. I know this is your decision, however, I feel it’s my responsibility as your brother to call you on your shit. You were fine Christmas Eve; Cait even raved about her night with you, so I know she enjoyed herself. Why are you making things so hard? Is it because her mom married your dad? Because that means nothing. Cait even talked to her mom the other day, and she talked about you. I don’t know the details, but bro, she wants you.”

I’m not surprised when Cam rolls his eyes and sucks through his teeth. The scoff is so telling, though. As is the tightness in his shoulders. He’s so uncomfortable he can’t respond. That’s ok, I can communicate for the both of us. “Cam, listen, we know you’re dealing with your own shit, but you’re holding out on Cait. You know you want her, and you’re punishing both of you by refusing what you have together.”

“He’s right, bro,” Dom says, handing out our coffees. “You need to stop fighting it and realize that we are all suffering from your indecision. Your not wanting to start anything with her is selfish, and it’s causing her distress, which is trickling down to us.”

“So, what?” he asks, disbelief flush on his face. “Do you think I should fuck around with her like you all do?” My mouth drops open in shock at his words. What the fuck. He must notice my shock because he continues. “Fuck, I don’t mean it like that. I’m just not going to jump in bed with someone just because they are ridiculously hot. I’m over falling for chicks just to be blindsided.”

“No, dude,” I interrupt, seeing right through his defensive attitude. “I don’t think that’s it at all. I think you need to be

honest that her mom's marriage with your dad doesn't involve you. You keep finding excuses not to admit this thing you have - that we have - with her is real. Are you afraid of that? Are you hesitant because she's involved with us?"

A scoff pours from his throat after only a slight pause in reaction. "I had no issues with it when I took her out on Christmas Eve."

"Then why are you being such an ass?" Dominic rarely chimes in with shit we bicker about, but I know he loves our girl, whether he's told her or not. "She's suffering from your distance, bro. You've been a complete dick, and she doesn't deserve to be jerked around like that. We can all see you have feelings for her; even Cait knows it. She's being patient, I just don't know how long she'll last before she writes you off."

"What can I do, though? I can't get past the fact that my dad is married to her mom. That's fucking weird. We live in the same house now!" His exasperated tone tells me he's wanting to get past this. He's just struggling with his next move. I don't blame him; it's hard to start seeing a girl when she's your new step-sister, living in the next room.

"All I can say is you need to talk to her. Tell her the things you're uncertain about, and for fuck's sake, apologize for being an asshole. You almost had everything back to an even keel, and then you go and flip over something as little as a surprise family issue."

"Surprise family issues aren't always easy to deal with, Cor," he says dryly. The eye roll only further communicates his exasperation.

"That may be, but you have a tendency to overreact to things, and sorry, but this was poor timing. You'd just finally got her back." Pointing out the obvious only drove my point further. "I get this is uncomfortable, but you need to figure out what you want. Do you want her? You appeared to have become comfortable with the idea, so are you going to let this affect your happiness?"

Cam sighs and drops his head. "I've been a dumbass. I hate pushing people away, but I always seem to do it. Except

for you guys.”

“And that’s why we stick with you,” Dom says, clapping a hand on Cam’s shoulder. “We’ve got your back, man, and we’ll call your bullshit when we need to. Now, you need to talk to her before it’s too late. Grow a pair and take the plunge. The cold water will only hurt for a moment, and she’ll be there to warm you up.”

“You’re right. Now I just need to figure out the right timing. I don’t want to rush her. It has to be natural, you know?”

“Well,” I chime in, “you know we’re going to be training a lot soon. Better figure out a time while we’re in town in the next week or two. Otherwise, you might not have an opportunity for yourself. We’re not going to make it easy, because we want our time with her, too. If you’re going to join this party, you will need to make time that doesn’t interfere with the rest of us. We’ll share, but we aren’t giving up what little time we already have with her. Plus, you live in the same house. You shouldn’t have any excuse.”

“I get it, man,” he responds, deep in thought. “I get it.”

The ride back with Bast took forever. It’s been three days since I’ve seen Cait, and I’ve been needing to hold my girl in my arms. Once back in town, I drive straight over to see my Sunshine. When she opens the door, I swoop in and wrap my arms around her waist and lift her up. Claiming her lips, I kick the door closed before I spin her and lean her against the back of it. Fire ripples through my body with the feeling of hers pressed against mine. I quickly become lightheaded from the spell of her lips moving against mine and pull back, gasping for air. Cait grins as she recovers from the passionate kiss, and she nuzzles into my neck.

“I missed you,” she says, her soft, warm lips grazing against my neck. I groan as my dick strains against my jeans, already like granite from the greeting.

“Sunshine, I love you, but you’re just teasing me now.”

“You haven’t missed me?” She pulls back with a pouty lip and a gleam in her eye.

“You know I’ve missed you.” I’m sincere with my words, and I know she’s flirting, but I want her to know that I missed *her*.

She shimmies out of my hold and drops to the ground. Taking my hand, she turns and leads me up the stairs. As we make it to her room, she opens the door for me and closes it behind us, leaning up against it. I spin, looking around, as it’s the first time I’ve been in her room in this house. It’s set up very similar to her room in the apartment, but I know for sure that Cam’s room is sharing a wall with hers. I saw his Porsche in the driveway, so I can only assume he’s home, too.

“Sunshine,” I say warily as I turn back to her. “Is anyone else home?”

“I think I heard Cam get back a little while ago, but Mom, Aaron, and Lily went out for a movie and then dinner earlier today. They won’t be back until about nine or so.” She wags an eyebrow at me before locking the door and stripping off her shirt.

I can’t help the gasp that escapes me at the sight of her bare skin. The temptress wasn’t wearing a bra under that heavy sweater, and all that she has left on her body is a pair of tiny sleep shorts. Her perfectly round breasts taunt me; her tight nipples are evidence that she’s ready for me. My mouth waters as my tongue begs to caress each blushed peak.

As she steps up to me, I brace myself on her arms. “Sunshine, I want you so much right now. I’m in pain because of my need for you. But I want you to tell me if you’re not ready. Is this too much?”

“Babe, I’ve been with Bast since the other night. I’m ok. I’ve worked out some issues, and nothing happened that night



except for some bumps and bruises. I'm okay, I promise."

At her words, I lean down and circle my tongue around one pert nipple and then the other. The illicit moan I pull from her with my attention to her luscious tits goes straight to my dick. My hands wrap around her waist, and I turn and back her up to the bed.

"Sunshine, you said Cam was the only one home?" I mumble the words around the nibbles I'm placing up her chest and neck.

"Yes," she replies hesitantly as she writhes in my hold. A soft moan reaches my ears, and a wicked grin soon spreads between my lips.

"Will you play with me tonight? I had a talk with Cam today, and I think he needs some... incentive to make a move to repair the damage he's caused. Will you let me put on a show? I want him to know what he's missing out on."

I nip at her earlobe to accentuate my lascivious point. The rapt sigh that precedes her consent has my cock twitching. Soon, dude. We're going to put on a show and tease the fuck out of him.

I crouch down, grazing my lips down the valley of her breasts, over her soft stomach, and as my hands slide her skimpy sleep shorts and panties off her hips, I dip my tongue to her slick folds. Light swipes, barely dipping into the heaven that lies beneath, I gently guide her to lie on the bed.

"Fuck, Corey, I need you." Her passionate words only incite my desire to put on a show, but I'll have to work up to it if I want the best reaction. Slow and steady, I begin to tease her lower lips. A lick here, a swipe of my finger there. By the time I've worked her up enough to where I can feel her arousal dripping onto her legs, I can't hold back anymore. I dive face first, feasting like a starving man. I drink up her desire, determined to satiate my own thirst with her honey.

By the time I have her twisting on the bed from my tongue, I slide my hand up her leg and dip a finger into her center. She immediately bucks and cries out, her center clenching around

the one digit. I withdraw, adding another, and I proceed to work her over with my tongue and fingers, hitting the right bundles of nerves, both inside and out. She comes another three times before I hear a thump in the next room.

Grinning, I sit back on my haunches and withdraw my fingers. The whimper Cait releases is both cute and encouraging because my goal is to wring every sensual sound from her throat. I stand, and as I unbuckle and remove my belt, my Sunshine leans up on her elbows. Her face is flushed, but the wild smirk she gives me tells me she's ready for more. I reach over my head and grab my collar, pulling my shirt off in a single move. But while my shirt temporarily blinded me, my girl slipped off the bed and to her knees. She's unbuttoning my jeans before I can even attempt to myself, and as her hands brush against the front, my dick jumps, anxious for her touch.

The look she gives me from her knees is pure sin, and I'll suffer through the second circle of hell to revel in the lust of her gaze.

As soon as she has my jeans open, her hand is snaking inside. The moment her fingers dip into my boxer briefs, a groan of complete pleasure tears from my throat. She uses her other hand to tug my jeans and boxers off my ass, and as the tension releases, my cock springs free, straining to be closer to her delicious mouth. She doesn't disappoint, either, immediately taking me between her lips.

"Fuck, Sunshine, you aren't giving me time to build my resolve. You're gonna make me come too fast." I make sure and speak this loud enough to where I'm sure Cam can hear. I can't wait to see the look on his face after his first time with his dick in her mouth. Better than heaven; I've always said this.

I weave my fingers into her hair, both fists guiding her, and not letting her swallow me down. I wouldn't be able to handle it, so I'm limiting her access.

After about a minute of her sucking my cock, and enjoying the tease of her warm mouth, I decide enough is enough. It's

time to make the bed shake and bounce against the wall. I pull her off of my dick and bend down, swooping in to steal a kiss.

“On the bed, and stick that perky ass in the air. I can’t wait to hear you scream my name.” Her pink cheeks only flush darker, but she smiles wickedly and stands to turn and crawl onto the bed. Her exquisite ass sways as she crawls onto the bed, turning to glance over her shoulder before she lowers to her forearms and puts everything on a pedestal for me.

“Fuck me, Sunshine. Do you have to bend over just like that?” I smirk at the next thump that I hear through the wall. It’s not as loud as the first, but it’s enough that I know he’s paying attention. “Get ready, baby, I know the way to make you scream. Want to see if the neighbors will call the cops?”

I don’t give her a chance to respond; instead, I slide home, balls deep, into her tight pussy. “Fuck!” I roar out before I thrust in time with her pants and cries of pleasure. I reach my hand down, collecting some of her juices, and bring it up to her tight hole, massaging gently. Within seconds, I have her screaming my name, and I slip a finger, and then a second, into her ass. I keep her release rolling, drawing out all I can from her.

As she drops her chest to the bed, I smack her ass lightly with my free hand. “That’s it, Sunshine. Can you give me one more? I want them all from you, but come for me once more, and I’ll take you to the shower and wash you down before tucking you into bed.”

A little moan escapes her lips before she pushes herself up and nods her head. “Such a good girl, giving me all your orgasms.” I pump my fingers still tucked in her backside, and a shiver rolls down her spine. “That’s it, Sunshine, give it to me. I’ll treasure your screams forever.”

I begin to piston my hips, pushing my fingers deeper, and when I reach around with my other hand, I clamp down on her hip, dipping my middle finger between her folds to rub her clit the slightest bit.

With the next thrust, she screams out once more. “Corey, oh my fucking god! Yes!”

Thrusting twice more into her warm, wet cunt, I release my own orgasm with a roar. I vaguely hear a door slam, and as my dick finishes twitching, Cait collapses beneath me on the bed. I slip out from her relaxed body, and I drop beside her on the bed.

In the distance, I hear the front door slam and Cam's Porsche rumble to life before tearing down the driveway. I chuckle to myself as I gaze at my gorgeous girl. He's got to work for it if he wants to experience her like this. The contented haze she's in makes me proud that she feels safe with me, and that she can give her pleasure over to me. Because I swear to god, I'll treasure moments like these forever.

# SEVEN



## CAIT

I don't know if I've ever thought I had my life under control, but as it is right now, I *know* I don't. I've never been more confused within my own head. I feel hyper and sad, all at the same time. Like the world is ending, and yet, all I can think about is cleaning out the boxes of crap that we accumulated in just a few short months.

We ended up with four boxes of junk that were delivered with the last of our items this week, and when I'm home by myself because Mom and Aaron are out doing something with Lily, I find myself digging into a mindless puzzle just to keep myself occupied.

At night, my body is physically exhausted, and yet I can't sleep. Unless one of the guys is with me, that is.

Lily starts school again tomorrow, and Mom and Aaron are going back to work. They had a honeymoon planned, but with my abduction, they delayed that, and we just quietly completed our move into his home.

But now, they are all going back to work and school. I'm not allowed back into school until I figure out my credit issues. I've been bored as hell at home because the guys don't want to let me go to work without one of them. Which, by the way, I think is ridiculous. Jason isn't coming back after me... I think. They would rather I stay safe, locked up here, where no one can get to me. But honestly? I'm not sure if I could go anywhere if I didn't have someone with me, anyway.

As I sit here in the entryway, digging into this last box, I'm surprised when my vision blurs. What? *Fuck, I'm crying.* Why? I get it, I've been through a lot, but I'm fine, I am. I swipe my sleeve across my face and go back to sorting the remaining shoes that were collected by the front door and thrown in the box.

When a knock thunders from beyond the door to my left, I nearly jump out of my skin. I barely control the scream that crawled up my throat, but when I check the doorbell camera, I find it's only Ella. Thank god, I need my bestie to distract me. I swing the door open, grab her arm, and yank her inside before slamming and locking the door.

"Oomph," she grunts, succumbing to my wild embrace. "Girl, we need to get you out more. You just saw me at work this week."

"I know, but I feel like this house is so big, it's swallowing me whole."

Ella's tight hug reminds me that yes, I have people on my side. I know I do, but sometimes I feel like my mind plays tricks on me. I swear, I feel like my thoughts echo through my head all day long.

"Come on, I need a snack. Doesn't Aaron have an espresso machine, too? Coffee and chat time." She grabs my hand and drags me toward the kitchen, leaving the mess I created in the front hall. By the time she has me settled at the kitchen bar, Ella quickly whips up some popcorn and a couple of iced lattes. She soon comes around to the stool next to mine and climbs up, sitting cross-legged on the small seat.

"So, tell me what's going on. How are the guys? How are you doing *with the guys*?"

I smile, thinking about my men. Corey was so playful when he came over yesterday. I was too, but then he decided to antagonize Cam... I'm not sure if that was the best move. The sex was amazing, but I'm worried about Cam's response going forward. I just don't want to push him too far.

"Things have been great. Corey came over last night," I say, hesitating with how much I want to tell her. She immediately sees my delay for what it is, though.

"Spill the tea. I am thirsty, and I need to know."

I roll my eyes at her exuberance, but I still continue with the story. "So, things have been really good with the guys. Like, if they are in town, I'm getting dicked down by one of

them. It's crass to say it that way, but I don't care. I can't get enough of them."

"As I said, Corey came over last night. For some reason, he was ready to make sure Cam knew we shared a bedroom wall. Corey made sure that the bed wasn't the only thing groaning, and I think that pissed off Cam because he stormed out of the house as we were finishing."

"Whoa, girl. Are you ready for that? With Cam, I mean?"

"I'm not fucking him, Els," I say with a shrug of my shoulders. "If he wants to start something with me, he needs to come to me and apologize, *again*. Things were going well for a bit, and then the whole step-sibling thing came up. I talked to Mom, and she's okay with it. I want him, but I've been open to him since before Christmas and he turned his back on me. Cam needs to communicate his wants and needs instead of storming around. I'm willing to work on things with him, but he can't keep toying with me. He needs to either put up or shut up."

"Yeah, I mean, you're right. But flaunting your relationship status with the other guys in front of him?"

I hadn't thought of that. But wasn't that his point?

"I think Corey was trying to show me off. He said something like that, I think. I'm not sure if I'd purposefully attempt to piss him off or make him jealous, but I'm also not going to hide from him."

"Alright. I see that. Did Corey say why he wanted to make a show?"

"I think he said something about having a conversation with him, but I can't remember."

"Well, if Corey can pull Cam's head out of his ass, all the more power to him. What about the others?" Ella is surely curious about how all of this is working. I hope she's not jealous...

"Bast, he's absolutely amazing. After Halloween, I thought I'd be screwed when it came to sex. I was first with Corey after that night, because he was familiar, but I felt I needed to



be in charge that night. And this may be TMI, but that's not me in bed. I'm much more 'go with the flow'."

"Bast let me work my way through my issues, but he also has issues, which means... he prefers to be in charge. I wasn't sure, at first, if I'd be okay with that. I quickly realized that may be just what I need. Bast has helped me recently with exploring giving up control, and it's been a way for me to actually heal from the things I've suffered at Jason's hands."

"Dom, though," I sheepishly grin as I duck my head. "Dom has been the best. He's sweet and caring, and he dotes on me when we're in the same room together. He's like a balm to my soul."

"And how are you dealing with the sharing? Are the guys playing nice?"

"For the most part," I say with a shrug. "Corey, Bast, and Dom all are dealing with it fine. Cam has had issues when exposed to public displays of affection," I say, remembering the morning at the hotel, "but otherwise he ignores it."

"What about before Christmas?" she asks, and again I'm curious about her motives.

"Before the big bombshell, he was okay with the affection the other guys showed to me."

"I wonder if this isn't just his jealousy, then," she muses. "I hope you don't mind the twenty questions, but relationships like this intrigue me."

"You're fine, Els," I say, grinning over at her. "I don't mind sharing some details. You just won't get them all."

"Tease," she says, sticking out her tongue. "How is school? Has the second semester started?"

My playful grin falls, and I drain the last of my latte before I answer her. "I wouldn't know. I didn't enroll."

"And why the hell not?" Her outrage boils over as the popcorn goes flying.

"Because I still haven't been able to fix my credits. No one at the school can tell me what's going on." Tears burn in my

eyes, but I push forward. “I can’t seem to get a straight answer about why the credits for those courses aren’t good enough, and I can’t continue with my major without those credits. It’s as if I never took those prerequisite courses at all.”

Slumping back in my chair, I let the tears flow. I don’t care that I was smiling and giggling minutes before. “Ella, it’s like I can’t focus when I have all these things going on. New family, school, a stalker, and now multiple boyfriends who I rarely see because they are big sports stars with sponsors that they have to work hard to keep. I’m such a hot mess. It’s why I’ve avoided doing stuff with Mom and Lily this week. I don’t want to hold them down with my inability to even take care of myself.”

“Now that’s not ok, girl. Come on. Aren’t you supposed to work tomorrow?” she asks, gently wiping away my tears.

“As long as I have one of the guys coming with me, then yes. I’m not sure how much I’ll be able to work in the next couple of weeks, though, because they are going to be up the mountain a lot with training.”

Ella stands and wraps me up in her arms before reassuring me. “Girl, don’t worry about it. We’ve all got you. We’ll be there for you.”

Returning her hug, I bask in the love, but I can’t help but think that I’m not worth all the effort. My issues are beginning to cause problems for others, and I wonder when they’ll start saying it’s not worth it.

## DOM

Glancing up at the clock as I arrive at my office Tuesday morning, I notice I have about two hours to get a little work done before I have to meet Cait at Lift. I open my laptop and pull up the marketing files I need to approve before taking a sip of my coffee. After what feels like only a few minutes, a knock on the glass door breaks my focus.

Looking up, I see Cait standing in the office hallway, dressed in the skimpiest clothes that could be considered a work uniform. Leggings and a fitted long sleeve T-shirt aren't that revealing, but fuck me, it shows off every single curve of her body. I wave her in before looking down at my watch.

"Baby Girl, I'm glad to see you, but it's not time, is it? I thought I was supposed to meet you there at nine-thirty?"

She walks in, shuts and locks the door, before strutting her little ass around my desk and leaning back against it. This whole time, she's slowly pushing her jacket off her shoulders.

"You have that switch to fog the glass, don't you?" The wicked gleam in her eye tells me she's up to something, but for now, I'll play along.

"Yeah..." I stand and turn around, flipping a switch on the rear wall of my office. Instantly, the glass walls that line the hallway all frost over. I spin back to Cait, but she's on her knees, her T-shirt on the floor behind her. She's attacking my belt like she can't get it open fast enough.

"Whoa, Cait, what's going on?" I whisper-yell because she's never given off vibes like this. Just as she unlatches my dress slacks and struggles to slide them and my boxers off my hips, she looks up at me with those flirty doe-eyes as she draws the flat of her tongue across the length of my dick. "Fuck, Baby Girl, this feels great, but we can't do this. Not here."

The pouty lip she gives me turns my stomach inside out with guilt, but this is crossing the line.

“But, Sir... I need you.”

I close my eyes, feeling my resolve fizzle away. This she-devil knows how to twist me up.

“Oh really? What do you need, Baby Girl?”

“I need to swallow your cock, Sir. I was hoping you had an office fantasy I could fulfill, because I needed you too much this morning, and I couldn't wait.”

Well fuck me, I'm going to fuck my girl both under my desk and on top of it. A grumble crawls up my throat as I think of all the positions I want Cait in, but I like her starting on her knees. It always makes me content and happy, and the fact that she started there on her own makes my balls tighten.

I sit back in my chair, and she immediately crawls forward between my spread knees. To help out, I gather her hair in one hand as I caress her jaw with the other.

“I don't deserve you, Baby Girl. You know just what to do to make me weak for you, don't you?”

The sweet, coy smile she gives me before hollowing her cheeks around me tells me all I need to know. I moan as she swirls her tongue around my tip, and then begins to slowly work around my dick, making it harder than I can remember due to this fantasy. Her head bobs as she laves and licks, making sure to trace every single vein. When she takes me into the back of her throat again, I bite the fist not holding her hair to keep quiet.

I pull her off of me and to her feet, unable to resist her anymore. I close my laptop and move it to a drawer before bending her over my desk, hand to her back, holding her down where I want her. *Fuck, she looks good*, bent over and served up to me just like I've always dreamed about. I bend down and take a tentative lick between her folds, and her squirm is enough to make me stand and address her.

“I'm only going to say this once, Baby Girl. You have to be quiet. Silent, even. If anyone gets the hint that we are in

here, doing this, I could not only be fired for inappropriate behavior, but I could be sued if the wrong person finds us and takes offense. So you *will* be quiet, or I will send you to work early. Which will it be?"

Her eyes bug out, and she immediately mimes locking her lips. I reach down to my pants to pull out the extra condom I keep in my wallet, but her hand on my wrist makes me pause.

"I want to feel you," she whispers back to me, "and think about you watching me work all day while you drip down my leg." I close my eyes and tip back my head at her dirty words, but I hesitate no longer.

"Such a good girl," I murmur, gripping my cock and swiping it through her dripping folds. "Such a good fucking girl, seducing me from your knees, and now lying out on my desk. You're soaking wet, and you're going to take all of me, do you hear that?" My voice is low and raw with the lust she's lured out of me since first sauntering into my office.

With one thrust, I slide in all the way until our hips meet. "Fuck, such a good girl," I whisper. She feels so slick and warm. I haven't been bare with a woman in years, but I can't remember sex ever feeling this good. I begin to grind my thrusts, working to hit the spots inside her tight channel, as I reach my hand around her hip and slip my fingers to her clit. I can't draw this out and make her scream, but I can make sure she comes and then reward her after she gets off work.

It doesn't take long before I feel her flutter and clench around my cock. I pinch her clit, and thrust harder and faster, drawing her closer and closer to finishing. I'm almost there too, so I lean down and whisper in her ear, "Are you going to come for me, baby? I need you to come, and remember, you can't scream. Just choke my dick, Baby Girl, and I'll make it all better tonight."

Immediately, she gasps, grabbing hold of my desk with a death grip. I empty inside of her, soaking her inner walls with my cum, knowing full well the picture she painted of me watching her all day is true. Now that I have this woman, I'm never letting her go.

Sitting in Lift has never been more fun. I'm watching my girl run around, making coffee orders and serving pastries, and I know her panties are soaked with my seed. Why does that do something to me? Fuck me, I know she's on birth control, but the idea of her pregnant because of me makes my balls tingle. I'm nowhere near ready for kids, but with Cait? I can't get the idea out of my mind.

Working from a café table is not the easiest, but for my girl, I'll do what I have to. My laptop is out, and I have a coffee on constant refill thanks to the staff. January's "My Goals Are Rolls" maple bacon roll is delicious too, but I have to limit myself to only one. So, while the environment isn't the most comfortable, the view and snacks are pretty nice.

As I get this last note emailed off, I notice Cait standing at a table across the room, staring out the window. My head tilts to the side as I watch her. What is she doing? She has a spray bottle and cleaning towel in her hand, but she's just standing there. Was there something outside that caught her attention?

I'm about to get up and go to her when Ella calls over to her. Broken from her daze, I see her wipe her cheek before turning to go to the espresso machine. What the fuck? Was she crying? What's going on here? I grab my coffee cup, and even though I don't need a refill, I need to check on my girl.

"Baby Girl, are you alright?" I ask in a lowered voice, so as not to draw attention.

She looks up, startled, and then brushes off my question. "Yeah, I uh, I was just thinking."

I raise an eyebrow, obviously not buying the line she served me. "You aren't allowed to lie to me. Tell me the truth."

A sigh escapes her lips, and she licks her lower lip before speaking. “I’m just tired. It’s been a long six months. It’s been a long six years, actually, and I just want my life to settle down.”

I nod in understanding. She’s been through a lot, but I’m here to help now. “I get it. Keep hanging in there, ok? The guys and I can help.”

She nods and smiles, though it’s not as bright as it normally is. I grab my refilled coffee cup and return to my table, grabbing my phone to text the guys.

Hey, have any of you noticed any changes in Cait?

BAST

How so?

Well, she’s had ridiculous mood swings lately. I know she basically avoided her family last week, and now she’s either on the verge of tears or jumping me in my office.

COREY

What?!

Yeah, I’m at Lift with her today, but she came to the office early and practically begged me to fuck her over the desk. While she was on her knees for me.

COREY

Haha, she knew what she was doing, didn’t she?

BAST

She knew exactly what to do to get you to say yes \*smirking face\*, but that type of behavior isn’t normal for her, is it? I know she likes being watched, but out in public, and at the store...

Yeah, she had to be quiet. I had the hallway glass frosted, but still. Anyone could have walked by and heard us, and you know Clarence from the finance office would've filed a sexual harassment suit.

CAM

I know this doesn't involve me, but have you guys thought maybe she could be depressed? Or anxious? Random behaviors, isolation, and mood swings all fit. To be honest, all of this fits in with PTSD from her recent as well as past experiences, it's just getting worse.

Fuck. He's right.

Yeah, I guess so. But how do we say something without triggering her?

CAM

I've got Sarah's number now, so I can message her. Maybe she can call Cait's doctor.

Thanks, bro. I appreciate that. Watching her act differently is weird as fuck

A cry pierces the air, and I jerk my head up in time to see Cait crumble to the ground. I rush over, pulling her into my arms.

“Cait, Baby Girl, what's wrong?”

She's shaking, and when she looks up at me, pure terror laces her steel-gray eyes. She hesitantly holds up a piece of paper, and when I can finally see what's on it, I feel the blood drain from my face.

“Hold on, Cait, I've got you. I won't let you go. Ella,” I say, turning to her friend, “we need a bag to put that note in.” Her eyes go wide, and I know she understands completely. I pull my phone out from my pocket and snap a picture, sending it to the group chat.



Meeting, now, Wilkins house. Cam, call your dad.  
He and Sarah need to be there, too.

Caitlyn,

You know what you did needs to be punished, right? You will end up mine. Your time will come; just wait. I will come for you, and everyone you know will suffer for your disobedience.

**EIGHT**



## **BAST**

This nightmare for Cait seems like it will never end. I swear to god, if I get my hands on this creep, I'll end his life and spend the rest of my life in prison to protect her from this trauma.

Tuesday was rough. When that message came through, and I saw the note, I was in my gym in the basement. I stopped immediately, threw on a jacket, and left. All I could think about was being at the house when Dom brought her home.

Cam did indeed call his dad. Aaron talked to Sarah while they were at work, and they drove home. At Cam's insistence, Sarah called Lily's school and added Cam as a safe person to pick her up. Cam thought since he wasn't as close as everyone else with Cait, he could be useful to the whole family by picking Lily up and keeping her entertained. I swear he's worth his weight in gold when he doesn't have his head stuck up his ass.

When Dom brought a shaking Cait home, we got her into the house and then the den, away from the front door, in case Lily came running in. As soon as we had Cait snuggled into us on the couch, Corey burst into the house. I switched places with him, knowing he's got a better personality for the comforting thing. I managed to find my way to the kitchen and heat a kettle for tea.

Aaron and Sarah got home soon after that, followed quickly by Detective Wallace. Bolstered by the tea, and surrounded by her loved ones, Cait recounted what happened to the Detective.

"I was having a normal day at work. Dom was there, which I'm now eternally grateful for. Lori came out of the office, handing me an envelope. The mail had been delivered before lunch, but she'd just gotten a chance to go through it. This envelope was addressed to me, but at The Lift's address. I found that odd, but I figured it was something from a

customer. Instead, it was a letter from Jason. Granted, it wasn't signed. But I know it was from him."

Now, a day later, we still haven't recovered from the shock that he is still out there. He survived the frigid temperatures and somehow found himself back where he was living.

The night was rough. Aaron contacted someone he thought could help, but they were on a mission and needed a few more days before they could get here. Dom stayed with Cait all night, only leaving this morning to go home, shower, and get a fresh change of clothes. He told me when I arrived before dawn that she had several nightmares, despite the fact that he stayed with her. With Aaron and Sarah needing to go to work, I took over as Cait's personal body pillow, and I swear this is perfect. Snuggled up with my girl is exactly where I need to be.

We started a Harry Potter marathon this morning, and by mid-morning, Cait drifted off to sleep. I couldn't help but enjoy my time with her, even if she fell asleep.

I find myself humming a song, which turns into ten. I love that my Angel loves when I sing to her. She confessed that the day Corey and I convinced her to come back to the house in early November, she woke up and heard me singing and playing my guitar. Just the thought that someone, somehow, heard me, made me panic a bit. Singing is a personal thing for me. I rarely do it around others. It's a source of irrational insecurity for me, and I'm not sure why. I just keep it private.

But when Cait said that my song comforted her and put her at peace, I vowed to start singing more around her. I will do anything for this woman. She is my whole world. I know I have my own family, but since she's come into my life, I feel like my world has come alive.

Corey stops by and brings lunch, and when Cait wakes up, she shifts over to cuddle with him for a bit. I get up, use the restroom, eat my lunch before Corey has to leave and head back to work. Dom needed him to come in and handle some issues with a Plein Air photoshoot coming up while he finalizes our X Games promotional schedule.

After he leaves, I pull Cait back down beside me and place a kiss on her forehead. “Angel, I know things have been rough, but I promised to always be there for you. You are it for me.”

“I know,” she whispers, looking up at me with her big gray eyes. Dark circles haunt her face as evidence of her lack of sleep, but she’s still so beautiful. I lean in and kiss her sweet, plump lips, and the tiny breath she releases stirs my cock. I pull back, waiting for her to decide if she wants to snuggle or take this further. As she pulls back and smiles at me, out of the corner of my eye, I see Cam walk into the kitchen.

As Cait leans in to kiss me again, I remember how Corey said he pushed Cam into talking about Cait and then made a show that night. We all just got home from training; I can only think maybe Cam needs support from all of us, and maybe I should push him, too.

I deepen the kiss with my Angel, and I wrap my hand around her hip to pull her closer. As she slides over to straddle my lap, I grind up into her, sandwiching my hardening cock against her pussy. Her warmth only intensifies as she whimpers with need, and I make the decision to put on the show right then and there.

Quickly, I grab a hold of her ass and stand with her in my arms. She wraps her legs around my waist on instinct, and I swallow her gasp, keeping her focus on me as I walk around the sofa. Once I make it to the back, I slide her down my body, making sure she feels how I’m already saluting her. She’s so addictive and I need my fix. Tempting and teasing Cam into making his move is a secondary benefit.

Once her toes touch the floor, I spin my Angel in my arms and bend her over the back of the couch. Grinding against her ass is the sweetest torture, and I plan on taking her there again soon.

I lean over her, pulling her hair to the side, and whisper in her ear. “Stay right here, Angel. Don’t move, do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” she politely responds, and a possessive rumble builds from my chest. This girl is fucking perfect for me, and I love it.

I step back out of the way to remove my shoes, and I see Cam standing in the doorway, ready to escape. I lock my eyes with him and silently warn him to stay and watch. He doesn't know I'd follow him up to his room with her bare-assed, over my shoulder, if I had to. My friend needs the push, and Corey and Dom spoke to him already, so guess what? It's my turn.

I spin back around and focus my attention on Angel's ass. Fuck me, her ass is spectacular. Soft and plump, I swear it's as juicy as a peach can get. I begin by rubbing my hands around her luscious globes, enjoying the little sway of her hips as my soft caresses tease her. Promptly smacking one of her cheeks for shifting around brings me a twinge of satisfaction. The moan that pours from her lips is an erotic song that sends electricity shooting through my balls. I look back at Cam, and sure enough, his eyes are closed, and he's gripping the counter like it's a chore to be watching this show.

Bro, I know. Just you wait, though.

I turn back to my Angel and kneel on the floor behind her legs, slowly dragging her leggings and panties off her hips. Her oversized sweater usually hides her ass, but with her bent over the couch, everything is on display. I watch with rapt attention as her plump pussy is uncovered, and I can't help but bite my lower lip. I lean in, taking a swipe of her juiciness with my tongue, and I can feel her groan of frustration vibrate through her body.

I lean back on my haunches, taking a finger to dip between her folds. Her warmth and slickness never cease to amaze and fascinate me, and a fire burns deep in my gut to sink into her. Resisting the urge, though, I know the upcoming scene will be worth it. I continue to swipe my finger through her center, dipping into her channel and withdrawing, slowly building her desire into an all-consuming need. I want her ready to do whatever I ask - of her own will, of course.

Once I have her panting and gasping for more, I get to my feet and pull her to stand against me.

“Angel,” I rumble into her ear as I run my hands up the front of her body. “Did you know you have an audience?” Her instant freeze tells me I kept my secret, but now it’s time to give her the power of the scene and let her flourish into the seductress I know her to be. “Yeah, it seems as if the one person who’s been avoiding taking that next step for you finds your body irresistible. And I don’t blame him, I’m completely at your mercy. Do you think we can give him a better show?”

As I finish those last words, I spin us both around. I immediately feel her heart pound when she locks her gaze on Cam. His eyes are blazing with heat for her. He’s almost at his breaking point, and I don’t blame him. I reach up and pull her oversized sweater off one shoulder and watch him as I kiss down her neck. My Angel bites her lip and her chest rises in fast breaths. Her need for a release is palpable, and I’m going to give it to her, even if I have to get her to involve Cam first.

I move my left hand to her ribs, pushing slightly, so I can get her moving toward the kitchen. As she moves, my grip on her supports and guides her, so she doesn’t fall, because fuck all if her attention isn’t solely on Cam. As we approach him, I slow her down and then stop just out of his reach. He’ll need to make that move to claim her. I whisper in her ear, though, loud enough for him to hear.

“Angel, do you want him?” She stares directly into his eyes as she draws her hand up her leg, pulling her sweater up her body and showcasing that glorious pussy. “I think you need to show him what he’s missing out on. He heard you the other night. Now, I think he needs to see how perfect you are.”

I step back half a step to allow Cait to lift the sweater from her body, sliding it up and over her head before she throws it onto the kitchen counter. I step back up behind her, but this time, I take her own hands in mine and slowly guide her in caressing each of those tasty curves.

“Bro, now is the chance. I don’t know if you’ll ever have something so delicious served up on a platter like this ever

again. Come on, take a taste.” Gently, I steer her left hand to her spectacular breasts and the right toward the apex of her thighs. Cam’s grip on reality and the counter seem to be failing, and within seconds of her fingers disappearing into her folds, he steps forward, wrapping a hand around the back of her neck and the other around her waist, pulling her in against him. His tongue muffles her cry of shock, immediately taking control of her mouth, and swallowing her whimpers of pleasure and relief.

I step back to a kitchen stool, content to watch and give orders. I believe Cam won’t last long because I think he’s still struggling with control, so I’ll pick up where he leaves off. Unbuttoning my jeans and lowering my zipper, I allow my hard length to spring free. Just because I’m not in the game doesn’t mean I shouldn’t warm up.

“Angel, what do you want from him? Do you want him to just assist you in getting yourself off? Do you want to ride his face? His cock? Speak up, you have all the control right now.”

A growl emits from Cam’s throat, and Angel just can’t help herself. I know she’s practically combusting in his arms. I wait patiently, knowing my girl is just deciding what she wants to do. Slowly, she pulls her fingers from her core before stepping back from Cam. She lifts those dripping fingers to his lips, and instantly, he grasps her wrist and inserts the two wet fingers into his mouth, not once breaking eye contact with her.

Cait lifts her other hand to his shoulder, pushing him to his knees, before saying in a raspy, lust-laden voice, “You need to earn back my trust. Until then, this is as close as you will get to my pussy.” She then lifts her leg, slinging it over his shoulder. Cam dives in, wrapping his hands around her hips and dining on her like she is his last meal. He’s not giving up this opportunity to be close to her, and like the good man I know he is, he’s going to make her come. Many times.

Cam spins Cait to lean against the counter, and she lies back on her elbows, taking the weight off her remaining leg on the floor. Cam sweeps that leg up and over his shoulder, and he licks and sucks on her sweet cunt with renewed vigor. The sounds Cait makes with Cam’s face between her thighs make



me wish I was a part of the scene, but I've always enjoyed watching. Besides, Cait has a handle on the situation, quite literally when she reaches down and slides the hand she used to finger herself to thread in Cam's hair.

Gripping my length, I squeeze the tip before I begin to stroke myself slowly. Watching Cait take charge, not letting Cam get away with all his shit, is brilliant. She's going to continue to make him work for her, as she deserves. Fuck, I can't wait to take her up to her room. Or maybe straight to the shower. Fuck yeah. Water cascading down those tits and the curve of her ass. I can't fucking wait.

Cait begins to thrash as her legs shake, clenching around Cam's head. Within minutes, he brings my girl to her first orgasm. Well done. I nod in appreciation, only to watch as he pushes her through the rolling waves, and into another right away. I'm beginning to feel stirrings of possession in my chest, making me want to rush in, but I wait. Her cries of ecstasy have me gripping my cock once more, to stave off the need to empty myself. I'll only allow that inside that tight cunt after I've made her come on my cock.

As Cait comes down from her high, Cam leans back and takes a deep breath. He gazes lovingly at my girl's sweet fucking pussy before drawing two fingers around to spread her wide. Cait gasps when he dives back in, but this time he pulls one hand underneath, and Cait yells out "fuck!" with a lingering pleasure resonating through her voice. I can only assume Cam slides his fingers into her cunt, because she's now shaking again. The muscles in his forearm ripple as he flexes his fingers inside her, tapping on that spot I know so well that makes her scream.

I watch my Angel as she lies back down on the counter and Cam devours her with sucks and nips of his teeth. Instead, she relishes the feel of his tongue lavishing her clit while she threads her other hand into his thick hair, hanging on for the ride.

"Yes! Yes!" Her cries of encouragement are driving the urge to shut her up by having her swallow my dick. My own need to sink into my girl is growing, steadily sending waves of

white-hot electricity down my spine. I'm about to yank him off of her, but I'm waiting... Cait has this. And if she ever fully forgives him, I'm going to have to accept sharing her with him.

"Fuck!" Her scream pierces my reality, and I focus back on my friend, who is currently pumping his fingers in and out of her, drawing out this orgasm, just like the first one. Slick sounds of splashing soon reach my ears, and I pause the strokes I'm giving myself, questioning what is happening. I sit there, shocked, watching Cait writhe on the counter, wriggling in ecstasy.

When Cam finally releases her, I tuck myself away and approach. He stands, helping her off the counter, and as she sways into my arms, we both can't help but notice Cam's wet chest. His proud but cautious smirk is infuriating, but I'm glad, at least, that he can take care of my girl.

"I, um," he says, bashfully hiding his tented shorts, "I'm going to excuse myself. I'll see you two later, yeah?" His hasty retreat brings my attention back to Cait. Looking down at my girl in my arms, I check in with her.

"Was that ok? Did I push you too much?"

"No," she says with a deliciously sated gaze across her face. "I needed the push. I'm glad you were there. Otherwise, I would've been too scared to try that."

"Mmm... I'm glad I was there, too. It seems as if you made a mess, though. Can I take you to clean up? I think you need some extra attention to certain parts of your body that certain parts of mine are uniquely capable of helping with."

"Yes, please," she says, batting her long lashes while looking up at me. Within minutes, I have her in the shower, in my arms, and pressed up against the wall. The hot water sluicing off of her heaving chest as I thrust my cock inside of her is a wet dream come to life, and I savor each moment.

"Angel," I begin, panting in sync with her. "I was jealous of my friend today. I'm not proud of my reaction, but it's because he hasn't earned this time with you. He's hurt you so

much, and while I love my friend and want him happy, I want you happy, too. I pushed you to him because I know you want him, and it works with all of us loving you, but I promise, if he hurts you again, I'll kick his ass."

Her giggle pulls a groan from me as her walls flutter around my cock. "Bast, I love you so much. Thank you for being protective of my heart. Now, I need you to fuck me before I head back to my room and grab my most dependable dildo."

My eyebrows raise at her weak threat, considering she's grinding her clit against my pelvis. "Oh, you think you can replace me, huh? You think a dildo could do this?" I brace my feet on the wet tile of the shower before quickly bending down and hooking her knees with each of my arms. I brace her once more against the wall, seamlessly notching myself back at her entrance.

