

Mardi
Gras
MENAGE

Flowers and
MOONLIGHT

EMBER DAVIS

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Flowers and Moonlight (Mardi Gras Menage Series) by Ember Davis

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Contains explicit love scenes and adult language. The suggested reading audience is 18 years or older.

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For those who wondered why Cinderella couldn't have two
princes.

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TRIGGER WARNING

This story has dark themes and two morally gray mafia heroes. You'll still find an insta-love story that is spicy and isn't necessarily simple, but with darker themes, situations, rough spicy times and depictions of violence (not between the MMC and MFC).

There is no cheating with a guaranteed HEA, however, if you don't like darker themes, then this book may not be for you.



CHAPTER 1

POSY

“Posy,” my name being bellowed from down the hall makes me flinch.

My father’s voice, laced with disappointment and hate, always has this effect on me. I wish I could pinpoint when it started—when he started looking at me like an inconvenience instead of his daughter and the last bit of my mom he had—but I can’t. It was a slow process which began when Clarissa, his second wife, and Samantha, her daughter, came into our lives.

I felt the neglect almost instantly, but at ten, even though I was still grieving my mom, I could understand Dad wanting to make them feel like part of the family. He gave them attention and showered them with gifts. It was easy for him to do since he’s rich. He even started spending less time at the office.

Cutting back at work should have made me resent the hell out of him considering the number of times I heard Mom begging him to be home more and spend more time with us. He never did. Not until Clarissa and Samantha showed up.

Suddenly, he had so much time for them.

Now, 15 years later, he still finds time for them, but somewhere along the way I became the one who was never good enough. Never smart enough. Never pretty enough. Never driven enough.

It’s a strange thing since I’ve been working since I was old enough and was always a straight A student. I always did what he wanted me to do. I never broke curfew.

Samantha became his golden daughter even though she was never a good student. She came home late all the time. She dated boys who Dad never liked, but tolerated because Samantha would pout at him and manipulate him by saying he must not love her or accept her.

She's evil and I hate her.

She never lets me forget that she took my place as my father's daughter. If only I could stop caring. If only it didn't bother me. If only I didn't make decisions with the hope of having my father wake up and love me again. I'm pretty sure that's never going to happen.

When my door swings open so hard that it bangs against the wall, the look on Dad's face is filled with malice. I shrink back from him. He has never put his hands on me, but I'm also not willing to test the theory. How could I when it's clear I don't know the man anymore?

Maybe I never did.

"Samantha doesn't like the dress she picked out for the Guidice Ball tonight," he says the words like I should care.

I try not to, but my eyes dart over to the dress I picked out. When I saw it, I loved it instantly. It's an off the shoulder black gown with long lace sleeves. There's a slit up the leg and is backless.

Samantha picked out a bright red dress which barely covers her ass, but I wasn't surprised with her choice. Everything about Samantha begs for everyone's attention. I'm not sure if I used to be like her, but I know I'm not now. I'd rather fade into the background; it's safer that way.

I was shocked when Dad told me we'd be going to the ball as a family. It's always held on the last day of Mardi Gras and is the hot ticket event in the city because it's thrown by the Guidice family, currently run by Dante Guidice. Dad and Clarissa have gone for years, but I've never been allowed to attend.

I've been looking forward to it for weeks.

"Her dress is very pretty," I speak the words softly and slowly, unsure where this conversation is going.

The lie slips easily from my lips because I've gotten good at complimenting all things Samantha in the hope of not angering my father. I learned my lesson the hard way.

When I was in high school, I complained one time about her being mean to me at school when she pushed me and had one of the guys panting after her ask me out as a joke. The worst part is that the guy was apologetic about it and told me I was beautiful, but he really wanted Samantha.

Dad accused me of making the whole thing up, took away my car, and grounded me. I still shiver at the way he verbally berated me. Then there were the chores he made me do. He made sure I remembered every day of my punishment to the point that my grades almost slipped because I was doing so many chores and barely had time for homework.

I've never talked badly about Samantha since then. If he can't see the kind of person she is, it's on him. I see her very clearly.

Speaking of, Samantha comes up behind my father with a wicked smile on her face. She's up to something and I hate it. There's also nothing I can do to stop whatever is about to happen.

"Samantha told me about how you stole the dress she wanted right out from under her," my father's voice is full of admonishment. "You will give her the dress she originally wanted."

"Dad," my voice is high and tight, my throat trying to close because I'm scared of standing up to him, but also sick of this shit. "I didn't steal the dress from her. I saw it first and it was the only dress I tried on. It's not her style at all. She never said anything about liking the dress I picked out."

Dad snarls, "You will not talk back to me, Posy."

"I," I swallow hard and try to find some strength.

When it comes to Dad, there's a scared little girl inside of me who still wants his acceptance and love. It's pathetic. It's not worth it; none of it is.

Whatever protest I was going to come up with dies on my lips.

He narrows his eyes at me as Samantha comes into my room, practically fucking skipping, and snatches my dress

from where it is hanging on the closet door. I want to lunge at her and grab it, but the way my father's eyes are burning into me doesn't allow it.

She presses the dress against her body, "This will look fabulous on me. Maybe I'll catch the eye of one of the Guidice brothers in this." She looks away dreamily before batting her eyelashes up at my father. "Wouldn't that be perfect?"

He kisses the top of her head and gives her an indulgent smile. "Of course, sweet pea."

I want to roll my eyes, but I stop myself. It won't help anything.

When my father's eyes cut to me, they harden and narrow. I already know I'm not going to like whatever he says next. "You'll stay home, Posy, since you don't have anything to wear now. I won't have you embarrassing me. I don't even know why I said you could join us in the first place."

"This isn't fair," I speak softly, but my words are firm.

The icy voice my father uses to address me is one I've heard before, "Don't test me. You will know your place soon enough and will no longer be my problem."

I blink at him, not recognizing the man in front of me. Samantha shoots me a smug look before sashaying out of the room. Dad leaves as well, but not before shooting me a look of warning. His words rattle around in my head. What the hell did he mean I won't be his problem?

I stand in the same spot long enough to hear Clarissa and Samantha's heels click down the hall and the front door slamming shut. Our house is beautiful and stately, but it's the farthest thing from a home. It hasn't been since my mom died. I didn't just lose one parent when she passed, I lost them both. It eats at me while a sadness grows that I don't know how to escape.

I force my feet to move and head into the backyard where the garden my mom planted years ago still thrives. It's the one thing Dad didn't destroy of my mom and I've never been able to figure out why he didn't. It doesn't matter because I'm

grateful for it. I always feel closer to her when I'm outside and amongst the flowers.

Even though it's not as beautiful as it is in the spring, the jasmine is blooming, and a gentle breeze brings me their scent. I sit on the stone bench and bury my face in my hands.

"I thought you were going to the ball." I jerk my head up at the sound of Donovan's voice. He's our neighbor and fabulous. He's looking at me with concern over the wrought iron separating the yards. Mom never wanted a privacy fence, she said it ruined the look of the garden. Donovan must see the tears in my eyes because anger flares across his face before he can stop it. "She," he sneers the word, "did something, didn't she?"

I sigh, my shoulders slumping with the truth of his words. I don't even need to ask him for clarification. I know who he's referring to. Donovan is not a fan of Samantha, and it shows.

"She said I stole the dress she really wanted when we were shopping." I admit the truth, hating every word. Might as well tell it all. "She's wearing my dress tonight and I'm not going." I look up at the way the stars are just starting to twinkle in the night sky and sigh. "I should have known I wasn't really going to be able to go; I was dreaming thinking it was going to happen."

When I slide my eyes over to Donovan, he's fuming. He's a nice man in his mid-thirties and has been like a big brother and best friend to me since he moved next door years ago. I wish he could have met my mom, they would have loved each other.

Donovan and his life are fascinating. He's so creative and makes his living selling handmade, one-of-a-kind masks. He's been so busy lately with Mardi Gras, even though this time of year is not the only time people need masks, that I haven't seen much of him. He also makes clothing for some of the drag queens in the city since his partner is a performer. I wish I could go and see a show, but Dad would never allow it.

"You're going to the ball," Donovan snaps and my eyes widen.

“I can’t,” I sound dejected as hell.

This feeling inside of me, of missing something big, is about more than just the ball. In the last few days, I’ve had a feeling which has kept growing; I need to go tonight, it’s important. It doesn’t matter now because I’m not going, but it’s still hard to push aside the instinct screaming at me to be at the ball or I’m going to be missing out.

“You can,” he insists and I roll my eyes because I can picture us going back and forth a few times.

“If they see me there then the punishment will be even worse.” I shake my head. “I don’t want to have to deal with it. It’s easier if I just stay home.”

“Posy,” Donovan’s voice is full of warning, “if you don’t come over here and let me dress you then we’re going to have some real problems. I have a dress that would look amazing on you and with a mask on, I don’t think they’ll know who you are.”

I perk up at the thought of wearing one of Donovan’s masks. The man has a waiting list that is wild considering what we’re talking about here. I have no doubt whatever dress he’s talking about will be divine as well.

“I don’t know.” I nibble my lip nervously. “It’s a big risk.”

“Live a little,” he insists while giving me a big smile.

My father’s warning of knowing my place soon enough fills my head and I shiver. I have a feeling if I don’t take this chance then I might not have the opportunity to in the future. What could it really hurt to go out for a little while? I’ll be back long before them, I’m sure.

I stand up, my knees knocking together and my body trembling. Defying my father isn’t something I do normally. It’s thrilling and terrifying. I don’t know what he would do if he found out.

I give Donovan a nod and head toward the gate so I can escape this prison and allow Donovan to dress me up however he wants. I know I’ll look great. As long as nervousness doesn’t threaten to take me under, I’ll be just fine.

Tonight I'm going to let Donovan dress me however he wants and go to the ball. If I don't take advantage of the opportunity, when will I get another one? I'm not sure if it's dread I'm feeling or excitement.



CHAPTER 2

TONY

I feel ridiculous in this fucking tux, but it's a requirement for my boss' ball, so here I am in a monkey suit when I'd much rather be in jeans and a t-shirt. Every year I grumble about the attire and every year I'm still wearing it. I tug at my collar and count down the time until I can get undressed.

Dante's younger brothers—Leonardo, Giovanni and Rocco—walk up to the bar where I'm standing and surveying the room. I'm not, technically, working tonight unless Dante needs something, but it's hard to turn off keeping an eye on things. The guys get glasses of Hammond Whiskey before turning toward me.

Leonardo, the eldest under Dante, nods toward me, his voice low, "You heard from Lucifer and Prodigal recently?"

I sigh because the ball, which the Guidice family has thrown at the end of Mardi Gras for as long as I can remember, is not the time for talking about business. I also know Leonardo is always about business just like Dante. The only reason Dante has relaxed more recently is because he has Jasmine in his life now. That doesn't make the man soft and anyone who thinks it might would find out very quickly how wrong they are.

Jasmine is not a weakness; she's his queen and he will do anything to ensure her safety and happiness. I'm glad my boss and oldest friend has found a woman strong enough to stand at his side. He deserves it. I'm constantly impressed by Jasmine and how she's accepted everything that comes with being a Guidice.

It's not a world that is built on peace and niceties. It's built on blood and violence. She hasn't balked once. May we all be lucky enough to find a woman who can do the same, it's not for the faint of heart.

“They reached out a few days ago and put in an order.” I keep my answer short.

The boys know what Lucifer and Prodigal, the president and vice president of the Devil’s Saints MC, are interested in. We provide them with the guns they need, and they protect shipments for us when we need them to. It’s a long running relationship that was in place before Angelo Guidice was killed and Dante took over the family.