"Can a dildo fuck you in the shower until you're boneless, and then fuck you till you are almost ready to pass out from so many orgasms?" I thrust into her, the clench of her walls weakening my threats to fuck her all day long, but she doesn't know that.

"Fuck me!" she screams out at my intrusion, trembling from the sensation of my dick filling her. Her head tilts back, and I lick and nibble at her neck, all the while continuing to fuck her tight pussy. She is the best I've ever felt, so having this for the rest of my life makes me pray to god that she'll keep me around.

I continue to pound into her, holding off my own release until she tips over the edge once more. The muscle spasms trigger me to let go, and I groan out in a roar, filling her with my cum. Finally, as her pulsations slow, I lower her back to the tile floor and wash her body. Smirking, I support her weight, since evidently, I lived up to my promise to fuck her boneless. I don't mind. I'll be a lucky man if I get to support my girl every day for the rest of my life.

NINE



## CAIT

Fuck my life. Like, for real. What the fuck is actually happening? I mean, yeah, evidently I'm fucking four different guys, now.... I'm still in shock.

I wake up from a nap, wrapped around Corey, who has a blistering smile spread across his face. Cue my suspicion, only to realize that I made Cam eat me as an afternoon snack, and Corey somehow found out. Ugh, the horror and embarrassment. I'm assuming Bast told him because that fucker isn't even here to own up to spilling my secrets.

"So..." Corey's shit-eating grin only widens at my obvious blush. "How was it? How far did you let him go?" His brow furrows slightly before he continues. "Did he make you come?"

I roll my eyes to hide the second wave of embarrassment because there is nothing like your boyfriend asking if his friend made you come. I push up to a sitting position on my bed before attempting to regain my composure to answer him.

"Corey, it's not that big of a deal," I say, blowing off the intensity of the situation. "We hooked up. I let him go down on me. Yes, he got me off..." Heat rolls through my body at the memory of his chest dripping from where I obviously squirted from his ministrations. Squinting, I try to shake off the effects of my arousal at the image playing on repeat behind my eyes.

When I open my eyes, Corey's grin is still in place, but it's evident he isn't believing my downplayed attitude.

"What aren't you telling me?" *Fuck*, I don't want to lie to him.

"Nothing, it was good," I say, ducking my head. "Then Bast took me upstairs and railed me in the shower, and then, exhausted, I fell asleep. Which you knew, because you're here."

“Cait, look at me.” I raise my gaze, looking up at him through my lashes. “I love you. You are everything to me. I’m not trying to embarrass you. Bast and I already told you we were okay with you adding Dominic into this relationship, and Cam too, if he could ever figure his shit out. I’m still on board with that. I just want to make sure he’s not going to hurt you again. I’m just trying to be kept in the loop with how it’s going because I’m watching.”

My shoulders deflate a little as I slowly relax. I must have tensed up when I anticipated his judgment. I should know better; Corey was the first to suggest this poly-relationship thing.

“I’m sorry, babe.” Shifting, I turn to snuggle into him. “I think sometimes the reality of this hasn’t quite sunk in, yet, and I’m still waiting for the floor to drop out from under me.”

He places a sweet kiss on my temple before whispering, “I’ve got you, Cait. I won’t let you fall.”

“How am I so lucky to have each of you? You’re all so attentive and loving. How you all were single when I showed up in town, I don’t know.”

“It’s not luck, Sunshine,” Corey says softly. “It’s fate. Fate knew that you’d need us all, and it knew we’d all need you. You’re exactly what we needed, at the exact time we needed someone to pull us together.”

I smile to myself because for once, I might actually be thanking fate.

“Girl, I’m telling you. Things might be progressing.” A day later, I’m finally chatting with Ella via FaceTime. I hadn’t been able to reach her last night, and she had an interview this

morning for an internship, so I had to settle for a video call as I *was not* putting my sexcapades in written text.

“Oh really? You need to tell me... well, almost everything.” Her cackle as she jumps in her car reverberates in the smaller, enclosed space, and I wince before grinning back.

“Okay, well, I was snuggling with Bast, who, fucking hell, is hot as it is. He starts to tease me, and then he pulls me to straddle his lap. Immediately grinding up to me, letting me know he was ready.”

“You’re still fucking lucky. I don’t know how you found four hot, athletic guys to fall over their own feet for you.” I think I could hear her eye roll if I was blind.

“Honestly, I was just thinking about this last night... But shh, I’ll lose my train of thought.”

“Honey, that’s a runaway train, anyway.”

“Ella! Shh!” I scold her while smirking and holding back a giggle.

“Unless you don’t want details...” I raise my eyebrows and cock my head to the side, waiting for any smart-ass comments. Instead, Ella’s eye bug out and she mimes zipping and locking her lips.

“So, back to where I was. Bast teasing me on the couch. He must have known Cam was in the kitchen, because he picked me up, took me behind the couch, and pushed me over the back of it. Entirely on display. Girl, he worked me up so much that by the time he announced we weren’t alone, I didn’t fucking care. Evidently, I have an exhibitionist streak to match his voyeuristic tendencies. He got me so worked up and then sicked me on Cam. Told me to tease him, take him, do whatever.

“I wasn’t ready for sex with him yet, but I wanted him. I wanted to see how he’d react to me, and I wasn’t afraid with Bast backing me up. And with the amount of tension in the room and the way he was looking at me like he was starving, I decided to test him.

“Girl... This man. I’d bet he could braid thread with his tongue. I’ve never had head like that. Maybe it was the build-up or Bast watching, but holy hell, that man has game.”

Ella just stares at me, silent. Thankfully, she hadn’t started driving yet. I walk downstairs to the kitchen to grab a glass of water, and she still hasn’t said anything, so I decide to keep going. “Oh,” I pause with a smirk, “yeah, he might have used his fingers too. Turned me into a puddle... literally.” With that, I raise my eyebrows and grin.

“Holy fuck! Please tell me you’re going to try that ride again?! Girl, that’s fantastic! Talk about BDE. If he’s that good with his tongue and fingers, I’m prepping my eulogy for your kitty!” We both crack up laughing because she’s not wrong. I’m kind of scared.

“Els, it won’t be long,” I say with a soft smile on my face. “He and I need to have a talk, but I think his hard shell is cracking again. I’ve seen the teddy bear on the inside, and I want him. I’m being patient, but I’m watching him crumble. This was the biggest piece so far.”

The doorbell rings, but since I’m on a video call, I call out to the Alexa screen we have in the kitchen to show me the front door. All I can see is a delivery man’s retreating back as he climbs into his van. The van looks like a florist, and I guess the box he delivered could be a flower box, so I don’t worry. Instead, I turn my attention back to Ella.

“I’m so here for this. For you, I mean. You deserve it, girl. As much as he put you through, I’m glad you’re making him earn his way back into your graces, but you’re right. It’s time. I seriously hope you two can get that talk done soon, because girl, I need to live vicariously through you.”

“Why? Ugh, tell me Ashton isn’t dragging his feet...”

She just looks down into her lap. Poor girl. I know without her even saying that she likes Ash, but he’s just so shy. Luckily, he’s like my brother, and I’d offer to talk to him, but Ella has refused my help in the past. She says I have enough going on and that she doesn’t want him to be influenced by me. Which I totally understand.



“Babe,” I start in with my little speech as I make my way to the door, “you’re likely going to have to make the first move. He’s so hesitant with change.” I open the door, and sure enough, a long flower box is waiting on our doormat. I quickly collect it before closing the door and locking it.

I return to the kitchen as Ella considers my thoughts. “I don’t know. Maybe. I’ll give him a little while longer. Valentine’s Day is a month away, so he might clue in by then.” Her giggle is contagious, and I can’t help but join in. “So... who was the box for?” I hadn’t really paid attention to the box because I figured it was for Mom from the company she works for or something. A late wedding congratulations, maybe?

I inspect the box further, and I find my name on the sticker. Confusion rolls over me like a shock wave of thunder. *Who would send me flowers? Who knows that I live here now?* A chill shoots down my spine as I set the phone on the counter, needing both my hands. “It’s for... me,” I murmur warily, deciding to use the utility knife in the kitchen drawer to help open the box. Ella remains quiet, as she appears to be as curious as I am.

I cut the straps holding the lid on and then set the knife down in order to lift the lid with both hands. It sticks for a moment, but with a jiggle, it slides free. As soon as the lid is clear, all of my breath leaves my body. No. *No.*

“Cait, what the fuck is going on? Why are you so pale?” Ella’s concern is only a blip on my radar because I knew better. I knew he’d track me down. Backing away from the flower box on the kitchen island, I bump into the counter by the fridge. I must knock over my glass of water because the shrill crash of it hitting the floor echoes throughout the empty house. “Cait!” Ella yells at me this time, but it has no effect on me. The only thing I can think of is the flooding memories of the last time I saw flowers like these.

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\*

*“Look at you, sweetheart! I’m so proud of you! My little baby bird is building her wings, little by little!” Mom is about to cry. I hope she doesn’t. My bouquet of yellow roses drapes over my arm from our middle school graduation. Mom and Jason are saying their goodbyes. I’m going out with my friends since Karson asked me out. I’m having butterflies anyway, and now Mom is making a big deal.*

*“Mom, shh. Go. Lily needs to go to bed, right? I’ll be home soon.”*

*“Why don’t you call when you’re ready? We can come pick you up,” she says, her brows still dipped with concern.*

*“Fine, I will. Now, go, please!” I turn, immediately seeking out Karson, but I feel his eyes on my back. I am doing everything to just stay away from Jason. He gives me the creeps.*

*I had a blast that night. We all went to the mall to hang out. When everyone else starts heading home, though, I call Mom. She tells me to hang on, she’ll be right there. I stand up at the front entrance, and soon it’s only Jessica and me waiting. Jessica’s mom pulls up to get her, but they insist on waiting until Mom shows up.*

*Not five minutes later, I see Mom’s car pull up to the drive, and I wave bye to Jessica and let them pull away. I run up to Mom’s car, my flowers still hanging on, and I swing the door open wide to jump in. Only after I fall into the seat do I smell his strong, pungent cologne. The door slamming, closing me in, causes me to flinch. I shakily put on my seatbelt before he pulls away from the mall.*

*Fifteen minutes pass as Jason drives silently down the road. My hands are shaking, because he is gripping the wheel with white knuckles. Is he mad? Mom told me to call when I was ready. As he pulls into our driveway, I carefully unbuckle*

*my seatbelt and go to open the door. When the automatic door locks engage, I gulp, telling myself I will be fine.*

*“Your mother should be asleep by now; she got a call that she needed to go to work early tomorrow, right after you called to be picked up. So when you go inside, you need to be quiet.”*

*I nod, knowing I need to remain silent. I will do exactly as he asks, going straight to my room, not making a peep. Peering up at him through my lashes, I don't want to look directly into his eyes. He's staring at me, but not angrily, as I expect. I attempt to reach for the door handle, and I wait, squeezing my eyes closed and praying that he releases the locks soon.*

*My heart pounds as the seconds pass. Three. Four. Five. Six.*

*Finally, the locks disengage, and I collect my roses and quietly exit the car. I walk up to the house, following Jason, not making a peep. Jason unlocks the front door, and then he holds the door open for me. I walk inside, slipping off my shoes, and then proceed to walk straight upstairs to my room.*

*As I climb the stairs, goosebumps break out on my arms when I hear footsteps behind me. Once I open the door to my room, I step inside and close the door quietly. After about thirty minutes, I sigh with relief, tension bleeding from my shoulders, as I feel like I can finally breathe. Wiping my hands on my dress to relieve the icky, sweaty feeling, I don't care if I leave wet stains. I'm just finally glad the night is over. After changing into my PJs, I sneak across the hall to relieve myself and prepare for bed.*

*I wash my hands, my face, and brush my teeth, I slip back to my room, holding my breath as the door snicks closed. I sigh again, climbing into bed, looking forward to the next day.*

*I wake with a start to a hand covering my mouth and my heart racing with fright once more. I blink my eyes as I struggle to fend off my attacker. But when my vision clears, and I see it's Jason, I fully realize I'm not escaping tonight without living nightmares.*

*He leans down, whispering in my ear, "I can't sleep, and it's your fault. You dressed like a little whore tonight, despite what your mother said, and you had all the boys and men looking at you. That Karson isn't worth your attention. I had to call his father, telling him that I didn't appreciate his son's behavior around you. That's why Karson left so early to go home."*

*My eyes widen in surprise, but also anger stirs inside me. Karson hadn't done anything tonight except smile at me. He didn't even try to hold my hand!*

*"I told your mom I'd come and get you, but I regret it. Being in that car with you, dressed as you are, smelling so sweet... I can't sleep because you tempt me too much. And I won't be able to sleep until I punish you for it."*

*"You want to dress like a whore and act like a whore, then I'll treat you like a whore. And you won't scream or tell anyone because no one will believe you. You don't want to anger your mother, do you? Wake her when she has to be at work in four hours? She's cranky when she doesn't get enough sleep, and if you wake her, she'll be angry. If you even wait and tell her, she won't believe you. Because you're just a lying whore, wanting attention."*

*I try to shake my head. The hand over my mouth is too tight, though. I pull and grasp at his hand, but he just leans in and whispers in my ear, "Shh, just lie still, and I'll get your punishment over with. Who knows, you may even like it. But if you come, I'll have to punish you again for being a fucking whore."*

*The tears that have burned in my eyes spill over as he rips my pj bottoms and panties from my body. As he kneels on one of my legs, he lowers his boxers, and his ugly penis is sticking up. Eww, boys' anatomy is weird and ugly, and I don't want him touching me with that thing. I attempt to fight back, but I'm only fourteen, and he's much bigger than me. No. No, this can't be happening!*

*As his penis hangs there, he shoves my other leg over, and leans on that one, too. I'm shaking, and the knot building in*

*my stomach is unbearable. I'm helpless at this point, sobbing behind his hand.*

*I continue to fight back, but by the time he has my leg pinned, he moves his remaining hand down to my private area. Yuck, I feel like I'm going to throw up. This is disgusting. No way, this is what sex feels like. He's hurting me, shoving his fingers inside of me.*

*I turn my head, tears streaming down my face, but he's not releasing my mouth. Just as he shoves his thing inside me, my gaze falls on those crisp yellow roses. When Mom gave them to me tonight, they symbolized joy; a celebration of passing 8th grade.*

*Now, that specific flower will always haunt me.*

*I lie there, crying, focusing only on the flowers, and nothing else. It doesn't take him long, and thank god, he doesn't finish inside me. I know how babies are born; I, unfortunately, got my period the first time when Mom was four months pregnant with Lily.*

*By the time he's done rutting into me, and he pulls out and sprays over my leg, it's only been a matter of minutes. It seems like forever, a nightmare that won't end.*

*"Little One, remember," he says as he pulls his boxers up and climbs off of me and the bed, "don't wake your mother with your tantrum. And don't bother telling anyone. I wasn't here long enough to do anything, so no one would believe you. Just keep quiet, and stop luring in boys." He pauses by the bouquet of roses, leaning down to take a deep inhale. "Being a whore will get you nowhere in this world."*

TEN



## CAIT

I don't remember much about this afternoon. Ella supposedly tried calling out to me, but it wasn't until Cam burst into the house with Ella hot on his heels that whatever trance I was in broke. I honestly didn't even notice they showed up, but Cam was suddenly crouched down beside me, reaching up to caress my cheek. The look of concern on his face once I was able to focus on him was kind. He seemed scared for me, and that warmed my heart a little.

Ella swept me into the den while Cam organized getting in touch with everyone, and we stayed there while we waited for them to arrive. The entire family showed up, and as they all stormed in, feelings of déjà vu overwhelmed me. We just did this a couple of days ago, so I felt nothing was different, and I just wanted to go to bed. The idea that something so innocuous and small could trigger such an invasive and devastating flashback exhausted me; I just wanted to go hide and hibernate.

That is, until Aaron arrived with Mom, followed by Detective Wallace. The guys, Ella, and I all huddle on the sofas in the den. I'm cuddled in Dom's lap, while Ella perches on the arm. Cam, surprisingly, is staying close while Corey and Bast sit off to our side. When they walk into the den, I leap to my feet, running to hug Mom. I hate that this is following me like a foul smell and affecting everyone I love. Once we finally settle down, Detective Wallace asks me to recount exactly what happened.

I spend a few minutes recalling the fact I was on a video call with Ella, and luckily, we have the doorbell camera. Unfortunately, the delivery man was wearing a hat, and because of the angle of the sun, his face was shaded. Detective Wallace will look into the lead, and he's already called in a team to secure the entire box and flower bouquet as evidence.

Aaron suddenly looks down at his phone, before leaning in to whisper in Mom's ear. She nods, and then Aaron walks off. I'm watching Aaron walk away when Dom squeezes me, leaning in to kiss my neck. "Are you alright now? I know that's a loaded question, but Cam said he'd never seen you that numb before, even on Halloween."

I nod, understanding his concern. "Yeah, today was rough. It brought a lot of tough memories back to the surface." I keep my voice low because I don't want Mom to overhear. I know she feels guilt, but I don't want her precious gift to be tainted for both of us. There is no point in that. "I'm doing better, sitting with you."

"I'm so glad I can be here for you, Baby Girl," he murmurs back with a kiss on my shoulder.

"Cait," Aaron calls as he walks back into the room. "I have two people I want to introduce to you." He turns and gestures as a man and woman enter the room. The man is tall and handsome, in a broody way. He reminds me of Cam in that way, but more around Dom's age. He's obviously fit but wearing a suit. The man seems uncomfortable like he'd rather be caught wearing anything else.

The woman, on the other hand, is taller, wearing her ash blonde hair pulled back into a bun at the nape of her neck. She's dressed in a well-fitting pantsuit, carrying an iPad. There's something about the air around this woman, the way the man with her stands behind her, that tells me she's in charge here. I pay attention just a little closer because I'm curious about this pair and why Aaron has invited them into his house today.

"Cait, this is Cheyenne Rivers. She is the CEO of Raven Shield Security. Her lieutenant, Darren Drake, is also known as 'Dare.' I met Ms. Rivers at a conference last year, and after the events during the party, I reached out to her. I felt her team was uniquely qualified to handle our situation. They utilize their skills and technology to investigate crimes and protect their clients," Aaron clarifies, glancing over at Detective Wallace. "Unfortunately, she's been out of the country and only just returned."



“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Cait. I apologize that it is under such stressful circumstances. I have a few questions for you and your mother, if you don’t mind?” She shifts her gaze between us both, and I nod my head. Yes, I want to enlighten anyone I can to assist with getting rid of Jason once and for all.

“That’s fine. Guys? Can you give us about fifteen minutes?”

“Yeah, we can do that. Let’s go downstairs, we can at least work off some of the adrenaline from today. I know I need to,” Cam says, rounding up all the guys. Every one of them gives me a smile or squeeze before heading downstairs.

“All four of those men care deeply for you. You’re a very lucky woman,” she comments, watching all the guys turn the corner. Aaron and Detective Wallace went to the kitchen with Ms. Rivers’ second, Dare, in order to determine how Raven Shield could best help investigate the evidence.

“Yes, they all treat me like a queen,” I reply with a faint smile. “So, Ms. Rivers, how can I be of assistance?”

“Please, call me Cheyenne. I won’t ask you to repeat everything, as I know you’ve been through a lot of trauma, and I can get notes from Wallace. But,” she pauses, “I’d like to ask if there was anything you might not have told him. Anything that isn’t exactly within the law, that sort of thing.”

I blink at her, slightly confused. Is she asking if I’ve hidden something to prevent getting myself in trouble?

“No, not that I know of.” I cock my head to the side, thinking of anything I could tell her. “I admitted to attacking Jason when he kidnapped me almost two weeks ago in order to get away from him. And I stole the car from him, in order to get away, but that was it.”

“That’s perfectly understandable, Cait. Speaking of Jason,” she says, opening up her iPad, “the last picture I have is from his incarceration. Do either of you have any photos of him from before the separation? Maybe happy, or a random photo? I know it’s been six years now, but it would help our targeting

software to see him with different expressions on his face and wearing different colored clothes.”

I shake my head. “I know for sure, I don’t have any,” I say dejectedly.

“I wonder...” Mom stands suddenly, going to her purse and collecting her wallet. She returns to the table and begins opening it and flipping to the back. She reaches into a back pocket, pulling out a bunch of photos. One of her and I, one of us with Lily...

“Ah, will this work?” She hands over an old photo of her and Jason. Cheyenne takes the photo and scans it with the iPad, uploading it to her company’s software. She smirks before looking up to acknowledge our curiosity. “Yes, that increased our software’s efficiency by seventy-four percent. We’ll tap into local CCTV networks and street cameras, and we should hopefully be able to track down his movements soon.”

I turn to Mom and smile, a glimmer of hope twinkling in my heart.

“Um, I’m sorry to pry, but can I ask a question?” Cheyenne is looking at the pile of photos with furrowed brows.

“Sure, you’re helping us,” Mom says. “We’ll gladly answer any questions you have.”

Cheyenne reaches over, pulling an older photo from the table. “This here,” she says. “Who is this?”

Mom smiles, reaching for my hand. “That’s Mark, my first husband. He was killed in action while overseas during the war in Afghanistan. This picture is during his leave when Cait had just turned one.”

“What was his name? His full name?”

“Mark Monroe. He was stationed out of Fort Benning during the time of his deployment. After his death, I moved to Atlanta and raised Cait there. I just couldn’t stay in the surrounding area, knowing everything would remind me of the love that I lost.”

Cheyenne critically studies the photo, and I begin to wonder if she suspects something else happened to cause all of this. Did Jason stalk us from my father's past? There couldn't be a way... could there?

"I think I knew him," she finally says. All the breath in my body suddenly leaves, as if sucked out of me.

"I'm sorry, but what?" Mom is just as confused as I am.


"I apologize, I don't mean anything nefarious. I only meant I was deployed to Afghanistan with the Marines around eighteen years ago, and I met a lot of people, so forgive me while I try to remember.

"There was one deployment that I remember specifically, having had such a terrible time. It's been so long, I can't remember exactly the situation. Something about an assignment I was struggling with because my team let me down."

Cheyenne smiles with the memory in her eyes as she continues. "This kind soldier with piercing gray eyes just happened to be walking by at the exact moment. He stopped, helped me out, and then invited me to a gathering with his buddies that weekend. I met my future husband, Chris, at that party. I never saw the soldier again. I thought Chris told me he passed shortly after we started dating, but again, it's been so long ago, I'm just struggling to remember if that was him."

"Cait," she pauses, "I swear on that man's memory, whether he was your father or not, I promise to do my best to track down this threat to you and your family. I'm pretty sure it was your father. And in memory of what a great man he was, it's my honor to help you."

Tears well in my eyes as I try to hold back the overwhelming emotions running through me. She met my dad? He helped her, and now she's helping me? The circle of events that had to happen to lead us all here is confusing but heart-warming at the same time. It's like my dad knew and sent me protection from heaven.



When Cheyenne left our house two days ago, she stationed guards to keep watch. We are now under twenty-four-hour protection, and Aaron is sparing no expense. I feel bad that I'm the cause of so much trouble, but he seems genuinely invested in protecting Lily, Mom, and me.

Aaron decided to take Mom and Lily away for the weekend, to kind of ease Lily into the security situation. So, I've been wandering this big home by myself. I've taken some time off from Lift because this week has been kind of traumatic. Dr. Francis has been seeing me via teleconference because I'm kind of afraid to go anywhere. I know Jason now knows where I live, but I feel this house is safe, at least at the moment. I feel safe around the guys, too, but they have been taking trips to go train on the mountains, so I've been staying home.

It's an odd sensation, having a place that feels like home, and having someone actually care for me like a father. Jason never gave me that proper relationship, but Aaron and I are slowly bonding. I'm beginning to like him, and from the way I've seen him look at me and Cam, he approves of this new development, too. He gives off this air of acceptance toward me, and I'm thankful. It's hard taking on a new family, especially with adult children. I can see how he loves Mom, too, and he really enjoys spending time with Lily. I'm actually beginning to have hope for the future, and it's a pleasant change from the past few months.

I've been entertaining myself by catching up on reading and switching my nesting spots two or three times a day. Moving from the den to the living room, I even remembered a fluffy chair I brought from the old apartment. I decided to move it from the storage in the garage up to my room to make

a sitting area. Yeah, that took some work. I broke a sweat trying to wrestle it up the stairs.

Around seven that evening, I finally decide to figure out what I want for dinner. I'm waffling between cooking and ordering pizza because it's the weekend when Cam walks in. I glance up at him, and damn, he looks good in those black sweats and slim-fitting zip-up jacket. He drops his bag by the stairs before walking into the kitchen.

"Hey," he says, greeting me with a nod, on his way to the fridge for some water. Well, at least he said something to me.

"Hi. How was your trip?" I kind of wish one of the other guys had stopped by, but I get they wanted to go straight home. I'll likely hear from them shortly, I'm sure. Corey was blowing my phone up earlier, but I guess he passed out riding shotgun with Bast.

"Good. We're all almost ready for the competition. I think this will be a good year for us."

I nod, unsure of how to continue this conversation. "For sure, I know you all have been training non-stop."

Silence lingers in the air until Cam sighs. "Cait, listen. I hate that I've put this distance between us. I'm sorry for my reaction that night. I felt ambushed, and I pushed you away. I'm sorry. I feel like I should make it up to you somehow, but I don't think anything speaks louder than my actions of just doing better."

After taking a sip of his water, he closes his eyes and continues. "I'm not exactly sure where to go from here. I still feel drawn to you, but I feel like life has thrown us some obstacles that we've had to fight off. I know we can't pick up right where we left off, because I'm an asshole, but I still want you, need you. I have this drive to protect you, even though you've shown you can handle yourself."

"I just wanted to say that I'm wanting to be here, beside you. I'm not ready to let you go."

"Cam, I get that," I say, setting my phone on the counter and stepping up to him. "I'm not ready to let you go, either."

This thing with our parents? It has nothing to do with us. To be honest, my mom agrees, so I'd assume she's talked to your dad. At this point, all we're waiting on is you."

"And you're okay being with me, even though we live in the same house?"

I scoff, "Of course. It's not like we're living by ourselves or anything. I still have my own room, you still have yours. To me, it means nothing is different."

"Cait, I just want to make sure. Because if we take this step, that's going to be it for me. When I fall, I fall hard, and you will be mine. I fought this so hard, I think, because of self-preservation. I can't be hurt again like before."

"Cam, I've been into you since that very first day. Way back in August, when I practically ran into your dad at Lift. I immediately had an attraction to you that I couldn't explain, so much so that I had a sex dream about you and Corey that night. There is nothing stopping me from being with you, except you."

ELEVEN



## CAM

Truer words have never been spoken.

I feel like I've been self-sabotaging for most of my adulthood. My personal relationships have always suffered. I've isolated myself and hyper-focused on my success in my college education and snowboarding career. I get that drive for excellence from my father; I guess that was the most influence he had on me as I grew up.

Cait is right. I get in my own way. At this point, I know it. Staring down at this amazing woman, I know I need to take the leap. Step out of the box I've kept myself in and live a life I'm proud of.

What the fuck am I doing? Giving myself a pep talk? I've never done that shit.

Fuck it all, I'm in.

I step up to her until our toes touch, and I tilt my head to the side. I take a deep breath, relishing her sweet, alluring scent, and I can't help but lick my lips. Her lips are all I can focus on; how soft and sweet they are.

"I think I'm ready to get out of my own way, Star," I whisper into her ear before I wrap an arm around her waist and tug her into my body. Fuck, her touch sends a wave of chills from my scalp to the soles of my feet. This woman ignites my body and electrifies my soul. I cannot believe I almost gave up a life with her for the potential judgment of people who evidently don't care.

I reach up with my other hand, caressing the soft curve of her neck as I move up her jaw. As my thumb moves beneath her chin, I tip her head back, and my lips brush ever so slightly against hers.

"Are you with me?"



When she reaches up, running her fingers through my hair and pulling me close, I don't know if I am shocked or not. I know this woman knows her own mind, but the fire in her kiss is explosive and claiming. Like she was only waiting for me to meet her in this place for her to make her move. I groan against her lips; she tastes as sweet as I remember.

This kiss brings back all the memories of that night before everything went to hell. The sweet, peaceful hours I spent with my girl, how we talked, and I felt like I unlocked a piece of her heart that night.

The other day, I had a tease with tasting her sweet pussy, but I knew what that was; that was her taking what she needed from me, to see if I could make things up to her. Fuck, when she drenched me as I made her squirt on my tongue and fingers, my pride swelled as big as my cock was hard. I ended up jerking off twice that night, thinking of her exquisite body. Once wasn't enough; I couldn't get thoughts of her out of my head long enough to get my dick to go down. After the second time, I finally passed out, only to wake up the next morning and have to take care of myself in the shower. Again.

Here I am, with a second chance. Only this time, I'm not stopping with a kiss. I'm making her mine tonight. I massage her luscious lips with my tongue, demanding entry. The more she gives me, the more I crave. As soon as her lips part, my tongue surges forward, needing more. More of her, her taste, her little sounds, her body.

As my tongue tangles with hers, my hands begin to roam over her body. The leggings she wears allow my hands to skim over the unbelievably firm curve of her ass. It's a tease because all I want is to feel her skin under my hands. I squeeze, before moving my hands up and under the too-large sweater, and finally, my hand reaches the bare skin of her back. Warm and soft, her toned back arches at the drag of my fingers up her spine. This only serves to grind her hips into my throbbing cock. Fuck, I've been hard since walking in and seeing her all alone in this house, ready for me to come home and take her to bed.

“Cam,” she pants, breaking the kiss. She locks her stormy gray eyes on mine and whispers, “take me to bed.”

The growl that emits from my throat is feral and erotic. Thoughts of her splayed out on my bed spur me into action. I immediately pick her up, wrapping her legs around me. When her warm core rubs against my dick, I almost drop to my knees. Instead, I claim her lips again, blindly making my way to the stairs.

Once I hit the staircase, I use a hand on the banister to guide me, so I don't fall with this intoxicating woman in my arms. When I reach the landing, I take a right and proceed down the hallway. I accidentally bump into the wall, attempting to run my hand back under her ass. Tempting this vixen is only stoking a fire that I want to burn me.

Finally, making it through the door to my room, I slowly slide her down my body, suffering from the exquisite brush of her warmth against me. Only, she doesn't stop once her feet hit the floor. She sinks lower to her knees, scraping her fingernails along my stomach until she hits the band of my sweats.

Her eyes drop lower, noticing the distinct bulge near her eye level. It's not like she can't see it. My arousal is evident as fuck, and I'm scared. She doesn't know...

As she scoops her fingers inside the band of my sweats to pull them down, I grab her wrists, stopping her. “Star, I have something to tell you.”

Her brows furrow, concern causing her lips to downturn. Damn, the puffiness from my attack on them earlier... I'm going to die seeing them wrapped around my dick. But first, I need to tell her...

“So, two months ago, I made the worst mistake of my life. I allowed my hurt to cloud my judgment, and I led my friends away, causing you a night of pain and agony. It wasn't until almost a week later that I realized the true result of my actions. I'm not drawing this out, but after you told us what happened... Well, I did something to punish myself. I also had an ulterior motive... I thought it could help if I ever won you back...”

Curiosity and concern flood her gaze as she peers up at me, and I decide to get the surprise over with. I lower my sweats, letting my cock spring free from its confines. No boxers, and for once I'm thankful. One less layer of clothing.

Immediately, Cait notices the jewelry that I now wear. Titanium studs now adorn my length, both the base and the tip. Cait's eyes widen, and the gasp that escapes from her lips makes me wary. The hunger that follows, though, knocks the breath out of me.

Cait licks her swollen bottom lip before peering up at me. From her knees, this woman is pure temptation. "May I?"

"Star, touch me in any way you want."

I close my eyes, waiting. The seconds feel like hours, but the moment I feel her touch for the first time, I almost collapse. So fucking soft; I'm a weak man, for sure, fighting my release the first time my girl touches me.

Her fingers slowly caress my shaft, and the two barbells that cross it. Her hand slowly encircles my girth and slides down, fingering the barbell across my pubic bone before lowering to cup my balls. The groan dragged from my stomach draws an evil grin across her face. Before I can even react, the warmth of her tongue is bumping against each of those steel balls, and the swirl of sensation is exhilarating. She opens her mouth, taking me all the way in.

Fuck, Corey was right. I swore he was exaggerating. There was no way someone's mouth could feel this good, but Star has proven me wrong. True to her nickname, her mouth and tongue have me seeing stars. It's a fucking constellation behind my eyelids, and when I open my eyes, a goddess is before me, bathed in light from the hallway.

I watch as she takes my dick into her throat. The way she sucks my cock - each swallow squeezes me and threatens my control, causes me to reach out and grab a handful of her hair. I grip tightly, knowingly causing a bite of pain, but the spark in her silver eyes tells me she likes it. Just as I'm about to pull her off of me, she clicks her teeth against the barbells just enough to startle me.

Her evil grin as she sits back on her heels tells me she did that on purpose, and I'm more than ready to tease her in retaliation. I reach down, gripping the hem of her extra-large sweater, and rip it over her head. Immediately, I notice she's not wearing a bra, so I take advantage. I reach down and throw her on the bed, covering her body with mine. I don't hesitate, but instantly suck a nipple into my mouth while plucking at the other one.

Cait starts whimpering in my arms, but I don't let up. She thought she could tease me? Fuck that shit, this girl has no idea who she's about to fuck. I suck harder, flicking her nipple with my tongue. Her yelp immediately transforms into a giggle, and I can't help but grin up at her.

Releasing her rosy bud, I lavish her breasts with my lips and tongue before moving further down her body. I need another taste of her sweet cream before I fuck my girl. Licking and nibbling, I work my way to all of those most sensitive spots - along her ribs, her waist, her hip bone - before burying my nose at the apex of her thighs.

The other day, I thought I was just going to be teased. I thought she was going to put on a show, and not allow me to touch her. Never in my wildest dreams did I think this woman would allow me to get on my knees for a second time, and this time to worship her body as a form of penance. I will forever repeat this veneration if she'll allow me.

Star is breathing heavily, her chest heaving from the slow torture of my mouth moving down her body. That moment, though, when I gently lick her folds of my own accord? Fuck, the moan that escapes her throat causes my balls to draw up in anticipation. Goddamn, I can't wait to make her scream my name.

Using two fingers to open her up to me, I dive in, massaging her clit with my tongue. Nipping and licking, I drive her higher and higher until I flatten my tongue and lick her entire center. I finally insert a finger inside her, then a second, thrusting as I lick her to the same rhythm. I slowly increase the rhythm of my fingers and lick her sweet cunt until she's writhing on the edge.

Whimpers float down to my ears, but I don't let up. Instead, I reach up with my other hand and start to pinch those perky pink nips of hers. Alternating back and forth, Cait tips over the edge of her first orgasm. I locate the spot on the front wall inside her, and thrum my fingers to draw out each and every flutter of her walls. It continues on until she's screaming again; evidently not allowing her to ease down from an orgasm will trigger another. *Good to know*, I think to myself with a smirk.

"Cam," she pants, "I need more. I need to feel you." Grinning, I reach over to my bedside table for a condom. "Wait," she says urgently. "Have you been with anyone since we met?"

I think back, but no, I realize it's been a while. I'd hook up with chicks, but since Cait arrived in Golden, I haven't been able to even think of another woman that way.

"No, uh, I haven't been with anyone since July."

"And you have had tests done for your competitions, right?"

"Yeah," I say hesitantly. Is she thinking what I think she is?

"Is it okay if you go without one? I mean, for you? Will not using one hurt you, for some reason?"

"No... I mean, I think if I ever get the opportunity to take your ass, I'd still likely use one, because it's more hygienic, but no, I'm fully healed. I received specific instructions from my piercer, and as long as I followed those, and I did, I'm okay."

"Then fuck me, Cam. I don't want anything else between us, and I want to feel your sacrifice for me without anything interfering with the full effect."

I reach up, pulling my shirt up by the collar and over my head, then pull her up and flip her over. Her ass sways as I climb onto the bed to settle in behind her. My dick nestles right between the globes of her ass, and it jumps just to get closer to her. I reach down and coat the head in her juices.

Fuck me, I'm in trouble. She feels way too good, and I haven't even gotten inside her yet.

When I think I'm wet enough, I notch myself at her entrance before reaching and grabbing onto her shoulder with my left hand. I brace my other hand on the small of her back, making her arch just slightly, and fuck if that doesn't make her ass look even better.

"Hold on, Star. I have a feeling this is going to be a ride we'll both not forget." I immediately sink into her tight fucking pussy, and I lose all the breath in my lungs. Fuck, this woman. This goddess. The twitch in my cock from my unparalleled lust echoes throughout my body, like a shockwave detonating. Her walls choke my dick like I've never felt before, and I can feel her flutter around me.

"Fuck, I have to move. Hang on." I try to warn her, but within the first five thrusts, she's already coming apart, crying out in ecstasy. I guess the piercings are hitting the right spots because I've never had a woman react like this. Of course, it could be us - her and me, together - but I doubt it.

Letting her ride this one out, I keep moving inside her, but just barely. I can't resist; I need to feel her. Chills run from my neck down my spine, settling in my balls, but I don't want to finish this now. Changing positions will distract me, I think.

"Switch with me; I need to see how gorgeous you are when you ride me." She groans, but picks herself up, making room for me on my bed. I lie back, and as she watches me, her eyes lower down my body. Her gaze lingers on my cock, and I can't help but grin. I watch as she licks her lips before bringing them to the underside of my tip. A hiss escapes my lips at the zap of pleasure that little touch infuses, but that quickly transforms into a growl. She moves from kissing my cock to licking the bead of pre-cum off the tip and then pulls me completely into her mouth.

"Fuck, Cait, I need you to sit on my cock, babe. Quit fucking around." She releases me with a pop and chuckles before straddling my hips. She looks down and freezes before glancing back up at me.

“Ah. *That’s* what that piercing is for.” I give her a wicked grin before bouncing her up to her knees, and I line myself up. As she sinks down, those barbells at the tip of my dick drag along her inner walls at a different angle, and we are both panting with one pass. She begins to lift up on her knees, twerking her hips back and grinding down onto my pubic piercing, and fuck me. Her moans are seriously bringing me closer and closer to blowing. I’m going to get her off once more, though. Fuck me, think of something disgusting. The smell of original Listerine and Old Spice. Vomit. Old men and their balls to their knees. *Okay, I almost made myself sick with that last one. I think I’m good.*

I reach up, wrapping my arms around her waist, and pull her to lean down on me. As she continues to grind on me, the angle changes again, and she mewls in the ecstasy the additional pressure puts on her clit. Fuck yeah, just like that. I begin to pump into her from underneath, increasing in speed until she’s shattering again.

As she catches her breath, I flip us one more time, keeping us connected. Damn, this woman is going to be the death of me. So fucking hot and moves like sin; all of it adds up to her being made for me.

I roll her onto her back and settle between her thighs. I feel like this is home, and as I start to thrust slowly into her, Cait reaches up with one hand to run her fingers through my hair. The other she uses to cup my jaw before she flexes and leans up, taking my lips in hers.

Fuck, the mood changed, and even though it wasn’t completely hot and reckless, it’s somber and magical now. My Star is shining bright, basking in my attention and the afterglow of the orgasms I’ve given her. Fuck me, I’m lost for this girl. This woman. I have hearts in my eyes. It took me taking the blinders off to see the full picture of our love. Because that’s what it is, at least for me. I’m too far gone for her, and I will never love another as I do her.

Deepening the kiss, I grind into her, bringing her up one last time. She feels so good, I can’t last much longer. I’m

ready to fall over the edge with my girl in my arms. I'm going to see if I can hold out, to get her to fall with me.

"Cait," I rasp, panting and needy. "Come with me? One more time, for me, Star." I lean down to kiss her neck, moving up to the tender spot behind her ear. "Can you?"

"I don't know," she whines, teetering on the edge of exhaustion.

I reach down, slipping my thumb between her folds. The gasp that follows is everything, and I can't stop my thrusts. I rub gentle, rhythmic circles around that bundle of nerves, and she begins to cling to my arms.

"Yes, yes, right there, Cam," she pants, getting louder and louder. "Cam, yes! Yes! Oh my god, Cam!"

I let go of my own release as she screams and her pussy clenches tightly around me, holding me as close to her as possible. After I can focus, I lean my head down against hers, kissing the cute little tip of her nose. The giggles that she erupts into make me smile. I gently climb off of her and the bed, sweep her up, taking her to my attached bathroom. I set her down on her feet, start the water to the shower, and then grab a towel to wrap around my waist.

"Get started, but don't leave before I join you." She nods, and I excuse myself. Grabbing my phone, I snap a picture of the messy bed and Cait's clothes, head downstairs and text the guys while I grab a couple of glasses of water.

Yo. Fucking finally.

DOM

??

BAST

What are you talking about?

\*picture message\*



DOM

Is that...

Yes! It feels so freeing to not give a fuck about anything anymore. Except her.

BAST

Glad to hear you finally pulled your head from your ass. \*Smirking smiley face\*

Fuck off. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have our girl in the shower, and I can't wait to get my hands on her soapy body.

COREY

Wait, what? Yes! Wait, noooo. That's supposed to be me in that shower with her.

Sorry, bro, tonight is all my turn.

I turn off my notifications for the group chat and make my way back upstairs with a grin. I know Cait won't be able to go again, but I can treat her to a full-body massage or something. I still have a lot to make up for.