“I’m sure I’ll be hearing more about it soon,” Leo remarks and I smirk at him in response. He knows he will since he handles those deliveries. It’s far too important to hand off to someone who isn’t a Guidice. He looks toward Gio and grins, “You’ll be coming with me for the drop off?”

Gio grins and nods absently. “I wouldn’t miss a chance to go to the clubhouse,” his voice drips with innuendo.

Having been to the compound more than once and seen the women they have there, I have zero doubt as to why he would be so eager to go. I notice his eyes roam around the room, but only follow his gaze when his breath hitches.

It doesn’t take me long to find Viola, their sister who is between Gio and Rocco in birth order, talking to Fleur. They’re best friends and met when they were girls and Lucifer brought his daughter, Fleur, when he had a meeting with Angelo. They are both princesses in their own right and bonded over the similarities in their lives. Prodigal is also Fleur’s brother and I know how protective he is of her, even though he left the life for some years while searching for himself; it’s how he got his road name.

Tonight as I look at Viola and Fleur, it is clear they are no longer the girls they once were. They have grown into beautiful women and have quite a few admirers in the room. I hope I don’t have to step in, but I know they can handle themselves.

Rocco, who is the quiet one of the group, probably because he’s the baby, keeps his voice low, “We need to ensure our relationship with the Saints stays solvent. My contacts say the Falsini Triplets have been sniffing around.”

Leo's voice goes murderous, "I'm sure they'll try to undercut us if they can." He shakes his head, a sneer in his voice, "I'm still surprised Elio connected them with Orlov."

"It was business, brother," Gio points out and I notice how much effort it takes for him to pull his gaze away from Fleur, but no one else seems to.

He's not wrong. It was business and wasn't completely disloyal. The Falsini Triplets had what Orlov needed and were open to doing business. It's hard to keep business separated from personal considering Elio Agosti is a distant cousin to the Guidice family. He has his own worries in New York from what I understand, including finding his queen recently as well. Dante and Jasmine attended their wedding not long ago.

"They don't have the power or influence to take over our territory and if they try then they will learn their place," Rocco's voice is cold and detached.

I eye the three brothers and remind them, "Dante would be disappointed to find out you are discussing business when Jasmine put in so much effort to make the ball this year something to truly remember. And, at least, the Falsini family, especially Bella, isn't allowed back after the way she flirted with Dante last year."

Jasmine was not pleased last year when Bella tried to insinuate there was something between her and Dante. Bella had never been good at reading the room other than when it came to finding an opportunity she wanted to exploit. She severely misjudged Jasmine. Last I heard, she was shipped off to Miami to enjoy a life on the beach where she couldn't continue to tarnish the family name and business.

Gio smirks and Rocco looks away while Leo looks back over the crowd. I glance around again, my need to make sure everyone in my family, the one I've been part of for most of my life, is protected. I almost wince when I notice Bernard Moreau walking into the room with his overly made-up, fake wife on his arm. Even wearing masks it's easy to identify them. He's a businessman who has no fucking honor.

The Guidice family are a lot of things, including killers, but we have honor and our own code of ethics. Moreau has been linked to some of the worst scum this city has to offer. There has been talk about some of his business partners and him being linked to trafficking—something the Guidice name would never be attached to. Moreau has been trying to get on Dante's good side since Angelo's death and it hasn't gone well for him.

Moreau's daughter, a blonde woman who only looks for dollar signs when it comes to a man, sidles up to the bar, her eyes raking over the three Guidice brothers. I grimace at the way her eyes heat as she looks my friends over. The black dress she has on is one of the most modest pieces of clothing I've ever seen her wear.

It's almost as if she's playing dress-up and pretending to have class when everyone in New Orleans knows she doesn't. Well, except for Bernard, he seems to think she can do no wrong according to the gossip.

Her voice grates on me the moment I hear it, "Hello Leonardo. What a pleasure to see you tonight. Buy me a drink?"

I look around the room again and catch the eye of Zeno, one of the men who works under me and another friend. We've carried out orders for the Guidice family side-by-side for years and I trust the man with my life. He is keeping a close eye on Viola and Fleur, which I'm grateful for.

When Dante catches my eye across the room and gives a nod, I start to make my way over to him, but not before hearing Leo's voice, full of dismissal, "Samantha, it's an open bar. Order whatever you like."

I'm sure she won't be happy with the way Leo is treating her. I also know he won't give a flying fuck about her or her feelings. She's been trying to get her claws into someone who matters in the city with a desperation that leaves a bad taste in my mouth. I've wondered if Bernard is putting her up to it or if she's just a woman hungry for power.

Either way, she's trying her luck with the wrong men. The younger Guidice men would never tie themselves to a woman like Samantha and that has little to do with the man her father is. The woman is insufferable and annoying. I'm sure someone will, eventually, snap her up. I pray for that man's sanity.

When I get to Dante I give him a nod and then smile at his wife on his arm who is looking damn proud of herself. As she should. "I've never seen the Guidice Ball looking so lovely and elegant," I compliment Jasmine.

"Tony," Jasmine smiles at me, "charming as ever."

I wink at her and grin. If I were any other man Dante would already have my head, but he knows where my loyalty lies—at his feet. I would lay my life down for the family. They accepted me with open arms when I had nothing else.

My father worked for his but was low-level. When he was killed while working for the family, I was taken in and treated like a son even though I didn't need to be. I could have been cut loose, but they appreciated my father's loyalty. My mother had left him when I was just a toddler, unable to handle the life of being married to someone who pledged their life to a crime family.

If it weren't for Angelo, I don't know where I would be.

"What were my brothers looking so serious about?"

"You know it's hard for Leo to stop himself from working," I admit. "They were talking a little bit about business with the Saints and their concern about the Falsini Triplets sniffing around."