TWELVE



## CAIT

Waking up warm and content is nice. Waking up, snuggled up to someone who finally gave in and agreed to be with you after fighting it for so long? Pure heaven.

I don't know what time it is, but it is early enough for the sun not to be at full strength. The light that is filtering through Cam's curtains is pale, golden yellow like the sun has risen, but it's not that high in the sky yet. I roll over in bed to give myself room to stretch without waking him, but when I roll back over to take a peek at him, Cam is already smirking at me.

"Good morning, Star," he whispers, leaning in to steal a sweet kiss. "How are you feeling?"

Smug bastard. He knows he worked me over last night before turning on the feelings.

"I'm okay. A little sore, but that's to be expected." A flush washes over my cheeks and neck, and I wonder why I'm suddenly bashful. I was all for it, in the moment. Now? I'm all about avoiding talking about it.

"I'll try harder next time," he teases. I giggle but still swat his chest in admonishment. My hand lingers, gently brushing over the tattoo of the rose for his mother. The fact he didn't grow up with a mom, while I missed out on a father figure, weighs on my heart. We are both a lot alike, broken from years of a single parent struggling to fill both roles.

"You never did tell me the stories of your other tattoos," I say, smoothly running my hand over his chest and over his fully inked arms.

"Honestly, they don't have a really important meaning. The left one," he says, lifting the arm I can currently see, "is obviously all nautical themed. The anchor on my forearm is to ground me, the ropes and knots woven around symbolize holding my shit together. The compass on my upper arm and

the nautical star on my elbow I got to represent guidance.” He chuckles contemplatively before speaking again. “It looks like I knew I’d have a star in my life before I even met you. I never drew the connection when I first began thinking of you that way.”

He rolls onto his back before continuing. “This arm has a night scene with a bald eagle soaring in the sky up here, which I got to represent wisdom, strength, and rising above the challenges in my life. The forearm is a wolf. Dark, alone. It represents my alpha nature, not succumbing to anyone else and standing on my own with certain things. It also represents that I feel like I’m a leader for our group. I’ve always tried to look out for my brothers and be there to protect them if need be.”

I smile up at him before leaning up to take his soft lips in mine. This man has the softest, most plump lips I’ve ever kissed. I get lost in his lips, in the warmth of his embrace, when all of a sudden, a sharp cough sounds from the doorway.

A squeak escapes me, as I’m entirely naked, lying in bed with a sexy man who also happens to be naked. I scramble to cover myself, lifting the sheet over my head to hide my embarrassment of being caught literally with my pants down... or off.

“What the...?” Cam laughs out loud at my crazy scramble to cover up, but I don’t care. What makes it worse is that I hear Corey joining in, laughing at my quick moves.

“Good morning, Sunshine. Hey bro,” Corey says, amusement lacing his greeting. “It’s okay, babe, I’ll meet you downstairs. I’m going to go start the coffee since you two haven’t made it out of bed yet.”

“Hi. Okay,” I squeak again. I’m not sure why my voice is so high-pitched, but I’ll wait until I see him downstairs to figure out what’s going on with that. Corey snickers at my awkwardness before leaving us alone.

When the door clicks closed, Cam throws the blanket off my head and rolls over me, closing me in with his arms. He leans in, placing light kisses on my shoulder before licking the

hollow of my collarbone. “I’m going to jump in the shower to wake up. I’m assuming you’ll want to sneak back to your room for clothes, but if you want to grab something from my closet, you can. It’s not like you need to be presentable, you know. Though,” he says as a growl builds from his chest, “seeing you in my clothes might tempt me to change my daily cardio.”

I exhale, chills running down my body, and I groan at the images this man has planted into my suddenly very dirty mind. With a peck on the lips, Cam jumps up. He grabs me, picks me up off the bed, and wraps my legs around his waist before thoroughly kissing me. Then he drops me to my feet and smacks my ass before sauntering to the attached bathroom, and I can’t help but curse him.

“Jackass!” He only laughs, leaving me standing buck-naked in his room. I turn, walking over to his closet. I grab a pair of his boxers, roll the waistband, and then grab one of his casual button-down shirts. Sneaking out before he finishes in the shower, I run to my bathroom to brush my teeth. Then I go in search of the coffee Corey mentioned.

Walking into the kitchen, I don’t see anyone, so I walk over to grab a mug. I open the cabinet and reach up to the shelf, but warm hands slide up my legs, causing me to jump. Spinning, I find Corey moving those hands that were gliding up my legs, cupping my ass.

“I see I missed some fun last night when we got back to town,” he says with a grin. A flicker of mischief flashes in his eyes, and I can only giggle.

“You’re not wrong,” I say. “But I’m glad. We needed time to talk and work some things out.” Corey squeezes my ass, pulling me close to him, and I gasp out a breath.

“I won’t deny I’m jealous, but I understand you needed time to work some things out between you both. Are things good now, though?”

I nod, leaning in, and kissing his neck. “Yeah, I think we’re all good now,” I respond, leaning into him.

“I’d say we’re more than good, Star,” Cam says, walking up behind me and running his hand up my back. “Mmm, you did grab a shirt from my closet.” He hooks his finger in the collar, gently dragging me away from Corey to lean against his front. Corey’s eyes immediately follow the naked skin Cam exposes, licking his lips as he imagines what’s beneath, I’m sure.

“Hey now,” I say, looking back over my shoulder. “Can I get some coffee to wake up before you maul me? I’m still sleepy from last night.”

Cam smirks before grabbing my mug and walking over to pour me a cup. Once filled, he holds his hand out to me, and I follow because he has my coffee.

Leading me into the den, he sits on one end of the couch, patting the cushion beside him. I sit down, and he wraps his arm around me as he hands me my coffee. Corey follows me into the den, snagging a blanket to throw over my legs as he collects my feet into his lap.

While I’m sitting and enjoying my coffee, the guys are chatting about training. I tune them out, just content to snuggle with two of my guys. Considering how I met these two, I’m starting to find peace in my heart. My life has changed so much in six months, and I’m so thankful for each of the guys in my life.

“Isn’t that right, Cait?”

Um, what?

“I’m sorry. What did I miss?” I look up and meet Corey’s gaze as he grins over at me.

“I was just telling Cam that you are very supportive of teamwork,” he says, his eyes roaming down my body. His hands begin to knead the soles of my feet, and I close my eyes, enjoying the massage.

“Mm-hmm,” I mumble, not quite following whatever hidden meaning he’s joking about.

“Yeah,” Cam says as he reaches over and grabs my now empty coffee mug, setting it on the side table. Leaning into my

ear and nibbling on the lobe, he continues, “he mentioned that you rather enjoyed it when he teamed up with Bast.”

My eyes open wide as I gasp, catching on as they move quickly to seduce my body. *Fucking hell*, what did I miss? How did they transition from talking about training to Corey telling him about the threesome we had at Dom’s cabin?

“Um, yeah. That was some impeccable... teamwork,” I reply, a flush creeping up my neck. Immediately, I feel my body come alive, flooding with warmth from being surrounded by these two incredibly sexy men.

“You know,” Cam says into my ear, “I work well with others, too. I haven’t had the chance to show you just how well. Corey, think she’d like a demonstration?”

“Mmm, I’m not sure. I think she could be convinced, though.” Corey shifts my feet to the floor as he slides to his knees in front of me. *Fuck me, this isn’t happening*. This is almost exactly like my first dream about these two. *I wonder if they would recreate it... or at least some of it*. Knowing these men, I’m not exactly sure how easygoing Cam would be if Corey suggested licking my cum off his fingers. But everything else might be on the table.

“What’s racing through your mind, Sunshine?” Corey eases his way, wedging his body between my knees. His hands begin to work their way up my thighs, my core clenching. It’s like my inner hussy knows what’s coming, and she’s starting her warm-up stretches.

“I, uh,” I stutter as Cam begins to nip at my neck, placing gentle kisses and licks at random intervals. “This, um, *situation* reminds me of a dream I had that first day I ran into you.”

“Oh, really?” Corey’s eyes light up with a hunger I’ve seen before. Unfortunately, that hunger means I’m going to have to sacrifice my memories to him because he won’t let this go. “What kind of dream? Was it ‘spicy’, Sunshine?” The little lick of his bottom lip switches my body into overdrive, and all of a sudden, I’m very warm despite how little clothes I’m wearing.

“How about you describe this dream, Star?” Cam says, a slight rasp of need lining his request. My head falls back against his shoulder, and he reaches around me, slowly unbuttoning the shirt I’m wearing.

“Well,” I start shakily, “it all started completely as a scene in the book I was reading. But the two people shifted into you two, and well, Corey, you led me over to sit on Cam’s lap, with my knees spread to the outside of his.”

Corey stands, pulling me up as well. Cam takes advantage and slides my boxers off my hips before slipping both of his knees between mine. Corey gently lowers me onto Cam’s lap before they spread my knees wide. I can feel Cam’s hard length between my ass cheeks, and it absolutely makes me shift with need.

“Cait, stop fucking around unless this dream has you sitting on my dick.” I shiver but hold still.

“What next, Sunshine?”

“Uh,” I say, panting as Cam finishes unbuttoning the shirt, and then gathers my hair over my left shoulder. “So, um, Cam, you held my arms behind my back while Corey went down on me.” I immediately cover my face, too fucking embarrassed for this.

“I’m down, are you?” Corey sounds so legit unfazed by this. I whip my head up, eyes wide with shock.

“Give me your hands.” The growl in my ear leaves me involuntarily whimpering, but I put my hands down where Cam can gather them behind my back. *Fuck*, this is incredibly hot. I’m going to spontaneously combust, because in the dream - they didn’t even fuck me.

Cam bends my arms back, holding both in one hand. He leans forward, grinding his hard-as-fuck cock into my ass, and purrs into my ear. “What’s next?”

I can’t help the moan that vibrates through me. He’s that dark and dangerous character from my dream, working me up with each throaty word murmured into my ear, and I might come as soon as Corey touches me.



“Uh. Corey got onto the floor, in between my knees. He fingered me and ate me, and then you got jealous of the action. You made me lean to the side, sucked on my nipple, and then put your finger inside me with Corey, and I came around both your fingers.”

When the silence lingers following my confession, I close my eyes. I lick my lips, not wanting to face the embarrassment I'm bound to face. Taking a deep breath, I steel myself. I need to face the music, but hiding from the judgment I expect is much easier.

“Fucking hell, Sunshine.” My eyes shoot open, looking into the shock on Corey's face. I swallow instinctively, attempting to come up with words to explain the depravity that was my dream. Before I have a chance, Cam reaches up to slide the long-sleeved shirt off my shoulders.

“You just blew his mind, Star. He's down, it's just going to take his mind a minute to reboot. In the meantime, why don't I give him a show to wake up to?” He pulls my arms through the sleeves, leaving me one hundred percent naked before them. After throwing the shirt off to the side, Cam slowly rubs a hand up my back and over my shoulder, grazing his fingertips over my collarbone. His arm curves over mine, dropping to skim along the valley between my breasts. It takes until Cam cups my breast, pinching the pink tip and causing me to cry out from the surprise bite of pain.

Immediately, Corey wraps his hand around my neck and pulls me into a fierce kiss. His tongue begs entry against my lips, and I relent, tangling my own with his. The fire in his kiss ignites in my core, and I groan into his mouth. When he releases me, he dives tongue-first to my spread legs.

“Fuck, bro, she's fucking dripping.” Corey leans up, my juices glistening over his lips. A small growl sounds in my ear, and I look over my shoulder right as Cam grabs my jaw with his free hand, kissing me and replacing Corey's taste in my mouth with his.

Corey's tongue is hitting all the right spots, and I start to see flashes of light behind my eyes. I squirm, trying to find

some relief. I'm almost there, ready to tip over the edge. Corey continues to flick and lick my sensitive bundle of nerves, driving my body white-hot with need. When Cam pulls my arms to the side and bends around me to reach my nipple with his tongue and teeth, I shatter, screaming out in ecstasy.

Corey continues to lap at me, drinking up my release. He becomes noisy; the slurping sounds and groans emitting from his throat only spurring on Cam's envy of being left out.

"Bro, fuck off, and let me get my hand in there. Before I decide to just lift her and slam my cock home where it belongs."

Corey looks up and Cam, competition shining in his eyes before he relents and backs off. Cam slides his hand down and through my folds. I pant from the sensation of his fingers spearing my core. He pumps his fingers in and out, dragging against that spot inside and working me back up to my next orgasm.

Corey doesn't skip out, though. He returns his tongue's attention to my folds, licking and nipping until I'm grinding against Cam. He then slowly slides his own finger inside with the two of Cam's and *fuck me, that's tight*. Within just a few of their alternating strokes, I'm exploding and clenching around them.

"Yes! Right there, fuck! Oh my god!"

They work as a team to draw out my climax, groaning with each spasm of my inner walls. When I'm finally coming back down, they each withdraw, and when Cam brings his fingers to his mouth and licks up every drop, I can't help but smile in a haze. Without even knowing, he did that part of the dream on his own.

Once he cleans his fingers, he brings my lips to his, and my taste in his mouth stirs the need in my core again.

"Are you ready, Star?" Cam looks deep into my eyes, his dark amber ones burning bright with his own desire. "Think you can take us both?"

My eyes go wide, and I turn to Corey, who slowly lowers his zipper. My focus shifts, and for a second, I'm dickmatized as he takes his beautifully thick cock out of his jeans.

I swallow before turning back over my shoulder to Cam. "Um, I think so? I'd like to try. Are you okay? What about the piercings?"

Cam stares deep into my eyes before leaning in to whisper in my ear. "Star, I'm healed enough for the friction, and I'll use a condom to prevent infection. I'll be fine." He lifts my legs off of his and helps me to stand before handing me off to Corey. Giving him a "look", Cam then storms out into the hallway before I hear his quick footsteps on the staircase.

Turning back to Corey, I give him a questioning gaze, but he dismisses it with a quick kiss. "He'll be right back, Sunshine. He went to grab something. In the meantime," he says, drifting off as he peers down, drawing my attention to his hand steadily stroking his cock.

I lick my lips before looking up at him through my lashes.

"Like what you see?" His tongue flicks out to lick the glistening moisture leftover from the orgasm he just drew from me.

I bite my lower lip and nod before I sink to my knees. Taking him in my hand, he relinquishes control of his cock over to me. I grip him tightly, pulling a groan from his throat. I chuckle at the fact he's at my mercy now. How the tables have turned.

I slowly lick his length from root to tip, flicking my tongue over the slight depression at the end. I then roll my tongue around the head, swirling around his entire length. Taking him deeper into my mouth, I enjoy the musky flavor of his skin, his citrus scent enveloping me. I shift my weight, squirming as his scent draws my arousal to the surface once more.

"Ah, I see you kept our girl busy while I was gone," Cam says, walking back into the room. I look up at him, Corey's dick still in my mouth. When I take Corey to the back of my throat and swallow, the curses that explode from his mouth

bring a hint of humor to Cam's smile. "Ah, Star, stop teasing my boy. Stand up and come over here, so I can prepare your ass to take my dick."

Holy shit, this is happening.

I pop off of Corey as he yelps and then crawl over to Cam. He is now naked, sitting in his same seat on the couch, but only half turned, facing one end. The hunger in his eyes as I crawl, bared to him and all seductive-like, only drives the sway of my hips harder. I crawl up onto his lap, lining up his dick with my folds as I straddle him.

"Star... you're not trying to tempt me into slipping my dick into your tight, drenched pussy and slamming home, are you?"

I moan as the words he mumbles only make me drip harder onto his cock. But he doesn't tease me for long; he grabs the wrapper that Corey hands him before ripping it open with his teeth and slowly rolling the condom around the studded tip and down his shaft. He pops the cap to the bottle of lube that he brought downstairs, squirting some on his fingers before he brings his hand to my back hole. The cool sensation as he slowly massages my hole quickly becomes warm as he inserts a finger, and then a second. It doesn't take him long to get me loosened up.

When Cam withdraws his fingers, I whine at the emptiness. Corey quickly lifts me, spins me around, and guides me to sit back on Cam's lap for a second time tonight. Only this time, Cam has a hold of his hard length and is notching it at my back entrance. I breathe out as the tip stretches my tight ring of muscle, the steel proving to be a challenge. Once the head passes through, though, the pleasure causes me to groan as I sink fully, hip to hip.

"Cait, fuck. Fuck, you feel so good. Fucking hell, Corey, hurry up and figure this out. I'm about to embarrass myself."

I chuckle at his self-deprecating comment about coming too soon, but when my muscles clench around him, Cam spanks my ass. "Girl, cut that shit out, or Corey won't get a chance to join in."

“Hold on, man, I’m here,” Corey says, kneeling on the couch with one knee. He pushes me back to lie on Cam’s chest, head on his shoulder, and he leans down to take a nipple into his mouth. I gasp out loud, as it’s like my nipple has a direct line to my clit. Cam curses Corey’s teases, and when Corey laughs, he leans up and kisses me.

In the next instant, he’s lined up, slipping deep inside my cunt. Fuck, *fuck, that’s so fucking intense. So full.* Both men are moaning and groaning at the tight fit, too. I’m mindless. Speechless. Breathless. It’s not until Corey pulls out that I take a breath, but in the next moment, he’s pushing back inside, and Cam is lifting my ass with his hands. Goddamn, they found a rhythm fast.

Holy shit, I never thought double penetration would be this much of a sensory overload. I reach back with one hand and hold on to Cam by the back of his neck, and at the same time, I reach up and pull Corey to me by his neck. He meets my lips, teasing the seam of my mouth with his tongue. Once I grant him entrance, he matches the thrusts of his tongue with that of his dick.

Within minutes of this frenzied pace, waves of pleasure ricochet through my body. Both of these intense, sexy men are working me up, and I’m about to fall with them both.

“I’m almost there, guys, I’m right there. Come with me, please!” I scream as they build me higher and higher before I burst in pure bliss. My explosion triggers both of my men, and they come with me. Both of their cocks throb and pulse inside of me, Corey painting my inner walls with his cum while Cam fills the condom.

Boneless. I’m blissed out and boneless when Corey withdraws from my body. He gently picks me up and carries me upstairs. Cam takes care to tie off the condom before following, opening the door to his bathroom, and turning on the water. We all jump in the shower, the guys slowly washing and caring for me. Once we are done, Cam walks me back to my room and tucks me into bed.

“I’ll be right back, Sunshine. Just going to grab my clothes. I want a nap with you, though. I think you deserve it, after taking us both.”

I smile up at him before sighing. “Okay, babe,” I say, lying my head down. Before Corey has a chance to make it back, I’m fast asleep.

THIRTEEN



## DOM

It's been a few days since we returned from our last training trip, and I still haven't seen my girl. She's been video-calling me at night, but she hasn't chatted for long. I still talk to her via text, but I miss her, and I need to make sure she's been taking care of herself. I've been so busy trying to keep up with the guy's X-Games status and reservations *and* Plein Air business, I just haven't made it by to see her. She did mention that she and Ella had a girls' day yesterday at the house to celebrate, but she didn't exactly say what for. So, needless to say, her behavior still has been off.

When she texted our group chat this morning asking for a meeting at the house, I was a little worried. I took advantage when I saw Corey later this morning at Bast's house.

"Hey, man, when was the last time you saw Cait?" I ask as he enters the side door into the workout level.

"Um, Sunday? Yeah, I went by Sunday to see her," he says, a smirk blossoming across his face. *Yeah, I get it.* I roll my eyes at his obvious reaction to memories of them having sex. I've never really suffered from FOMO, but *damn*, he has secrets, and I'm curious.

"Alright, whatever. Do you have any idea what this meeting could be about?"

"Not a clue, man. It's kind of formal, and it scares me."

I chuckle, but that is so like Corey. He's either making a joke out of everything or taking it all to heart.

"What?!" His exclamation has me laughing louder.

"Nothing, it's nothing. Anyway, should we check with her about dinner? We can always pick up food on the way."

"Yeah, I'll text and find out," he says.



“No, you go and get started on the trampoline. You need to practice every chance you get, so don’t waste time.”

“Fine, *Dad*,” he grumbles as he walks away.

“Only Cait gets to call me that!” The moment he freezes in his tracks, I crack up laughing hysterically. He just shakes his head and continues to the locker room to change his clothes. I turn and head for my office, which is just beside the gym. I take my office chair and pull my phone out of the drawer.

Opening my phone, I smile. I set my wallpaper to a picture I took of Cait while we were ice skating. That night was magical, and I can’t believe it’s only been a few short weeks since then. So much has happened, and Cait has blossomed under pressure. I knew this wasn’t a girl. This woman has proven just how much strength and grace she has. I can’t imagine my life without her at this point.

I open our group chat, making sure everyone else knows the plan.

Baby Girl, I know the plan is for all of us to come over tonight. Is there anything I can bring you? Maybe we can all get some food and we can crash in the den. A relaxing night in sounds good.

CAIT

Nope, I have dinner handled. I called Ms. Sally, and I placed a grocery order to be delivered to the house. It should arrive shortly after lunch, and I’m going to cook dinner. So just bring yourselves.

BAST

Are you sure, Angel? You don’t have to do that.

CAIT

No, I’ve got it. Moving around and having something I need to do is cheering me up. Please, let me do this for you all?

Alright, fine. But we'll split the cleanup.

CAIT:

Deal \*winking face\*

I'm just about to put my phone away when a text pops up in the chat I have with just the guys.

CAM

Guys. Red Alert. You know how Cait spent time with Ella at the house yesterday? The "chill" day? Evidently, it was her birthday. I just found out from Dad. He texted and said when he, Sarah, and Lily get back from this extended trip, that we need to have a family dinner out. I've been here every day, and she's said nothing to me.

What?!

COREY

That little minx hid it from us!

BAST

Guys... What if she didn't want to make a big deal because of what's happened recently?

*Fuck. He might be right.*

But we can't just leave it. If we do NOTHING, she might think we don't care.

BAST

I'll pick up some wine to share.

COREY

Well, I'm getting her a cake and some ice cream. We all deserve a small cheat day, and she deserves to be celebrated.

Fine. Should we do something else for her? A present of some sort?

BAST

I don't think so. I think she'd think that's over the top.

CAM

Yeah, I don't think she's going to react well to us all surprising her with cake and wine, but I think she'd indulge us. This is the first birthday that we are celebrating with her.

I sit back and think. She moved here in August, and the only birthdays since were Bast's and mine, and neither of us were "with" her at the time.

COREY

Alright, so just cake and ice cream. And wine. We're going to have to make this up to her, though. What... What about if we planned a trip?

CAM

What are you talking about?

COREY

Never mind. I'll get more info before I bring it up again. \*Grinning face\*

I just roll my eyes. Corey being Corey. Speaking of...

Well, since everything is all settled, Corey, you can GET BACK TO PRACTICE.

COREY

Damn it. Fuck you, man. I can't even clap back at you after what you said earlier.

I can't help but grin. That was fucking hysterical.

Cam

What? What did you say, Dom?

COREY

He fucking told me to do something, and then I said something like “Yes, dad,” and he said, “Only Cait gets to call me that.”

BAST

Hmm. I approve.

CAM

LMAO, I'll see you all tonight.

I put my phone back in the desk drawer before I walk over to change clothes as well. I need to be there for spotting, so I need to get loose. But my smile from that little burn will last me all day, I'm sure.



Arriving at the house tonight, I enjoy walking in and seeing Cait smiling in the kitchen. She'd made a pot roast with roasted acorn squash and steamed green beans. I can't believe Cait made this all herself; she's impressing me more and more with her maturity and her ability to care for us all. Even with her talent in the kitchen, Ms. Sally must have given her specific instructions, or a special blend of spices to use, because the meal doesn't taste the least bit healthy. The indulgence of the flavors has me restraining myself from asking for more. I know dessert is coming, though, so I am determined not to overstuff myself. Cait needs to be celebrated.

Once we finish, each of us guys rises from our seats around the casual dining table to clean up from dinner. Cait joins us in the kitchen, but Bast caught her before she could do anything.

“Here, Angel,” he says while pouring her a glass of wine. “Have a seat here at the bar and relax while we take care of this.”

Corey grins before chiming in, “Yeah, we have a surprise when we’re done.”

She only cocks a brow at them before sipping her wine. Cam and I exchange a smirk before he turns to continue putting away the leftover food. It doesn’t take the four of us long before the kitchen is sparkling again. Glancing over, I see Bast and Cam have snuggled up to Cait while Corey disappeared downstairs to retrieve the cake and ice cream from the kitchen we have in the gym.

As I see Corey coming around the corner with the cake in one hand and the ice cream in the other, I decide to throw Cait a slight distraction.

“Baby Girl, is there anything that you might need to tell us?”

Her brows furrow as she turns to me. “Um, I don’t... think so?” The uncertain lift of her voice at the end is adorable, but this little one is in trouble.

“Oh, I think you do. You kept something else from us,” Bast says lowly, shifting to stand behind her and allowing Corey to step up to the counter. Her face instantly turns beet red, and she knows her secret is out.

“Who told you?” She turns to each of us, but only when she turns to Cam does he speak up.

“Star, my dad called me yesterday. He wanted me to keep my schedule open this weekend because he and your mom decided we need a family dinner to celebrate your twentieth birthday.”

Her mouth twists as she looks down at her hands in her lap. “I’m sorry, guys. I just wanted to have a normal, quiet

birthday. There has been so much drama surrounding me lately, and we've been so busy, so I just wanted to be chill. To relax and enjoy my day.

“I know keeping it from you probably hurt you. I didn't mean it to. Please, forgive me, I-I just didn't want the attention on my day.”

“Sunshine, we get it,” Corey says, leaning over to turn her head toward his and steal a kiss that lingers. “We just want you happy. We also want to be able to celebrate you when those times come up.”

“I won't keep any secret details anymore, I promise. I'll even communicate if I have a need for something. But I need you all to understand and honor that. No pushing at me, or disregarding me. I'd be willing to talk if you had questions, though.”

“Perfectly reasonable request. I can do that,” I say, “and I think the guys would, too.”

She swivels her head, making eye contact with each one before the tension in her shoulders fades away. A small smile spreads across her lips, and I know this was the right way to handle it.

“Okay,” Corey says, clapping his hands together. “Who is ready to celebrate? That's the only reason we get to have dessert so close to competition!”

The carefree giggle that spills from her lips makes me grin, but I'm still kind of hurt she chose to exclude us. I get her reasoning, but the sting of the light rejection hurts. We only just got together, and maybe that's why she didn't consider us. I can't imagine what Corey and Bast are feeling. I mean, Corey has been with her the longest, but he's also the one of us with the brightest outlook. Bast on the other hand...

I look over at the oldest of these three as he leans against the counter, slowly sipping his beer. He's not as involved tonight, and I wonder if that has had anything to do with this. He's been chatty with Cait, but not overly involved with everyone.

Corey is keeping Cait entertained, serving cake and ice cream, so I take advantage of the moment. Deciding to go check in on Bast, I sidle up to the counter next to him. “You alright?”

“Yeah. Just trying to figure out how to punish her while respecting her issues with trust. She needs to understand if this whole arrangement is going to work, she has to talk to us.”

“Well, I was considering inviting her back to my place tonight. Maybe I can handle the punishment? I’m a little more sensitive in those situations, I think.”

His eyes find mine, and the gleam that shines through as he smirks says it all. “Alright, but I’m going to have my fun before you go. I’ll get her all hot and bothered. *Fuck*, I am now just thinking about it.”

I return his smirk as he struggles to control himself. He knows she’ll be going home with me, and he’s gracious enough to not invite himself. Which means he’s trying not to work himself up for a problem he’d have to handle himself.



About an hour later, I’m waiting for Cait to pack a bag. We ate the cake and ice cream, and Corey raved about this new bakery next door to the supermarket down the street from Plein Air. Once she went upstairs, I went to clean up the dessert dishes, but Cam stopped me, telling me he had these. Okay, well, not gonna argue.

When Cait returns, she goes to Cam first, slipping under his arm to give him a kiss before she leaves. It’s so nice seeing how she has changed him. He smiles more, now that he’s given in to loving her. It’s refreshing knowing that she makes us all that happy.

She releases Cam, spinning out into Corey's arms. He wraps her up, murmuring into her neck, which only makes her giggle. He makes his kiss quick, but only after she promises to see him tomorrow.

Bast is next, but he takes his time embracing her. After a long, sensual kiss, he leans over and mumbles in her ear. She nods at whatever he says before her eyes flick up to meet mine. The flush that creeps up her neck tells me Bast is whispering dirty thoughts to our girl. *Thank you, my man.*

We say our final goodbyes, and I take her bag and escort her to my SUV. Once I've got her seated, I cross around the front to my side, buckling up and pulling down the Wilkins' drive. I let Cait sit in comfortable silence for most of the trip, but when we get close, I decide to check in with her.

"Baby Girl..."

"Yes, sir?" *Fuck me, she remembered.*

"Don't tease. Only call me that if we are playing. I just wanted to check in, and make sure you were okay after we called attention to you tonight."

"Who says I'm not in the mood to play, sir? And I'm fine. You didn't go overboard, so it was nice. I liked it."

I pull up into my driveway, exit the car, and walk around to her side. Opening her door, I help her out of the car and then retrieve her bag. Wrapping my arm around her, I walk her up the sidewalk and open the door for her. As soon as we enter, I take her coat and hang it up.

"Cait," I say, running my eyes down her long legs and back up to her ass. "Sweetheart, you're mine tonight. I want you to focus on you and me. But I have a question."

"Yes, sir?" Her breathy reply almost catches in her throat as she looks over her shoulder at me.

I hang up my own coat and then approach her to stand at her back. Leaning down, I whisper in her ear, "What did Bast say to you that had you blushing so hard before we left?"



Gulping audibly, she replies with a whisper. “He reminded me that you all love me, but that hiding information would require a punishment that you would enforce tonight.”

Her words run like a wildfire to my dick, which hardens instantly with images flooding my head of her on her knees or bent over my lap.

“Fuck, he’s an evil bastard, huh?” I chuckle.

“Yeah, but he’s right. And besides, I seem to remember I learn my lessons when you enforce the punishments.” The gleam in her eyes shows me just how much she believes what she is saying.

A growl crawls up my throat at the memories of her the night we spent here. Instantly, I want to get that part over with, so I can lose myself in her body tonight.

“Go to my room. Undress down to your bra and panties. Wait; sitting on the bed. I’ll be there shortly.”

“Yes, sir,” she whispers and immediately moves to obey my directives. If she could do anything to make me harder, that would be it. Fuck this shit. I move to the kitchen to grab a couple of water bottles, then head to my room.

As I enter, Cait is just finishing undressing. I set the water bottles on the nightstand on the opposite side before digging in the drawer. I bought my baby girl a toy, and we’re going to play tonight. All for her pleasure, though.

I set the sealed box in the middle of the bed, behind her, before I move to the end. I sit, pulling her to my side and gathering her attention.

“Cait,” I begin, “I need to know if there is anything you *wouldn’t* do with me. I ask because I bought something, and I think it would work for your punishment.” I reach beside her, showing her the sealed box. It is one of those remote-controlled vibrators that fit inside the vagina and stimulate the clitoris at the same time, and I think I have a plan.

“Baby Girl, I want you to wear this, and I’m going to give you spankings for keeping secrets. I’m hoping to increase the

speed of the vibrations with every spanking, and to draw it out, the spankings won't be hard. Would you be okay with that?"

Her eyes wide, she just stares at the box for a second. Then, looking up at me with wide eyes, she says, "I'd like to try since I know it would make you happy."

I release a light groan, ready to get started immediately. "Alright, lay back on the bed, please." I unwrap and turn on the device before pulling aside her panties. I run the larger end through her already glistening center, and fuck me, she trembles as I insert it. Once fully inserted, I pull her to stand.

Looking deep into her eyes, I flick the first button, watching her eyes shutter and a moan escape her throat as the vibrations begin their torturous ministrations.

I turn, sitting on the end of the bed. I look up at her with adoration, as she's already glowing from the effects the little device is having on her body. Holding out my hand, I guide her over to me. "Lie over my lap, Baby Girl. Support your upper body by angling toward the bed."

She groans as she gets in position, as I asked. "Good girl. I will only punish you for things that you know you should not have done. Keeping your secrets didn't put you in danger, but we missed out, and it hurt us knowing you kept it from us. It saddened me, specifically. I had begun to think I was earning your trust.

"Baby Girl, I-I love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you, but I can only do that if you trust me," I say as I begin to rub my hand over her lace-covered ass.

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes, sir," she breathes. In that same instant as her answer, I apply a swift smack to her left cheek. The bounce is mesmerizing and the gasp from her lips echoes in my body, reverberating straight to my cock. I gently stroke the heat of the sting out right away, making sure to have the remote to the toy in my left hand draped across her back.

"Fuck, Cait, you are breathtaking in pink." The flush of her globe only spurs me on. "Are you going to keep secrets

anymore?”

She squirms slightly on my lap, no doubt knowing at least one more is coming. “No, sir,” she replies to my question.

I continue to stroke her ass with a soft touch, only increasing the vibrations a half-second before I land a smack on her right ass cheek. The effect of the almost instantaneous increase of power with the assault from the outside makes her cry out. I’m sure her yell was partially from the impact, but I *know* the vibrator is working its magic. Cait’s legs are becoming damp with the evidence of her need.

I increase the speed once more. The sounds pouring from her lips are sinful and addictive, and I know I won’t be able to keep this up much longer. I want to draw out an orgasm from her while in this position. I need it. She needs to understand that hiding important things from me hurts me because I care too much. Because I love her.

As I rub the full ass in my face, I prepare to press the button to increase the vibration to the last level. This time, I’m exposing her to the highest speed prior to the last spankings. When I press it, she gasps and cries out. The way she is gripping the sheets in her tight little fists tells me she’s needy, ready to fall over the edge.

That’s when I swat her ass, but low enough to hit the vibrator. The light smack is enough to throw her off the ledge of this climax. Her cries of pleasure echo throughout my bedroom as she writhes on my lap. I work to draw her wave out as I slowly lower the power of the device, still rubbing away the heat from the impacts.

Once I turn off the device, I help her stand and remove her bra and panties before I encourage her to climb up the bed. I undress, kicking off my shoes and socks before pulling my shirt over my head. Her eyes roam my chest and stomach as I lower my hands to my belt, removing it and unbuttoning my jeans. Her tongue flicks out, dragging across her lower lip as I lower my zipper. Heat from her gaze washes over my body, and I’m done drawing this out. I climb up the bed, still half dressed, because I need to taste my girl.

Lowering myself between her thighs, I spread her legs wide. I slowly remove the vibrator, set it aside, and take a long lick through her center. *Fuck, she is intoxicating.* Ducking lower, I thrust the tip of my tongue into her, mimicking what I want to do to her later with another part of my body. She moans, threading her fingers through my hair. Her scent and taste drive me wild, and I work to build her up again. With lashes from my tongue, I bring her to the brink of ecstasy before I finally insert two fingers. I drink in everything she gives me as she grinds against my face.

Lifting on an elbow, I look down at the beautiful creature beneath me. I admire the way her folds glisten and the way her thighs flush from the way my beard rubs against her. My gaze turns to her and I watch as my girl pants, trying to recover from the shock waves flowing through her body. She tilts her head to look at me, her face flushed and glowing. She grins and rolls her eyes as she relaxes again.

I dip my fingers to her core, wanting to work her up again to be ready to take me. Bast told me about the day with Cam in the kitchen. Now that I know what my girl is capable of, I'm determined to blow her mind as well.

Fluttering my finger at her entrance, I'm dedicated to triggering all the little nerves that run out from her clit. I'm so glad I'm older. I know a bit more about the female anatomy than any boys her age. Even the other guys. I doubt they've done the intensive research that I've found myself diving into recently. Knowing the knowledge and experiencing my girl reaching those highs is completely different, though.

After teasing her entrance, I lean down and take one more taste. *Goddamn*, that sweet and tangy flavor that is perfectly her would make me rock hard if I wasn't already throbbing from smacking her luscious ass.

I pull back and strip off my loosened jeans and boxers. I hook her knee under my arm and line myself up with her dripping entrance. Cait writhes beneath me, panting, her pleas of passion rattling throughout my body.

“God, fuck. Sir, please fuck me. I need you. I need to come.”

“I’ve got you, Baby Girl,” I reassure her.

When I finally do thrust inside her, I slowly sink into her warmth. I slide in easily with how wet I’ve made her, all the way in. Chills run down my back with how good she feels. She squeezes me, clenching around me as I grind into her. Her moans and screams of pleasure only spur me on, and fuck, I’m struggling to hold off my own release.

I slow down, taking a breath or two and edging Cait as well. I want to make her soak my bed, so I need to draw this out. My lazy strokes soon frustrate her, though.

“Sir,” she says through a growl. “I’m begging you. Please, make me come. Please.”

“I know, I’m just wanting to show you fireworks, Baby Girl. Let me work my magic.”

A groan vibrates through her body, into mine, and settles in my balls. That sensation breaks my resolve, and I shift, getting ready to fulfill my promise.

I lean closer, placing my weight on the elbow with which I’ve hooked her leg. With my free arm, I thread my hand between our bodies. Preparing for her climax, I stroke her clit as I pound into her. Cait reaches up, clinging to my broad shoulders, and throws her head back. Her groans of pleasure quickly morph into whimpers and whines. Her need builds into a frenzy, matching my own.

I can’t take it anymore, and when I feel the flutters of her walls clenching around me, I erupt. The gush of warmth and wetness signaling her own peak washes over me, and I sag against her. I keep myself propped up, not wanting to crush her, but I drop my forehead to hers.

“Baby Girl, I will forever be yours. You’ve captured my heart, and I willingly surrender to you.”

“I love you too, Dom,” she says, leaning up to trap my lips with hers in a sweet, tender kiss. My heart explodes right then and there, and I return the kiss with the fervor of my love.

Fuck, I don't care if we ever leave this bed. This is it; she is it for me. I've found my eternity here in her arms.

**FOURTEEN**



## CAIT

The night with Dom was so freaking incredible. The way he took charge, but then also made love to me? I was shaking from the intensity of the moment. I felt so complete when it ended, my heart was high and my spirit soared. My love for him has flourished since the conversation at the cabin around the fire pit, so this development didn't scare me.

I'm still glowing thirty-six hours later when I sit down to have my telehealth meeting with Dr. Francis. Immediately after I log in, she's asking questions.

"Cait, my dear, you look lovely. How are you doing? Have there been any recent developments? Romantic or otherwise?"

I smile as a blush creeps up, but I spill everything to her about the past week.

"Nothing new since I last talked to you about Jason. The boys and I are getting on better than ever, though. Cam finally came around. We've developed our own portion of whatever group relationship I have going on. I have been so happy this week, so I feel like the bottom will fall out soon. It can't be this good without something becoming screwed up."

"I can completely understand that. You've been through a lot recently, and it's going to take time for things to settle down for you. What do you think you might do once Jason is back in jail?"

I sit and stare, not sure what to think. "Um, I haven't thought about that."

"Well," Dr. Francis thoughtfully suggests, "making plans for the future is an important part of your mental health. It suggests contentment with your life and a sense of stability. If you cannot plan, then you feel your life is too chaotic."

"Can I ask, Cait, what you were going to school for?"



“I was a business major. I never really gravitated toward a specialized department within my business courses. When my credit issue hit, I had only started my major courses.”

“I guess I just wanted to have something to support me if I ever decided to run my own business. I’m not even sure what I would do. When it was time to start college, I just selected something.”

“I see. And now that you *are* thinking about the future, where do you see yourself in five years? What about ten?”

“I’m really not sure. I can see myself still with the guys; we all just work well together. But career? I’m lost. I have no idea what I see myself doing.”

“Well then, I think this is homework for you. Before our next session, I want you to think about that five- and ten-year vision. You will get there; we now need you to plan on it. I need to know what it is you see yourself doing. What does future Cait look like?”

I give Dr. F. the “bored eyes,” look before sighing. “Okay, doc. I’ll think about it. I’m not sure what I’ll come up with, but I will definitely give it a try.”

She smiles warmly at me through the phone. “That’s all I ask, Cait.”

We continue chatting, talking about my inability to be on my own right now. I can’t even drive to the store; with Jason tracking me down, even at the new house, I just can’t bring myself to go outside the safety of my home without one of the guys. Dr. Francis explained that it was normal for my fear to increase, but that I need to remind myself with affirmations that I am safe. Unfortunately, we just don’t know when he’ll attempt to strike at me next.

As the session comes to a close, Dr. Francis takes the time to reassure me. “Remember, Cait. You have a lot of people looking out for your physical well-being, but only you can exercise your emotional and mental well-being. Take care, I’ll see you soon.”

“Bye, Dr. Francis,” I say before disconnecting the call.

Pondering the assignment she gave me, I'm stumped as to what I am going to do now. I feel like my life is on pause, so how to plan the future while stuck in the present seems like the all-important question.



Cam has been helping out so much since the newest issues with Jason popped up. He's been taking Lily to and from school and running the errands I'm used to doing. I am beginning to feel like a burden to my family, causing nothing but trouble. It sucks because the guys are the biggest light I've had in my life in a long time.

It's been so hard. Staying home, I have not worked since the note was delivered to Lift. I've been too scared to go anywhere by myself, in case Jason decided to cause a traffic accident and run me off the road. I haven't told anyone those fears, because I know they are far-fetched, but I can't help it. Nothing anyone says will relieve that worry until they catch him. Some days, when I'm stuck here alone, the anxiety is so loud in my head, it can feel like an echo chamber.