Dante nods, his eyes turning hard. "If Mateo, Marco, and Massimo know what is good for them, they'll take the deal they made with Orlov as a win and not try to poach our connection with the Saints," there's murder in his tone.

His hatred for the Falsini family runs deep. They were a thorn in Angelo's side, one he had to deal with more than once. Unfortunately, they are also an asset and neither Angelo nor Dante has been able to rid the world of the family completely. It goes back to knowing your enemy and keeping

them close. However, if they step too far out of line, Dante will have no issue with killing them all.

I glance back over to where Fleur and Viola are laughing and know our relationship with the Devil's Saints is strong. I give my boss and best friend a curt nod. "I reminded them that this is a party and the effort Jasmine put in to make it spectacular."

Dante makes a humming sound as Jasmine exclaims, "Oh, that's a gorgeous dress she has on."

I turn toward the entrance of the ball to find a woman with brown hair flowing down her back in loose curls that I want to run my fingers through. The dress she has on is gorgeous—it hugs her curves in a way which has my palms itching to do the same. It's navy blue and decorated with sparkles that make it look like moonlight is pouring over her body.

Most of the people attending tonight are wearing masks, but they don't hide much because they want to be seen and show they were important enough to get an invite. Not my mystery woman. The mask she has on covers most of her face where only her eyes and lips are visible.

My spine straightens and it feels like I can't catch my breath when her eyes meet mine. They're the color of whiskey and I want to get lost on drunken waves in them. She holds herself with a quiet confidence that I can't tear my eyes away from. When she looks away first, her eyes snagging on someone else in the crowd, I don't bother looking at who it is.

It doesn't matter because this woman is mine.

When she stiffens and makes her way deeper into the throng of party goers, I barely stop myself from racing to her side. There's a change in her body language I don't like, and it sends me on high alert, as if there is a threat I need to take down. It makes me want to deliver the head of her enemies on a platter.

The only people I have ever been so inclined to have such thoughts for are the family. Never a woman. Never.

Jasmine touches my arm and I almost jump out of my skin as I strain to follow the mystery woman's movements. "Do you know her?"

"Not yet, but I will."

"Seems you aren't the only one interested." My eyes snap to Jasmine's at her words and she nods toward Viola and Fleur. When I look over, I notice Zeno is watching my woman with a hunger in his eyes that reflects the feeling overtaking my entire body.

I should feel jealousy, but, instead, I feel a sense of peace. It doesn't make any fucking sense, but I'm going to get to the bottom of it. I don't look at my best friend and his wife before stalking through the crowd toward my future. I have a feeling, if I take my eyes off her again, she'll disappear and take my soul with her.



CHAPTER 3

ZENO

I'm not going to lie, I've been looking for an excuse to dress up, it's one of the reasons I've been looking forward to tonight. I don't get the chance to be more than casual often. I guess if I had a date I could, but all the women I've come across for the last year have been vapid and boring.

I want more. I need more.

Once I became an enforcer for the Guidice family, proving to them where my loyalties lie, I noticed women were interested in me but it wasn't for me. They wanted the prestige of being associated with the most powerful crime family in New Orleans.

They would completely ignore the fact that my job, and my life, is dangerous. All for the thrill of it.

I don't want that kind of woman, or drama, in my life. I need someone I can go home to at the end of the day and find peace with. Someone who chases away the demons I spend my day with.

"We should go back soon, Vi," Fleur Whelan prompts her best friend, Viola Guidice.

Even though I'm not working the party the same way the rest of the muscle is tonight, I always tend to stay near Viola and Fleur when I can. While both women are beautiful, I'm not attracted to them. I just have this need to protect them and keep my eye on them.

I know how life can change in an instant, it's one of the demons I can never outrun or shake off. It's always there at the end of the day and in the darkest parts of the night where not even moonlight can shine.

They remind me of my sister. She was so full of life, but then she was taken by a psychopath. He tortured her and raped

her. He left her for dead and I wasn't able to save her. I wasn't able to find her in time.

My quest for vengeance led me to the Guidice family. I knew they had connections, ones I needed if I ever wanted to find the man responsible for taking some light from this world. I didn't have them on my own and the police were fucking useless.

I remember the day I took a chance and walked up to Angelo Guidice to ask for help. I should have been scared. Everyone knows about the power the family has and the violence at their fingertips. I just had nothing else to lose at that point.

In some ways it made me reckless; in others it brought me to my future.

Once I explained to Angelo what had happened and why I needed his help, he looked at me for a long time. I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was taking my measure.

"I can see how deeply your need for vengeance goes, but you must know, when you get to the end of your journey, it won't bring your sister back. Her light will never shine on you again." I flinched and his eyes softened, something I didn't know a man like him was capable of. "Are you prepared to sell your soul to the devil in exchange for life of the man who is responsible?"

"Yes," I responded without hesitation, knowing he could hear the truth in a single word.

"Then I'll help you." I opened my mouth to thank him, but he held up his hand to stop me. "In exchange you will come and work for me. Nothing in this life is free."

"It would be an honor to be loyal to the family who helps me find the justice no one else has been able to give."

I sealed my fate that day in so many ways. Angelo was right. I did pay a cost when I found the man who was responsible for my sister's tragic death. He paid a bigger price though—in blood.

My sister's tormentor was the first man I ever killed, but he wasn't the last. I gave my life over to the Guidice family and I would do it again without hesitation.

"Are you sure you don't want to just go to The Sanctuary instead," Viola counters her friend, but her suggestion is laced with amusement.

I'm not entirely sure what they're talking about, but The Sanctuary is a bar owned by the Devil's Saints MC where Fleur's father is president, and her brother is vice president. I've dealt with quite a few men from the Devil's Saints while working for the Guidice family. They aren't quite as refined, in some ways, but the Saints have a code very similar to the family's which they live by.