Then, at others, like tonight, I barely remember that I've been struggling. Cam brought Lily home, and we all hung out until Mom and Aaron got home. Then Cam and I drove over to Bast's house. We've been hanging out with him, Corey, and Dom. It's been lighthearted and fun, sitting and watching funny movies and eating popcorn. The guys have all been flirty, which is refreshing because no one else seems to mind. And honestly? This is the most peace I've felt in weeks.

I'm sitting wrapped up in Corey's arms tonight, snuggling under a blanket while Cam and Bast argue about making more popcorn, and Dom tries to play referee. I'm quiet, thinking about the homework Dr. Francis gave me, when Corey leans down and rests his chin on my shoulder.

“What’s the matter, Sunshine? You’re not as cheerful as you’ve been tonight.”

“I know. My doctor gave me homework after the session I had with her today. I need to come up with a five-year and a ten-year plan.”

“You don’t know where you’ll be in the future? What were you planning on doing with your degree?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. That seems like forever ago, and I feel like my life has changed so much. I like my business classes, so if I can ever get schooling straightened out, I want to return and finish my degree. But I have no idea what I want to do with it.”

“I can understand how this could seem intimidating, but don’t worry,” Corey says, reassuring me with a kiss to my head. “We will be with you to help you figure out whatever you want to do. I think your idea of just being in the business school was smart. Consider it this way: your life has been so unstable, even before the chaos that Jason brings. The last ten years of your life have been so unsettled, between living on the road, trying to figure out your life after his trial, and then on the road again. I don’t blame you for not knowing what you want.”

“I appreciate that, I do,” I insist as I spin to straddle his lap. His eyes shine with loving warmth, light and golden at the moment. I want to hug him for his support, but I feel the need to explain. “But Dr. Francis said it was healthy for me to think ahead. I’m trying to look beyond the next few weeks or months, however long it takes for them to find Jason, but nothing stands out to me.” I can’t help but think that if I’m struggling with this assignment, I’ll never mentally be free from him. Just the thought of that gives me chills. *Will I constantly have to deal with this haunting me?!*

”Do you think, since I can’t figure out what I want to do, that-that it means I’m not okay? I mean, that I can’t see a future for myself? Corey, this scares me. I don’t want to go back to her without an idea of where I see myself in the future,

but I also feel like I don't want to fake it. And I *want* a future, I do..."

"Sunshine, shh," he whispers, lifting a palm to cup my cheek. "Cait, I don't even have a five-year plan, let alone a ten-year. Not having an idea or vision of yourself in the future doesn't mean you're giving up. It just means your current situation is fluid and always changing. How can you imagine a five-year plan? Just a month ago, you, your mom, and Lily lived in an apartment. Now, she's married, and you're in a new house. Have you ever thought about goals? Like, have you ever considered traveling? What about kids? None of that has to happen within the next ten years, but it could be a possible starting point for you.

"Think of your life like a river; if you experience a flash flood, your path may change. What is important is that you hold together. That you have the drive to keep going."

I can't help but sigh before I collapse and lean my forehead against his. "I'm trying. Some days are definitely better than others..."

"And that's fine. One step at a time."

I place a tender kiss on his soft lips. Just as he begins to deepen the kiss, my phone rings. The only people not here who have my number are the people I desperately want to hear from, so I dive for my phone in the middle of the sofa. When I pick it up, the blood rushes from my face.

"Hey! It's Cheyenne on the phone. Be quiet!" Corey screams at the other guys, and I pause, miserably afraid. What blood is left in my head rushes through my ears, pounding to the rapid beat of my heart. I'm almost too scared to answer the call, but in the end, I do.

"He-hello?" My throat is so dry, I can barely speak.

"Hi, Cait, this is Cheyenne Rivers. I was calling with an update, and I have some questions, too."

"Oh, okay," I breathe out, still nervous, but thankful she's called.

"So, first things first. How are you doing?"

“Well,” I chuckle, “I was just telling Corey that I have good days and bad days. I just hope I’ll make it out of all of this, someday.”

“Cait, we’ll make sure of that. I promise. I won’t let you down. Now, for the new information.”

“The car that you used to escape definitely led back to him. His fingerprints were all over it. We are trying to trace the owner, because the investigators found other fingerprints, as well. The license plates were from Pennsylvania. Do you know anyone from there?”

I think hard, but the only time we went north during our travels, we went straight to Vermont. And when we left, we went straight through to Texas. “No,” I say, still conflicted. “I don’t know anyone that lives there.”

“Okay, no worries. We’ll continue to track that lead down. Next on my list is his history. I found out, with lots of digging, that he has been staying at a hotel in Littleton. He’s been staying in the next town over when he’s been actively watching you. I don’t think he’s been in that location all the time, though. There are holes in his digital footprint, so I’m trying to track where he was during those absent times. Do you have any other information that you think might be helpful?”

I glance over at the guys before responding, “Well, he was taking me east, and I would assume that he knew where he was going, based on the way he talked about our sleeping arrangements for that night.”

“Okay, I can definitely focus our attention east of the town you pulled up to. Do you have any questions for me?”

“Just one... has Detective Wallace been in touch with you? Has he found anything new?”

“No,” she sighs. “I talked to him, but he didn’t say he had anything new. Finding Jason has become his priority, and mine as well.”

“I know this is stressful. Keep your family close, your boys too. Keep doing your therapy, we’ll continue to hunt him

down like the vermin he is. We will take him down, one way or another.”

I feel the connection with this woman like she is my guardian angel sent by my dad. I can't imagine this being a simple coincidence, and my heart swells with the emotions of my past and present. Tears well up in my eyes, but I blink them away. The guys will freak out if I start crying.

“Thank you, Cheyenne. I'm eternally grateful for your help. I don't know how I'd survive all of this without you.”

“Don't you worry. You leave all the hard stuff to me. You just need to promise to take care of yourself, you hear?”

“Yes, ma'am,” I reply through a watery giggle.

“Alright, you take care. I'll update you again soon.”

“Goodnight.”

Disconnecting the call, I look up, and each of my guys is staring at me. I sigh before I relay the information.

“So,” Cam says, “he's been nearby, but not all the time?”

I nod a confirmation, suddenly getting tired. “Guys, I think I'm going to bed. Is anyone staying with me tonight?”

Corey immediately stands, before saying, “I wish, Sunshine, but I need to actually head out. My dad has been under the weather, so I need to check in on him first thing in the morning.” He steps over, wraps me up, and places a sweet kiss on my lips. “But,” he continues, “I need to come back and see you before we leave for Aspen next weekend. Are you going with us? I'd love to have you cheer us on!”

I give him a wan smile before letting him down gently. “I talked with Dare yesterday, and he doesn't suggest it. Something about manpower for security in the stands, etc. It's an unknown area, so they would be at a disadvantage. I love you, and I wish I could be there, but this just isn't the best time.”

His smile droops for a second, but he recovers quickly. “I get that. All that matters is that you will be watching. I love

you, too,” he says, giving me one more sweet peck before stepping away.

“I actually need to have a late meeting with my dad tonight, Angel. He just texted me to come back upstairs. Something about investors on their way over to discuss sponsorships for Plein Air.” Bast wraps an arm around me, pulling me in for a hug.

“I understand. I love you. Thank you for being here today,” I say, tilting my head up at him. “Will I get to see you before Aspen, as well?”

“For sure, Angel. I’ll see you soon.” His kiss lights a fire in my soul, lifting my spirit slightly before he lets me go. I turn, and Dom is chatting with Cam, so I walk over to the two of them.

“Baby Girl, I’m going to head out too. Last-minute prep with the sponsors for the guys’ entries tomorrow. Will you be okay with Cam taking you home?”

“Of course,” I scoff, trying to hide my disappointment at all of my guys running off to do other things. Turning to the man in question, “Are you ready to head home?”

“Yeah, let’s go,” he says, draping an arm around my shoulders and walking me out to his car.

The ride home is quiet. I do my best to not be awkward, but I just don’t have anything to say. I did message Ella once or twice, but by the time we pulled into the driveway, I’d told her I was going to bed. I glance over at him as we exit his car and head into the house, before speaking up. “I should be fine, I think. If you have anything you need to do tonight.”

“I’m going to go get some weight training in,” he says as he wraps an arm around my waist. “I’ll sneak into your bed once I shower, though.”

Knowing that I need someone to scare away the nightmares, he kisses the top of my head. He may not be as aggressive with his love as Dom and Bast, but Cam is protective of me, and it shows in his own little way. He’ll be

there when I need him, and that in itself calms my nerves about being alone tonight.

“Alright,” I say. “Well, I’m heading up to bed. I’ll see you soon, too?” I give Cam one last kiss, and he nods before returning that kiss. I’m so thankful I have them all, and that someone is with me when I need them. As I enter my room to prepare for bed, I begin to think that maybe life is making sure I have the lifelines I need at the perfect time.



Waking the next morning, I notice the sheets beside me are cold but pushed back. I vaguely remember Cam slipping up against my back at some point, and it seems he kept my nightmares away for another night.

Climbing from bed, I wrap myself in my robe and slide on my slippers before heading downstairs to grab some coffee. As I descend the stairs, the aroma of that glorious brew wafts up to me, just as chatter drifts up to meet my ears. Walking into the kitchen, I find Mom making Lily breakfast.

“Cait!”, she exclaims, hopping down from her barstool and running, slamming into me for a big hug. “I missed you!”

“I missed you too, chickie. Did you have a fun trip with Mom and Aaron?”

“I did, but I missed my school friends. I’m not sure why we took a long trip right after winter break for school.”

I exchange a look with my mom, grimacing at the fact that I’m trying not to lie to her. Mom just shakes her head before giving me a head nod with wide eyes, making sure I am discreet about the situation.

“So, Lily,” I begin, walking her back to her barstool to eat, “I’ve had a bit of trouble. I’ve had someone wanting me to come with them, even though I don’t want to. They want me



to move and live with them forever, and they are being pushy about it. They even said some mean things about Mom, so Aaron decided it was best if the three of you went out of town for a bit.”

“But what about you? Why didn’t you come with us? Are you safe, Cait?”

“I’m perfectly safe now. Aaron brought in a nice lady who has a team of strong men who now protect us. So, I can’t go to a lot of places, because it takes a lot of them to clear places to make sure this person isn’t there.”

“What about the police? Can’t they make them stay away?”

“I know it’s scary, Hun,” Mom chimes in, “but we are doing everything we can to keep everyone safe. Cait, myself, and even you.” Mom walks over and sweeps Lily up in a hug, exchanging a sad glance with me.

“Who would do something like this? Don’t they know we have to respect others? That means asking for permission. What did you tell me, Mom? ‘Consent?’” Lily’s words drive a dagger through my heart, and the alarm in Mom’s eyes only reinforces my own concern, but I won’t lie to her.

“So, chickie, remember when we left Vermont to go on the road? Do you remember that we didn’t always live in Vermont?”

“Yeah, I remember swimming at a friend’s house with you, Mom, when I was in kindergarten. But I think that was it. It was hot, wherever we lived.”

“That’s right,” Mom says. “We lived in Georgia when you were born.”

“Lily... We had to move after some things happened. Mom didn’t feel it was safe for either of us. What I’m about to tell you might be scary, but I want you to know we are safe now, okay?” I do the best I can to make sure my baby sister doesn’t end up with the trauma that I’ve endured.

“We had to leave because the man who helped create you began acting... strange. He began hurting me, so Mom kicked

him out, and we left. We left to be safe and happy. Has Mom kept you safe and happy?"

Her brows furrowed, she responds quietly, "Yes..."

"Did you have fun on our adventure?" Mom asks, trying to gauge her concerns.

"I did. But what does that have to do with now?"

"Well," I try to ease Lily into it, "that man has tracked me down. He's telling me bad things will happen if I don't go with him. But that's why Aaron hired Ms. Cheyenne and her team of big, strong men. They're going to protect me, to protect all of us."

"Okay," Lily says quietly, still trying to understand it all.

"Do you have any questions?" I ask, wanting to make sure she's okay with this bomb I dropped.

"I just don't understand why he wants you to come live with him. If he wanted a daughter, why wouldn't he ask me to come with him? Not that I would, I just don't understand."

*Fuck.* "It's not about him wanting a daughter, chickie. He thinks I can help him with something grown-ups do. But he didn't ask me or give me a choice. He's being a meanie-head, so I don't want to go. Besides, I have you, Mom, Aaron, and all the guys here who love me and don't want me to go either."

"Okay. I get that. It sucks he's being stupid about it."

"Lily!" Mom admonishes but passes me a quick smirk.

"Sorry, Mom, but it's true," I say, not bothering to hide my own smirk. "So, do you understand why Mom and Aaron took you away for a bit? We all just want to keep you and Mom safe."

"I get it. I don't like it, but I get it."

"Alright, girl," I say, swooping down and blowing a raspberry on her cheek. "Finish breakfast. I'm taking my coffee upstairs and getting dressed, but when you're done, maybe we can paint each other's toenails?"

“Yay! Yes, I’d love that!” She beams up at me, and I sigh with relief as I just passed my first real big sister-bomb conversation. Mom nods at me with that shared look of thankfulness that the conversation went well, and I turn to head back upstairs, grateful to be able to spend the day with the rugrat.

FIFTEEN



## COREY

Not being able to sleep at times sucks. That's why I always take melatonin to fall asleep early on the night of competitions. I'm always too hyped up to relax or sleep, and the X Games is no exception. We got into Aspen on Tuesday afternoon. We needed to burn off some energy and get a feel for the course. Going in blind is never a good thing. Plus, getting here early allows me to exhaust myself, which only helps the combo effect of the melatonin.

By Thursday, we've got a good lay of the land, and we are relaxing before dinner in our suite. The day of practice was hard, especially when we're trying to push ourselves and still not get hurt. I plan on heading down to the sauna in the hotel gym after dinner, before bed, to just relax my muscles. The qualifying rounds for the other guys begin tomorrow, with the finals on Sunday. My discipline is slightly different; there is a one-time event on Saturday.

It's going to take everything we have to compete with the best from around the world, but that's why we're here. To prove what we have for the sport. The stakes are high; we should be approaching our peak performance, but I don't think we'll be the best. But who knows, everyone has good days and bad days.

Sitting around, waiting for our dinner reservation, I can't get my mind off my girl. *Our* girl. Cait has been through so much, and yet she continues to amaze me with her strength. Between the trauma from her past and the recent stress, the fact that she's holding it together as well as she is makes me thankful she has the four of us. I swear, she needs a vacation. Hmm...

"Yo, I have an idea," I announce to the room. Immediately, heads turn in my direction.

"What's up?" Dom asks.

“Cait needs a break. She needs a chance to get away, to be able to breathe. She couldn’t come with us because security would’ve been too high of a risk, but that doesn’t mean we couldn’t take her on a vacation, does it? If we’re constantly with her?”

Silence fills the room as the rest of the guys think about my statement, so I continue. “Think about it. It’s late January. Why don’t we do this for Valentine’s Day? We can take her up to Telluride, and get her out on a board with us. She hasn’t been boarding since the Thanksgiving trip, and this is the best time of the year.”

“We can spend a couple of days in a suite. I know I’ve had a couple of two-on-ones with the others, but aren’t you all curious about what she’d be like with all of us? Okay, maybe we need to work up to all at the same time, but I can’t be the only one with fantasies.”

Looking at each of the guys for their opinion, no one speaks up. Bast appears to be contemplating what I said, but Dom and Cam just stare at their hands.

“We all watch porn, right? It’s in our nature to constantly think about sex, and having access to porn makes things more visual. Have you ever been watching porn and imagined it was Cait?” Dom sputters, choking on his water, which catches all of our attention. Giving him a side glance, I continue. “Wouldn’t you love to be able to keep Cait pampered? Both physically and sexually? As men, we need some time to recharge. But together, we can support each other with that goal and keep Cait going.”

“Okay, for example, Bast,” I start, turning to him. “You like being in control, but you also like watching, right?”

“Yeah, that sounds about right.”

“So we need either a moment for you to watch or a scene that you can direct,” I say. “Or both, if we’re there for enough time.”

“I see what you’re saying,” Cam chimes in. “I don’t have any preferences for anything like that, but I’m not shy when it

comes to Cait and sex, and I'm willing to do just about anything."

"I think I'm more of a control person, too," Dom adds, "but it's more about pampering Cait than controlling the situation. Making sure she's completely cared for and satisfied is what I prefer. I like to provide her with the care that I feel she deserves, but I'm also willing to make sure she follows the rule we made about no more secrets. I... fulfilled a punishment the other night because she neglected to tell us her birthday was approaching. Communication is key, and I told her how it hurt that she wouldn't allow us to celebrate her. I didn't like the actual punishment; sadism is not my kink, I've learned. However, the aftereffects were hot as fuck. She totally got off on the power play, and I'm down for that."

"Well then," I murmur, my throat thick with tension and arousal. "That *is* hot. I can imagine her all needy and fidgety."

"So, are we going to plan specific scenes? Or are we going to give her a choice in these activities?" Bast interrupts the moment, asking some important questions. He always seems to prefer her consent, and I appreciate that he's always looking out for her that way.

"I don't think planning is a good way of phrasing it," Cam says. "Having a game plan is a good idea, but allowing for spontaneity is also good. Maybe we just keep the schedule open and let the situation take us where we need to go?"

"Sounds good to me," Bast replies. "I just want her to know she isn't obligated to participate in anything she doesn't want to."

"Has she ever said anything? About being uncomfortable?" Dom asks.

"Not to me," I say. "But I also haven't driven her too far."

"I will say, I think I've been the most forward with experimenting," Bast says. "I've always asked her consent to everything that I have tried, even the most basic things. She's told me she appreciates the consideration, so I'll continue to do so until I can make sure she's okay with various activities."

“She’s had threesomes,” Cam points out. “Is anyone here opposed to us all being involved? I don’t give a shit, as long as I can please my girl.”

“I’m not, either,” I say in agreement.

“I’ve participated in group activities with her,” Bast says, “However, I’m willing to step back if someone else wants a chance. I like watching and choreographing, so that wouldn’t be a hardship for me. As long as I can take her after everyone else is finished. I’ll be moments from the edge just from watching her, so waiting for my turn to please her won’t be an issue.”

“I don’t know if I ever could,” Dom says contemplatively. “I guess I’ll have to decide at the moment of opportunity. Given that, I’m in total support of taking care of our girl.”

When I snort with laughter at the oddest fucking moment, they all turn to me. “Sorry, I was imagining a research session where we all looked up various porn videos for arranging different positions, but then I thought that might be awkward.” Of course, then they all laugh at me.

“You might have a good idea but wrong execution,” Cam says. “We could all send a link to something we like to the group chat. That will allow us to watch it when... we’re in our own company. That would be way less awkward.”

“I could do that,” Dom says.


“Yeah, that’s reasonable. We can all respond with our thoughts,” Bast says.

“I like that. It’ll help us determine what we’re each open to,” Cam replies.

Dom just hangs his head. “Who the fuck knew nine years ago we’d eventually be sending each other porn videos we wanted to try with the others?”

We all bust out laughing because he’s so fucking right.





The waiting game is the worst. Standing here, waiting for the scores from my third run... I wasn't the greatest. I made a slight mistake on my second run; I launched into a lay-back backflip with the backside hand drag rodeo, but I was supposed to hit just the pinky. Instead, I dragged my entire palm across the snow. It didn't cost me in execution, but my style points won't be as high. This course is all about style and personality. I still rocked a solid, even impressive series through the Knuckle Huck course over my four runs, but any mistake will haunt me.

The Knuckle Huck is a somewhat recent addition to snowboarding. It's been four years since this combination downhill and lay-down stunt course found its way into the X Games. I was primarily doing slopestyle competing, but when this was suggested, I jumped at the chance to be part of something new. Catapulting yourself off a smaller hill, or knuckle, and then performing flips and spins while adding your own flair is something I strived for. It is essentially me, for a snowboard course.

After finishing my fourth run, I watch as the last riders finish off. When the next-to-last rider slides out of the gate and picks up speed, he spins into a cab 1 tail press double flip - basically spinning backward before lifting the nose of his board, bouncing off the tail edge, and flipping over vertically twice before sticking the landing. I'm speechless as I watch, and the others that have finished and surround me are all slack-jawed in awe. We cheer when our competitor finally arrives in the lower bowl, and we wait for the last.

I'd never understood the phrase "with bated breath", but these high-profile competitions get to me sometimes. The first one I did this year, was no big deal. The X Games, however?

This is a televised, worldwide event, and I know my girl is at home, watching every moment.

I hate that Cait can't be here with us. All because some asshole doesn't understand body autonomy. Who the hell does he think he is, trying to claim her without her permission? Fuck, I want Cait like no other person on the planet, but fuck me to hell if I ever decide to try to force her to do something she doesn't want to do.

I'm so thankful they don't announce the actual scores anymore. The anxiety is somewhat lessened when I don't have to see scores that outrank mine. It's bad enough when I notice other riders performing moves I couldn't imagine being able to do. I guess all that matters is the weight the judges put on the style of the run-through.

Finally, the last of my competitors completes his run, and the rest of us nervously await the final rankings. Some of the others chat and goof off; instead, I search for my brothers. A shout distracts me, and when I turn back, I'm proud when I see my name displayed in the second-place ranking on the scoreboard. Jumping and yelling, as usual, are my go-to form of celebration. I find the gold Knuckle winner and give him a hug, smacking the back of his helmet that he's still wearing.

This time, when I look up, I see my brothers immediately. Smiles wide and eyes shining with pride, they make their way to the edge of the crowd closest to us to congratulate me. I'm so glad to have them here. Cam and Bast's finals are tomorrow, and I'm thankful I placed second. I hope I can be an inspiration to them.

When we get back to the hotel, we grab dinner and relax in the room. I check in via video chat with Cait to update her on the night.

"Hey, Sunshine! I did it! Silver Knuckles!" The award from this event is the logo for the X Games, but with rings attached to the back like brass knuckles. It comes with a ribbon attached, too, like any other medal.

"That's awesome, babe," she says. "I knew you could do it."

“Is everything okay?” Something in her tone seems off, and the light in her eyes is dimmed.

“Yeah,” she replies.

“Cait,” I say in a stern voice. “Don’t lie to me. I can tell something is wrong.”

“I don’t want to dampen your good mood. I’ll be alright.”

“I don’t care if I just received the best news ever; I’m still going to be here for you. Talk to me, please?”

“Alright,” she says with a sigh and looks down into her clasped hands. “Lily has been having a rough time, and Mom has been having to use her lunch hour to pick up Lily from school and bring her home. I just feel like I’m a burden, not able to do anything at the moment.”

“I know for sure no one sees you as a burden. I know that doesn’t help, but just remember we love you, and having grace is something I’m excellent at.”

“Being humble, too, it seems,” her snarky remark echoes back through the phone, but her playful smirk tells me she’s only teasing.

“Hey, what can I say? I am the complete package. You’re a lucky woman,” I say, teasing her right back. My wide grin is both flirty and mischievous in my attempt to lighten the mood. While I get a small smile from her, I know that she’s holding back. It’s killing me being so far away from my girl.

“Are the other guys around?” she asks.

“No, they all went down to the sauna to relax and loosen their muscles before they go to bed. Their big day is tomorrow.”

“Oh, okay. Yeah, I just figured I’d say good luck.” The smile fading from her face hurts my soul. I wish I could be there to give her a hug.

“I know they’ll appreciate you thinking of them. Why don’t you send a quick video message to each of them, so they can rewatch it before their runs?”

“Yeah, I may do that. I’m going to go get ready for bed, though. I’ll see you when you get back.” The dejected cast over her cracks my heart open even more, and I worry that us being away is hurting her.

“Sunshine, I love you. I’ll see you tomorrow, I think. It all depends on when we get done.”

“Okay. Love you,” she says blandly before waving and disconnecting the call.

I sit back, thinking about the past few days. Even before we left, Cait had been acting strangely. Dom told us about how she basically attacked him in the office. That’s not usually Sunshine. She’s all for being watched, but the public setting was a shock. The furthest she and I have ever gone publicly was the balcony where we had that steamy video call early on, and that was way before Jason had made any move toward her.

She’s been very reclusive, refusing to drive anywhere on her own since the last day she worked. Both the note delivered to Lift, and the flowers delivered to the house a couple of days later, have rocked her. I think she might have thought she’d gotten away from him and that he didn’t know where she lived anymore. I’m not surprised he tracked her down, though. He’s obsessive and narcissistic, so of course he’s probably been watching her and found out where they moved.

I’m still sitting and contemplating Cait’s behavior when the guys return to the suite. Dom claims the shower first, saying he needs to go straight to bed in order to get everything ready in the morning. Cam heads to the kitchenette, ready to rehydrate. Bast, however, saunters over to me. He stands opposite of me, waiting patiently for me to fess up to what’s eating at me.

“I talked to Cait. Something’s not right. I’m thinking her PTSD and depression are taking over. She wasn’t herself on our video call.”

He nods, standing there with his arms crossed, as he contemplates my words. “Is she in imminent danger?” he asks.

“I don’t believe so. She just seemed sad.”

“What do you think about moving up our Valentine’s Day trip to Telluride? I’m thinking she needs the distraction. A change of scenery sooner rather than later might benefit her.”

“What might benefit who?” Dom asks, walking into the room with a towel wrapped around his waist. “Shower’s free.”

Cam finishes the last of his water and sets the glass in the sink. “For what it’s worth, I’m in support of that. It won’t hurt to move it up a few days now that the X Games are almost done.” With his vote cast, he heads to the bathroom for his shower.

“Ah, yeah, that’s fine with me. We’ll just need to adjust the booking. But it might end up being cheaper since not on the in-demand holiday,” Dom chimes in again, now clued into the conversation.

“I’m in agreement that this break might be best,” Bast says. “For now, we’ll act like everything is normal. We can get the booking moved up to this week and hopefully get her out of town and focused more on living. Can you handle that tomorrow, Corey?”

“Yeah, that’s not a problem,” I murmur while trying to fight off a yawn. Suddenly sleepy, I decide to get up and get ready for bed, too. Tomorrow is another long day, and worrying about Cait’s reactions to this entire issue is a full-time burden. After my competition today, the vexing thoughts about Cait are only driving me to find my pillow and say a prayer for peace for my girl tonight.

**SIXTEEN**



## CAIT

The guys did so well at the X Games that for a solid week after, Dom was fielding calls for sponsorship offers. I couldn't believe the offers that they pulled. A sports drink company, an energy drink company, and a protein supplement company all provided the best offers. Dominic told them all that he and the guys would be researching the companies, the work they do with the athletes, and the products before they would get back to them regarding their offers.

We spent several days right after they returned researching appearances, commercial sales, and product benefits before the guys all decided on who they wanted to work for. Dominic contacted an entertainment lawyer to handle the contracts, and they set the process in motion.

The guys all took me out to dinner that Friday night after the competition, so we could celebrate both their success at the X Games and the future. They are set up now; all of their endorsements are going straight into investments to prepare for the future. They've decided to continue training, and they all will compete for as long as they can, but they will also continue working at Plein Air.

These men are all so talented, and they inspire me so much. When I talked to Dr. Francis this week, I fessed up that I couldn't determine what I wanted for my five or ten-year plan, but I inadvertently lied. I want these men in my life. I see myself with them, by their side, and them by mine. They are such a major part of my life now, and I can't imagine living the rest of my life without them.

When they order a round of cocktails after dinner, they all turn to me. Immediately, I'm on edge. Why am I the center of attention right now? I haven't done anything worth celebrating recently. Nervously, I wipe my hands on my skirt before picking up my glass. Shifting my eyes from left to right, I take

in each of my guys, and they all sport suspiciously wide grins across their faces.

“Um, what is going on?” I force my face to remain stoic, regardless of the wobble of anxiety in my voice. Bast, who sat by my side all night, takes my hand and gives it a little squeeze.

“Sunshine,” Corey begins from across the table, “we wanted to thank you for being by our side as we trained and traveled these last six months. Regardless of your own stress, you’ve been supportive of us.”

“While we didn’t get to celebrate you properly for your birthday, we decided to surprise you with your Valentine’s Day gift a little early. We want to treat you to a vacation. We thought we’d book a suite in a nice resort in the mountains as a little getaway. I hope you don’t mind the lack of options for an in-state vacation, but we wanted to book something close to home.”

“Telluride is in a gorgeous area, Cait,” Dom speaks up. “I’d love to be able to take you snowboarding through the trails, but we can just relax and stay at the resort the whole time if you want?” The insecurity that slips into his expression as he speaks is adorable. This grown man, no, all of these men are trying to impress me. I swallow, trying to process what exactly they are saying.

“You’re saying you’ve booked a resort for the five of us? For how long?” My brows dip low as I consider this. I love taking trips with these men, but this isn’t as short of a trip as Corey makes it seem. I’ve looked up all the major snowboarding and skiing locations in the state, and Telluride is a six-hour drive.

“Five days, Angel,” Bast finally says. “We will leave about nine tomorrow morning, and we’ll get there in time to check in. Same with the check-out and getting home on Thursday. It’s the perfect travel time - just enough to feel like you’re actually getting away for a real trip.”

“We hope this is okay,” Cam says, ducking his head to stare at his hands. “We want to treat you. You are special to us,



and we just want you to know.” They are trying so hard to treat me to something nice, but I feel so ungrateful. I didn’t want a trip; I’m still so overwhelmed. Maybe this will help, though. Allow me to relax outside the four walls of our house.

Smiling, I nod. “Thank you, all,” I say in a small voice. “I’m so grateful to have you all supporting me, so I want to do everything I can to be there for you in return.” Pausing, I consider the next words I want to say, “I love you all,” but I think it might be a little too early for Cam.

“I really appreciate you all thinking of me and offering to treat me to something special like this. This trip sounds like fun, and I’d love to go with you all. I’ve missed you these past couple of weeks as you’ve trained and prepared for the X Games, so I’d really like to spend this time with you. Can I make one request?”

“Of course, Baby Girl,” Dom says immediately. His eyes brighten with the obvious opportunity to provide for me, and I love that he always wants to take care of me.

“I want a night of movies. Popcorn, candy, and a big ‘ole puppy pile with you all. I want you all close to me. When I have you all with me, I feel so happy. I guess you make me feel safe and loved.”

“That you are,” Corey says, a sweet smile shining across the table.

“Alright, well,” Cam says, tossing his drink back, “let’s get a move on. We need to get home so Cait can pack.”

At Cam’s words, I startle. Fuck. I have to pack for five days, and I have to do it tonight. I down the last sip of my own cocktail and beam at these men of mine. Despite my recent issues, I really am the luckiest girl in the world.

The guys all meet at the house around eight-thirty the next morning. I was already up and packing the last-minute toiletries when Corey knocked on my open door.

“Good morning. I bring the gift of the gods, my offering of coffee on this cold and dreary morning.” He’s not wrong, but I still smirk at his humor. I’m glad we’re leaving now; snow is expected off and on for the rest of the day, but a huge storm is supposed to move through overnight. Perfect for laying fresh powder for the next day or so. I’m actually excited and looking forward to the next several days.

The road trip is fun. We split up between two of the guys’ SUVs. I ride with Cam and Corey. It’s a blast; Corey keeps serenading me but mixes in some goofy and party songs, too. We even get Cam to sing along a couple of times. I will say, listening to those two sing love songs has my heart fluttering. Corey moves to the back and sleeps for about forty-five minutes, so it does not surprise me when Cam takes advantage and starts a conversation.

“So, are you excited about this trip?”

“To be honest, I wasn’t at first,” I confess. “I was in a really down place, emotionally. The distraction of packing helped a little. I’m still overwhelmed with a lot. However, I think this will be a good thing for me. Thank you,” I say, reaching over to hold his hand.

While they all have been busy, Cam has really stepped up since we made things official. He’s been so thoughtful, checking in while they were gone. Since he’s been home, he’s been sneaking into my bed at night. More than once, we’ve stayed up just to talk into the wee hours of the morning. He’s growing on me fast; he’s like the perfect mix of all the guys, and I didn’t even know it. His humor and sense of fun are just like Corey’s. He takes on some of Bast’s solemnity sometimes, as well as Dom’s need to provide and protect, though he does push the latter sometimes. He’s made me grin with amusement when he tries to make sure other men know I’m taken.

“Star, I want you to know we all really had the best intentions planning this trip. I feel like we’ve let you down

recently, being wrapped up in ourselves. You are just as, if not more, important to us than snowboarding. We wanted to show you that you deserve to be happy. We are dedicated to making sure you have nothing to worry about.”

“Cait, I know the guys love you. You are worth all the love in the world, including mine.” He quickly turns to look deep into my eyes, and the warmth of his own stirs something in my heart. “I love you.”

The moment he turns back to watch the highway, the unshed tears I’d been holding back spill over and stream down my cheeks. Ducking my head, I try to figure out what to say. “I’m sorry...” I lamely add. I don’t want to say it if I’m not sure.

“Don’t be. Star, I have no doubts about us. I’m not going anywhere, and I know you’ll tell me when you’re ready. I had a lot to make up for, so I wasn’t expecting you to open your heart to me right away. You’re worth waiting a lifetime for.”

When I look up, I can’t help but stare in awe at this man. He continues to drive, and I allow him to focus on the road, but swiftly I lean over and place a light kiss on his cheek. He always seems to say the exact thing I need to hear, or somehow manages to do for me the exact task I need taken care of. Cam has always been there for his friends - brothers - and allowing him to be there for me has been a challenge, for sure. He still negotiates my defenses to sneak in and be the person I need, though. He’s wearing me down, and I have a feeling I’m falling in love with him, too.



The rest of the trip is fine. Luckily, the guys were able to snag a huge suite, and while it doesn’t take them long to unpack and get settled, I struggle a bit.

“You all go downstairs and have a drink before dinner. I’ll be down shortly,” I tell them while digging through my suitcase. I startle when a pair of hands slide up my hips. Sneaky bastard.

“Alright, Sunshine,” Corey agrees, “but Cam is going to stay with you. We’ll wait for you downstairs. If the snow holds off, we may sit outside by the heaters.” I turn in his arms, giving him a quick peck on his luscious lips.

Spinning back around, I listen as my guys tell each other bye. Cam crosses the room to sit in the armchair placed conveniently between the bed and the floor-to-ceiling window. He waits for me patiently, scrolling through his phone and looking out through the window.

Finally, as I finish, I walk back over and perch in his lap. “Are you ready? I finally am.”

He turns to gaze deep into my eyes, his own intoxicatingly dark. “Mmm,” he hums noncommittally. As he stares at me, his deep chocolate irises become molten, and only when he shifts to wrap an arm around my waist do I realize just how aroused he has become. He pulls me in, and nuzzling into my hair behind my ear, he whispers, “I don’t think I’m ready to leave, now”.

“Oh, really?” I ask. “And what is distracting you?”

“The guys and I were having a discussion,” he says. “We were talking about ways to distract you. You know, the best type of distraction.”

“Oh, really...” I ask again. I have such a way with words when I’m nervous. “Why are you bringing this up now?”

“Well,” he says while he places light kisses and nibbles on my neck, “I know you tend to like to show off. I also know that you like to give Bast a show. Do you think you’d be up for that tonight?”

Desire, fluid and molten, settles deep into my core. I feel my breaths coming faster as I lean into Cam, my need skyrocketing. “Cam, I didn’t think I would be, but with the

way you are mumbling dirty words in my ear, I think I'd be up for just about anything."

"That's good to know," he says. "I'll save that tidbit of knowledge; one never knows when it might be needed." He ducks his head down to my chest, placing light kisses above the low collar of my shirt. When I throw my head back, groaning from the pleasure of his ministrations, he takes advantage to sweep his other palm up and over my thigh. He inches closer and closer to where I need relief, only brushing his knuckles as a tease.

"Cam," I whine, needy and wanting. "Stop teasing me. If you want to put on a show, I'm up for it, but I don't want to take all night while they sit outside."

"Fine, stand up then." He swats my ass as I stand and step aside, allowing him room to stand. He spins me immediately and slips his hand to the back of my neck, pulling me into a bruising, passionate kiss. I barely thought he had time to get to his feet, but no. He's already taken this situation from simmering to a rolling boil.

He reaches down and unbuckles his belt, flicks the button, and lowers his fly so slowly, I can hear the zipper's "tick-tick-tick."

"Go lie on the bed," he commands, with a smirk that is entirely playful written all over his face. He turns and walks away, turning on every light in the room.

I sit on the bed, watching, and wondering just what he is doing. It's still light outside. At least for a little while. It is approaching dusk in the mountains, but there is no need for all the lights to be on in the room.

"Star," he says, spinning and catching me sitting instead of lying as he asked. I just smile brightly at him before lowering myself to the bed. As he crosses the room again to come back to me, he strips off his shirt in a move I can't even see, he's so fast. Stalking the last few steps, he slips my shoes and socks off my feet before raising one foot high to place light kisses on my ankle and trailing up my calf.

Once he reaches my knee, he lowers my leg and slides his hands up my body, gripping the waist of my leggings and pulling them off of me, taking my panties as well. He immediately skims his warm palms up my legs again, meeting at the apex and spreading them wide. I watch Cam closely as he meets my gaze and lowers himself to his knees. Holding my stare with heat burning in his own other orbs, he continues to lower himself, until his tongue is dipping into my center.

The gasp and subsequent groan that erupts from my lips is a sinful soundtrack to the swipes of his tongue. The heat that ebbs and flows through my body is a tidal wave of passion and bliss. Cam knows just the right spots to hit and the right pressure to use.

As he slowly works me with his tongue, he loops his arms under my legs and reaches up under my sweater to pinch my tight, pink nipples with both hands. My lace bra doesn't stand a chance to defend against his adept fingers. A scream of pleasure rocks from my throat as he brings me to the edge before backing away.

“What the fuck?” I pant with frustration. The evil grin he sports as he stands should have been my warning. He reaches down, grabs a hold of my hand, and yanks me to stand and immediately into a kiss. Cam's lips halt any thought of me responding as he pulls me toward the windows.

Once he lets me free of his embrace, he quickly lifts my shirt and spins, pushing me up against the cold window.

“Cam!” I exclaim, panicked at being exposed to whoever is roaming the patio below.

“What's wrong, Star?” he whispers into my ear, his hard body pressing up against me and sandwiching me to the window. My nipples harden even more as my chest is squished into the cold glass. “Afraid to put on a show? Look down. Who will see you? Are you afraid? Do you think I'd show your body to someone not worthy of you?”

*Fuck.* He's right. The only people on the patio four stories down are my guys. Holy hell, this is hot. I bite my lip to

prevent myself from saying something that might get me into even more trouble than I already am.

When I don't answer him, Cam grinds his hips into my ass, showing me just how ready he is. "Star... you didn't answer me. What do you want?"

I moan before, eventually, I relent. "Fuck. Cam, I want you to fuck me. Fuck me from behind; let everyone see that I am yours."

"That's my girl," he murmurs, but then he pulls away. "I'll get to that, but I have other plans for now. Put your hands on the window, and spread your legs."

Hesitating for just a moment, I follow his instructions, widening my stance and placing my palms on the cool glass of the window. Looking down, I see all the other guys having a drink, surrounded by patio heaters. The glow of the lights from under the shade casts a faint light on their faces, and I hope Bast looks up, at least once.

When Cam appears on the floor beneath me, I startle, not expecting to see him in front of me. He grins wickedly up at me before scooting his back against the window and leaning up to eat me once more. This time, being bared before the world, it's so much hotter. Anyone outside could look up and see my strained hands and my face scrunched in ecstasy. *Fuck, is anyone watching?*

I flick my eyes open just in time for Cam to insert a finger deep inside me. My eyes roll involuntarily, and a shudder washes through my body before I can gain control of my body and thoughts. What was I doing? Oh, looking for people watching.

Peering out into the increasingly dark night, I immediately look at where I last saw the guys. They are still there, chatting and laughing together. Corey and Dom are deep in conversation, while Bast is scrolling his phone, ignorant of the scene above him. Something changes, though.

In a sudden jerk of his head, Bast scans the side of the building, searching for something. When he stops and stares

up, I know exactly what he's found. Me, exposed and on display. *Fucking hell*, this is so hot.

Closing my eyes, I focus on the man beneath me. Goddamn, he is a magician, and his tongue can do magic tricks. Cam has such control over my body. It doesn't take long before he works me up to the edge once more. This time, he doesn't pull back. He inserts another finger, thrusting faster into me and hitting that one point inside me that makes me see stars. I clench involuntarily around him as he drives me to the edge. Exploding on his tongue, I writhe and grind my release to the pattern he uses in his attention to my clit.

As I come down from my climax, I open my eyes once more. Cam disappears from my view as he stands up behind me. I hear Cam shuffling around the room, I look down and see Bast still staring up. I can't see his face, but I can tell from his body language, he's either tense or turned on. Maybe both? Who knows?

"Looks like someone got my text to the group chat," Cam mumbles into my ear before he places light nips of his teeth on my lobe. A breath escapes me - he told them? Did he set this up on purpose? The bastard is going to have me spanked for this little show; I know Bast will think I orchestrated this. I'm pulled from my thoughts by warm hands sliding up my back. Slowly, he releases the clasp on my bra, and those same hands move up to my shoulders, sliding the straps down my arms. He pulls one hand at a time away from the window, and my nipples pebble from the sensation of the lace bra falling to the floor.

When Cam reaches around to cup my breasts, I feel the weight of them tingling as his rough palms skim over the sensitive peaks. A shiver runs down my spine as he pinches them gently, and a rumble of a growl vibrates against my back. "You like that, Star? Fuck, I can't wait to feel you clench around my dick as he watches from downstairs. I don't necessarily care for this, but I know you get off on it, and I know this is going to be a fun ride I won't want to leave. Bend over and show me that pretty pussy."