Fleur rolls her eyes and smirks at her friend. "I'm sure. You know none of the boys will let me have a good time," she pouts which makes Viola laugh.

"That's what you get when you're related to big, bad bikers," Viola teases.

"Like your family is any better," Fleur snarks.

They share a look and start giggling. I look up and make eye contact with Tony who is at the bar talking to the three Guidice brothers. They all have a hand in the family business, and I respect them for the roles they play.

When I look over the people attending the ball, I note we have plenty of security and everyone is behaving themselves. Most people wouldn't expect a ball as upper class as this one would have security risks, but some of these people haven't made their money in the most legal of ways. Rich and powerful people often cross lines and not all of them have the same ethical code as the Guidice family.

When my eyes scan the crowd again, I notice Bernard Moreau. He's a man who pretends to be above all the things my boss embraces, but he doesn't have any sense of morality. The man goes where the money is and is not the least bit ashamed of it.

From the way his daughter flounces across the room and tries to impress herself upon the Guidice brothers, I have no doubt Moreau would love to know what real power is. I have no doubt he would use his daughter to do it. It wouldn't surprise me to find out she's been instructed to get close to one of the brothers.

If Dante wasn't enamored with his wife, I'm sure he would be the target for her advances. I shiver internally at the thought of what would happen if anyone tried to get between Dante and Jasmine. Dante would hold no prisoners and be bathed in blood. He puts his queen above all else; as it should be.

I notice Tony move away from the bar to have a word with Dante and Jasmine and my eyes scan the crowd again. It's always a good idea to notice who people are talking to. It's cued us into potential alliances and business dealings ahead of time in the past.

The Guidice Ball is the place to be seen and to network. When I see Bernard speaking to Juan Martinez, I stiffen. Martinez doesn't try to hide his involvement in the things the family wishes didn't have a foothold in the city.

The only reason Martinez is here is because it would be a huge affront to the man if he weren't included in tonight's festivities. At least if he's here we're able to keep an eye on him. Still, the man has no honor and if he didn't have business dealings in the city, it would be better for everyone.

Bernard and Juan are speaking in hushed tones and Martinez doesn't look happy at whatever he's being told. I can only hope that they take each other out. It would be better if they did, and the city could breathe a little easier. The law isn't always right, but it isn't always wrong either.

There are some things you just shouldn't make money from and the selling of people, something Martinez has no issue doing, should be off-limits.

I tear my eyes away from the pair before they can notice me watching them. My gaze swings toward the entrance just as a woman walks through the door. A woman I can't look away from. It looks like she brought the moonlight in with her.

I can imagine the way her caramel colored hair would look wrapped around my fist. The thought makes my cock take notice, which has me imagining her pouty lips wrapped around my cock. The gentle curves of her body call to me and my fingers flex at the idea of cupping her perfect tits.

I wish I could see more of her face, but the mask she's wearing covers most of it. It would probably be a bad idea to stomp up to her and rip the mask off. I'm sure that would get me more than a few odd looks. That doesn't mean it's not difficult to refrain.

She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Everything inside of me is screaming to go and make her mine.

Her eyes roam over the party and her shoulders tense before her eyes dart around again and she steps into the mass of people in the room. I don't need to see the woman of my dreams to find her, it's as if there's an invisible thread connecting us together.

I want to know what spooked her. I need to know. If she's in danger, I need to know.

Not having eyes on her tears at me and my feet start moving before my mind has caught up to the action. I get a few steps before Tony is right there next to me, his brown eyes intense and focused as he looks at me. My eyebrows furrow together and my fists clench. Does he have any idea that he's keeping me from the woman my dreams are made of?

I try and keep my voice level, but there's a lethal edge to it, "What are you doing, Tony?"

"I saw you looking at her. She's mine," he grits out through his teeth.

I blink at him a few times, my brain having an issue processing his words. What the fuck? I have never put anything else above my loyalty to the family, but with a few words from Tony's mouth I'm seriously contemplating throwing it all away.

"No." I shake my head slowly, my muscles coiling and readying to strike. "She's mine."

Tony's eyes soften as he looks at me, but I can also tell he's not going to give this up. I look around the room, hoping to get another glimpse of her. I need to put my eyes on her. My heart rate starts to pick up at the idea of her being out of my sight. I don't like it.

Tony sounds shocked, "You feel it too?" I scan the room without catching a glimpse of her and it feels like the darkness, which has been a hallmark of my life since I went to Angelo, is closing in on me. Tony's hands grab my shoulders and my gaze snaps back to him. "Zeno," he growls, "you feel it too?"

"Yes," I snap. "I don't like her being out of my sight," the sharp look he gives me has me backtracking slightly, "our sight. She tensed when she saw someone, but I don't know who. What if she's in trouble?"

I have always been calm in the face of my job, of the life I have chosen, but right now it feels like the ground is shifting underneath me and I'm powerless against it. I could tumble down at any moment. It's not an unwelcome feeling because I know it's because of her, but it's not easy to process.

"I saw it too," his voice is grave.

He looks around and lets out a small sigh. His reaction tells me he has eyes on her and instead of feeling jealous, I feel relieved. Everything in me is screaming that she's going to need more than just me, that she needs all the protection, compassion and affection that she can get. Why am I not jealous?

"She's going to need you too," the words slip from my lips, but I know they're right.

Tony's eyes snap to mine and bore deep. "It doesn't bother you?"

"I should want to rip your head off for saying she's yours too, but I don't." I shake my head and mutter, "It doesn't make any sense."

"Yes, it does." Tony releases my shoulders and I turn to find her across the room sipping on a glass of champagne. She

holds herself away from everyone else, almost as if she's afraid to get too close to everyone. It shatters something inside of me. Tony falls in next to me and it feels...natural. "I think you're right; she's going to need both of us. You see what I see?"