Bending at the waist, I know my wet folds are on display for him. As I look out and see Bast still staring, though, I can't bring myself to care. I moan at the emptiness as my cunt spasms, neediness literally dripping from my core. I turn my head, looking back over my shoulder, in time to see Cam taking a picture of me on display.

“Cam! Stop fucking around and get your ass over here!”

“Aww, come on,” he says, chuckling as he rolls a condom over his bejeweled junk. “I just figured I'd send the guys something to work them up. I know they wanted to show you a good time at some point...”

“Cam, they don't need your help. They get worked up on their o-ohhhhhh!” Fuck him, he decided to slam home while I was talking. Oh my god, I gasp for breath as the sudden fullness overwhelms me. The thin condom doesn't mute the ridges from the steel balls, and they hit just the right spots inside me. Stars explode behind my eyelids as I groan at the effect he has on me. Wave after wave of pleasure rolls through me with each pump of his hips, and the grunts from his throat drive me wild.

“Holy fuck, you're so goddamn tight. You're squeezing my cock like a vice.” His gravelly voice sends a chill down my spine and straight to my cunt. “Fuck, Star, you have to stop that.” I grind my ass back, meeting every thrust. “Damn it, hold fucking still. Look out and watch Bast. That's all I want from you. This is supposed to be a tease for him, and you need to focus on him.”

Damn it, why do I melt when my guys give me a sexy order? I pant as he slows down, grinding at a new angle. I glance down, and my mouth opens as I shake from the lust burning through Bast's eyes. He's not looked away this entire time, I realize. Goosebumps rise on my arms and even though he can't see it, I know Bast is watching as I'm about to fall apart on Cam's cock. Holy shit, this is so fucking hot. White-hot electricity shoots through my body as my orgasm explodes.

“Fuck! Don’t stop,” I plead with him. “Cam, oh my god, don’t stop!” And he doesn’t; he keeps pounding into me from behind, and my release keeps going and going. When Cam falls off of his cliff, he wraps an arm around my waist to hold me up. I want to just collapse into bed with him, but he doesn’t let me lie down.

“Ah-ah, Star. You need to get dressed. We’re late as it is, and I can’t wait for Corey and Dom to realize you are a dirty girl for allowing me to fuck you into oblivion in front of a window for the whole resort to see. What do you think they’ll say? And what do you think Bast will say when you sit next to him with a freshly fucked glow?”

“Dammit, Cam. You are making me grumpy. I want to stay here and fuck.”

“We have four whole nights,” he whispers in my ear. “You won’t be able to walk when we get home, and I’ll have to carry you upstairs, so no more complaints. Just think about how Dom will reward you for your patience.”

Mmm... All of a sudden, I feel the need to hydrate and fuel up.

SEVENTEEN



## CAIT

This trip has been an absolute blessing, and I'm so thankful the guys dragged me out of the house. I love the house, and Aaron is absolutely amazing. He loves my mother and Lily so much, and he's accepted Lily and me without any reservations. Even Cam, before we reconciled, was completely cordial and pleasant once we moved in. For some reason, though, it's felt like a prison as of late. Being here, in Telluride, has provided me a respite. I finally feel like I'm living again.

After the pre-dinner romp with Cam, we went downstairs and went to dinner with the other guys. Bast made me slip away with him for a bit of mutual play in the restroom because he couldn't wait until we got back upstairs. Corey and Dom were oblivious until we returned to the suite, and Dom ended up pulling me into the shower.

Thankfully, the rest of that night we spent hanging out and watching movies as I'd requested. The guys got me out the next couple of days to visit shops and go snowboarding, and we even took a historic train tour. I can't explain just how fun this is, being able to get out and *do* things. I haven't felt like I've had this freedom at home, and my jaw hurts from smiling so much!

After two full days of running around, the guys let me sleep in. I've been sleeping so peacefully here, it's been fantastic. As I wake up, I roll over, reaching for Dom. He and Bast surrounded me in bed last night, so while my guys have been my security blankets, I feel like being here has me at peace, too. When I find cold sheets and not a warm chest to snuggle, I shiver, hopping up and throwing on the sweats thrown across the chair. I redo my messy bun before walking out to the living area. It's not like they don't know what I look like, but I need some sort of semblance of being put together.

As I walk out of one of the three bedrooms we have, I find Cam making coffee and Corey accepting the room service

they'd ordered for brunch.

"You all spoil me," I hum in appreciation as I seek out my bedmates from last night. Snuggling up to Bast on the sofa, I look out the full windows. Unfortunately, we are getting another weather system moving through. While this will provide us with fresh powder tomorrow, today will be nasty, and we are hanging out in the room.

"Baby Girl, we're just taking care of you," Dom says as he brings me a plate and fork. They all know me. A cheese omelet, crispy bacon, and a cinnamon roll - a little of everything I like. He walks away, only to return with a cup of coffee and a glass of water. Setting them both down on the coffee table in front of me, he says, "Well, considering we are stuck in the suite all day, we need to keep you hydrated and fed. No excuses to not take care of you." As he turns, I swear I hear him mumble something about plans for later.

As I eye his retreating back, I take my fork and cut off a bite of the steaming omelet. The aromas of cheese and garlic have assaulted my stomach to the point of causing embarrassing gurgles to echo across the room. Corey chuckles as he shuts the door and walks back to us.

"Damn, Sunshine," he says with a grin, "your stomach is protesting. Eat." I laugh, but once the cheesy goodness hits my mouth, I moan at the flavors bursting on my tongue.

"You need to stop making those noises," Cam says, leaning over the back of the sofa to whisper in my ear. "Otherwise, you might not be allowed to finish eating."

I stop chewing for half a moment, going silent for a split second. I glance around the room, and even though each of the guys is making a plate for himself, they seem to all be eyeing me and not the food. *Gulp.*

I complete my meal in silence, all while observing their weird behavior. They are all acting so nervous; I've never seen them all act this way at the same time. As I clean up my plates, returning them to the room service cart, I decide to check in with the guys to see what they wanted to do.

“So, what’s the plan for today? Another movie marathon?”

“I think I’m ready for a nap,” Cam says. “I was up early, and in the gym before dawn. Why don’t you join me?”

My face twists into a skeptical expression involuntarily. “But I just woke up?”

“That’s okay, just bring your Kindle. You can read in bed while I snuggle with you.” A smile spreads across my face at the cuteness he’s exuding, but for some reason, I don’t trust him.

Fifteen minutes later, I’m sitting up against the pillows in the king-sized bed, and Cam strips down to his boxers before climbing into bed. He snuggles right up, laying his head down on my stomach. A few minutes later, he runs his hand up my thigh, settling right in the crease of my hip. I glance down, distracted from my story.

“Uh-huh,” I murmur. “I see you. You said you wanted to nap.”

“Actually,” he rasps out, “I said I’m ready for a nap. Not that I wanted one. I’d much rather wear you out, so you can nap with me.”

I smirk at his gravelly, needy tone. “And just how do you plan on wearing me out?”

“By calling in reinforcements,” he says as he sits up, pushing my t-shirt out of the way and placing light kisses on my stomach before moving up to my breasts. The attention to my sensitive peaks momentarily distracts me. Cam shifts to his knees as he slips his opposite hand under my waist, grabbing the band of my sweats and slipping them over my ass. He moves, straddling my legs, and I can’t help but stare at the obvious bulge in his snug boxers.

“See something you like, Star? I bet you can remember just how good I made you feel the other day. Would you like another ‘joyride’?” Cam’s dirty words as he reaches down to squeeze his length send a chill down my body. What the fuck is it about these men and their dirty mouths that turn me into a writhing whore for them?

“I doubt Cait wanted an afternoon snack of cheese, Cam,” Corey says as he saunters into the bedroom, with Bast and Dom behind him. Uhhh... I’m lying here, practically naked, with all four of my boyfriends just staring at me. “Don’t worry, Sunshine. We’ve got you. We’re your entertainment for the day.” His jumping brows and broad smile only add to the lascivious air in the room. Fuck. What are they planning?

Bast moves to the armchair that Cam sat in the other day, while Corey moves to kneel on the bed, leaning up to wrap a hand around the back of my head and pull me up and into a deep and addictive kiss. I’m so preoccupied, I don’t notice Dom walking around to the other side of the bed and sitting beside me, nor Cam moving back to nestle himself between my legs. At least, not until both men attack my body with their mouths. Dom moves in to run his warm, wet tongue over my tight, exposed nipples while Cam’s finds my throbbing clit. Attention to both seems to trigger a connection of energy that flows back and forth in an overwhelming tide of lust.

I reach down, needing to get my hands on my guys, and I find the waistbands of both Corey’s and Dom’s sweats and slip my hands inside. *Holy crap, they are both rock-hard.* I take both steely shafts in my hands, gliding over the velvet-soft skin that I’m used to. The feel of both men shuddering as I run my fingers down their cocks gives me a sense of empowerment. I have both men trembling, and yet I’m still moaning into Corey’s mouth as his tongue tangles with mine.

I break the kiss, gasping for breath as Cam brings me closer and closer to my first orgasm of the day. I know these men aren’t going to let me only have one; they are too generous.

Just as my whimpers and pleas increase in volume, Bast’s quiet tenor voice resonates from the corner. “Come, Angel. Shatter for us.” And I do. *Fuck*, these men and their dirty words and tongues, and their evil, sinful bodies. They are going to wreck me in the most wonderful way if they keep this up. Cam continues to lick my pussy, sending aftershocks throughout my body, as Corey and Dom lower me with gentle caresses. When I can finally open my eyes, the three men I can

see are staring at me, gaping at the show I just put on. Cam is grinning devilishly, lips glistening from my release. When he licks his lips, I swear I feel my core clench.

“Sit up,” Corey gravelly demands. My eyebrows skyrocket, as I’m not used to such an animalistic attitude from him. He throws himself down on the bed and pulls my knees to either side of his shoulders. Cam stands and walks around to stand in front of me, and just as I sink down, settling to sit on Corey’s lips, Cam pulls me into a kiss so powerful I have to cling to his arms. The taste of my release on his lips is intoxicating, and I groan, knowing all of these men want more from me. When Cam pulls back, allowing me to breathe, I push him back and sink to my elbows, hovering over Corey. I reach out, grabbing hold of Cam’s boxers. Pulling them down, I take his steel-filled shaft into my mouth, running my tongue around each metal ball.

“Fuck, Star, I’m too worked up for this.” I tilt my head back, grinning that my actions are bringing him close to the edge.

“That’s fine. We have all day, you know,” I say smugly before the work Corey’s tongue is doing makes me gasp. A look of concentration flashes through Cam’s almost black eyes when I hollow my cheeks around his cock. I take him further into my throat, swallowing around him. Not caring that I may not be able to talk tomorrow, I want to make sure he feels as much pleasure as he gives me. I reach out, grab his hand, and bring it around the back of my head, encouraging him to use me as he needs. Taking the hint, he gently wraps both hands behind my head and proceeds to thrust into my mouth. The motion of his cock slipping in and out of my throat is hypnotic; I try to swallow with the rhythm his hips are pumping while timing my breaths. It all becomes an erotic dance as I grind my pussy on Corey’s tongue. He knows what he’s doing, because right as Cam increases in the speed of his thrusts, Corey suctions his plump lips around my clit and sucks, flicking his tongue at the same time.

He somehow slips his hands up, filling my cunt with two thick fingers right as I explode, allowing me to squeeze and



clench around him. Cam yells out, emptying himself down my throat as it vibrates from the scream of my own orgasm washing through me. As Cam stumbles back, Corey begins to pump his fingers, hitting my g-spot and making my release roll into another and pulling another cry from my lips.

Once I've returned to earth, Dom helps me climb from above Corey and pulls me to straddle his hips. "Hey," I murmur with a hazy grin.

"Hi, Baby Girl. You got more for us?" I nod, smirking as I lean in to kiss his sweet smile. When he pulls back, he says, "Good, because you've got us all today. We have more planned for you."

"Get her ready." Bast's whispered order from behind me bathes the room in a sense of danger and excitement. Dom looks over my shoulder and when he locks his gaze on Bast, his ice-blue eyes glow with an energy that re-energizes me. What are they doing?

Dom stands, lifting me in his arms. I squeal, holding on tight to his capable shoulders, but it's not until he turns and sits on the side of the bed do I realize he's stripped out of his sweats. He moves over to the center of the bed, guiding me to straddle his hips. I relish in the warm skin beneath my thighs as I reach down to stroke his cock.

"Baby Girl," he groans, "I'm going to need you to fuck me." My eyes flare with need, and my core spasms again. I'm such a whore for these men, but I don't care. I've never had this reaction to men before, and I'll revel in their attention if they are all willing to share me. Why would I not? This feeling of being able to react to their attention only causes me to realize just how lucky I am.

Gripping him and holding him up, I line him up with my entrance and sink slowly down as he stretches me. I gasp as his cock fills me inch by inch. When my hips finally meet his, I brace myself on his shoulders and start to move. Dom places both hands on my hips and gently pushes and pulls, encouraging me to grind down on him. I quietly keen at the feel of how full he makes me, rubbing the sensitive spots

inside me and making me tremble. I'm just about to start to lift to add a thrust when I feel fingers brushing against my ass.

I look back over my right shoulder, but I only see Bast, still in the chair, but with his dick in his hand. His deep blue eyes are an ocean of lust and love as he slowly strokes his rock-hard cock. I tremble and clench around Dom at the sight of Bast pleasuring himself, causing Dom to groan and curse. The fingers are slowly inching their way south, so I know it's one of my other guys. I turn, about to look over my other shoulder, but Corey's mouth descends upon mine, taking my breath away.

When he releases my lips, he stays close, flicking his tongue out to taste the gasps that Dom pulls from me with the grind of his hips. "Sunshine," Corey breathes, "can I fuck your ass? I need to feel this ass as Dom fucks your tight pussy. I've been patient, but your juicy peach is mouth-watering, and I need it." Panting against his lips, I nod before taking a kiss from him. As his tongue dances with mine, and he nips at my lips, his fingers reach down and caress that tight ring of muscle. I inhale sharply, throwing my head back and basking in the attention that is quickly bringing me back to the edge of orgasm.

Dom slows his prompts for me to move, allowing Corey to stretch me. When the cool drip of lube down my ass pools around Corey's finger, he massages for a moment before slowly breaching my back entrance. I cry out in pleasure, overwhelmed that I can feel so good with all of my men showering me with attention. Fuck, this is just Corey's finger...

As soon as I catch my breath, he inserts another, slowly trying to stretch me as he continues to pump his fingers, spreading more lube inside to make things slide easier. I brace myself on Dom's hard chest as I reach back, needing to feel Corey. I grab his ass, pulling him closer.

"Corey," I pant, "I need you."

"I know, you're almost ready," he purrs. I groan as he stretches me some more, scissoring his fingers to loosen the

grip I have on him. “Lean over, Sunshine. Lay on Dom’s chest. Kiss him; focus on the feel of his lips and tongue.”

Doing as he says, I lie down. Dom grabs hold of my hair, bringing my lips down to his, and holy fuck, the feel of his lips on mine is white-hot. Something carnal inside of me flickers into a flame that devours me. I need to come, *now*. Luckily, Corey replaces his fingers with his cock, slick with lube, and he begins to push inside me.

That fire inside me manifests in a burning sensation, and it’s almost too much to handle. Suddenly, it relents, and then I only feel wave after wave of pleasure. Corey pulls me up a bit, wrapping a hand around my waist as he kneels behind me on the bed. He grasps one of my hips as Dom holds the other. Holy fuck, I feel so full. These men definitely were blessed with girth, and I’m stretched so much that it almost hurts to be full with them both.

When they both start to alternate their movements, I can’t help it. I shake from the buzz of my impending release building inside me. It’s right there; I’m at the edge, and as my men speed up their coordinated movements, I fall. I fall hard, screaming out their names.

“Corey, oh my god! Fuck, Dom! Yes!” My words slowly become garbled as the pleasure shocks my consciousness into a different reality. I vaguely hear Dom cry out, too, right before Corey gasps and clutches me tightly. The empty sensation as both men slip away pulls a soft cry from my lips, but I don’t fight it. The scent of smoke and bourbon overtakes me as I am lowered gently to the bed, and the comfort of soft lips quiets my protests.

As I drift on the hormonal high of my releases, I feel the soft caress of warm hands on my skin. The temperature difference of the air versus the gentle touches sends little shocks to my awareness, vaguely reminding me I’m still alive. And when the bed shifts behind me and lips tease the curve of my neck, a moan pours from my lips.

“I think we can work one more out of her,” Cam’s voice rumbles over me. “What do you think, Star? Can you give us

more?" I keen, my posture lifts to open to him. The euphoria running through me craves more, but my exhaustion pleads with me to sleep.

"Mmmm," my quiet one murmurs in my ear. "Yeah, I think she can come around both of us. I know my Angel; she wants us all, and she craves feeling us come inside of her." *Fuck*, his words of truth spur me to peek through my lashes. Cam is lying next to me and as I meet his gaze, his warm chocolate eyes sparkle with mischief. He lifts his hand to run his knuckles against the sensitive tips of my nipples. I gasp, biting my lower lip as a groan from his teasing manipulations sends a charge straight to my clit.

Reminding me of his presence, Bast nips my earlobe, pulling a protest from my lips. He runs a hand up my thigh, and as Cam looks over my shoulder, he nods at the broody man behind me. *Fuck, here we go again*. When Bast hooks my top leg, though, I startle. Holy shit, he's completely naked and ready for me. Bast slips his dick through my slick folds as I'm still dripping from my and Dom's releases earlier.

"Bast, I'm-"

"Shh," he whispers huskily into my ear. "I know. I don't care." *Oh my god, this is all too much*. The feeling of his cock thrusting against my center, nudging my already overstimulated clit, causes me to tremble with anticipation. I whimper with the need to feel him inside me, to have him claim me, just as the others have today. He just shushes me, quietly encouraging me to be patient. I know Bast, and he'll reward me if I can just do as he asks. I just have to hold on.

Goosebumps erupt over my skin as he uses the hand that is suspended above me to line his dick up with my entrance. When he thrusts into my cunt, it is all sensation, and he slides all the way in until his hips bump against mine. The combined releases from earlier only serve as a lubricant, making it easy for him to slip all the way in. I pant, ready to beg for him. I know he'll make me come, and my need for him is beginning to overwhelm me. I have no words; only moans spill from my lips as he slowly fucks me from behind.

Of course, Cam takes advantage of me being spread open and reaches down to rub a finger over my clit. After all the releases pulled from my body today, I have a hair trigger, going off immediately at his touch. Bast's curse from behind me has me breathing, trying to regain my composure. *Fuck, did Bast come?* A breath ghosts over my back before he continues his rhythmic torture. It's only when he withdraws that I whimper, as well as exhale in relief.

That is, until he lines up his cock against my ass. "Can you take me? I want to feel you come around both Cam and me," he whispers in my ear. I see Cam immediately roll over and grab a condom from the bedside table, and when I turn to focus on Bast, he pushes in.

This time, due to the previous activity with Corey, I'm loose enough that the stretch doesn't hurt at all. Instead, the feeling of pleasure rocks me and I shiver.

"Fuck, Cam, hurry the fuck up," Bast groans. Cam immediately sits up, moving my leg that is on the bed up, so he can fuck my pussy while kneeling below us. He drags his dick through my folds, coating it just like Bast did, before sinking all the way into my core. Those piercings grind against my g-spot, and every single one lights me up from the inside out.

"Fuuuck," both men groan out. I can only keen softly, weak from all the pleasure wrung from my body over the past hour or two. Cam takes over, holding my leg up against his chest, and Bast reaches his arm up and grabs a hold of my hip. In a shocking move, Bast actually uses his other arm to lift my head before sliding down to grasp my neck. I gasp in shock, not sure how I feel about this. Thankfully, as they both move, the pleasure shoots through my body again, and this time, being completely incapacitated by the pressure wrapped around my neck, I break apart again. This time, it's different. So much ecstasy has pulsed through me that this time doesn't stop. A silent scream rips from me, and a gush erupts from between my legs as both men grunt. Cam pumps his hips twice more before stilling inside me. Bast instantly releases me, allowing me to rest my head on his arm for a moment.

When Cam finally lies down beside me after taking care of his condom, Bast pulls away to allow me room. Cam turns to lie on his side and slowly caresses my cheek. When I crack my eyes, weary from the activities of the afternoon, the love shining down from his eyes fills my heart. Tears pool in my eyes, and I reach my hand up to cup his jaw. When I lean over to place a gentle kiss on his lips, I murmur, "I love you."

The shock on his face when he pulls away surprises me. "You don't have to say that, Star."

"But what if I want to? What if I want to tell you that I feel the love you have for me, and these past few weeks you've more than made up for the issues we've had? I love you, Cam. I had feelings for you way, way back. After Halloween, I was hurting a lot. You began to heal those wounds before your own issues pulled open the scab. But in the past few weeks, you've proven yourself to me. You've proven your love for me, and I don't want to fight the love I've grown to have for you."

When he leans in, taking my lips with a tender kiss, I know. I know my heart is whole, and that I've found the pieces of my forever.

**EIGHTEEN**



## CAIT

The time away with the guys was good for my soul. I feel more whole than I have in months. Being able to smile and laugh is an amazing feeling, and sleeping soundly, even in a strange bed, refreshes me on a whole other level.

While I rode down to Telluride with Cam and Corey, I was planning to ride back with Dom and Bast, but it just doesn't make any sense. Cam is already driving back to the house, and since Dom picked up Bast on the way to meet us, there is no use to him making another stop. I promise them I'll spend time with them in a couple of days.

When we get home, it is already later than expected. We pull up around eight p.m., and Corey gives me a quick kiss before transferring his bag and taking off. He wants to check in on his dad before it gets too late, especially after being gone for nearly a week after the trip to Aspen.

As Cam and I walk up the stairs, I place a hand on his arm, stopping him right before we walk through the door. "I want you to know I meant what I said. When I said I love you, I meant it, regardless if I was high on dopamine or not. I just want you to know I still mean it."

He turns back, wrapping an arm around my waist, and places a tender kiss on my lips. "Thank you," he says huskily. "I appreciate you making sure I know, outside that situation." He leans down, resting his forehead against mine before continuing, "I'm glad we live together, but I still think it's kind of weird. I feel like we're just starting out, and I want to walk you to your door before walking away and missing you so much that I call you."

A teenage giggle spills from my lips, and as I beam up at this man, I consider just how I became so lucky. "Are you doing anything after you unpack?" I ask, hopeful that we can snuggle up and watch a movie.



“Actually,” he says, “I need to get a workout before bed; I have to stay active, even though this season is practically over. I’m going to have appearances and ads to shoot soon.”

With a wan smile, I nod my head. “I get it. You all are superstars, and your body is about to be seen around the world. No breaks for a while, huh?” I say, acknowledging the challenge before him.

“Yeah,” he mutters. “I’m not looking forward to it. I’d much rather just hang with you.” The little boop on my nose is so light and playful. I’m glad I got to see this side of Cam these past few days.

Entering the house, Cam helps carry my bags upstairs for me. Setting them at the foot of my bed, he leans down to place a tender kiss on my lips. “Go, before I decide to seduce you and keep you here as my plaything,” I say, playfully smacking his ass.

“Oh, you tease,” he counters before backing out of my room. I unpack the most important things before heading out to find Mom. After searching the entire house, I find her wrapped up in a blanket, sitting on the back porch. As I approach her, I see the empty wine bottle sitting on the tile beside her chair.

“Mom?” I approach her gingerly; I doubt someone in the best mood sits on a patio in freezing temperatures at night by themselves, let alone polishes off a bottle of wine.

“Oh, hi, Cait,” she says weakly as she wipes her face. It doesn’t take much to imagine her red eyes as a snuffle hints at the crying session I just interrupted. “How was your trip? Did you have fun?”

“Um, my trip was fine,” I say, before redirecting the conversation. “How about we go inside and get you warm? I don’t want you falling asleep out here after drinking wine.”

She stands, relatively steadily, and makes her way inside. I guide her over to the reading chair I so often find myself in because of the warm fireplace right next to it.

“Mom, what’s going on? I don’t like seeing you like this?”

“I’m fine, Hun. I don’t want to burden you; you have too much going on as it is, and you’ve supported me for years. It’s time that I support you as a mother should.”

Oh, Mom. “That’s great, but I still love you, and I care about you. Please, tell me?”

“Fine,” she says with a tremendous sigh. “Cait, these last couple of days have been rough with Lily. I’m warning you now. She’s not the same child she was two months ago. Do you think Dr. Francis would have time to squeeze her in, too? I think she’s struggling with our disclosure of your issues with her dad.”

“I’ll definitely ask her,” I respond. “I have an appointment tomorrow. But Mom, what’s been going on? Maybe I can sit down and talk to her?”

“You probably could. You’ll have to talk to her in the morning; they have suspended her from school for most of the week. She can actually go back tomorrow.”

“Suspended?! What the hell happened while I was gone?”

“Oh, Cait,” Mom sighs. Her dejected expression causes an ache in my heart. This situation casts a cloud over my amazing getaway, and I suddenly wish I could run away again.

“Lily got in trouble last week at school, evidently. I didn’t find out until Monday when the principal called me in before lunch. I found out that Lily failed a test, walked out of the class, and then that afternoon, started a fight with another girl.” Mom hangs her head in her hands, elbows resting on her knees as she draws energy to continue the story. “The other girl is a bit of a bully, so we suspect there was fuel, but the girl was standing just down the hall from the main office right as the bell rang on Friday afternoon. Lily evidently sucker-punched the girl out of nowhere before walking out to the car loop. They didn’t complete the investigation until Monday when they called me in to pick her up.”

“Poor Lily seems to have taken on a level of guilt we didn’t expect. You and I both know that she isn’t responsible in the least, but she still won’t talk to me about it.”

Knowing that Lily is struggling so much completely deflates my good mood from the past five days. I wasn't here when both she and Mom needed me, and this entire situation just isn't going to go away quietly.

"Mom," I begin softly, "I'll talk to Lily. At least to see if this issue is resolved, and to let her know I'm here for her. You, you ma'am, need some rest. This is just as damaging to you as it is Lily, or me."

"I know, Hun," she says as she stands. "I just feel like none of this should ever have been left on our doorstep to handle. Any of it. I have to get to bed; now that I've filled you in, and you're home, I have to go back to work tomorrow. Good night, Hun."

After saying good night, I make my way back upstairs. I need a shower, as well as to finish unpacking. After the heavy conversation, I have more than just the clothes from my trip to unpack, it seems. I really wish I had a way to ease Lily's guilt. I'd be feeling the same way, so I need to figure out a way to help her.



The following morning, when I wake up, I lie in bed for about ten minutes before moving. Some days, I just need to give myself the space and time to fully wake up. Lying there, I think about the day. I need to make some time to talk to Lily before she leaves for school. Who knows... maybe I'll feel brave enough to get out and take her to school myself.

I climb from my bed, noticing the time. It's still only six-fifteen, so Lily isn't going to need to be up for a while. That's ok; I'll just entertain myself with a cup of coffee and my e-reader.

Just after I pour myself a cup of coffee and settle at the breakfast counter, Cam descends the stairs. I am always still

surprised that this man is mine. He's drop-dead gorgeous in the deep blue button-down shirt and dress slacks. He approaches me with a sweet smile on his face, stopping only to grab a bottle of water from the fridge.

"Good morning, gorgeous," he whispers into my hair as he wraps me up in a warm hug. I swear, his signature scent envelops me in a comfort that only his love can bring. It's real, a sense of belonging that settles in my heart.

"I'm up early to chat with Lily. She seems to have had a rough time while we were away, so I'm hoping I can settle some worries for her."

"That's great, Star," he says, before placing a light kiss on my nose. "I'm taking her to school, so just let me know when you're done."

"I, uh... I was going to try to take her this morning," I mutter.

"Oh, that's awesome. I'll be available just in case you're not ready, but I'm glad you're trying."

I nod up at him, acknowledging the progress I've made. These men have helped me each and every day by building me up. They have always stood beside me and had my back. Sometimes I just need to pick myself up. I'm a capable woman, and I need to be able to overcome these issues.

"Thank you," I say. "I appreciate you being there for both her and me. I will definitely let you know. You'll be in the office?"

"Yeah. I'll hit the gym at Bast's house on the way in, so I'll be in the office if you need me."

I lean up, wrapping my arms around his neck. "Thank you," I say as I give him a hug. "I'll call or text you if the car becomes too much."

With a swat to my ass, he walks out of the kitchen and down the hall to the office. Turning, I look at the empty kitchen and decide to fix breakfast. I scramble some eggs, but I also fry up some French Toast, which is Lily's favorite. I

figure if I get her happy about breakfast, then maybe she'll open up to me.

By the time I'm done fixing everything, it's time to wake her. I walk upstairs and knock on her door softly before I peek my head in.

"Lily," I call. "Wake up, girl. Love you, and I've missed you, but you need to get ready for school."

"Arrghmngpph," Lily mumbles into her pillow. She's always been a morning person, so having her argue to get up is a change.

"What if I told you I made French toast?" Her little head pops up, with a messy bedhead galore. A cute little mumble echoes across the room before she slinks from the bed. I give her a hug to shake her up a bit, then smack a kiss on her head. "Up and moving, girl. I'll plate your breakfast. Ten minutes!"

Heading downstairs, I plate her two slices of her morning treat, plus a small side of eggs for protein. Since she's still not down yet, I pour myself a second cup of coffee and peruse my social media channels. Finally, when she comes downstairs, I pour her a glass of milk and serve her a plate before I escape back to my room to change my clothes. I didn't notice anything out of the ordinary until I was almost finished. As I pull on my warm boots, my hands start to shake. I can't help the anxious thoughts that invade my consciousness. *Fuck, he could be out there. Anywhere. Waiting to snatch me. It can't be long; it's been like a month.*

Fuck me, I'm creating situations in my head, all because of my anxiety. I'm sure he doesn't plan on me randomly driving Lily to school after weeks of not driving anywhere. I can do this; there is no way he'll get me. I need to be brave for Lily.

As I descend the stairs, my knees wobble ever so slightly. The weakness only increases as we walk toward the garage. Right before we exit the house, I softly call to Cam as I walk down the hall.

"Hey, we're leaving."

When he pokes his head out of the office, it doesn't surprise me. "You're okay?"

"Yeah. No, but I'll make it," I murmur as I approach him.

"You're one of the strongest women I know, Star. My mother would've been proud for me to be in love with you."

When my eyes burn as I tilt my head to look up at him, I see the awe in his gaze. This only adds courage to my determination in taking Lily to school. Blinking away the pooling tears, I stand on my toes to give my ridiculously hot boyfriend a kiss goodbye.

Making my way out to the Jeep, I climb in and put on my seatbelt. I back out of the driveway, and as I make my way onto the appropriate highway to cross our small town, I think of what exactly I need to say to Lily.

"So... Mom told me you had a few days off, huh? What's up with that?" I ask.

"Not much to tell, I got suspended," she says in a muffled voice. I glance back in the rearview mirror, only to see her half hiding her face behind a curtain of hair.

"Aww, come on. It had to be more than nothing for you to do something like start a fight."

"Just drop it, nothing happened," she argues, getting frustrated. My eyebrows raise as a smirk pulls at my lips. After driving in silence for another mile or so, I begin to talk to myself out loud, just enough for Lily to hear.

"Oh, I need to call Dr. Francis today. Hell, maybe I'll actually go into the office today since I'm doing so well. I'm so glad I've always had someone to talk to. It's been the best, having someone listen to me and value what it is that is running through my mind. This progress I've made has been fantastic; I just know she'll be proud of me."

Glancing back up at the reflection of Lily, I keep going. "You know, maybe Mom would like someone to talk to. Someone unbiased, and who wouldn't judge? I mean, I can always give Mom Dr. Francis' number. In case she needed to call and schedule an appointment... I know Dr. Francis treats

adults, and I'm pretty sure she sees children too. I know kids tend to have more to say than adults, anyway."

As we pull up to the school drop-off loop and park the Jeep, I turn my head back to watch as she climbs out. "Hey," I call to her, pausing her from shutting the door. "Have a good day. Things will get better; just look at me!" Giving her a bright smile, I wink at her. A wave of success and joy wash through me when she gives a faint smile in return.

On the way home, I call Mom. I know she can't have her phone on her while she's working, but I leave her a message, anyway. "Hey, Mom, it's Cait. Just so you know, I had a chat with Lily today. Yeah, *to* her. She refused to talk, but I was able to talk out loud, as if I were talking to myself, and she listened. When she walked away from me at the drop-off, she wore a faint smile, so I call that a win."

"Anyway, Dr. Francis' phone number is 303-555-9568. I made sure and mentioned in my ramblings that she sees kids, in case kids need to talk. And that kids often have so many more things to say than adults. Here's hoping she'll take the hint.

"I'll see you at home tonight!"

Finished with this errand, I do decide to drive to Dr. Francis' office. That's a great idea I had - to have my therapy session in person. She'll be so surprised!

Saturday morning, I wake up to a mild, beautiful morning. I hop out of bed, get dressed, and decide to fix breakfast for the family. I'm not usually much of a morning person, but the days in Telluride really seem to have helped my overall mental state. With my ability to get out and drive yesterday, my confidence is soaring, and my heart is bursting with joy.

Mom and Aaron come downstairs about an hour after Lily, but regardless of her early morning, she seems in good spirits; you could almost consider her pleasant. I hope that my words yesterday eventually help her find some peace. I exchange a look with Mom as she walks into the kitchen, and I just shrug, as if to say, “Lily is okay, and I’m not pushing her.”

After both Mom and Aaron eat the breakfast I prepared, Aaron offers to clean up. “It’s the least I can do; thank you for preparing it.” His bright smile is so endearing, and I’m really beginning to feel like I might be able to trust him. It really sucks when I close myself off to all possibilities for father figures, despite the excellent candidates.

“Thanks, Aaron, I appreciate that. I think now that I seem to be able to drive, I’m going to head up to Lift to see Ella and grab a latte. I’ll be back by lunch,” I say as I grab my purse and keys. Having the freedom to be able to go as I please has done wonders for my mental state, too.

The drive to Lift isn’t bad at all. No tremors or anxious thoughts. I did think I saw a car that passed me on the road that looked like the one I stole from Jason, but there is no way... At least I don’t think so.

Parking in Lift’s parking lot brings back a lot of memories. Lots of good memories, such as meeting three of the four guys here and meeting Ella and Lori. Hell, Mom, Lily, and I celebrated the first full day of living in Golden here. Even though there are bad memories too. I don’t think I’ll ever outrun those. I’ll just have to make better memories to replace them.

I will say; the surprise and shock on Lori, Ella, and everyone else’s faces when I walk in are amazing to see. They are so happy and surprised to see me, but Ella, and even Lori, care for me so much. The fact that I’m out and driving on my own is a big deal.

“Oh my god, look at this stranger walking in!” Lori’s greeting makes me grin, but I still run over and give her a big hug.



“Hey. Things are going well. He’s still not caught, but I’m doing better, and we are working on my issues. I’m hoping to be able to commit to coming back to work soon. I am getting bored at the house with nothing to do.”

Turning, I greet my best friend with a hug. “Hey, bestie.”

“Bitch, why didn’t you tell me you were driving?”

“It only just happened yesterday for the first time,” I say with a giggle. “When I got home Thursday night from Telluride, Mom told me Lily has been in trouble because she’s been feeling guilt from her dad stalking me.”

“That stinks.”

“Yeah, tell me about it. So, I decided yesterday morning to try to drive, and it went ok. So I’ll be slowly adding more trips in, to build my confidence.”

“That’s such a great idea. I miss seeing you here,” she says solemnly.

“I miss you all, here.”

Ordering a drink, I leave to head back home. I didn’t want to stay long. But as I walk out the door, the *feeling* creeps up my back again. That feeling that something is wrong.

Walking outside the door to Lift, I scan the area. *There’s no way*, I think. He had no way of knowing I’d come here, and I only just started driving again. My self-preservation instincts are sending up red flags, despite the low chance of an encounter. I back up to the storefront, continuing to sweep my gaze along the road and parking lot, as my breath quickens.

A spinning sensation takes over as I try to figure out what is wrong. That’s when it hits me. I was too busy thinking about what I have to do today, and there was a man who looked like Jason walking by me when I walked out. Fuck, was it him? Was he following me, hoping to find me distracted or alone?

Sinking to the ground against the window, I just think to avoid him, *at all costs*. My coffee spills to the ground beside me, but I don’t pay it any attention. I duck my head and cover myself with my arms. I can’t move, can’t get up. Too afraid to

do anything, I barely hear Ella calling to me. Nope, he might be using her to get to me. I'm all alone, and my bubble will keep me safe.

**NINETEEN**



## BAST

I don't know how people do this. I'm sure there are people getting emergency calls every day, but when it happens to you - about someone you love - your heart stops. Everything stops. Until you know that your loved one is ok, nothing matters.

At least, it did for me.

When I got the call from Corey, Dom and I were talking in the gym office at my family's house. Corey told me that Ella had used Cait's phone to call him, but my house was the closest to Lift, so he figured he'd see if I was home. Luckily, Dom was with me, and I was glad that there were two of us - someone to drive and someone to sit with her. I told Corey one of us would update him shortly, and we took off.

Driving those eight minutes to the plaza where Lift is located took forever; at least, it seemed that way. By the time we reached Cait, my heart was racing, and my palms were sweaty. She was crouched down in front of one of the large windows in front of the café, her head tucked under, and her arms wrapped around her knees.

"Cait?" Dom says quietly as we approach her and Ella. "Baby Girl, are you alright?"

I glance at Ella and quickly ask, "What happened?"

"We have no idea," she says solemnly. "She walked in, surprising the hell out of all of us, with a cheerful attitude. She said she'd been able to drive since yesterday, so we thought she was getting better. Then she left... She basically walked out the door, looked around, and kept doing that as she backed up to the window. Once she was there, she dropped her coffee, and that's when I knew something was wrong. As I jumped the counter, she dropped to the ground. She's been like this since."

When Cait doesn't answer Dom, I kneel down beside her to get down on her level. "Angel, are you ok? Answer us." With no answer from her, I turn to Dom. "I'll drive," I say, and

turn to get the car ready for him. He sweeps down, picking her up and cradling her in his arms, before spinning and following me.

Once we are in the car, I use the speakerphone to call Corey.

“Hello? Is she okay?”

“Corey, you’re on speakerphone. We don’t know much, but I suspect a panic attack. No one hurt her, and she was casing the street when she collapsed and hid her head. Talk to her, see if you can pull her out of it.”

“Sunshine, it’s me,” he says softly. “Can you hear me?”

“Baby Girl, you’re safe. We’ve got you,” Dom says reassuringly, still cradling her in his arms in the backseat.

“You’re ok,” I add. “It’s just Bast and Dom, you’re safe.” It feels weird to refer to myself in the third person, but I don’t give a shit if it will pull her from whatever this is.

“Her hands...” Dom blurts out.

“Asshole, I’m not there. What about her hands?” Corey rushes out.

“I think she’s starting to come out of it. Her hands are moving.”

“No. No, no, no, no, noooooo,” Cait murmurs, and I begin to feel like I can breathe again.

“Shh,” Dom whispers in her ear. As he leans down, speaking quietly to Cait so as not to alarm her, I address Corey to keep him calm.

“Hey man, I’m taking her back to my house. Let us try to calm her fully, and then I’ll text you later. We don’t need a bunch of people coming in and out, hovering over her while she’s panicking.”

“I get that. Now that I know she’s going to be ok, I can let her have some space. But I will be showing up to get her tonight. I’ll have Cam take me to get her Jeep, and then I’ll come get her and take her home.”

“Alright. I’ll text you later.”

“Okay, bye.”

As the call disconnects, I glance back in the rearview mirror. She definitely looks better; she’s got her head raised up a little. I make sure to get Dom’s attention before speaking.

“Take her to my room, downstairs. She needs quiet and privacy right now. I think I know what to do; I’ve seen others deal with something like this.” He nods his head, quickly affirming that he will do as I ask.

This is what she needs, I think. I hope. I’ve waited for this moment, and I’m anxious. This isn’t how I wanted to try this, but it’s why I went through training. Taking a deep breath in, I steel myself as I pull into our driveway and around the back. Getting out, I open the rear passenger door where Dom got in with Cait in his arms. He gets out, still carrying her, and walks up to the door. I shut the car door and rush forward to open the door to the house for him.

Dom heads straight for the extra room I keep downstairs, while I close up the basement apartment completely. Locking the deadbolt from the main house will tell anyone upstairs that someone other than me on our guest list is here and needs privacy.

By the time I get to the room, Cait is fully conscious, but she is shivering. I doubt it’s from the temperature; I feel like this is an aftereffect of the panic attack.

“Angel, are you okay now?” I say, roaming the room. Giving off an aloof attitude is the disconnect I’ll need to help get her back to us.

She nods, unable to speak just yet.

I reciprocate the motion before moving on. “Can you tell me why you felt the need to protect yourself?”

“I-I thought I saw *him*...” she says, so much softer than her normal voice. It breaks my heart that she’s experiencing this much ongoing trauma. I wish I could take it all from her.

“Cait, I think I can help you... recover from the shock of the perceived threat. It may not work, and I’m worried you won’t react well, but I feel the need to suggest it.”

The way she peers up at me in that shattered gaze only strengthens my resolve to get her to trust us a little more.