"She's skittish and afraid," the words are laced with venom because it pisses me off that anyone would make her feel that way. "She's like a moonbeam that's about to be overtaken by a cloud."

"We won't let that happen," there's a finality in Tony's voice.

"No, we won't. Nothing will harm her from now on. I'll lay my life in front of hers every time," I vow.

When we start moving toward her, we do so side-by-side and in synch. Her whiskey-colored eyes sweep across the ball and land on us, a united front against whatever, or whoever, she fears. Her demons better pray they don't meet us because we will always win.

The blush that rises up her exposed neck as her eyes dart back and forth between us as we stalk toward her speaks volumes. She doesn't run. She doesn't shrink away.

We're coming for you, *chiaro di luna*, and we're going to make you ours.



CHAPTER 4

TONY

For any other woman in any other situation, I would probably be beating Zeno into the ground for even thinking the woman who has bewitched me is his. This woman, apparently, changes everything. The idea of sharing her doesn't make me want to kill the man who I've considered a brother for years.

It turns me on more.

I can almost hear her breathy moans as she comes apart in my friend's arms and how pretty she'll be putting on a show for me. Then there are the visions of us taking her together as she finds pleasure between us.

I've never been harder in my fucking life.

I have never considered sharing a woman, but my gut is telling me this is the right call. The way she was looking around the room and stiffened before disappearing, as if she was just wisps of fog, has me on high alert. To know Zeno's instincts are telling him the same thing and he's not consumed by anger and jealousy only cements what I already know.

She's not just mine. She's ours.

The way she's looking at us as we approach is not helping my dick. She's wide eyed with more innocence than she should have while wearing a dress that hugs her body like sin. She has to know she's the most beautiful woman in the room. If she doesn't, she'll know soon enough.

Her glance is filled with nervousness as her eyes bounce between us. I don't blame her. We're both big guys who work out and thrive on intimidation. Our jobs start long before any action is taken, and we are both good at our jobs.

I've spent most of my life being Dante's best friend and knew I was going to be his right hand, whether it was official

or not. I pledged my life to him when I was given a home instead of being put out on the streets.

There was never a guarantee that Dante's brothers would remain within the family business. No one forced them to find their place in the organization, it was a burden only Dante experienced being the oldest. I made sure I was going to be ready to stand beside him to carry the weight of the responsibility he always knew was his.

Now, standing in front of the mystery woman who captured my attention from across the room, the weight of the choices I've made and the life I've lived doesn't feel so heavy on my shoulders. I glance at Zeno and it's clear she's having the same effect on him.

"Hello," her voice is hesitant, soft and slightly broken, before she swallows hard. "Is everything okay?" She shakes her head slightly and bites her bottom lip. "I mean, I was invited. I'm not crashing the party."

"Even if you were crashing, *il nostro chiaro di luna*, you would be welcome here," Zeno's voice is rough, and I can't help but smile at the nickname he's come up with for our woman.

It fits her perfectly, especially with the dress she's wearing. Our Moonlight. She is the light that will bring us home even when the night is at its darkest.

She tilts her head to the side, her whiskey-colored eyes wide as she looks between us. "What did you say?"

"Don't worry, you'll find out soon enough," I promise and share a look with Zeno.

Her eyes leave us and flit around the room. When her eyes widen, she turns slightly, as if shielding herself from someone. I want to look behind us to find out who she's reacting to, but I can't tear my eyes away from the woman in front of us.

"My name is Tony and I have never seen a more striking woman in my life," there's a huskiness to my voice and it causes a shiver to work up her spine.

“It’s nice to meet you Tony,” her voice wraps around me like a comforting embrace and my soul wants to lean into it.

“Zeno,” the man beside me rasps as he reaches out and slides his hand down our woman’s arm. Her breathing deepens and I watch as goosebumps cover her skin. He grips her wrist and pulls her a little closer to us, shielding her and giving her our warmth. Her eyes round, but she doesn’t protest. No, she seems to curl toward us as if seeking more of what we are so willingly offering. There’s a worried note in Zeno’s voice, “Are you in trouble? We can protect you from anything.”

The smile on our woman’s face is a little forced and it hasn’t escaped my notice how she didn’t offer her name in return. It’s okay, we’ll get it from her soon enough. Up close, everything I thought from afar is confirmed. We won’t be able to let go of her now.

“I’m fine, just enjoying this lovely party,” her voice is light, but it rings a little disingenuous.

“Our boss’s wife has done an amazing job with it this year.” I gage her reaction to my words, it’s the reason I spoke them so plainly. Her mouth opens in a surprised ‘o’, but she doesn’t put any distance between us. “Have you come to the Guidice Ball before?”

“No,” she whispers and sadness flickers in her eyes, “this is the first time I’ve had the honor.”

High pitched laughter has anger flashing in our woman’s eyes as she looks toward the bar. When I look over, I notice Samantha Moreau laughing with a man at the bar. I breathe an internal sigh of relief that the younger Guidice brothers aren’t there anymore for her to try and sink her claws into them. It would be a travesty if they gave into her manipulation.

Our woman seems to catch herself and look away quickly, her gaze moving around the room again. I hate the way her nervousness shows. She carries herself with such grace and poise, I doubt it’s a matter of not feeling like she fits in. Something else is at play here and I know I won’t get an answer while surrounded by people who are only here to impress each other.

I lean in closer to the woman and her gaze snaps to mine, her eyes dilating. “Even though you are, by far, the most gorgeous woman here, how about we get out of here? I have a room upstairs.”

She sucks in a quick breath and lets it out slowly as she studies my eyes and then Zeno’s. When she licks her bottom lip, I let out a small growl. I don’t know how much longer I’m going to be able to keep myself in check around this woman.

Being around her tests every ounce of control I have and by the way Zeno’s hands are clenched into fists while he stands next to me, he’s having the same difficulty.

She calls to me, begging me to see her and set her free. I plan to do that and so much fucking more.