“I want to try some of the harder stuff I told you about. I want both of us,” motioning to both Dom and myself, “to walk you through this. You aren’t allowing yourself to feel vulnerable at the right times, so any time you feel out of control, you rush to try to shield yourself. Your need to feel protected is understandable, but we want to allow you a safe outlet to feel vulnerable and out of control. I believe that various practices of BDSM might help you. We’ve tried bondage before, and you’ve had your ass spanked. Both of which you didn’t mind, or even liked, right?”

She ducks her head, and responds, “Yes.”

I only quirk a brow at Cait, waiting for her to catch her error. When Dom clears his throat, Cait looks up at him quizzically. It’s then that she realizes that she made a mistake.

“Sorry, Sir,” she says, a blush blooming over her cheeks.

“All right, do you have any issues with blindfolds or earplugs? Those increase the other senses inhibited. That can provide a feeling of insecurity and anticipation, but you know it’s just us here with you.”

“No, Sir,” Cait breathes. “I’m okay with those.”

“What about breath play, Angel?” I ask, walking up to her. I grab hold of her chin and tilt it up to make her look up at me. “Would you have an issue with Dom or me wrapping a hand around your neck? I tried something similar in Telluride, with my arm, but a hand is much more precise. You can still swallow, and even breathe slightly, depending on where and how much pressure is used.”

“Um, yes, Sir. I’d be willing to try that.”

“Mmm. Good girl. Fuck, your meek little act gets me so hard. I know you’re a brat at heart, but these moments - I love this sweet side of my Angel.” I lean down and take her lips in

mine, massaging them gently and swiping my tongue along the seam of her mouth. I feel Dom shift next to me. He must have done something she likes, because Cait gasps, allowing my tongue to plunge into her mouth. Twisting my tongue with hers, I can't help but imagine my tongue diving into her cunt or hers flicking around the tip of my dick.

I pull back and glance at Dom. With that silent conversation skill we picked up somewhere in the past ten years, I confirm he's on board. This is going to be interesting, and I can't wait to see what she allows.

"Alright, Angel, stand and undress. Down to your bra and panties." Immediately, she moves, ready to be the good girl I claimed she was. Or maybe she can't wait for us to create a safe space for her to be totally free. Either way, today is going to be an excellent distraction from her rough morning.

As she begins to undress, I pull Dom aside. "Hey, do you mind? I'd like to watch her for a bit. Think you can handle some of the lighter stuff?"

"No problem. I like a little of that, but I can't get too heavy. I don't know if I could wrap my hand around her throat; it goes against my 'taking care of her' mindset."

"What if she needs it, though? To be able to give up control over her body completely, because it's her choice to let you do that? Not because you are doing it because you want to?"

"I-I don't know."

"No worries, man. I'll catch your attention when I think she's ready, and not alert her, so it's all up to you. No pressure."

"Thanks. How do you know all this stuff?"

"Honestly, I don't know," I admit. "I think maybe an old high school girlfriend read smutty books and was ranting, and I found what she was talking about hot. I couldn't suggest it to her, because she thought it was stupid. After we broke up, I went out and searched some clubs. Found a training session, and eventually took classes far beyond even just properly



being a Dominant. I went into learning about how to heal from trauma, and it all escalated from there. I just never expected to be able to utilize this on the love of my life.”

“Damn, eighteen-year-old Bast was a kinky fucker, huh?” The smirk on his face only makes me shake my head.

“Alright man. Get comfortable; you may or may not have time to strip off whatever when the time comes.” He kicks off his shoes and socks, and then strips off his shirt. I copy his moves before making my way to the dresser and then the nightstand, collecting several items.

Turning back to Cait, she waits patiently, perched on the edge of the bed. Goddamn, she’s so beautiful. She almost takes my breath away. I approach her slowly, showing her what I have in my hands, and she nods her approval. Handing her the case, she removes the Bluetooth earbuds that are paired to my phone. Once inserted into her ears, I wrap one of my silk ties around her eyes as a blindfold. The heavy exhale that escapes her lips is a trigger for my dick, making it twitch behind the zipper of my jeans.

“Angel, I’ll be playing some songs to distract you. Other times, you’ll hear us. You’ll hear our dirty words and the sounds you are going to pull from us because even though you’re the vulnerable one right now, you are in complete control. You say stop, and we stop, okay?”

“Yes, Sir.”

A shudder runs down my back, sending electricity straight to my balls. The sensation has my muscles spasming with the need to sink into her, but I know we have to get her off first. I turn on some sultry music using an app to split the sound between two different Bluetooth devices. This way, Dom and I can hear when the music picks up and slows down, too.

Dom draws my attention as I step back and take the seat he used earlier. I spread my knees wide, already needing room in my pants. “Climb up behind our girl, working her up. Don’t touch her pussy, either. Let’s save that for later. She needs to be ready and want the other stuff I have planned, so you can tease her now.”

A rumble comes from his chest, excitement over being able to work her up and relish how our girl's body responds. He moves over to the bed, climbing up and kneeling behind her, and leans down to kiss her shoulder. A groan pulls from our girl's lips; those sweet, luscious lips that I want around my cock. Soon, I'll take her mouth again, soon.

“Go ahead and spread her knees. Open her up, bare her wet panties to us.” Goddamn, her panties have a huge wet spot, and the sight of it makes me as hard as granite. I want to sink my fingers deep inside her and make her gush all over me. Leaning over, I reach out and gently swipe a finger up and down, pressing in only slightly against the damp cotton covering her pussy. The shimmy of her hips, the sway to gain purchase and grind against *something*, is intoxicating. Her desire rocks through me, pulling me like a tide along with her.

Grabbing her hand, I pull her to stand. Fuck the watching; her need is greater than mine. I drop to my knees, skimming my hands along her waist, down to her hips and thighs, taking her panties along for the ride. Stripping her of the cloth covering my dessert, I dive in head first, licking and nipping at everything I crave. Fuck, she tastes so good, and goddamn it, I can't get enough. She cries out, running her hand through my blond hair. When she locks hold of it, pulling me in close and not letting go, I attack her clit with pulses and licks of my tongue. Damn, this girl is irresistible. I fucking love her, and this delicious as fuck pussy.

She continues to ride my face, and fuck, it only makes me want more. Inserting a finger into her cunt, I slowly pump in and out to tease her. I can't wait till she's clenching around my dick. I pull my finger out and drag my tongue lower. This pussy is so juicy and so tight; even as I fuck it with my tongue, it's a challenge.

“Dom,” I rasp, “stand up and strip off her bra,” I call. He climbs off the bed, moving to stand beside her. When he unclasps her bra and moves the straps off her shoulders, Cait gasps with the attention her warm skin receives. I can't get enough of her taste. She's sweet and musky, and irresistible.

Fuck, I can't take it anymore. I have a need for her mouth around my cock.

"I'm going to have her blow me. Want in on this? Seeing her suck both our dicks would be a vision," I say, looking over at Dom. He immediately begins to take off his pants. I take the earbuds out of her ears; she doesn't need the distraction now. We have fully immersed her in our debauchery; she doesn't need seductive music to actually get off. I guide her down to her knees, hoping she's ready to move forward.

I grip my cock in my hand, slowly caressing her bottom lip with my other thumb. When her mouth parts as if she can't wait to have my taste on her tongue, a surge of energy, hot like lightning, rushes straight to my dick.

"That's it. Open that pretty mouth, and suck like you mean it." I stick my thumb in her mouth as Dom finishes getting undressed, and then I pull back. Once Dom joins me, I step to the side, and we stand on either side of Cait's knees. As we both draw near to her, I lean my hips in closer, brushing her lips with the tip of my dick.

The brush of her tongue that chases my touch is irresistible. She opens that bratty mouth of hers again, and just as I attempt to lean into her mouth, Dom rubs his dick along the angle of her jaw. She jerks, pausing for a moment. I reach around the back of her neck, pulling her back to us.

"You have us both here, for you. Since you don't want to choose between us, take us both, Angel." She reaches her hands up, and after we help her, she takes both of our cocks in her hands. Damn, she is a queen. Queen of fucking cocks. She looks like royalty, ruling from her knees.

She brings us both to her mouth, slowly licking both of our slits and tasting her effect on us. My knees grow weak when she licks both heads at the same time. The swirling effect of her tongue around the sensitive flesh makes me dizzy, that is until she begins to take us into her mouth.

Alternating, she uses a sinful rhythm to take Dom all the way down her throat, and then me. Watching the way she works us both is enrapturing. I stare at her slack-jawed; I don't

know why I'm surprised. She has always sucked me dry, and this is no different.

Dom breaks first, though. I glance at him as he falls away with a death grip on his dick, and he shakes as the chills skitter across his skin. I turn back to Cait and begin to smirk as I know what to do next.

"Spread your knees wide." Cait immediately moves to obey, and I walk back to my dresser. Grabbing some toys from a recent shopping trip, I unwrap and unhook everything before returning to Cait.

"Angel," I begin with a whisper. "I want to play, and I bought some new toys. Are you up for some playtime?" I lean down and take her lips in a seductive, slow kiss before releasing her.

"Yes, Sir. I want to play with your toys."

"Mmm. Good girl. I'm about to attach some cuffs to your wrists and ankles, and then link them together. You aren't going to be able to move. Are you okay with that?"

"And you think I'll like what you have planned?" she asks.

"Yes, Angel. I think so."

"Then, yes, I can do that. I'll focus and be okay with it. I trust you."

*Fuck, her words sound good to my soul.* I toss an unhooked set of cuffs to Dom and instruct him to start on her right side while I work on her left. Once both wrists and ankles are cuffed, I link all four to an extension chain, only about four inches long. It's short enough to keep her bound together but allows enough space to wiggle for circulation.

Nodding to Dom, I motion for him to take up a position kneeling behind her before wiggling my fingers and gesturing to her dripping pussy. The gasp that echoes through the room when his fingers drag through her wet folds resonates in my soul. Her pleasure will always be my number one goal, right after her safety.

Right as a moan of ecstasy pours from her lips, I step forward and sink my cock back into her warm, inviting mouth. That moan transforms into vibrations, and I curse at my lack of foresight to consider that. The way the vibrations feel, with her warm, smooth tongue stroking me, causes me to thread the fingers of my hand through her silky, bright pink hair. The heady feeling that grip gives me is almost too much, and I take a small step back to brace myself.

I wrap my other hand around her throat, squeezing the sides slightly. I crave the feeling of my hard dick entering her throat, and the ability to impress upon her that lack of control without damaging anything floods my body with arousal. When I pull out and thrust slowly back into her mouth, a groan escapes me. She feels so fucking good. I revel in how she knows just the right way to swallow my hard cock. It's absolute heaven each and every time she allows me this.

When she gags, I realize I'd closed my eyes, and I blink down at her. I pull back, thinking I'd hurt her, but that's when I notice her shoulders moving. Glancing back, Dom's eyes are closed, and his jaw is lax, I watch as he swallows roughly. I quickly pull back and bend her over by the hand still anchored in her hair.

"Bro," I complain. "You're supposed to be working our girl over. Not getting your dick jerked off."

"So you can have her suck your dick, and I get shit?" he asks, pouting slightly.

"That's not the point," I say, my brows dipping at the frustration I feel for Cait. Turning, and looking at my girl, still on her knees, but her arms straining in her bowed position, I answer, "She's supposed to be giving up control right now. She took some back by wrapping her hands around your dick and making you forget the situation."

"Hmm. I guess you are right," he rumbles, his tone changing now that he understands what I meant. "I think she needs to be put in her place. What do you think, Bast?" Looking up at me, he knows our girl needs to fully release herself to us. And I have just the toys to do it.

“Angel, you’ve been a bad girl. You’re going to get punished. You may not like it, but if you change your ways, and let us remind you that you have us to rely on, I promise we will reward you. Are you on board?” I ask, lifting her back into a comfortable position.

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry. His cock was brushing up against my hands, and with Sir fingering my pussy and you, Sir, fucking my mouth, it was too much. I took advantage, and I’m sorry.”

“Damn it, Baby Girl,” Dom groans, stroking his dick at her bold but true words. Even there, she used words to control him. To manipulate his reaction.

“Tsk, tsk, Angel. You did it again, teasing us with your lewd and lengthy excuses. Hmmm, I think that’s worth edging you once. Are you going to earn another?”

“No, Sir,” she whispers, but with a small smile on her face. Mind games... I don’t know if she’s happily surprised with the outcome, or if she was bratting back to me, trying to work me up. Oh, this is going in a fun direction. I’d love to tame her brat, eventually. Or try many, many times.

Leaning over, I unhook the extension of the cuffs and then unhook the cuffs themselves. Taking hold of her hand, I help her to her feet. I remove the blindfold before turning to Dom.

“Go ahead and sit higher up on the bed. Angel is going to kneel on all fours and blow you for a bit.” He nods and moves to climb up the bed. Cait moves to go around me, but I pull her up against me with the hand I still hold.

“Angel, I’m going to say this once.” Reaching down with my free hand, I slip my fingers through her center before spearing them inside her, and continuing, “if I find out you’re trying to be a brat versus innocently working your way into a punishment you might like, you and I are going to have a problem. I will not hesitate to fuck your tight pussy hard until you cream all over my cock, and then make you suck me clean until I’m ready to paint your tits with my cum.” Pulling my fingers free from her tight hold, I force them gently into her mouth for her to suck before pulling them and wiping them dry on her chest for emphasis. Her bright gray eyes shine with

a fire that tells me she might just be up for that, at some point, and I make a mental note to come back to that vision one day.

Smacking her ass, I let her go to climb up on the bed. With a sway of her hips, I bite my lip. This girl is asking for trouble, for sure. I grab the flogger and the crop, approaching her from behind. Lightly dragging the flogger across her ass, she moans again as she takes Dom's dick into her mouth.

"Holy shit, man," he says as his head flops back.

"Angel, you are to continue sucking him, no matter what. I will make this hard for you, no pun intended. If you stop, I will spank you with my hand, not a toy."

Without hesitation, she lowers to her elbows between Dom's thick thighs. Running her tongue up his shaft, he reaches up and threads his own hand through her hair, mimicking my hold on her from moments before.

I instantly focus, memorizing the feel of the flogger in my right hand, and the crop in my left. I start by dragging the flogger strands down her back before lightly whipping her with it. A small groan escapes her throat as she continues, now utilizing her hand to aid her attention toward Dom.

Coming back with the flogger again, I whip her ass a little harder this time, allowing a pink blush to color her flesh slowly. Soft strike after strike, I work her ass, building up the warmth until both round globes are bright pink. None of this was strong enough to hurt her, but it was enough manipulation to increase the blood flow and make her ready to beg for her pussy to get some attention, too.

Switching hands, I move the crop to my right hand, and prepare to build up that edge I warned her about. Fuck, I'm glad it was the only one. With Cait on her elbows and knees, her ass propped up and her pussy swollen and ready. I drag the flat part of the crop against her folds before lightly patting the plump flesh, letting her know where I am focusing.

The light ripples of her ass as her muscles flex from the tension coursing through her body ignite a fire within me. I

can't wait to watch as those same muscles clench in the right spot, with my dick inside her.

Slowly, I increase the speed at which I tap her exposed folds. Within seconds, I see the inner seam begin to glisten as her arousal becomes evident. I persist, though, and with one last firm strike, I remove the crop from my hand and sink two fingers straight into her cunt. The immediate squeeze of her walls tells me she is close, so I pump once, twice, three times before I abruptly remove my fingers.

This time, I lick them clean myself. I'm not letting that sweet honey go to waste. When I'm done, I notice our girl panting, but still sucking Dom's cock.

"Man, she has to stop. Don't punish her; I don't want to come like this."

I nod, and he pulls her up, both of them gasping and panting.

I pick up the flogger, walk around beside them, and crawl up onto the bed. I resume using the flogger on her, teasing her with the sensation of the many strands, and letting them tickle her back. Finally, I start swinging it around, smacking all those light strands onto her pussy. It isn't super hygienic, but I don't fucking care, I'll buy another.

By the time Dom is ready to get going again, Cait has her eyes closed and is ignoring us. The smacks of the flogger against her folds enthrall her, and watching her wait for the next one is hypnotizing. I capture Dom's attention and gesture for him to start tweaking and pulling on her taut pink nipples. Once he starts, I whisper to him, "Can you take her now?"

"Yeah, I'm good now."

"Alright," I begin. "Do you have an open mind? I want to try something, but I'm going to have to touch you."

"If it makes her scream, I'm all for it."

I nod and slowly move behind Cait. I reach down, swiping through her folds one more time. Just to make sure she is ready, I push her hips forward, guiding her to straddle Dom.



“I want you to sit on his fat cock, Angel. We have some work to do to get you ready for both of us.”

“Wha...” she begins to ask, but her pleasure-filled high has her forgetting what she wanted to ask. She sinks down onto Dom’s dick, sliding easily down because of how soaked she is. Reaching around her to get the right angle, I run my fingers up her center and rub her clit in tight, soft circles.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” she cries. “Oh my god, yes, I’m going to come.” Within seconds, she throws her head back, and a gush of fluid spreads from her dripping folds.

“That’s it, Angel, come for us,” I whisper into her ear. After she hits her peak, I run those same fingers down, until I can feel where she’s speared onto Dom’s cock. I press in, stretching her gently until I can slide a finger inside. Pumping slightly, I take advantage of her extended orgasm and slip another finger in, sliding against Dom’s dick.

While I’m not in any way attracted to Dom, this is fucking hot, and I’m so glad I’m here right now. I compose myself, making myself focus on the task at hand, literally.

Making sure to concentrate on my goal, I begin to pump my fingers inside of her, slowly stretching her, while also using my thumb to circle her clit. With each circle of my thumb, I can feel her clenching walls relaxing, and my fingers can slowly move more freely.

“Bast...” she moans, and the sound of my name on her lips is magical.

“Yes, Angel?”

“What - what are you do-doing?” The way her breath hitches almost takes mine away, but I keep going. I need to make sure not to hurt her.

“You’ll see soon enough,” I say, my words rough and lower than normal. I glance at Dom, who is completely mesmerized by Cait, worshiping her breasts and pinching her nipples.

When I begin to shift my fingers around, I press my thumb a little harder, circling her bundle of nerves with purpose. It’s

then that she ignites like a firework, exploding around Dom and my fingers. It's at that point I withdraw my fingers to a gasp from Cait, and I press gently on her back to lay her down on Dom's chest.

I shift slightly, lifting onto my right knee and moving my left foot to the outside of Dom's leg, I give myself more room to move. I rub a hand down Cait's back, gently reassuring her that it's me and that I've got her.

"Angel," I whisper gently, "I'm going to try something. If you don't like it, just say the word, but if you don't tell me in some way that you don't like it, I'm going to keep going."

"Mm-hmm," Cait mumbles, and I consider that okay for her acknowledgment, considering what we've put her through today. I lean back, stroking my dick and making sure he's still on board. Knowing where I'm going with this, my cock couldn't be harder. I notch my head right where Dom's dick is stuck deep inside her, and confusion leaks from her voice.

"Bast, Dom is-"

"I know, Angel," I say, pressing ever so slightly.

"But that means-"

"Yes, Baby Girl," Dom murmurs. "He's planning for us to both fuck this dripping wet pussy of yours. Together."

"There's no way," she gasps as the pressure at her entrance builds. I wrap an arm around her waist, and with Dom's help, we hold her up enough to where I can brush my fingertip against her clit one last time. The soft friction on the most sensitive place of her body instantly causes her attention to switch to the waves building up.

Finally, at that moment when I finally plunge inside of her, she cries out my name once again. It just feels right, at least to me. It's like we are meant to be a team. The way the two of us fill her so completely, lights blink in front of my eyes as I immerse myself in the feeling of her body.

In order for us to build a rhythm that works, I push against her ass as well as withdraw. Dom thrusts up as I pump into her from behind, and holy fuck, feeling Dom too, is unreal.

“Fuck, man, this... I’m not going to last long,” he says.

“Alright, neither am I,” I breathe. “Cait, can you come once more?” I ask before she screams.

“Yes, fuck. Holy shit. Fuck. *Fuck!*” With her orgasm building, I pull her upright, wrapping my arms around her belly and chest. Feeling her heart pounding against my chest only encourages me to hold out as much as possible.

At the final second, I ask Dom for help. “Bro, help out our girl. Tip her over that edge we set up for her. “

Dom reaches up with one arm, caressing her chest and stomach. He lowers his hand, and the moment his thumb slips through her center and brushes up against her clit, her climax explodes through her. The way she clamps down, fuck, I can hardly move. Her hot center constricts so much, my ability to thrust like before is limited, and the pressure - it’s too much.

“Fuck, Fuck!” Dom yells out as he lets go, and feeling him pulse up against me is my last straw. I succumb to my release, pumping once more and falling with my girl. Wrapped up in her, the golden shock waves of my orgasm recoil within my body, and chills dance down my spine. This girl is everything I need and want in life, and having her in my arms is mind-blowing.

Slowly withdrawing from her, I roll and climb off the bed, allowing her and Dom to have a quiet moment while I start the shower. Once it’s warm, I walk back to the room.

Collecting her from his arms, I lift Cait into mine and carry her into the shower. I know Dom will follow; today, her aftercare will be being pampered by all of us. We’ll give her a day to relax after that scare, and then we will begin to push her. We hadn’t yet because she hadn’t shown us any signs that she was ready.

But now, as I stand here, sandwiching our girl between us and rewarding her by washing her body and hair and giving her our strength, I see in Dom’s eyes the same realization that I’ve just come to.

Our girl is strong, but every queen needs an army, and we are ready to stand up and be hers.

TWENTY



## CAIT

In the last two weeks since I broke down outside of Lift, I've gained a lot of confidence.

I swear, that day with Dom and Bast? It was so fucking hot. And Bast was right; I was trying to increase the tension with my words. I knew I needed just to experience what he was giving me; what they both were offering. Instead, I couldn't resist flirting. Having that effect on them really was powerful and encouraging to my ego, but I guess that's what Bast was trying to prove - that I need to rely on them sometimes to help me pick up the pieces.

I've spent years being the support system, but not really having one of my own. I never needed it, so I'm not used to actually needing people and having them be there for me. The guys helped me understand that they have my back more than I realized. They made me get out in public more, made me drive them around, and encouraged me to do things without them, too.

I've been catching up with Dr. F., and I'm glad she actually supported the fact that Bast was there for me when I had that panic attack. There wasn't much that could be done, but once I calmed enough to where I could talk, communicating was my biggest success. I felt out of control of my situation, and then Bast showing me that not having it could be okay was exactly what I needed, it seems.

I've felt more comfortable doing things on my own, especially this last week. When I've been taking Lily to and from school, we'll call one of the guys. Not only so she could chat with them, but so I could keep an open line of communication, in case anything happened. That right there, knowing I can do something, but that the guys would know if something happened and could immediately react, was comforting.

I finally made headway with Lily after each of those mornings and afternoons in the car. Just this week, she allowed Mom to call and schedule an appointment with Dr. Francis, and her first appointment is set for next week. Mom already took off from work, ready to be available, so I won't have to be there and be exposed to Lily's guilt any more than I already am. To be honest, I was worried about that. I didn't need more exposure beyond just convincing Lily to talk to Dr. Francis. She's made such a difference in my life, and I know she can help Lily. I'm just thankful Mom is stepping in and being there for both of us.

So, after twelve days of slowly making advancements toward my freedom, Ella and I meet up for lunch. I am so excited, and this time I don't call anyone on my drive.

Lunch with Ella is at our favorite sandwich shop. They have the best soups, and after the snow that came through the other day, I need a warm lunch.

"Girl, I'm telling you. I read this book last year, and even though the author took a break, you want to read this book. I know you love your angsty romances, and Nikos Prince is hot as hell. The internal struggles he faces, and ugh. The calling of his heart toward Graves? It is everything I want from a main male character."

"Alright, fine," she says. "I'll download it. Is this book one of those why choose romances you can't get enough of?"

"No, not this one."

"Okay," she says while giggling. "I don't know if I can handle all that dick. I'm not that wild of a girl, and I just can't imagine how you deal with all the drama. Because you know that guys have just as much drama and cattiness as girls do."

"My guys aren't that much drama," I say, so confused about her take on my relationship.

"Uh-huh, maybe now," she smirks. "Girl, six months ago you were tripping all over yourself about these guys, and they were plotting to toss you to the curb. Now, I will say, once they came to their senses, they've treated you right, so I will

say they settled down and are behaving themselves... for now.”

“Pssh. This is honestly such an uncomplicated relationship to be in. Communication is just as key in any other relationship, but someone is almost always available if I ask. They all have helped me get over my past, and now that I know that’s all my dysfunction was. I feel comfortable with them. The fact that they know how to work my body just blows my mind.”

“Yeah,” she says, “I can see how having all of them would be a benefit. I just don’t know if I could do it. I’m glad you found guys to support you. They truly are your partners.”

“Yeah,” I say with hearts in my eyes. “Alright, girl, let’s get going. You’re coming back to watch a movie and make cookies, right?”

“Of course, bitch!” Her cackle as we head out warms my heart. Not only did I find my soul mates when I moved here, but I also met my ride-or-die bestie.



I’m certainly glad that she is with me as the afternoon goes on. We got back to the house about an hour ago, and we’re currently waiting another five minutes for the cookies to be ready. The delicious smell of chocolate, sugar, and salt wafts throughout the house, and even though we just ate, my stomach growls from the promise of my favorite snack.

When the doorbell rings, I check the front door camera. It’s another delivery person dropping off a package, and I watch as they walk off. Hmm, neither Mom nor Aaron told me they were expecting anything.

After the last package that I received here, I’m on high alert.



“Um, Els? I have a favor to ask.”

“Sure, babe. What’s up?”

“Looks like we got a package. Will you go to the door and check it out?”

“Sure, it’s probably some online ordering you forgot about,” she says saucily.

I slip on an oven mitt as the timer goes off, but before I can open the oven, Ella is screaming for me.

“Cait! Come here, *now!*”

I throw the oven mitt and run to the door. When she opens it all the way, my steps falter, and I know it’s something else from *him*.

“*Fuck.*” Immediately, I start making phone calls. I call Mom first, and she drops everything and leaves work. When I attempt to reach Cheyenne, her phone goes to voicemail. I leave a message that I received a new package and to call me back ASAP.

Next, I call Detective Wallace. Luckily, he was actually working on my case at the moment and was instantly on his way to investigate.

I then text the guys’ group chat.

Guys, a new package was delivered.

COREY

WTF? I’ll be right there, Sunshine.

BAST

Same. Don’t touch it, Angel. Did you contact Ms. Rivers?

I did. She was my first call, after Mom. I didn’t call Aaron; I figured she’d update him.

DOM

Good girl. Did you lock the doors?

Not yet, but Ella is here with me. I didn't want to touch the package, but I also didn't want to leave it alone.

CAM

That's smart. Star, I'm on my way. I'll be there in three minutes.

Thanks. Love you guys.

DOM

Love you, too, Baby Girl. I'll be on my way to you shortly.

BAST

Same, but I'm leaving my house now. I'll be there soon.

I set the phone down on the entry table, content to just pace the hallway. That is, until the powerful scent of smoke wafts toward the fresh air.

“Wha...? Oh, fuck a duck. Els, will you watch the door and package for me?”

“Yeah, babe,” she says, I got you. “What’s wrong now?”

I take off running further into the house, calling out as I go, “I forgot the damned cookies, and now they’ve burned!”



Once Detective Wallace arrives, he puts gloves on and brings the box inside. We spread a disposable tablecloth on the dining

room table, but didn't open it yet. Cheyenne asked if we'd wait for her, and I agreed, much to Detective Wallace's dismay. In the meantime, he asks to see the video footage of the delivery.

The guys all stream in steadily, and Mom arrives and runs straight into my arms.

"Oh, honey," she cries, clutching me closely, "I never knew he was this bad. I'm so sorry I brought him into our lives."

"It's ok, Mom," I say reassuringly. I smile as I pull back from her, wiping a tear from her cheek. "You aren't to blame at all. I know you never wanted this to happen."

Cheyenne arrives with her second-in-command, Dare, as I'm comforting Mom. Once I've got her breathing steady and no longer sobbing, we all turn to the box.

"Cait," Cheyenne starts, "we don't know what's in here, so do you want to review it first, in private?"

"No," I mutter with a shutter. "I just want this over and done with, so I can move on."

With a nod of her head, Cheyenne moves to lift the lid of the box. The first thing she lifts out is a note in a sealed envelope. Slipping her finger under the edge of the flap sealed with wax, she opens the flap gingerly. Inside, there is a letter, but also a hospital bracelet. The crinkle of the paper grates on my nerves, but the *thunk* of the light plastic bracelet on the table startles me.

Clearing her throat, Cheyenne begins to read aloud:

*Little One,*

*You've been very bad recently. You went away. Why did you do that? I couldn't follow you, and I know you*

went away with those heathens that  
you allow to touch you. You are mine,  
Little One.

Remember my promise? I'm  
working on that punishment. I should  
have that ready soon, but I'm not  
giving you a time frame this time.  
You'll come to me, or I'll hurt  
everyone you love because of your  
disobedience.

And as a fair warning of what  
I can do, I present evidence.

I'll see you soon, Little One

Where the letter had rested in the box is a large stack of papers. As Cheyenne, Dare, and Detective Wallace start sorting through, they lay out pictures of me from my younger teen years, photos of me in Dr. Bayird's office, and my hospital files from when I was taken in for an evaluation the weekend Jason left us.

In that stack of papers, evidence of the worst years of my life up until now stares back for all to see. Medical reports documenting my abuse at the hands of my stepfather; visual proof of the injuries I sustained, both physically and emotionally.

Photographs of me, red-eyed and face swollen from tears at the courthouse where doctors testified against him about my condition, were mixed into the pile. Other papers included the

traumatic process of the hypnosis I went through; how it covered all the details I had to recount, in order to forget it all.

As all of these papers are spread out over the table, I begin to become self-conscious. My wounds that had been covered over with scar tissue were being ripped open and exposed to all of my loved ones. Mom knew about all of this, but Ella? The guys? None of them knew the extent to which Jason had abused his power over me.

By the time the entire box was laid out, Detective Wallace had cataloged each document and photograph. The details contained on each page and notated with an evidence code and a photo of what each piece of evidence looked like.

At one point, he looked up at me. “Cait, does anything stand out to you? Is there any clue here that you can recognize that we might not because we weren’t there?”

Quickly reviewing the table once more, only one thing stands out. “Well,” I begin slowly, “there is only one connection here I can see. It might be a direction you can look in.”

“What is it, Cait?” Cheyenne asks, pressing in to stand in front of me.

“Dr. Dana Bayird was my counselor at the time of the trial, and she was the one who started the hypnotherapy. She was my counselor as we traveled, but once we settled here, I started seeing Dr. Patricia Francis. I’m not sure Dr. Francis would have access to court records from five years ago, so maybe look into Dr. Bayird?”

Cheyenne looks at my mom, who, in turn, looks at me. “What? There are pictures and files of the hypnotherapy, and pictures and files from the trial. I started feeling the stalker as soon as we got here, and both Dr. Bayird and Dr. Francis knew I was here, but only one had access to the court stuff.”

“That’s a very perceptive conclusion, Cait. Our stares were mostly of surprise, that’s all,” Detective Wallace says, speaking up from across the room.

“Oh.” I am not sure whether to feel honored or made fun of. Moving on...

“Well, today has been fun, but I think I’m about to just go upstairs and go to bed. That is, unless you need anything else from me?”

“Aww, Sunshine, don’t go secluding yourself,” Corey says, pulling up against my back. Feeling his warmth as he wraps his arms around my waist is reassuring, but I still feel self-aware of the history of my PTSD sitting laid out for everyone to see.

“I-I just, I don’t know,” I stammer, very embarrassed over what I’ve endured. I know it wasn’t my fault, and I know that everyone knew... Having it stare you in the face is a different story. Being confronted with all the old memories is an emotional trip to begin with, but having that letter, and the pictures that prove the lengths Jason will go to has me wanting to regress and dive back under the shell I’ve worked so hard to give up.

“Baby Girl, stay with us,” Dom pleads, stepping up to my side. “We’ll go to the den, or we can take a drive, but I don’t want you by yourself. We are here for you.”

“The guys are right,” Ella confirms. “Just because this box showed up doesn’t mean that you need to hide from him. He is obviously desperate, but you’ve got this. The guys and your family are here, and I’m here for you, girl. We won’t let you hurt anymore.”

“Alright, let’s go watch a movie or something,” I finally concede.

“I’m going for Chinese. Who wants some?” Cam asks.

“No delivery?” I ask

“No, Star. I’m not giving any random stranger access to our gate anymore.” He really is thoughtful sometimes, but that protective streak definitely helps with the attractiveness factor.

“Can you get me cookies while you’re out? Even store-bought ones are fine,” I say. “The ones we tried to make burned when we received the package at the doorstep.”

“I will bring you all the cookies in the world for a smile,” he says, pulling me into his arms.

Grinning back at him, I pay my toll and add on a bonus kiss. My guys all know when I need them, and Cam, even though we just recently professed our love, is well on his way to catching up.

TWENTY-ONE





## CAIT

After the package was delivered on Friday, the guys didn't let me hide away. They made sure we went out all weekend long and had fun, regardless of the cloud hanging over me. And while they were all kind and acted like they didn't care about what they saw, I still felt awkward as fuck. I just wish I could forget they were there when the box was opened.

I'm so glad I have an appointment with Dr. Francis this morning. Since that afternoon, I have felt off. It's going to be tough determining just how to move forward from here. I'm thankful to have someone to guide me through getting past this, but I feel as long as he's out there, I'm limited in my healing. I'm just going to have to figure out a way to get him caught.

Today's visit will be interesting. I actually get to meet Dom's parents soon; the guys usually take a trip during Spring Break back to Dom's hometown, Lake Tahoe. It's happened eight years in a row, and they all said they wanted to go again, so I could go. Dom specifically wanted to introduce me to his parents, and this would be the last of their parents I'd need to meet. Bast told his parents right before the Telluride trip that he and the guys were in a poly relationship with me; me being the common interest. The interaction was strained at first, but they've relaxed a bit, now that they realize the guys are okay with how our relationship works.

I met Corey's dad one evening last week, finally. We all had dinner at Theo's house, and even Corey's older brother, Jayden, showed up. Theo, as Mr. Greene told me to call him, immediately welcomed me with a big hug. Cam and Jayden get along really well, so seeing them in the corner talking basketball and hockey didn't surprise me. The dinner was nice, and Theo didn't seem the least bit phased about the big relationship. Jayden didn't say anything, but he definitely

observed the interactions between us. I guess he'd never met anyone in a poly relationship.

What really concerns me is that Dom wants to introduce me, but he feels his parents might end up judging him, so he wants to keep the fact that they all are with me a secret. I'm not sure if I am comfortable with that, let alone whether I can hide my relationship with the others. I also don't know if I want to try to hide it, because if his parents don't like it, then that's a *them* problem.

When I walk into Dr. Francis' office, she immediately knows that something isn't right.

"Alright, Cait," she says with a calm and soothing voice. "What would you like to start with?"

"Well, the lesser of my two problems is judgment." I recap my predicament, including the details of the trip. "We'll be there for close to eight days, and it's in the mountains. We'll be hiking, and they said the ski lifts will still be working, so we can go snowboarding, but other than that, it's a quaint, mountain-tourist area."

"I'm concerned that if their judgment comes out, I'll most likely cower and want to run away. I don't think the guys will let me do that, but that will just make the rest of the trip awkward."

"And if they do judge you for having a relationship with four men that is approved by said grown men, how do you think you'd feel about that?"

"Well," I begin before pausing... "I guess I just want each of my guy's family to love me as much as I love their son. Aaron is the father I never had, and I feel like Theo Greene could fit in with that same role. Bast told Adrien and Marie without me there, so I didn't know they knew until his mom approached me one day. She said she wasn't sure what to think of our arrangement, but it seems to be working for all involved, so she was happy."

"Dom's parents are the last for me to meet, and everyone has been so nice. I know that he is more than what his parents

think of us, and ultimately, he is a grown man, able to make his own decisions... I would just feel terrible if a rift developed between Dom and his parents because of me.”

“I can totally understand that,” she says. “Have you asked Dom why he feels his family would judge?”

After considering that, I reply, “Well, no...”

“I would suggest starting there. That conversation needs to happen for you to be able to make a well-educated decision. Once he’s explained why, then you two can decide together.”

“That makes sense,” I say out loud, thinking about all the steps ahead of me.

“What else is bothering you, Cait? You said the family issues were the least of your problems; let’s keep going.”

“I received another box from Jason on Friday,” I say, letting my head drop to focus on my hands in my lap. “It had a bunch of my past medical records and photos from his sexual assault trial.”

“Okay, I can see how that can be disturbing. What about this is specifically the bigger issue right now?”

“I felt disgusting when all the evidence was on the table,” I say. “Literally, the detective and our hired investigator and bodyguard laid all the items Jason sent out on the dining room table in order to catalog them. The guys saw everything. From hospital records to transcripts. All the dirty details about my hypnosis to help me temporarily with the trauma.

“I know none of it was my fault. I just can’t help the tainted feeling, especially when it’s all laid out for everyone to see.”

“I understand you feel a certain way about your past, but I also don’t feel it’s fair to project your disappointment and trauma onto them. They appear to really love you and accept your past and trauma as part of who you are. Details of the past probably won’t affect their opinions of you. Try to have an open mind. I know it’s hard; the experiences you’ve had will direct your thought processes, but your boyfriends haven’t

had those same experiences, and they probably don't think of that evidence in the same way as you."

Wow. That is kind of heavy. "I guess I was projecting my disgust and fear on them." I sit in the realization for a minute before she moves the conversation to a different topic, but knowing that I'm thinking of the papers and graphic photos from a victim standpoint, and they aren't...yeah, it makes sense.

Returning my focus to Dr. F., I finish the therapy session. My first mission, though, is to have this discussion with Dom about his parents.



The rest of that week is a blur. Dom and I had that conversation, and it turns out that he's self-conscious that his parents might judge him for not only the poly relationship but our age gap, as well. I told him that I wanted to meet his parents first, and then we can decide what we want to tell them, as I'm an excellent judge of character. Much to his credit, Dom trusted me, and we decided to take that approach.

We decide to fly, landing in Reno and renting an SUV to drive up the mountain terrain. It turns out that even though Lake Tahoe is the name of the lake and the surrounding area, his parents live on a tiny little slip of land called Crystal Bay. It was such a gorgeous area, which reminded me of the Appalachians in the East.

When we finally arrive, Dom's mom and dad are the most down-to-earth people I've met in a long time. I'm not sure why Dom thought they wouldn't approve, because the love for their son is so evident in the way they act around him. When Dom introduces me as his girlfriend, they both gush over Dom bringing a girl home, and they both give me a warm embrace, welcoming me into their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Karlsson, or Elias and Ruth, as they introduced themselves, are so sweet. Elias was born here in the States, but his parents were immigrants from Sweden. Their small home in the local town is quaint and warm, with Scandinavian influences over their home decor. The familial bond is strong in that culture, from what I can tell, so I no longer fear judgment from them.

After we fully settled into the guest cottage in the back that they rent for tourists, we head back to the main house to visit with the family. Ruth offers us a late lunch, and while I help in the kitchen, I watch the guys relax and enjoy chatting with Elias. When Corey and Cam start arguing about some random sports fact, I can't help but laugh.

“So,” Ruth starts, “how long have you been seeing all of them?”

My eyes widen at her insightful words, and I can immediately feel my ears turning red. Turning toward her, I lick my lips before I respond.

“What do you mean?” My voice sounds so strange, like an octave higher than normal, and I clear my throat to try to calm my nerves.

“Don't worry, dear,” she says. “I myself lived a ‘wild love’ lifestyle for a while. I met Elias at college in Seattle, and we lived happily in love for several years. When one of his friends moved into the area we lived in at the time, we all became very close. So close that Elias, after a while, suggested he join us for romantic times. It scared me to try something like that, but he insisted he was okay with it, and even wanted to try it for me. It took me a while...”

“The more we spent time together, Alec started flirting.” She takes a moment to wash her hands before continuing. “I brushed it off, but eventually, he and Elias both wore me down. Alec moved in with us, and we were the happiest little family for about a year and a half. We ended up drifting apart because Alec wanted to travel more, but that whole time was amazing. Dominic blessed our lives about a year later, and

while our lives have been wonderful, I always remember our time with happy memories.”

“That’s absolutely amazing, Ruth,” I say. I appreciate her candidness, and her compassion toward me, considering I only met her an hour ago. “I actually started dating Corey in September, but I’ve known them all since August. The guys... They did something, and that led to me getting hurt. It’s a long story, and the whole thing stems from my past, so I’m not going to dump all the gory details, but they apologized and immediately tried to make it up to me. Well, all but Cam,” I say with a smirk. “He took a little while to come around.”

“That Cameron,” she says with a knowing smile, “he’s always been a stubborn one. He was the one that challenged Dominic the most when they were all younger.”

“Oh? That’s what you’re calling it? Stubbornness?” I side-eye her for only a split second before we both burst out in giggles.

“What’s going on in there?” Dom calls from the living room.

“Sounds like your mother has met a new kindred soul,” Elias replies. This only makes us laugh harder, knowing all the guys are wary of the bond we just formed.



After an afternoon of relaxing, Elias and Ruth take us to their favorite restaurant. She and I make plans to go grocery shopping tomorrow, so we can cook more, but this is more for the convenience of traveling.