Our woman pulls her shoulders back as if she’s decided something. “I think that’s a great idea,” her voice is breathy. “I really have no interest in rubbing elbows with anyone here.”

I grin at her and notice how Zeno’s hands relax. I glance around to make sure that all the men are still in place around the ballroom of one of the most historic hotels in the city. It’s the perfect place for the ball this year and I made sure to have a room since you never know why you might need a quiet place. Being prepared comes with the territory when you work beside Dante.

We lead our woman out of the ballroom and I notice how she doesn’t look back even though Zeno’s head is on a swivel. He’s keeping an eye out for whomever has made her uncomfortable. I know what the man is capable of and if he figures out who is behind our woman’s discomfort, I pity them.

My hand on the small of her back is the only thing grounding me as we head out of the ballroom and toward the elevators. When I glance at the reception desk, I notice the woman who flirted with me when I checked into my room watching us. I had been tempted to take her up on the offer she was clearly giving me, but that was before.

Now, everything is different.

The elevator ride is far too long. I'm practically salivating at the idea of getting to taste our woman. I want to ask her what her name is, but my instincts tell me she'll bolt before the question can even leave my lips.

Our steps are quick once we step out of the elevator, the heat of our woman's skin practically fucking searing me where I rest my hand above the delectable curve of her ass. She looks amazing in the dress she has on, but I can't wait to see it as a rumpled heap on the floor.

When I usher her inside the room, I turn her toward me, my arm snaking around her waist and pulling her against my chest. She gasps and that little sound might as well be a clap of thunder.

I slam my lips down on hers, my tongue invading the sweet confines of her mouth, and tasting her. The groan that comes out of my chest is deep and primal. When Zeno comes up behind her and sweeps her hair away from her neck, I'm too lost in kissing this woman and the way she melts against me to know what he's doing.

She pulls away from me and looks over her shoulder. Zeno has a pleased as fuck look on his face right before the dress she's wearing slides down her body and pools on the floor. My dick starts fucking leaking at the sight in front of me. Our woman was bare underneath her dress. I'm tempted to bend her over my knee and spank her ass for entering the ball that way, but I don't because right now I'm damn glad she did.

I reach toward her face to slide the mask she's wearing off, but she shakes her head. "I want to leave it on."

I look into her eyes, the whiskey color holding so many secrets along with pain. When she casts her eyes downward, I grip her neck and tilt her gaze back up to meet mine.

"If that's what you want, *il nostro chiaro di luna*, then we'll honor your wishes."

"This time," Zeno adds from behind her as he leans down and starts to kiss up and down the column of her neck.

She leans back and he cradles her against him, her head lolling against his chest. Seeing them together is sexier than I imagined it would be. Air is sawing in and out of my lungs and it feels like my skin is on fire as I watch Zeno's hands grip her hips and squeeze before sliding around her body and up her torso to cup her tits.

"What a fucking offering," I rasp, and Zeno looks at me, a smirk on his face.

As he starts to squeeze her tits, pinching and twisting her nipples, the need to get undressed so I can bury myself in her body is unbearable. I start tearing off my clothes as my eyes eat up the sight in front of me. The way her eyes drink up my body has me wanting to roar and beat my chest.

Standing naked in front of her, I wrap my hand around my shaft and start pumping, watching our woman's pleasure rising with every beat of her heart. I've never seen anything hotter.

Zeno whispers against her skin, "I can feel you trembling. You like what you see?"

She arches her back as he pinches her nipples harder. "Yes," she moans. Her eyes slide closed, and I desperately want them back on me. "I've never," she groans when he bites gently on her shoulder before swallowing hard, "done anything like this."

When I step closer to her, my cock brushes against her soft skin and I have to clench my jaw to not lose my load all over her. I want it inside of her. So deep inside of her that my seed takes root.

It doesn't make any sense considering I don't even know her name, but it's a need I can't ignore. When I meet Zeno's eyes, the gray there almost completely consumed by the black of his pupils, I can see the same feral need coursing through me is doing the same in him.

I pull our woman from Zeno's arms, lifting her and cradling her against my chest before striding over to the bed and placing her there gently. I follow down after her so I'm laying next to her, all her creamy skin on display for me. Her tits

jiggle with every breath she takes and I grip her thigh, bringing her leg over mine so I can see all of her.

“I can see how wet your needy pussy is,” Zeno growls as he stalks around the bed, pulling his clothes off until he’s naked as well.

When he takes position on the other side of her, his mouth latches onto one of her nipples. My mouth is watering at the thought of tasting her skin. I lean forward and use the tip of my tongue to circle around her hard peak and our woman arches her back, feeding us more of her.

“Please,” she whimpers, “more.”

My hand slides down her torso, wanting to feel how wet she is for us. “We’ll give you everything you need, *il nostro chiaro di luna*.” She turns her head toward me, her eyes pleading with me to prove the truth in my words. I press my lips against hers and murmur right as my fingers reach her mound, “Everything.”



CHAPTER 5

POSY

What the hell am I even doing? How did I get swept up in these men? One moment I was trying to stay as far away from my father, Clarissa, and Samantha as I could. The next I'm in a hotel room with the two sexiest men I have ever seen in my life. Not any two men, two men who work for the Guidice family.

I should be scared and should have taken off the moment Tony mentioned who their boss is. Instead of being afraid, a thrill ran down my spine and my first thought was that maybe these men could protect me from my father and give me a life I've always dreamed of—one filled with love and comfort.

Tony and Zeno offered me something I might never get again—a night of passion between them. How could I say no to such a thing? On a night when I'm supposed to be making choices for me and living life without regrets?

It's the entire reason I didn't listen to Dad and stay home when Donovan gave me the opportunity to get dressed up and become anonymous amongst the crowd. The longer I spent in the ballroom, though, the more sure I was that someone in my family was going to recognize me. So, when I had the opportunity to leave, as unconventional as it is, I took it.