Once we get home, they retire for the night, and we take advantage of the hot tub they have on the back deck. Dom turns on the heater and pump while I change and put my hair up. The guys quickly strip and throw on swim trunks. It is still

kind of chilly outside, but it's warm enough to sit in the hot jacuzzi and enjoy the gorgeous view of the mountains beyond the lake.

"Well, what do you think?" Dom asks once we are all finally in the steamy water.

"I absolutely love your mom and dad. Oh, and spoiler, they don't care about our group relationship."

Three sets of eyes spin to stare me down.

"Um, what?" Dom chokes out, startled by the sudden announcement that his parents don't care how much sex he's having.

"Your mom is very observant, babe," I say. "She immediately knew I was dating everyone. I'm not sure how. I didn't touch anyone too familiarly or anything. But, um, there is a story..."

"What story?" he asks, hesitantly.

"So... Elias and Ruth, yeah, they entertained his best friend Alec as a 'roommate' for about a year and a half."

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" Dom yells.

"Shhh," I scold him. "It was before you were born, way before you were even conceived."

"Oh fuck, I didn't even consider that."

"Well, it's a good thing you don't have to. You are definitely your dad's son," I say with a chuckle.

"Thank god, my life almost imploded," he says.

"It did not, you big baby. Settle down," I tease him.

"You don't know how much that almost traumatized me," he whines.

"Dom," I say, swimming across to sit with him, "did that really upset you that much?"

"I mean, not even counting the fact that my mom and dad were once in a relationship like *ours*, but I just thought for a split second that maybe my dad wasn't my dad. I questioned

all my memories and my future. That was just a little shocking.”

“Why your future, though?” Corey asks.

“Because it’s a question of who I was, so who am I meant to be?”

Sitting there and enjoying a quiet moment, I speak up, “Honestly, I get it. Ruth said that the relationship kind of dissolved because Alec wanted to do something different, and that made me think of us. I guess I’ll always have a fear that one of you will want to do something, and end up leaving. It doesn’t help that I can’t imagine my future career. Having that anxiety that one of you might leave and potentially break us all apart frightens me. You four are a team, so I feel if something happens, then I will be on my own. And it scares the crap out of me, considering my life has a possibility without you all.”

The snuffle that echoes into the still night over the gentle roll of the bubbles startles me. It’s not until the tears spill over and relieve the sting in my eyes that I realize I’m crying.

When Cam reaches for me and pulls me into his arms, I take a deep breath, trying to calm my nerves. “Star, our parents are married. It’s going to take a lot for us to be separated. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to give you up, though.”

“Cam is right, Angel,” Bast says, scooting over next to us. “Didn’t Corey just have this conversation with you?”

“Damn right I did, and nothing has changed. Let’s just worry about the now, and not ‘what ifs’ for five or ten years down the road.”

“They are right, Baby Girl. I’m sorry if I complained too much,” Dom confesses. “I love that my parents aren’t judging us, but please, I don’t want you to worry. I can’t imagine life without you.”

These men continue to amaze me each and every day, and the fact that they all want to comfort me when life becomes too much? That itself is a blessing I don’t ever want to live without. I guess that means I just need to live my best life, one day at a time.



TWENTY-TWO



## COREY

This second vacation in as many months has helped with Cait's mental health. I think half of it is being on the run, out of the asshole's reach, and the other half is being with us all the time.

This week in Dom's hometown has been fantastic. March is progressing, and spring is on its way. The weather is still slightly chilly, but nowhere near the temperatures of winter. We've had a fun week, taking a boat out on the lake, going hiking, and even enjoying the beach yesterday. The lake water is still painfully cold, so we didn't go in, but we enjoyed the day in the sun.

Today, Mrs. Ruth wants to cook us a special pot roast for dinner, so Bast and I took her into town early this morning. Just after we left, Bast got a call from his aunt. Evidently, she's having an emergency, trying to plan a surprise anniversary party for Bast's parents. With Bast out of town, there isn't much he can do from here. She begged him to come home early and help her with the bigger arrangements.

Bast decided to go find a special gift for Cait. He roped me in to shop alone with Mrs. Ruth. He took off in the rental on a mission, only to show up about an hour later to help us load up groceries. Once we returned to the Karlsson residence, Bast and I brought the groceries in, then he ran off to change his flight last minute. Now, he'll have to leave late morning tomorrow, in order to get back to Golden.

I hate that this is a surprise party; his mom can't help. His sister, even though she's a high-school student, is already almost eighteen and can't handle anything assigned to her. Nicole is a sweet girl, but she is a helpless creature coddled by their mom. She was a surprise baby, and being a girl, she's been their little princess. Always pushing boundaries and avoiding responsibility, Nicole has never been close with Bast. She's always just gone to her mom, and never really bothered

with Bast, since he was six years older. Now, he's having to take up the slack and do everything she won't, and it's been frustrating him lately. Helping their Aunt Cassandra should be a joint task, and instead, my best friend is picking up the slack for his sister. Cait misses him, and she can't wait for all of this to be done.

Cait slept with Bast and Cam last night, getting one last snuggle in before he flew home. Last night, Dom offered to get up and take him into town to catch his flight. I decide to snuggle her on the couch while Cam fixes a smaller breakfast. When he gets back, we spend the day relaxing. After dinner, we decide to pack up most of our things, so we aren't rushing last minute tomorrow.

As Cait pulls her suitcase out of the closet, she notices a rattle of something inside. Setting it on the bed, she unzips the bag, only to find a box waiting for her inside.

"What is this?" she asks out loud to herself, before turning to me. "Do you know what this is?"

"Ugh... not exactly?" I say with a sheepish grin. "All I know is that Bast ran off yesterday, and came home with that box. I think he wanted you to think of him after he went home to deal with that party-planning crap."

"So you have no idea what's actually in the box?"

"What's in what box?" Dom asks, suddenly appearing in the bedroom door. Cam walks up behind him, shoving him into the room, so he can join the conversation too.

"Evidently, Bast left me a parting gift before he went back home," she says, her brows furrowed in confusion.

"Well, open it up, Star. Let's see," Cam says, coming over to sit on the bed beside her suitcase.

Removing the flap, Cait lifts the lid to reveal a bunch of smaller parcels wrapped up in tissue, with an envelope on top. Cait instantly opens the envelope, removing the letter and opening it up to read aloud.

"My dearest Angel," she says, before she scans the rest of the letter.

“Hey, no fair,” I say, leaning over her shoulder to catch a glimpse of the words he wrote. I begin to read aloud, so we all know what he wrote.

*My dearest Angel,*

*I'm so sorry I had to leave you a day early. I will miss you so much, and I want you to know that even though I won't see you for a couple of days, I'm constantly thinking about you.*

*I'm so insanely jealous that the others get to spend an extra day with you, but I won't begrudge them. They deserve all the time with you, too.*

*I actually hope you get some time with them later-*

Cait folds the letter up and hides it in the pocket of her pants, suddenly preoccupied with moving the box and packing her clothes.

“No, come on. Don't leave us hanging,” I plead with her.

A pink tint rises up her cheeks, and I can't get over how adorable she is.

“Aww, come on. How about we go get in the hot tub one last time if you aren't going to tell us?” Dom says, disappointment leaking through his upbeat tone.

“Ok. I can do that,” she says. We all move to gather our swimsuits, but Cait quickly grabs the box with her bikini and runs to the bathroom.

“Fuck. Sneaky girl, trying to keep secrets from us. I wonder what he left her,” Cam says.

“I don’t know, but I bet we can find out,” I state confidently. “I’m going to go turn the jacuzzi on, and then I’ll change. Dom, why don’t you change, and then use the excuse to get drinks, and Cam, you can keep her busy once she’s out.”

“Dom, once you have the drinks set up, come back to the room and help me. She’s already opening it, so she’ll likely put everything back in her suitcase and act like nothing happened.”

“Got it,” they say.

Ten minutes later, Dom and I are creeping back into the room. Sure enough, the suitcase is on the bed, lid shut. I quickly unzip it and look at that - the box is right there, with the letter.

Skimming down to where she cut me off, I begin reading again.

*I actually hope you get some time with them later, as I really wish for you to take on some of your fears. My wish for you is for the guys to ravish you tonight, but outside, on the patio. Or maybe in the jacuzzi. I don't care, since I won't be there. I just want to see you out of your element, and reigning like the queen you are.*

*I know Cam's favorite color is red, so I got you a delicious red bikini to wear for him. I also got*

you some silicone and water-based lubricant (water-based is not for the jacuzzi), a camera, and a tripod, just in case you were so inclined.

The very last present is something to wear tomorrow on your way home. A sexy lingerie set, something I, unfortunately, won't get to see on you for a while. Just knowing you're wearing something I picked out for your sexy body while you are flying home will drive me wild all day. I expect to have you model them for me, someday soon.

I love you, Angel. Call me when you get home. And have fun with the guys tonight.

Yours,  
Bast

“Bro, he’s fucking smooth as hell. Where the hell did he learn this?” Dom asks.

“Fuck if I know; it certainly wasn’t your influence,” I say, teasing him.

“Fuck off, you’re such an ass,” he says, as we both laugh heartily.

Looking through the package, I see the camera and charger, a tripod, and two bottles of lube. The lingerie is still

wrapped, but you could tell Cait opened it to look. I'm tempted to pull it out, but then I don't want that image of her in my head all day tomorrow, like Bast. I'll just slip into her bedroom once we get back, and take a peek as she changes. Maybe I'll help her undress, too...

"Should we record this? It could be hot," I ask Dom.

"I'd say yes, but we'll need to tell her before we do anything," he replies.

"Alright. I got the bottles, and I'll set up the camera. You go take the drinks outside and get started."

Dom leaves, and I change quickly, grabbing towels and stashing the lube in between two layers. Then, I sneak outside, and just as I'm about to turn the corner, I set the camera up on the mini tripod, turn it on, and press record.

As I approach the hot tub, I can see Dom and Cam already sandwiching my girl. *Holy fuck*, I'm going to thank Bast tomorrow. This bikini barely clings to her luscious curves. All I want to do is slide in beside and pull that tiny little string.

I sit down on the edge of the jacuzzi, dangling my feet into the water, and just watch as Cam kisses up the line of her neck, nipping at the sensitive skin. Dom presses up against her front, hands cupping her jawline, as he occupies her mouth with his tongue.

Once they separate, I make eye contact with Cait and waggle my brows.

"How are you doing, Sunshine?" I ask. "Felt like it wasn't hot enough in here?"

Just as she was about to respond, Cam moves his hands up and slips his fingers under the nonexistent patches of fabric meant to cover her breasts.

"Goddamn, Star," he pants, "this bikini is tempting my control."

"Thank Bast," she whines at the actions of his fingers. "He gave it to me in the gift box he left, among other things."

“Speaking of,” Dom says, leaning in and licking the shell of her ear. “We set up the camera. Are you game?”

“Shit,” she curses, and I can feel her self-control crumble. “What did you have in mind?”

“I wanted to feel what it was like to finish in that delicious mouth of yours, so I thought Corey and Cam could double-team again. Or we can just play in the water and figure out if you want to play in the shower?”

“Mmm,” Cam rumbles. “I don’t care. I just can’t wait to strip you down.”

Locking my gaze with Cam and Dom, I know they are on board. Now, all we need to do is figure out how to organize this show.

Stepping down into the water, I stalk over to my girl. Dom can wait; he’ll have his turn. I need my girl’s mouth right now. I’ve been craving her sweet lips against mine. I wrap my arm around her waist, pulling her against me. Her gasp when her body crashes into mine allows me to sweep my tongue to tangle with hers. I lead her in a dance as I grind my hips against her, imagining the way she’ll feel if I take that tight ass. *Fuck*, I haven’t had the opportunity yet, so I think I know where I’m going.

Dom steps up on the seat and lowers his trunks before sitting on the side. He proceeds to stroke himself as I lead this charge with Cam. Dom isn’t one to sit aside, like Bast, but he’s going to come down her pretty throat, so I guess he’s moving out of the way, for the time being.

Cam weaves his hands down her body and under the scrap of fabric in between her legs to find that sensitive spot. We all know just how Cait likes her pussy petted, and Cam has learned more than any of us, being in the same house recently. Lucky bastard; I’d be taking advantage, too, if I lived in the next room over from this goddess.

Fuck, I need to be inside her ASAP. Pulling my mouth from hers, I look over her shoulder to connect with Cam. The



whine from my girl's lips almost distracts me; it's an alluring song from the softest lips that I wish I could memorize forever

“Sunshine, I want to take this tight ass of yours. Think you could take Cam deep into your pussy while Dom fucks your mouth?”

“God, Corey,” she pants. “Why does everything you say sound so fucking dirty?”

“Because,” I reply, “you like it when we talk dirty, and you know I give you what you need. It makes your pussy wet for us, and I can't resist you. None of us can resist you when you're needy for us all.” I guide her over to where Cam is sitting and stroking his own dick under the water, getting ready for our queen. As I guide this sexy-as-fuck woman over to my two best friends, I exhale, my breath as well as my soul leaving my body. This woman owns everything about me, and I can't wait to give her the rest of my life.

## CAIT

As we walk over toward Cam, Corey strips me down, pulling the strings behind my neck and back. The feeling of the wet bikini caressing my skin as it falls away pulls at my nipples, already pebbled from the chilly air. His touch down my back only serves to cause goosebumps that chase his fingers toward the warm water. As soon as his hands dive beneath the surface, he pulls the strings away from the fabric there, too. Soon, red strings and little triangle-shaped fabric swirl around in the bubbles.

“Fuck me,” Cam grunts, abandoning his grip on his cock to reach out, grabbing my hips, and lifting me to kneel on the seat straddling his thighs.

“Ah!” I cry out, feeling his dick slide easily inside me. “Evidently, I’m here to serve, asshole.” My snarky remark doesn’t dissuade him in the least, and he immediately starts shifting my hips into his lap. He’s too damn greedy and obsessed, and everything he does only makes me melt for him.

I reach up, bracing myself on Cam’s shoulder, reveling in the way his cock feels inside me. *Those damn piercings, even the one on his pubic bone.* Each time we come together, it’s like the first time again. I’ll never get enough of those metal bars.

Even as I close my eyes from the sensations cascading through my body, I remember Dom sitting just out of my reach. Holding out my hand, I run my hand up his thigh. Scooting closer, he continues to stroke himself, and as my hand gets closer, he groans out loud. The sight of him is intoxicating, watching him handle himself. I scoop under to caress his balls slowly, and the moan that pulls from his lips as I see his stomach muscles clench is entirely sinful.

Grinding on Cam and fondling Dom isn’t enough. I need my funny guy who seems to be learning from the others. I look

over my shoulder and give him those *fuck me eyes* that make him smolder. He shoves his shorts down into the water; unfortunately, the water is high enough that I can't see what I really want. Instead of heading straight for me, however, he collects his shorts and walks to the side. Laying the shorts out along the deck, he reaches in between the towels he brought out. Sneaky fucker grabbed the lube, too.

Just as I'm watching Corey, waiting for him to come to me, Cam slips his thumb down to rub on my clit. *Fuck*, his cock inside me, rubbing all of my walls with those fucking piercings, and now he adds his thumb rubbing circles? This man drives me fucking insane, building me up further and further. I get to the point that I am whimpering, needing to come. All Cam has to do is sit up and clamp his lips around one of my nipples, suck hard, and add just the smallest pinch from his teeth.

I explode with a silent scream, threading my hands through his hair and yanking slightly to anchor me on this plane.

Finally, after Corey struggles with the lube he evidently brought from the package Bast gave me, he makes his way over to me. Spreading the slickness on his hands, and reaching down to palm his cock, he spreads the silicone lube all over himself. As he approaches my back, he reaches down with the other hand, making sure to use his other slick hand to prepare my ass. God, I love when all my guys take me together. Something about the way they are all giving me pleasure, and pulling their own from my body at the same time, makes things ten times better.

As Corey begins to finger that tight ring of muscles, I can't help but grind down, working Cam's cock at the same time as I push Corey's finger just inside. The sensation is a tease, but he begins to coat my walls with the non-water lubricant, making sure things work easier in the heat of what I expect to be a very distracting moment.

After he slowly pumps into me, adding a second, and then a third finger inside of me, I feel him step closer and notch the head of his dick against my ass. I moan when he pulls his hand free, but he quickly makes the switch. I can't help but push

back against him until the thick head of his cock slips past the tight ring of muscles.

“Fuck, Sunshine, oh my god, you are heaven. Is it so wrong that I want to stay buried inside you at all times? I don’t care if it’s your cunt, your ass, or that delicious mouth of yours.”

“Speaking of,” Dom rumbles, getting to his feet on the hot tub seat. He angles his cock down, rubbing my lips and spreading a bead of pre-cum. *Why is that so fucking sexy? It’s like his own personal moisturizer on my lips.*

A moan of impatience mixes with a whine of need in my throat because Cam and Corey are frozen. Neither will move, and neither is letting me move my hips. Dom is only teasing me with a taste of his dick, and I’m getting cranky. They wanted to fuck me, but no one is doing anything! *Fucking teases, all three of them.*

“Go ahead, man,” Corey tells Dom, his voice deep and velvety. “Let her suck your cock for a minute because once we start, we’ll overwhelm her. You’ll have to fuck her face like the dirty girl she is. Enjoy what she has for you while you can.”

“Mmm, that sounds like a good idea, Baby Girl,” he says, looking down at me. “Suck my cock like a good girl. When these two distract you, I want to know you thirst for my cum. I’ll take care of you then if you show me you want me.”

Damn it, my mouth waters. Moving my hand up, I wrap my smaller hand around his larger one and begin to move it. Stroking him with his own hand; it’s all so fucking hot, outside where anyone can hear. I can’t lean too far, but I shift slightly, making both Cam and Corey groan.

Just before I lean in to lick the slit at the tip of Dom’s cock, I have the need to kiss my other boys. My mouth is about to be occupied, so I want them to know I’m thinking of them, and I just can’t shower them with attention, too.

I turn, kissing Corey over my shoulder. His soft lips and citrus scent make me hungry. I groan into his mouth,

surrendering to his tongue as he takes control. When he releases me, I turn back and pull Cam to meet my lips. He is frantic, massaging my lips with his, and his tongue dancing with mine with an energy that I wasn't expecting. It takes my breath away when he finally releases me.

Immediately I turn, and moving Dom's hand, I flatten my tongue and lick from the base of his thick shaft all the way up. I swirl my tongue around the ridge, making sure to caress that tender spot underneath. When he curses under his breath, I stretch a bit further to the side and take him all the way into my mouth. Hollowing my cheeks, I suck and continue to swirl my tongue, bringing him closer and closer to his breaking point.

"Fuck!" he yells, reaching around and grasping the back of my neck. He starts pumping his hips, taking advantage that the guys still haven't started yet. I can feel them twitching, so it won't be long. Finally, Dom backs away, giving me a chance to catch my breath.

As soon as he takes a step back, Corey withdraws slightly as well, before slowly pumping his dick back in. Cam takes the hint and begins to thrust his hips up, alternating with the way Corey is moving. I feel like I'm being torn in half, in the most exquisite way, and I never want this ride to end.

Dom evidently steps closer to me, because a hand weaves through my hair again, gently turning my head. My eyes, which had apparently closed, open halfway and are full of lust and ecstasy as I gaze up through my lashes at the man before me.

"Open up, Baby Girl," he rasps, voice thick with the passion of the moment. "Swallow me down as they fuck that ass and pussy. I want you to come while screaming around my dick."

He thrusts his thick cock into my mouth, and fuck, if my pussy and ass don't clench around the others. There is something about all of them pulling their own pleasure from my body. It just does something to me. As I consider all the effects they have on my body as my climax builds, Dom

begins to fuck my face with fervor and tension. He sets a feverish pace, losing himself in the way my mouth feels.

As I concentrate on Dom, Corey slips his hand around to massage my clit, all the while Cam licks and sucks on my breasts. Oh my god, the wave of electricity that builds inside me with their hands and bodies, all of them. They all work me while pulling their own orgasms along with mine.

When Cam's tongue and teeth come down again on my breasts and nipples, it all becomes too much, and I detonate. White light explodes behind my eyes, and as my body floats between them all, I feel Dom burst into my mouth and down my throat.

Corey pulsing behind me, Cam twitching in front of me, and Dom collapsing to the side of us, all evidence of just how much fun we had. As I collapse onto Cam's shoulder, I faintly hear Corey complain that Bast needs to be here next time, and I completely agree.

TWENTY-THREE



## DOM

The week in Tahoe with Cait was so amazing. I'm glad I was able to take the trip with her and the boys. I wish we could just take her and travel the world. Seeing her come alive when the pressures of that asshole Jason aren't haunting her, it's like she's a different person. She's so full of life when she knows she's safe.

This person has blossomed from a shy college girl to a woman who has overcome so much, and she has filled my life with so much joy and laughter. I was happy enough before she crashed through our lives, but now?

Now, Cait's smile shines like sunshine through the clouds of the stress I live with every day. Her love wraps me in the warmest hugs and never lets me down. And fuck, sex with her? Mind-blowing orgasms. This woman of mine, she - she's the woman of my dreams. I'd do anything for her;

I just can't figure out what to do for her right now. This asshole, her ex-stepfather who is stalking her, I swear. The cops need to find him before I do. For everything he's ever done to Cait, he deserves to die ten thousand painful deaths. I'm not normally a violent man, but my girl deserves respect. Thinking you can force your wishes on someone when they've repeatedly said no is just not acceptable.

Because of the threat, when we aren't traveling spur-of-the-moment, we have to keep security tight. For that reason, Ms. Rivers requested a meeting with us regarding Bast's parent's surprise anniversary party. Bast, Cam, and I are supposed to join Cheyenne and her second-in-command, Dare, for a meeting just before lunch. Corey was invited too, but he had to help his brother do something for their dad. Jayden's a good dude, and I can't wait to catch up with him at the party. He's a little older than the other guys, and he's been a great friend when he has time to hang out.



*Dare.* Sounds like a douchebag call sign. I haven't been around him much, but the asshole persona seems to fit him. He'd better stay away from Cait, though. I swear to god, I'll trust him with her safety because Cheyenne trusts him, but if he thinks he can sneak into her pants, he'll go through me. And I'm not a pushover.

I meet up with Cam and Bast early in the morning at Plein Air to get some planning done for the Autumn catalog. After we finally book a photographer, we are able to leave to meet the Raven Shield crew at the local diner. Luckily, we are able to get to the diner early, to get ideas for what we want to ask.

"I really hope they have plans for this," Bast says. "Lakewood Country Club has a secure property, so we should be good there. I just want to make sure no one gets in unchecked. Should we have a metal detector?"

"I don't think that's necessary," I say. "I think we should just make sure someone is with her at all times. Or, at least, within eyesight of her."

"Gentlemen," Cheyenne calls as she and Dare approach. "It is nice that you chose to wait for us to discuss safety issues." Her sarcasm is barely contained, and as she stops to stand at the table before us, anger rolls off of her in waves. She appears miffed that we didn't wait for her to begin the discussion. I understand this is her job, but I don't feel that's very professional. This is Bast's meeting, so I'll just let him deal with it. Unless she gets out of hand.

"We have other issues to discuss, beyond your responsibility," Cam says with an edge to his voice. He needs to control his temper or this won't end nicely.

"Watch your tone with Ms. Rivers. She hasn't done or said anything inappropriate," the beast to her right growls. Staring him down only goes so far, and I'm not here to assert my dominance, so I let it pass. For Cait, I'll back down if I need to.

Cheyenne and her second sit across the table from us, and we begin to discuss our plans for the event. The location -

including the details of the surrounding buildings - is the first topic of discussion.

“Mr. St. Claire,” she begins, “Please, show me what you have and a list of things that we are being assigned in this event.”

“Alright,” Bast says, handing over a sheet with the topics listed and details outlined. “First, we need to talk about location security. There are several VIPs on the guest list, so even beyond Cait, we need security for this event. You can draw up a secondary contract and fees if that makes it easier.

“We have the Grand Ballroom for the main event, as well as Cooper Hall for casual entertainment and the kitchens in the Williams Salon that are being used for the food prep. That side building has the catering kitchen and a separate room for clean up and staging.

“The perimeter of the actual golf course is gated,” he continues. “However, the open grounds back up to the country club buildings, so you may need to have some men patrolling the area. There is a monitored parking lot and a guarded gate, but I’d like it if someone from your team was there, too.

“I have a list right here,” he says, sliding a folder across the table, “of all contracted vendors, and the employees that will be attending the event. And this,” he continues, handing over another sheet of paper, “is the list of guests that my aunt invited. Both lists include photos of each person. If you need any more information, I can get that for you.”

“Okay, that works,” Cheyenne says, handing all the information to Dare. “How many guests and vendor employees are you expecting?”

“We are looking at about fifty guests, and just under seventy-five vendors, between the caterers and serving staff, bartenders, florist, decor, and the special linen contractor my aunt wanted to use. Will that be an issue?” he asks, concern written across his furrowed brows.

“I don’t think so,” Cheyenne says, “we have backup teams we can call, so we will make sure to have the coverage”.

“What is the schedule for the day? I’ll need to know when the first person arrives, so that way we can be allowed on premises to confirm the location is secure.”

“We will be able to gain access to the property at eight a.m. that morning, but I doubt my aunt will be here before ten a.m.,” Bast says. “That is when the decorators and linen contractors are scheduled to arrive. The caterers will be there around four p.m. to begin the preparation, with a second delivery right around six-thirty. That will be the hot food and the things that need to stay super fresh.”

“The guests were told to arrive by seven, so that way when my mom and dad arrive at seven forty-five, even late guests will have arrived. Cocktails and hors d’oeuvres will be served until eight-fifteen when the dinner party will begin. We will escort the guests to the dining hall, and once dinner is complete, they will open the main clubhouse for socializing. The bar will be open, and a DJ is on the list of approved vendors.”

“We have the permits for the country club for twenty-four hours, so there is no time limit on the party to close. I think if most guests aren’t gone by one a.m., the security can begin to herd them out. I don’t want to be there all night.”

“That sounds like a good idea,” Cheyenne confirms. “We can definitely accommodate that. I will attend the party as well, and I’ll make sure Dare is dressed to attend the party with Cait, so that he is by her side the entire night. If she needs to use the ladies’ room, I’ll go w-”

“Over my dead body!” Cam yells as he jumps to his feet. “No way will *he* be her date. All four of us will be there, and we are more than capable of keeping her safe.” His voice lowers, and the cold stare he gives Dare across the table doesn’t represent the rage he’s feeling inside. One wrong move, and Cam will explode, so Dare better watch his back.

“Yeah, I’m not so sure about that,” I say, interjecting my thoughts into the conversation for the first time.

“Is there not an option where he could just be around us? I mean, Jason knows she’s with us all. It’s not like he would

think she's left all of us for him," Bast states.

"Gentlemen," Cheyenne says in a cool voice that projects, despite her lack of volume. "I know you have Cait's utmost safety listed as the top priority here, correct? No one is better prepared or equipped to protect Cait. We both know you've claimed her, but Dare is her best chance at returning to your arms safely."

"I have no interest in your girl," the surly man with dark eyes says, as his gaze bores into Cam's. "My priority is doing my job."

*Better be your only priority.* I can't help but think to myself. If Cait will be on his arm all night, I know who I'll be watching. Cam, to make sure he keeps his temper under control, and Cait and this jackass bodyguard.

## CAIT

After Dare returned from the meeting he had with Cheyenne, I told him I needed to go meet my friends. I wanted to drive, but they had recently assigned Dare to guard me during the day, so I had to wait for him. If I needed to go anywhere at night, one of the guys would go with me, and a guard would accompany us.

Today, though, I drag Dare out with me, and we head to a coffee shop in Littleton. I haven't spent time with Ella and Ash in a long time. Ash is off on spring break this week, and Ella happened to have today off, so we scheduled this afternoon coffee date to catch up.

As I walk in, I see my besties sitting in a corner booth. I don't squeal, but I hustle my ass over to give them both a big hug.

"Girl, oh my god. Don't ever leave me for that long ever again," Ella whisper-yells into my ear as she wraps me up in her arms. This girl is tiny, but she is strong.

"I was only gone, like, seven days," I say with a giggle.

"I know," she huffs as she releases me from her clutches, "but I haven't seen you for close to three weeks. That's so much fucking bullshit, and you know it."

I laugh more heartily at her contention. Turning, I throw my arms around Ash. I've missed my big brother-from-another-mother.

"Hey," he says, embracing me in a warm hug. "How've you been?"

"Good!" I say, wrapping my arms around his neck. "How have you been? I miss having classes with you!"

"Classes are good. I'm on track to graduate this year. And I miss studying with you," he says, as we separate and sit at our

table. My girl already has my coffee order ready, and if I slid that way, I could've kissed her.

"That's good," I reply. "I will totally be there to see you both graduate. I wouldn't miss it!"

"So, how are you doing with those guys?" Ash seems concerned, but I think he just wants to make sure I'm not being mistreated.

I open my mouth to respond, but movement catches my eye. I turn, glancing around the room, and I see Dare paying attention. What's going on? Why is he listening to my conversations?

Disregarding the weird factor, I turn my attention back to Ash.

"Actually, things are going great. They all respect my relationship with the others, and it's like being in a friend group. They all care for me, and want the best for me."

"Yeah," Ella chimes in, "what I think he meant, though, was do they ever get jealous?"

"Why jealous?" I'm so confused. What are they talking about?

"Girl, I think we all want to know how four virile men can stand you being in a physical relationship with his three friends."

Oh. *Oh.*

"Um... They are teammates?" I burst out laughing before continuing. "I don't know. I know they had escapades where they've shared a woman between them before, like that 'Randi' chick. They've never actually had a full-on relationship with the same woman, though. I guess the experience they've had with other women is partially to credit for this going so well. The everyday dynamics are easy because it's not like they need to learn to like my new boyfriend; they are all my boyfriends, and they were all already friends when we met. It just kind of progressed as they all learned to care for me."

“Okay,” Ash says before taking a sip of his coffee.

“Okay?” I confirm.

“Yeah, okay. I just wanted to make sure this was something good for you. I’m curious if this will eventually be long-term, but for now, I’m happy for you.”

I smile at his words and lean over to kiss his cheek. He really is the sibling I’d never had.

“Alright,” I say, turning to my other friend, “well, Els, what shift do you work Monday?”

“I go in at ten. Why?”

“Shit,” I lament. “I need you to help me get ready for this dinner party. Think you could spare a video call? I’m gonna need your help with makeup and hair. Or, at least, your opinion.”

“Yeah, that’s not a problem,” she replies. “I got you.”

Glancing at the two of them, I want to ask if anything has progressed, but I also don’t want to put either of them on the spot. Maybe I’ll ask her when we talk next; if anything, she can spill while I get ready Monday afternoon.

Seriously, this girl is the best. I’m so glad I have such great friends, ones who care and stand by me. Knowing that I found my best friends and biggest supporters in my new town really solidifies the fact that this will be my forever home.



Three hours later, I head back to the house with Dare. As I drive home, I’m enjoying the evening sky when Dare speaks up.

“I hope this isn’t too forward, miss,” he says quietly, “but I was hoping you might be able to explain more about your relationship with these four men.”

I quickly side-eye him, unsure of the reason he's asking.

"I'm sorry. This isn't a play toward you, I promise. I don't have my eye on anyone right now, but the reasoning they have for splitting the relationship with others is intriguing. I work a lot, and I'd feel guilty if I had to leave someone at home for an extended period. I thought maybe this would be something I might be able to learn from."

"That's understandable, Dare," I admit, more comfortable now that I don't have to worry about any uncomfortable situation.

"To be completely honest, I never imagined a relationship like this. I first started dating Corey, but I'd always been attracted to the others. I never once considered making a move or reciprocating anything."

"The guys," I pause, carefully evaluating what I wanted to disclose, "they ended up doing something that in itself wouldn't have been that big of a deal. The problem was, Jason was out there, and he took advantage. Jason attacked me one night, and it was inadvertently the guys' fault. They thought I was trying to play them, so they left me alone, and Jason kidnapped me and assaulted me. It was never intentional, as I'd not disclosed to them Jason was stalking me."

"The guys were so distraught. They more than made up for it, and have all done right by me since, so I promise I'm safe with them. It was after I'd forgiven Corey that we re-initiated our relationship, and shortly after that, he and Bast discussed Bast approaching me."

"Beyond that, each of these men slowly built a friendship with me, and in time, that transitioned into something else. Something more. So, it was one of those things that was a product of their history and all of our current circumstances."

"Do I believe it will work for everyone? No. But it does for us. If you think in the future that it might work for you, I'd suggest you consider first having a physical relationship with someone, with another person involved. That would show you how jealous you might be, and if you can be with someone



while they are with someone else, then you can consider a longer relationship.”

Dare sits in the passenger seat, staring silently out the windshield. When he does speak, it's not until I've pulled into the driveway and turned off the Jeep.

“You know,” he says with a quiet voice, “for being only twenty years old, you have a lot of insight.” Finally, turning to look at me, he says, “I am twenty-eight, and it's been a while since I've had to consider something like this. I've not had a serious relationship in years due to my military experience and a job that takes me all over the world. Your insight into this is fresh and on point, so I want to thank you. I doubt I'm going to find someone anytime soon to be able to try this with, but at least I know it's an option.”

“You're welcome, Dare,” I say with a soft smile. “Thank you for not being judgmental, or even condescending. You are open to learning, and that's hard to find anymore.”

With a nod, he exits and rounds the Jeep, holding my door open for me. He sees me up to the front door, waiting a few steps down. When I unlock the door and begin to walk inside, I hear “Good evening, Ms. Cait.”

When I turn around, he's gone, disappeared into the twilight. That man is so sweet, I wish him happiness one day.

TWENTY-FOUR



## CAIT

Friday night, I stayed with Bast, since I wouldn't get to see him till Monday. He had to help his Aunt Cassandra and Uncle Gabriel and took his sister over to their house. She's using the excuse she's staying the weekend there to be with their daughter, Emilie, and that's true. It's so she can get ready for the party without her mother questioning where she is going. Marie is quite observant when it comes to Nicole, so they had to plan this out.

Saturday, Corey took me shopping. I had a brilliant day with him, and he always makes me smile. I ended up finding a gorgeous dress, and then we went to dinner at a new pizza spot before heading home to watch a movie with Cam. Just hanging with him makes my heart happy.

Sunday was a chill day at home, with Corey sleeping over and a late brunch. I'm thankful I had those happy and content few days because I sure as hell didn't know what I was in for.

Monday is a flurry of activity. Cam leaves around noon to go to Dom's house because that is where all the guys are getting ready. They couldn't use the downstairs, because someone was bound to see them and say something. Mom and I spend the day getting ready at the house. I end up doing heatless curls the night before, and I'm leaving them in until the very last minute.

We do manicures and pedicures for each other, and I actually love spending time with Mom. We chat about her career, and then she asks me what entertains me during the day when I'm home. I tell her I've continued my reading, and that I really love it. I've been thinking about the challenge from Dr. F, and I'm wondering if I could open a small bookstore. It's been on my mind, and while it's something I've never considered, I think I might like to do that if I had the money and time.

Once three p.m. rolls around, I video call Ella.

“Bitch, why didn’t you call me?! I need to start getting ready. I’m getting picked up at six-thirty, and you know you and I always talk more than I do anything else.”

“Shut up, I was hungry, and I had to grab food,” she sasses back to me. “So you get to see me stuff my face.”

“Whatever. So, look. This is the dress I got this weekend. Corey took me shopping, and I absolutely loved this one. I’m worried it looks a little like the one I wore to the New Year’s Eve party, but I figured it’s different enough. Plus, this *color*.”

I set up my phone on my vanity, and run to the garment bag hanging in the closet. Quickly unzipping the bag, I slip the hanger out, careful not to drag the dress. I hold it up, showing the long-sleeved, off-the-shoulder, body-con dress against my body. It’s made of this shimmery purple material, and the slit that runs up one side to the hip is sinful.

“Girrrllll... I can’t wait to see that on you. With your fresh pink hair color, you’re going to look like a firework! What were you thinking about makeup?”

“That’s what I wanted to talk to you about. I was thinking nude lip, and smoky eyeshadow?”

“Yes, bitch! Set it up. Here, I’ll even send you the tutorial video for the look I think you should do.”

While preparing my skin for my makeup routine, Ella begins searching for the video she wants. As the silence permeates the video call, my mind wanders...

“Ella?”

“What’s up, babe?”

“How are things going with Ashton?”

When she doesn’t immediately respond, I sit back and look at my phone. Ella is just sitting, looking off-camera, and she doesn’t look too happy.

“Els? Are things not good? What have I missed in my chaos?” Her sad face causes my heart rate to increase and my

hands to sweat. The idea that my best friend has been there for me, but I might have neglected her, breaks me open and wounds my soul.

“It’s not bad...”

“You’re not convincing me. Tell me right now what’s going on. I don’t like seeing you unhappy.”

“So, the fact is, nothing’s changed. I am wondering if he’s just not interested in me.”

“I guess that’s possible, but I seriously doubt that. Is it possible that he might be struggling with trying to finish school? Or that he is just so shy? I mean, both options sound plausible, to me. He’s a dedicated scholar, and I think he’s comfortably relegated himself to the *friend zone*.”

“Yeah, both are possible. The problem is, that does nothing for us as a couple.”

“Yeah. I’m sorry, girl. Maybe I could talk to him?”

“No. At least, not righ- no, you have too much going on right now. I want you to focus on yourself. We need to get you through this before you start working on me.”

I look at her image on my phone, and the sadness in her eyes makes her dual-colored irises appear dimmed. Usually, her exuberant self shines through her unique eyes. This mood of Ella’s seriously makes me sad.

I’m just about to insist on saying something regardless of my situation when a text from a random number comes through.

*303-505-1746: Little One, I finally have a way to reach you...*

Instantly, I feel the blood drain from my face. *Fuck. What the fuck.* Holy shit, it’s Jason. I’ve never seen this number before, but there is no way you’d convince me this isn’t him.

“Cait? Babe, are you okay? What’s wrong?”

Staring at my phone, it’s not until the preview of the text fades away that I realize Ella is trying to talk to me.

“What? Um... I’m ok. Uh, I-I have to go. I’ll, um, call you later. Alright?”

“Yeah, I guess. You better call me, bitch. Love you.”

“Love you, too, Els.”

Hanging up the phone, I immediately call Cheyenne.

“Cait, hi, we’re about to pull up. Are you ready?”

“Um, yeah, I will be. Cheyenne, Jason has my phone number.” Silence.

“Talk to me, Cait. What happened?”

“He texted me. I saw the preview pop up, but I haven’t opened the message. Cheyenne, he threatened to take Lily. And then he threatened to take Mom, and to abuse her, imagining she was me.”

“Cait, finish getting ready. Don’t open the message, at least until we get to you. Dare will come to the door to pick you up like a date. Don’t open the door to anyone but him, okay?”

“O-Okay.” Ending the call, I strip out of my pj’s and slip on this dress. God, I hope I get to wear this dress again; it’s so pretty. I release my hair and let it flow around my shoulders in loose waves. Grabbing my patent leather stilettos and sequined black clutch purse, I make my way downstairs.

As soon as I enter the kitchen, the doorbell rings, and I run to the door. As I look through the window to the side, confirming it’s Dare, I step into my shoes and grab a cloak. Opening the door, Dare actually helps me with the cloak before offering his arm.

“Just act normal. We aren’t sure if he’s watching. We are out for a party, so remember to smile,” he says with a chuckle. I force an open-mouthed smile and look up at him.

“Good job; you can do this, Miss Cait.” Holding the door open, he assists me getting into the car.

As I slide into the seat, I notice Cheyenne sitting across from me. Dare slips in beside me, then shuts the door.

“Cait,” she begins, “let me see this text. Have you opened it yet? I need to know exactly what he said.”

“I haven’t. I didn’t want to send him a ‘read’ receipt.” Pulling out my phone, I open the message and hold the phone over for her to see, as well.

303-505-1746

Little One, I finally have a way to reach you. Have you figured out how to come to me yet? If you need incentive, I could always come collect my precious daughter. Will that have you begging to come to me? Or, better yet, your mother would do nicely. With her, I can at least use her body and imagine you in my bed instead.

Fuck. Oh my god, no. Tears well in my eyes as fear begins to grip me in a stranglehold.

“Cait,” Cheyenne begins, “we have a lot to discuss in a short amount of time. I want to suggest, since you have a direct number for Jason now, that we might be able to lure him into a trap tonight if you’re willing. I have two teams we can deploy right now, and they can set up and lie in wait before we even notify Jason. This way, he won’t know we’re already waiting.”

“So, wait, in the five-ish minutes since I hung up with you, you’ve developed a plan? I mean, I’m open to this. I’m glad the guys aren’t here because they one hundred percent wouldn’t allow me to do it, but I’m tired. And if you are sure that we’ll get him, I trust you. Please, tell me. I want to know what you’re thinking.”

“Ok, so what I came up with is this...”



The party has been nice, but ever since I texted Jason back, with Cheyenne's guidance, I've been a complete mess. We actually arrived at the country club within minutes of me sending the message to Jason telling him if he pulled up to the side gate at the club, I'd walk out to him. I let Jason know I'd have to text him when I could get away from my boyfriends' watchful eyes, but that I'd hurry out as soon as the coast was clear. I'd also have to avoid Detective Wallace, who was somehow invited as a family guest.

Dare, being in on the plan, distracts me all night. I don't know if the guys can tell, though. Bast is the most observant, but he was busy trying to play host for the party. I'm actually thankful that he had obligations; otherwise, the plan Cheyenne came up with might not work.

Walking in, I immediately spot Corey. His bright grin lessens my anxiety just a bit, and having the warmth of his arms as they wrap around my waist comforts and grounds me.

"Sunshine, you look so fucking delectable," he murmurs into my ear before licking down my neck and nibbling on the sensitive patch at my collarbone." Can I take you home with me tonight?"

"Corey," I giggle back, "I didn't bring any clothes with me. Should've asked me earlier, I could've packed a bag." I throw a sassy grin over my shoulder before placing a quick peck on his lips.

Moving over to Cam, I slip my arms under his and pull him into me. Trying *to fake it till I make it*, I act like nothing's wrong and attempt to check on him.

"Are you ok?" I hope he doesn't feel my heart pounding through my chest.

"Yeah, I'll be alright. After the last party we all attended, I'll be glad when this is over with."

"I understand, babe. It'll all be ok," I say, hoping my acting skills are sufficient to placate his nerves.

Turning to Dom, I reach over and pull him in for a light kiss.



“And you? Are you doing ok?” I move to pull away from Cam, but he won’t let go of me. Despite his friend’s hold on me, Dom leans into my kiss, taking his comfort from the connection I’ve offered.

“Yes, Baby Girl. I think we are all a little high-strung, waiting to see if Jason makes a move. But don’t worry, we’ve got you.”

Standing in Cam’s arms, with Dom and Corey along either side, I feel safe and secure, despite the lurking danger outside. It’s like they *know*, but they don’t, I’m sure. As we sip on cocktails, Detective Wallace approaches, and my nerves which were already strung out are now electrified and frazzled. My leg bounces, and I avoid his eye contact at all costs.

“Gentlemen, Ms. Monroe, good evening,” he says while shaking hands with the guys. “How are you all doing this evening?”

“We’re okay, Detective. Thanks for asking. We’re all just doing our best to make it through the night in good spirits.” Corey’s cheerful persona goes a long way to make everyone else’s nerves appear normal.

“I certainly agree. I doubt we’ll have any issues, but I’m here, and I have patrols in the area, so I think we’ll be fine.” Nodding my head with a forced smile, I hope my act is good enough to not attract his attention. That’s *all* I need at the moment.

By the time dinner is ready, they guide us from the smaller room with cocktails to the Grand Ballroom. Twelve large, round tables dot the floor plan, and as we all make our way inside, we grab a place card from the display. Bast’s Aunt Cassandra did an amazing job with this; they printed the names of the guests over a colored side of the card. When assembled on a board, the colored sides of the place cards create an image of Adrien and Marie. It was quite sweet and unique to them.

Grabbing our name cards, we make our way to table two. Cheyenne, Mom and Aaron, and Cam all join us, as well as Corey, Theo, and Jayden. Due to the seating arrangements,

Dom ends up sitting with other Plein Air board members. I feel sorry he can't join us; without Cheyenne and Dare, I bet he'd be seated with us.

As we sit and wait for the meal to be served, Everyone continues their conversations, as usual. I sit quietly, fidgeting with my hands in my lap. When I zone out one particular time, Corey catches my attention.

“Sunshine? Are you ok?” I snap my eyes to his, shock at my distraction stretching across my face.

“Yeah, um,” I pause, “I guess I’m just feeling the stress like you guys are. I’ll be glad when I can go home.”

“I understand that. It won’t be long,” he says with a smile. Little does he know, this night is only beginning.

Somehow, I manage to fake my way through the dinner. Dare nudges me anytime I begin to show my nerves, like repeatedly chewing my lip and not actually eating. I swear, I don’t know how I don’t chew it off by the end of the night.

Once the dessert bowls are picked up, the country club host releases us to go back to the other, smaller room for dancing and drinks. Dare guides us to walk beside Cheyenne, who sneakily gives me an update.

“How are you doing, Cait?”

“As good as can be expected, I guess,” I reply.

“Good. He’s here; my teams witnessed his approach. I will communicate with Dare via the intercom. At some point, he will signal you by getting himself a drink. You need to excuse yourself to use the ladies’ room, and he will escort you to me. This is how we will get you away from the guys. Once away, you need to connect your phone to mine. Then Dare will escort you the rest of the way. Think you can manage that?”

“I hope so. I’m so frightened, Cheyenne. Fuck, this is getting too real.”

“Just remember what you need to say, and we’ll handle the rest.”

TWENTY-FIVE



## CAM

This entire day, I've felt off. Despite it being a Monday, none of us went to work today. I went to our gym downstairs before I left for Dom's house this morning, and the fact I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to Cait put me into a pissy mood. Then, when she arrived at the party on the arm of that gorilla-for-hire, I just wanted to rip her away and tuck her under my arm. She is *mine*. *Ours*. He shouldn't be her date for the party. I still don't know why she has to stay with him. Dare being around Cait has nothing to do with the fact that he can keep her safe without being up her ass.

When we are allowed to go back to partying, I stick close to Cait. I'm not letting her get taken again. I couldn't handle it; I barely held it together last time, and I hadn't won her back yet. Now? My world would shatter if Jason got his hands on her again. I'm not letting that happen.

We come back to the room where the bar is, and I order another bourbon and move to stand near Cait. I think nothing about Star asking for hot tea. She's likely cold, and even though her Mom is here, I doubt she wants to have to ask Mommy for a beverage.

Once Cait finishes her tea, she sets the cup and saucer on a waiting tray in the corner and then leans into Dom and me.

"Guys, I'm going to go find Cheyenne. She told me to come find her when I need to use the restroom. It's about that time, so I'll be back," she says, leaning in to give us each a kiss. Her sweet kisses always seem to ground me from the frantic tendencies my possessive side allows. The fact that this asshole gets to stay by her side niggles at my attitude. He's being paid to just stand by her side when I *want* to be there.

As Dare escorts her away, I turn back to the other guys.

"What the fuck are we doing, standing here, waiting for something to happen to our girl?" My frustration at needing a

bodyguard for her bleeds through my words and stance as I slump against the wall of the room. “I can’t comprehend how we are all just standing around and letting someone else care for our girl.” Bast walks over just as I finish my rant.

“I get it, man,” Dom says, clapping a hand on my shoulder. “I just think that we aren’t ‘letting’ anything happen; they hired Dare and Raven Shield to protect *her*. We hired them, and him, to keep her safe. It’s his job.”

“I get that; I just feel like we’re failing,” I reply. “We failed to keep her safe in October, and again in January. When are the four of us going to be tasked with keeping the love of our life safe?”

“I think you’re looking at this from a place of guilt,” Corey says. “I think you still might harbor negative feelings about how Halloween ended up. We don’t see it the same way; at least, for me, I see this as a move in the right direction. We are doing what we can to protect her.”

“But what if we aren’t doing all we can? What if there is something more? I feel like this waiting-around bullshit isn’t enough.” Huffing out a breath, I turn to walk over to the bar for another drink.

I’m almost to the bar when a flash out of the corner of my eye catches my attention. Cheyenne is approaching the DJ across the room. I go ahead and order my bourbon from the bartender when I start looking around for Cait. If Cheyenne is back in this room, then Cait should be as well, with Dare right alongside her.

Scanning the room, I can’t seem to find her. Just as I move to go get the guys, I hear people within the crowd beginning to rumble. When I turn, peering around people to see what’s going on, Dom, Bast, and Corey walk up behind me.

“What’s going on?” Bast asks, appearing just as confused as I am.

“I’m not sure. I saw Cheyenne over by the DJ, so I was just going to look for Star.”

“Cam,” Corey says slowly.

I turn to him and see he's pointing over my shoulder. Spinning around, the video screen hanging above the fireplace along the outside wall is faintly lit.

The image is so dark I can barely see, but it looks as if it's a body camera or something. I see a drive lined with trees and a field off to the side, but not much else. Someone is walking down that drive. Okay?

Another image pops up beside it. *What the fuck? Cait?!* Why is a recording of her walking outside on the screen? And fuck, that's the dress she's wearing tonight. What is going on?

It's then I see her destination. No. *NO!* Fury courses through my veins as I imagine all the ways I'm going to spank that ass once we get home. I throw my glass down and run from the room; I'm not letting this happen! She's *mine!*

## CAIT

Fuck, I can't believe I'm doing this. Fuck! I know Dare is right behind me, but tell that to my shaking knees. I'm already wearing stilettos, and I feel like I'm about to fall from trembling so hard. The shiver that runs across my shoulders and down my back could be excused because it is March and still cold; however, I know the truth. I'm chilled to the bone with terror. I want this done, though, so I'm doing what I have to. Dare and I are recording this confrontation with our phones and streaming to the event room to make sure Detective Wallace sees it, so it's all documented. I *have* to do this; I absolutely need to get it all recorded.

As I approach the open gate, I slow and move to the right side a bit, making sure to give Dare a clear line of sight to Jason.

"Ah, Little One. You came like you said you would," Jason says, wary of a trap. "I came right away and have been waiting all night, making sure you couldn't call the cops. We don't want that pesky detective interfering, now, do we?"

A shudder escapes my lungs as I consider the danger. I have no idea what this man is capable of, so I want this to end as soon as possible.

"Jason," I say, clearing my throat. "I told you I had to make an appearance tonight, and that I wanted you here so I could talk before everything happens. I feel like you at least owe me answers to my questions if you want me to surrender myself to you."

"I see," he says, leering at me. "And what questions do you have? I don't want to stand here all night."

"First," I say before licking my lips. "Why me? What is it about me that made you think I could be yours to take from and keep?"

“Oh, Cait, don’t you remember?” The wicked gleam in his eye is clear in the moonlight. “You were sitting next to me on the couch watching a Christmas movie one year. It was right before you turned nine, and you laid your head in my lap. You acted like you fell asleep, but I know you were trying to learn early on how to suck my dick like a good little girl. I don’t even remember which movie because I was too distracted by the fact your mouth was so close to my dick. Since then, I knew I had to train you the right way, from the start. That’s why I’d crawl into your bed at night, so I could teach you exactly how to react to me.”

Bile rises in my throat, but I cough it down. I need to get this on all the video calls without fucking it up. “And it didn’t occur to you that the eight-year-old who hadn’t known her father might just be wanting attention from a father figure?”

“Nah, you rolled over and nuzzled me. You weren’t asleep, for sure.” The brightness in his eyes told me he truly believed this, so there wasn’t anything I could say to change his mind.

“Moving on,” I say, clearing my throat. “How did you find me?”

“Oh, you want me to tell this story here? Now? Ok, I hope you don’t mind, it’s long...” I only stare at him, not giving him any attention he is seeking. Instead, I wait patiently for him to continue.

“Okay, well... So, it all started when I knew they would release me for parole because of my good behavior. I was so good in prison, and since I wasn’t allowed to leave the State of Georgia, they didn’t think anything of it. Months prior, I’d started mailing letters to your mother. I had your address from court records, you know.

“Well, after they released me, I got a job at the local grocery store, and I just sat for a few months. Stayed where I was and followed the rules. I did hire an old buddy, Roger, to go up north and watch you and your mother, but he missed when she packed up and left. The dumb fuck was getting his dick wet, and your bitch of a mother snatched you and your sister out from under my nose.



“Lucky for me, I had the ability to get my court records, even outside of jail.” His rattly chuckle sends nausea rolling through my stomach. He is such a fucking creeper!

“I had no idea where you went, or how to track you down. But I did have one lead - your therapist. Your precious Dr. Bayird, the one who pulled your memories of our special moments. I tracked her down, and I learned as much about her as I could. I had Roger follow her, and it turns out, she has a daughter just a few years older than you. After finding out about that little lovely, I made Roger track her daughter. Rayleigh.” The gagging noise made me look back at him, as my gaze had drifted. “The brat couldn’t hold a candle to you. She’s a disgusting pig.”

“It was close to September before I had enough money and a reliable car in order to make the trip I needed to. First, I met Roger in your little Vermont hometown. He gave me the packet of info for Rayleigh; phone numbers for her mom and her boyfriend Brien, her address, and where she worked. He got me all of her pertinent information. Roger actually was able to bug the therapist’s office, too. I don’t know how, and I don’t ask questions. But he was able to hear that you’d moved to the Denver area. That’s what I started to plan.

When I was finally able to snatch her, I drugged her with the same liquid I slipped into your drinks. It made it easier to get her to come with me. I immediately set out on the road. Two days later, I settled into a hotel in a town within a few hours driving distance.

“Once I had her and was on the road, I called her mother. I told her mother that law enforcement let me go because I needed to see Lily. And as Lily’s dad, I didn’t want anything to happen. The bitch didn’t believe me, so I made sure she knew her own daughter would suffer. So I told her to grab Brien and come and get her, but for him to call me once they were on the road.”

“The next day, your therapist, Dana, picked up Brien, and they started driving. Brien called me at some point, and I told him that for his ransom for Rayleigh, he’d need to do some work for me. Can you guess what that work might be, Little

One?” His sinister laugh catches my attention. After zoning out from all the plotting, I shook my head to clear the cobwebs.

“No.” I’m in no-nonsense mode because he is rambling like a madman. I wish he’d get to the good part; my toes are starting to go numb from the cold.

“When they arrived, I drugged them as well. Then I chained them to the hotel bed, so they couldn’t get away. Otherwise, that boy could’ve been a problem...”

“Anyway, once he woke up, he hacked into the University’s network. He definitely masked his actions, but he got into the University’s network and sent a letter to the Dean of the business school from another outlet in the office that your credits were invalid. I wanted you ready to come to me, which is why I gave you till the end of December.”

“Little One, I wanted you to choose me. You didn’t, and that made me very angry. So, I decided to come get you, you know, at the reception. Brien was able to secure me a position with the bartenders the day of the reception. Do you know how easy it is to set up a keyword bot on Google? Brien did it for your and your mom’s names, and that’s how I found out about the reception. You hired a company that needed a server. It just so happened one of their servers didn’t show up for work, and they needed a last-minute fill-in.”

“The only problem was that Dana tried to stop me. She pissed me off so much, with her protectiveness, so I smashed her head in with the iron.” Jason begins to pace and wring his hands. Shit, I hope I can get everything out of him that I want.

“I grabbed the iron, and with the pointed side, I bashed in her temple. Brien tried to help her, but I knocked him out with the same bloody iron. I had to be careful with him; he was still doing work for me.”

“I ended up switching Raleigh to Dana’s handcuff and tossing Dana’s body in the trunk of the car that day. It was her car, so I could hide my travels. If I was in her car, no one would know I was around. Anyway, I stopped and threw her body in one of the forests along the road on the way into

Denver. Who knows how long it took to find her if they ever did.”

I can't hide my gasp as shock and horror overtake my body. He killed the one woman who was able to take away my demons. I'm about to fall to the ground until Jason spins toward me. He approaches me slowly; cautious, as if to not scare away a timid creature.

“I'm not done. You have to tell me everything before I'll even attempt to go with you.” He's not getting me at all, but I have to keep him talking. Once I get it all, Dare will call in the two teams lying in wait, then step forward and protect me.

“Fine, then. What else do you need to know?” A little snarl escapes with those last words, and I realize I still need to be wary.

“After I stabbed you, and the car accident, how did you survive the night?” My voice cracks as I force myself to be strong.

“Ah, yes, that night was one of my many missteps in this disaster of a mission.” He scowled and began pacing some more. I don't know why he's hesitating when I say so, and following my demands, but I'm not questioning it at the moment.

“After I was able to pick myself up, I slowly started walking in the direction I needed to go. Luckily, I had my jacket in my lap while driving when you somehow managed to get me out of the car and take off. I'd hoped you hadn't picked up your mother's bitch tendencies, but Little One, you didn't impress me that night.”

“I don't care that you got my bitchy attitude then, or even now. I care about the answers I bargained for.”

Jason turns at my harsh words and stands stock still, staring me down. I can't help but gulp; I should know better by now to stop being a brat.

“I picked up my jacket and put it on. It helped to both protect me from the temperature and camouflage my wound. I made it about two hours walking until someone happened to

drive up. They got me back not long after, maybe thirty minutes, and dropped me off at the hotel. I had to patch up the wound, but you really fucked up my shoulder. It's still not right, and I'll be making sure to punish you for it."

I involuntarily take a step back at his words. He fucking creeps me out, but I need one more thing from him.

"Alright, one last thing. How the fuck did you track down my phone number?"

"Oh, that's simple. Brien found it this morning. Once I got back from trying to see what you were up to, he gave me the slip of paper, and I thanked him with a smile before I opened my pocket knife and slit his throat." I gasp again, this time from sorrow at the loss of all the innocent lives because of this crazy man.

"Oh, yes. I would've used my gun, but it makes too much noise in a motel. Can't attract attention, you know," he says as he pulls a shiny silver revolver from his waistband, where it was hidden by his coat.

"Poor little Rayleigh saw it all. I doubt she'd react to anything, though. She became a shell after I disposed of Dana," Jason boasts, a proud smile spread wide across his face. "Think I'll have to kill Rayleigh in front of you to get the same response? She's so sweet right now, doing whatever I ask. She has even been taking care of me, despite Brien's pleas. I guess I don't have to worry about that now." He begins to stalk toward me, raising the gun threateningly. "Now, I have you, Little One."

"Star! Get the fuck away from her, asshole! Star, run!"

Panic crashes through me as I spin, just in time to see Cam running up the driveway behind me. My eyes widen as the fear that has been freezing my veins finally brings me to my knees. As I fall, the loud explosion of a gunshot blasts from behind me.

A scream echoes through the field, and as I see Cam fall, I realize it was me screaming. As Cam collapses to the drive, another shot sounds from my right. Dare immediately steps

from the shadows to come and cover me, making sure there are no other threats.

Within ten seconds, four different black SUVs careen around the corners of the road at the end of the drive. Dozens of men clothed in dark clothes and tactical gear stream out of the vehicles, on alert for anyone else. Four of the men proceed to check on Jason, who they immediately deem no longer a threat.

Dare lets me up from the ground, and all I can think of is getting to Cam. Kicking my shoes off, I run, blinded by tears, till I reach him. Dropping beside my newest love, I scream his name, calling him to wake up.

When a groan pours from his lips, I sob with relief, my shoulders shaking as I cry over him. When I hear his voice, I collapse over his chest.

“Ugh, Star,” he rasps, and I bawl harder.

“Are you ok, Miss Cait?” Dare asks, as he comes up to kneel beside me.

“I’m ok, but Cam...” I whimper as I raise my hands from his chest, and all I see is red.

“Cait!” My name yelled into the darkness only faintly reaches my ears.

“Where are you?!” Heavy steps quickly approach from the same direction Cam came from before slowing and stopping right in front of me.

“Dom? Bast?” Are they here?

Strong hands softly grip my shoulders and lift me up, guiding me away.

How can I live with myself if he dies trying to prevent me from surrendering to my stalker?

TWENTY-SIX



## CAIT

*Beep.*

*Beep.*

Beep.

I know hospitals are great; the life-saving capabilities are amazing. I've also heard the constant noise and activity going on is annoying, but sometimes, those same noises and activity can remind you that it is also full of life.

Life, like my grumpy boyfriend. The one who was shot in the shoulder Monday night. When I first got to him, I thought he was dying. I couldn't be convinced until the paramedics that rushed to the scene came to help clean me up. They cleaned my hands and evidently gave me something to calm me down, so I had to go to the hospital to get evaluated, but they released me within a couple of hours.

It was then that Bast and my mom brought me to Cam's room. Aaron was whispering to the doctor in the hall while the rest of the guys hung around his bed. From what they told me, he was going to be just fine. The bullet evidently entered his shoulder, passing straight through, and considering everything, he escaped relatively unscathed. He was in so much pain that night because I was laying all over him. When I found that out, I started crying all over again.

Dom was able to catch me up after I'd settled again. It turns out that while I was getting patched up, Dare ended up sending the video directly to Detective Wallace *and* Cheyenne. The video, from start to finish, shows me approaching Jason, still on private property, while he stayed outside the gate. The whole confession, including the deaths of Dana and Brien. Detective Wallace also planned on contacting both the Vermont and Georgia Law Enforcement Divisions in order to keep watch for the slimy weasel, Roger.

Once Dare was cleared of all charges and released from custody, Detective Wallace provided him with an escort to drive out to the hotel. In Jason's wallet, they found an electronic key card with the room number written on the sleeve. They evidently found her, but I haven't been allowed an update. I did ask Cheyenne to pass along any of my information, should Rayleigh wish to get in touch with me. I can relate, to an extent, to where Rayleigh currently is, regarding the whole situation.

In regard to my own mental health, I had an emergency therapy session yesterday. Dr. Francis was both excited and dismayed when she heard what happened.

She made sure I was ok, and we did talk for a while, but she just wanted to evaluate my immediate PTSD from the ordeal. Once she determined I would be okay, she scheduled me for another full appointment the next day to start unpacking all the recent trauma and begin the healing process. She also gave me an on-call number to call her if I had any more emergencies or breakdowns.

By the time I wake up Wednesday morning, I can finally appreciate the sun shining through my bedroom window. It's the first day of Spring, and the birds are singing, and the flowers are starting to bud. Is it possible the darkest season of my life is over?

After I jump up and shower, I decide to drive Cam's Porsche to the hospital to pick him up. He doesn't know, and I didn't tell him. I thought he'd rather ride home in his SUV than my Jeep, though.

As we sit and wait for the nurses to come in with the discharge paperwork, Cam is having a hissy fit.

"The sheets are too loose and are getting tangled in my feet."

"These stupid-as-fuck slipper socks are baggy and don't fit right."

"It's too hot in here." I can't hold in my laughter at that one.



“Here, Grumpy,” I say, when the nurse finally gives him the okay to get dressed. I have to help him with the joggers and button-up flannel because even though he doesn’t have permanent damage, he’s still in quite a bit of pain.

“I’m sorry, Star,” he says with a huff. “I don’t want to expose you to my bad mood. I am just in pain, and I want to go home. Two nights in the hospital is more than I can deal with for a flesh wound.”

“I get it, babe,” I reply. “I, uh, I also wanted to say thank you. You didn’t have to run out, but the fact that you cared so much means a lot. I feel bad that my plotting to have Jason taken into custody backfired, but I’m honestly glad Dare was with us.”

“Cait, I love you. I’d do anything for you. I’d step in front of another bullet if I needed to,” he says, before he leans down to place a sweet kiss on my lips. “I’m glad he was there, too. We all underestimated Jason’s level of mental illness. I’m also glad that Jason is dead and not in custody. Fuck him, but now he will *never* be a threat to you. You get that, don’t you? You can start figuring out what you want to do with your life, because he won’t be haunting your shadows.”

I smile up at this strong, resilient man. His love for me shows in everything he does. Like right now, I was trying to apologize for not telling them, and he somehow twists it to declare his undying love for me. He is my perfect little alpha-hole cinnamon roll, and I won’t ever give him up.



After I get Cam home and give him some pain meds, he decides to lie down for a nap. He didn’t sleep well at all in that uncomfortable hospital bed, and he begs me to lie with him, but I have my follow-up with Dr. Francis, so I tell him to find me when he wakes up.

Moving into my room, I quietly close the door. I grab one of my cozy knit blankets, kick off my shoes, and drag my tech stand to my comfy chair for reading.

With my water tumbler and a box of tissues on my side table, I dial in to Dr. Francis' service.

"Cait! It's good to see you," she says when the call connects. "How are you doing?"

"I'm ok. Things are going well, and I think I'm finally able to breathe again, Dr. F."

"And tell me what that means, dear. I know you've been through a lot, so we will take this one step at a time."

"I'm really, *really* glad I've found you. I-I don't know where I would be, mentally or physically, if I hadn't found you. Dr. Bayird was an amazing person, and I really don't think she was in on whatever he was doing."

"I feel confused. Jason mentioned one random thing I did at eight years old that convinced him I was sexually attracted to him. That's insane, and it makes me question everything I remember about my childhood. I know it only highlights, his mental illness struggles, but I'm so tripped up over this."

"I feel... incredibly sad. That Dr. Bayird suffered at his hands. I'm sad that her daughter, Rayleigh, has suffered even more than I have. That the boyfriend was involved and eventually killed. Rayleigh was innocent in all of this, and she's had to deal with two people close to her hurt and killed in front of her. I hope one day I can repay her because I feel a little guilty. She never did anything to ask for this. Her mom, an amazing human being, only tried to help me, and now she's gone."

"Cait, sometimes life throws us into a ravine; it's up to us to pull ourselves out because we can't always rely on help. I understand your deep feelings of resentment toward Jason, and what you could consider guilt in regard to Rayleigh's situation, but nothing that happened was your fault. You can only work on yourself."

“Dr. F., I love you. You really have been there for me, and while I think I’ve done a lot of work to pull myself out, you threw me a rope and helped me up. I hope you know I appreciate you always being there for me.”

“I will say,” she replies, “that while I do my job to the best of my abilities, I take pride in the progress my patients achieve. I appreciate your words, but I’m going to keep my words professional. Just know that I want to say so much more.” Her little wink after saying those sweet words brings warmth to my heart. It’s like she’s my wise grandmother who I can always turn to. She’s nonjudgmental, and I can tell she cares about me, even if she can’t say it.

“So, let’s start talking about the effect this has on your life. I want to know how you feel about your future. Just a couple of weeks ago, you mentioned not knowing how you felt about your future. Can you expand on how that might have changed?”

After sitting and contemplating this for a moment, I decide to just talk out my thoughts. “Well,” I begin slowly, “I feel like I actually do have a choice. Detective Wallace said yesterday when he came by the hospital to see Cam that we’d all get a copy of his report once it is finished. He said I should be able to take that to Dean Sanchez, and the school’s registrar’s office should be able to reverse whatever Jason blackmailed the boyfriend into doing. I’ll be able to start school again, maybe even by the summer semester.”

“I feel free. I can drive around town without fear, and I feel like the life I almost had taken away from me is suddenly back in my control. The freedom to be able to do what I want is... it’s light. It’s weightless. It’s bright. Just this morning, I was admiring the sunlight shining through my window and the flowers budding in the yard. I don’t think I’ve ever valued being able to have a choice in life as much as I do right now.”

“I’m glad to hear that, Cait. I think you’re well on your way to working past all of your trauma. Just remember to take things slow, and give yourself grace.”

As we continue to talk, I realize that this right here is my fresh start. Yes, I have a past that is traumatic but being relieved of the stress from everything that has happened *to* me in my life, I can move on. I can make choices for my life, and not have to live with the choices of others.



Finishing my call, I decide to go downstairs to make a coffee with the new machine Aaron got for Mom. I know it's not for me, but I love it, and I'll take advantage while I can. Chuckling to myself as the coffee brews, I feel like as things settle down, Mom might not need me too much going forward. Lily is getting older, and that will soon allow me to go on with my life. The fact that my future is so wide open amazes and, quite frankly, scares me.

When warm arms and the scent of whiskey and fresh pine wrap around me, I immediately know it's Dom. A flush creeps up my neck as he leans in, placing a quick peck on my cheek.

"Hey, Baby Girl," he says before quickly making room for Bast, who repeats the gesture on the other cheek.

Corey approaches, spinning me around in his arms. After a soft kiss, directly on my lips this time, he pulls me into a hug.

"How are you doing, Sunshine? How has today been?"

"Good. Cam is upstairs resting, and I've had a session with Dr. Francis. I think things are finally looking up."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, but Cam is not resting anymore," the man in question states as he descends the stairs just outside the kitchen.

"Hey, babe," I say with a smile.

"I thought we could have a movie night?" Corey asks. "Is Lily home? Do we need a PG movie?"

“They went out to the theater since they are taking the entire week off. They wanted to cheer up Lily after breaking the news that her father was killed doing ‘bad things’.”

“That makes sense,” Corey says.

“Hmmm...” Bast murmurs from the stool he’s perched on.

“What?” I ask, skeptical of his contemplative mood. This man is a schemer at the best of times, and downright evil, at the worst.

“How long did they tell Cam to take it easy?” he asks.

“Two to three days before I can begin light movement,” Cam volunteers, wary of Bast’s direction as well.

Bast, still considering his thoughts, turns to Dom and Corey.

“Do you guys like painting?”

My brows furrow in confusion, but I remain quiet.

“I-I guess?” Corey replies.

“Sure,” Dom says as well.

Bast’s mouth lifts into a smirk before he says, “I have a proposition. Follow me.” Corey immediately moves to help Cam up the stairs.

Dom chuckles as he grabs my hand to pull me along. “I think Bast’s thoughts have taken a dirty turn. Are you up for it?”

I giggle as well, responding with, “Yes, Sir.”

With a quick smack to my ass, Dom and I follow the others upstairs to Cam’s room. His is set up similarly to mine, including a queen sized bed, desk, and reading area.

As we walk in, Bast shuts the door behind us. Cam is already seated in the chair by the window. Moving into the room, I sit on the bed. Bast returns, stands in front of me, and runs the back of his hand down my cheek.

“So beautiful. I don’t think you need anything else, but would you consider getting on your knees for us? I think you’d

look lovely if we painted you. Marked you as ours.”

My mouth waters at the scene he’s suggesting. I immediately understand he wants me to suck them all off until they spray me with their cum.

“What about Cam, though? Why is he here, if he can’t participate in this little circle?”

“That’s the fun part, Angel. After we paint you, I thought you could crawl over to him and reward him for being so patient. Once we do, we can take you to the shower and reward you as well.”

“Stand up, Baby Girl. Strip down for us and show us the pretty canvas we’re working with.”

I stand, and slowly drag my T-shirt over my head and my leggings off my hips. As I go to kick my legs out of them, I wobble, and Corey steps up front and center. He steadies me as I fully remove the leggings before he reaches around and unhooks my bra. Sliding his hands up and over my shoulders, he pulls the bra straps down and my bra falls away. The rough pads of his fingers skim down and caress my bare nipples before he leans down, sucking my left nipple into his mouth and biting gently.

I suck in a gasp before he switches to the other side. Satisfied when they are stiff and deep pink, Corey drops his hands to my hips and slowly removes my panties. I’m suddenly bare before them, and being the center of attention is turning my body heat up.

Dom leads me away from the bed a step or two, where there is enough space for the guys to form a semi-circle around me, leaving one side open so Cam can watch.

Time seems to move in slow motion when all three guys remove their shirts and then pants. One by one, their cocks spring free, and I groan. Knowing intimately what each one feels like from the inside is intoxicating. The heady feeling takes over as I use my mouth and both hands to work up the three men crowding me in. The grunts and moans increase in both volume and speed as I work all three to the edge.

Curses fly as hands grope my body, tweaking my nipples and smacking my ass. These guys are using my body for their pleasure, and yeah, it's a little unconventional, but I like it.

"Fuck, Sunshine, I need you to slow down," Corey says as I use my tongue along the underside of his dick. When I don't slow down, and Corey has to pull back suddenly, Bast steps in.

"Now, Angel. Did he ask you to slow down?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And did you?"

"No, Sir."

"Hmm," Dom says, speaking up. I think that is worth at least five spankings."

"I totally agree, bro," Corey says, slightly miffed.

"Wet. In the shower," Bast adds with a smirk. My eyes widen in shock, but I don't mutter a word. That's going to fucking hurt, but I don't care - it's totally worth it.

Looking over my shoulder, I see Cam struggling to stroke himself with the hand on the opposite side from the shoulder that was injured. He looks miserable, struggling from the temptation of watching and knowing how warm and wet my mouth feels.

"Fuck, I'm almost there, Baby Girl," Dom says, his voice jagged and rough.

"Me too," adds Corey, whose eyes are tightly shut. I just keep stroking my men, alternating since the goal is to satisfy all three.

"Fuck, fuck, *fuck*." Corey calls out, coming ever closer to the edge.

"Eyes on me, Baby Girl," Dom grunts out. "I need to see you." Within seconds, all three men are decorating my neck, chest, and breasts with their releases.

I pant, watching each man fall apart in front of me. They are all so incredibly sexy, and as they look at me with awe, it only spurs me on.

After I give them all a few moments to revel in the image of me claimed, I turn my focus on the man behind me. I spin around and wiggle my ass at them before slinking my way across to my fourth lover. His dark eyes are hooded with the lust from watching me work over his friends. It seems he doesn't enjoy watching as much as Bast does, so I'll make a note to include him first next time.

As I crawl between his knees, I gently replace his hand with my own. Bringing his cock to my lips, I quickly swirl my tongue around each and every steel ball that is studded around the crown. As soon as I hear a soft grunt escape from his lips, I take him further into my mouth.

Showering him with attention is the least that I can do for this man. He didn't know I had the situation under control, and he was only doing what he thought was best to protect me from my nightmares. I never asked for a savior, but the fact that he cares enough to risk himself to protect me means everything.

Focusing my mind on the task at hand, I move my tongue up and down while hollowing out my cheeks. Sucking a little harder, I move to swallow around him. Feeling the tremble of his thick, muscular thighs around my shoulders only encourages me more.

When Cam's hand gently cups my jaw, I know he's in his feels and it won't be long. That's when I feel my hair being gathered into large hands, holding it to the side and a palm pressing gently on the back in time with the bobs of my head. And another set of hands slowly caressing my breasts, tweaking my nipples and rubbing in the residual cum. Not to be left out, my last man runs his hand down my back and around my hips, squeezing my ass before slipping a finger through my folds.

When I hear Dom's groan from behind me, I know who spears two thick fingers inside my cunt. The sensation of finally being filled causes me to clench around him.

"Fuck, let go, Cam," he snarls. "So we can take her to your walk-in shower and worship her like she's meant to be." My



pussy begins to gush at his word as he begins to pump his fingers inside of me.

It's then that I take Cam all the way into the back of my throat, swallowing him all the way, the gagging sensation only exaggerated when the hand on my head presses down again.

"That's right, Angel," Bast says from above me. "Choke on his cock."

"Holy fuck, that's so good," Cam groans, and as I reach down and cup his balls, he curses again.

"Fuck, Star!" With those words, he explodes into my throat and I drink him all the way down. When he stops shaking from his release, Bast removes his hand from my head, and Dom pulls his fingers from my dripping folds. My need for my own release took a backseat to the urge to thank my boys, but now that they've all been taken care of...

I look up at all of my men, all of them staring at me. Bast grins down, extending a hand to help me up, before saying, "Are you ready, Angel?"

I grin back before asking, "For what?"

Dom spins me and bends, tossing me over his shoulder before making his way toward Cam's bathroom. I can only giggle when he smacks my ass.

When I brace myself and look up at the three men following us, Bast replies, "For the rest of your life."

# EPILOGUE



## CAIT

### FOUR MONTHS LATER

I cannot believe they did this.

Four months after the crazy night celebrating Bast's parents' anniversary and one year since I arrived in Golden, the guys take me camping. We have a blast at the campsite, and they take me out for a hike on the afternoon of the second day. We make it about three miles before we turn around and head back to camp, but as we approach the campsite, Dom pulls me aside. We stand, his arms wrapped around me as we bask in the golden sun as it descends over the mountains.

It is when he lets go of me and backs away that I turn and see them all down on one knee. The sweet words they speak, referencing the last year of our lives, touch my heart and bring tears to my eyes, but then they hold up the small box. That's when I know they are serious. I figured, at first, this was likely just symbol of my arrival in town. Next thing I know, they are all four holding my left hand in theirs as Dom slides the gigantic diamond ring onto my finger.

Needless to say, after we get back to camp and clean up, I make sure they all know I appreciate them. With sex. And then I wake them all up the next morning with blowjobs since I am too sore from the activities the night before.

I am excited to get home, so I make them pack up camp and leave just after breakfast. On the way home, I text Ella, because I need to share with my bestie. Once we get home, I show Mom and Lily, before I run upstairs to take a shower. Within ten minutes, I am out the door and on my way to meet Els at Lift.

As soon as I run inside the coffee shop, I stand and scan the room. I should have known, though, because she is sitting at *our* table. I hurry over, wrapping her up in a hug.

“Els, look!” I say, breaking our embrace and stepping back. She smiles warmly at my bedazzled left hand as I hold it up to show her. “We all went hiking, and it was such a gorgeous setting. We were on the mountain, overlooking the valley, and it was just the perfect lighting. The view went for miles. I wish our family had been there, but I’m glad it was a moment just for us. They each said their own little speech, and I cried so hard. I don’t deserve these men, I swear.”

“Girl, I’m so fucking happy for you!” she says, but the grin she wears doesn’t reach her eyes. Immediately, my heart breaks. I know she’s been lacking attention from our mutual friend Ashton. He seemed interested several months ago, but he never did anything about it. I offered to say something to him, but she blew it off, and then the drama from the confrontation with Jason overtook my life. I’ve spoken with her every day since, but she hasn’t said anything about it. I feel she thinks she’ll be rejected again, and I wish I could take that fear away. Anyone would be lucky to have her, and I will definitely smack Ashton around if he tries to break her heart. I’ve been watching the guys train and spar, so I know to go for joints and soft tissue to take down any assholes. I’ll use those moves on my friend, too, if he deserves it.

My smile fades, and I reach out, pulling her back into my arms.

“I love you, girl,” I say to my best friend. “You had my back when the guys were dicking around, and I will always have your back.” My phone buzzes in my back pocket, but I ignore it. Pulling back from her, I continue, “I’m about to track down Ashton and give him a piece of my mind, anyway, regardless of what you say. It’s not right for him to treat you like that. Or anyone, for that matter.”

“I know,” she says, sniffing back tears. “I know you will always be by my side, which is why I will always love you.” Ella smiles, before smacking my butt. “Now let me go get us a

treat to celebrate. Lori's 'Belini, Honey' peach champagne cheesecake cookies are to die for!"

As Ella walks up to the counter to order our snacks, I open my phone. Corey texted me, and I'm guessing he's wanting me to bring him home something sweet.

Corey: Sunshine, I had a funny message on my phone after I got out of the shower. Jayden texted me asking for Ella's number. He said he can't stop thinking about her, after that barbecue we had two weeks ago, and he wants to ask her out.

My eyebrows skyrocket as I read this text. Instantly, I jump out of the booth and run to Ella with a huge grin across my face. When I crash into her from going so fast, I can't help but giggle.

"Els! Ohmygod, I think your bad luck with guys has ended."

"I'm sorry, what?" she asks, incredulously.

Remember the barbecue? And even though Ashton was there, do you remember anyone else who might have shown you some attention?"

"I don't..." she says, hesitating just a fraction of a moment. When her eyes flash back to mine, I know the moment when she remembers something.

"Could Jayden, Corey's brother, have held a conversation with you? Maybe got you a drink when I didn't notice?"

Her brows furrow with confusion, and she asks, "Why? What's going on?"

"Girrrlll. Corey texted me saying Jayden asked him for your number! Is it okay that we give it to him?"

"Uh," she mutters, hesitating for a moment while a blush runs up her neck, "yeah, I guess that's fine. Ohmygod, really though?" Her excitement builds as she places her order. Once we grab our drinks, we walk back to the table we had claimed.

"Yeah, he's super sweet, athletic too. He works with the local pro hockey team as a trainer. He's successful on his own, and while I just started getting to know him better over the

summer, he's an amazing guy. I think you should give him a chance."

"You know, I think I just might," she says with a smile. "Now, let's talk about your *wedding!* Are you going to marry one on paper? Or did you just want something ceremonial?"

I sit there, for a moment, shocked. I never thought about it. "I honestly don't know. I'll have to talk to the guys about this."

"That's ok. We can still start looking at everything. I got you, girl."

We sat for close to two hours chatting about locations, time of year, flowers, and dresses. Anything with a hint of a ceremony for a marriage was discussed.

When I finally told her that I needed to head home, her bright smile was back. She was happy, not only for me, but for this new potential for love for herself. As we embrace each other to say goodbye, I take a moment to be thankful to the universe for sending her to me.

"I'm so freaking happy for you, girl," she says as she takes a step back.

"Same, girl. Alright," I say, turning to find my Jeep alongside the road, "I'll talk to you soon?"

"Of course."

"Bye Els!" I call as I reach my Jeep.

When I hear a smooth, seductive man's voice call out after me, I didn't expect him to say her name.

"Ella?"

My head snaps up, only to find my best friend, staring wide-eyed at a gorgeous man across the street.

*Um, excuse me, what the hell is happening here?*

## AFTERWORD

I hope you've enjoyed this journey; I've cried tears and bled for this series. It will always be my work of passion that was inspired by doing something for myself, regardless who read it, but I'm forever grateful to everyone that picks up these books.

While Cait's story is complete, we will see her and the guys in the future. I'm not sure in what capacity, so I won't promise anything. All I'm saying is that as of now, I'm looking back at the Scandalous Slopes Series with fond memories, and turning to look to the future. I have a lot in store, and I'm switching gears. I hope you all will tag along on my next adventure!

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Firstly, I want to acknowledge my husband, J. He has supported me one hundred percent, even when I wasn't sure if I could do this. He has taken weekends to shut me in with my laptop and practically took care of everything else. The kids, the cooking, the cleaning. He has picked up the slack I've left behind when I started taking time to work when he was home, and I couldn't value him more.

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To my editor, Melissa: You are the best. Thank you for catching all my little mistakes, and for talking me through passages that might cause me problems in the future! You always know what to say to get me to listen to what you're trying to teach me, and I'm just so blessed to have you as my editor!

To all my readers: Thank you all for taking the time to read Cait's story. Even though I'm an author because I wrote something, seeing every single person and their feedback once they reach the end of each book is inspiring. It encourages me that my stories are worth reading. And while I'm holding back tears as I write these last few words of gratitude, I want you to know that I'm so thankful you've taken a chance on my and my books.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Natasha Pierce is an emerging author in why choose romance. This is her third book.

For more information on future books that Natasha has planned, please join us on Facebook in [The Lift: Natasha Pierce's Fierce Reading Fiends reader group](#).

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