Now I'm naked with the sexiest two men I've ever seen on either side of me. They have danger wrapped around them, but that only turns me on more. The way they touch me, like they own me, has me moaning and whimpering.

I've never felt this burning need inside of me before, not with any other man I've been with, even though it's been a few years since I've had the opportunity. Dad has been on me more and more, always keeping up with where I'm going and who I'm with, and I have no idea why. It's made my love life

nonexistent, but tonight I'm going to make this choice for me and enjoy it.

Their warm mouths are on my nipples, but the way they're working me up is so different. Zeno is sucking on my nipple with soft pulls that has my pussy flooding while Tony is nipping at my skin like he wants to devour me which has my pussy clenching and begging to be filled.

I run my hands down their exposed chests, my head swinging back and forth between them. They're both muscular with broad chests and their strength is clearly written in the way their muscles bunch and pull. Tony has dark chocolate-colored eyes which seem to sink into my soul while Zeno's gray eyes beg for me to let go. The combination of the two has my head spinning and my body feeling hot all over.

My hands glide down their torsos and I wrap my fingers around their cocks, one in each hand as I start to stroke them, pulling matching growls from them. The sounds they're making from me touching them has me feeling powerful. In this room, nothing can touch me other than their passion.

I arch my back when Tony bites down a little harder on my nipple, his fingers diving between my thigh and finding my clit with precision. I feel exposed in a way I shouldn't like, but find I love. I revel in the way they touch me, the way they look at me, the way they make me feel.

Zeno's fingers smooth over my skin. He might be gentle when it comes to the way his mouth is making love to my tits, but he doesn't have the same compulsion when it comes to my pussy. He shoves two fingers inside of me roughly and it's too much for me to process.

It's as if I'm in a tailspin. He pumps a few times and an orgasm races through me without warning. I've never come so hard or fast in my life. I think I scream their names, but it's a muddled mess of euphoria in my mind.

Does the world even exist outside of this room anymore? I wouldn't be surprised to find out everything else has disappeared.

“I need to be inside of you, *il nostro chiaro di luna*,” Tony groans.

I have no idea what they’ve been calling me, but it sends a shiver down my spine every time. I wish I knew. Maybe I’ll look it up later, when I wrap these memories around myself to get through the next thing life throws at me. Maybe I won’t and it’ll stay a mystery because sometimes it’s better to not know.

Zeno nips at my earlobe, his husky voice washing over me, “I’ll be inside your messy pussy after he fills you with his cum.”

“Yes, please,” I whimper.

Tony chuckles as Zeno moves a little bit away. I almost want to ask them to take me together, but I don’t think I’d ever come back from that. Having both of them is already so much, asking for more, for my deepest and darkest desires to be brought to life, feels selfish.

Tony’s large body looms over me, our eyes locking together. He takes up all my vision, but Zeno grips my hand and gives it a squeeze, reminding me he’s right here with me, with us. It grounds me when I need it the most; how did he know?

Tony’s lips crash against mine at the same time he fills me with his cock in one, hard thrust. I shout out against his lips as I arch my back and grind down against his hard pelvis. It’s too much and nowhere near enough.

“Fuck, our pussy is so fucking tight,” Tony grits out, his jaw clenched and the muscles in his neck straining.

Our pussy.

“She’s going to take us like a good girl,” Zeno rasps and something unfurls inside of me, something naughty and needy.

Tony pulls his length out slowly before slamming home again. My legs come up and wrap around his hips, my eyes rolling back in my head every time he’s filling me completely. His cock is long and thick with a slight bend to it that hits just fucking right.

“Tony,” I gasp his name and force myself to open my eyes so he can see how much I need this, need him, “fuck me. Make me forget.”

I can see the questions flit across his gorgeous brown eyes, but he doesn't ask. Maybe he doesn't have to. His lip curls up in a snarl and I think if he had an enemy to gnash his teeth at, he would. Without an enemy, he starts fucking me hard and fast, making my mind blank and giving me exactly what I need.

I cling to him, wrapping an arm around his shoulders and digging my nails into his back. The way his body hunches over mine and the sounds coming out of him with every thrust are viscerally primal.

“So fucking wet,” he grunts. “Gonna fill you with my cum, gonna show you who you belong to.”

I have a fleeting thought about a condom, but before my lips can form words, I forget it. There is only this—the way he stokes my need for him, for them, and the way my body responds.

Zeno lets go of my hand when Tony pulls back slightly so he's not covering my body completely. Zeno strokes his fingers over my shoulders, his touch gently seeking. It's in such a contrast to the way Tony is fucking me that it only makes my soul spin faster. I turn my head slightly and lock eyes with Zeno, his gray depths boring into me.

“You're going to come all over Tony's cock, aren't you?” He smirks at me when I start panting faster, the knot in my gut grows and twists. “You're going to give him what he needs, and he'll fill you with his cum. Then it's my turn.”

“Eyes,” Tony barks and my eyes snap back to meet his.

Zeno's hand wraps around my throat and squeezes, not cutting off my airway, but his fingers dig into the blood vessels in my neck making me feel lightheaded. The pounding of my heart is begging for more.

My pussy starts to flutter and the feral grin on Tony's face tells me he can feel it. He can feel everything. Zeno exerts a

little more pressure just as Tony circles his hips as he's fully seated inside of me. My clit pulses and white light explodes in my vision as I come.

"Fuck," Tony roars as I feel the first jet of his warm release inside of me. His cock jerks a few times before he pulls out and finishes against my pussy. Zeno lets go of my throat and I suck in a big gulp of air. Tony mutters, awe in his voice, "Fuck, *il nostro chiaro di luna.*"

My body feels satisfied in a way it never has before, but when Zeno slides his hand down from my neck, tweaking one nipple and then the other, it comes alive again. My head lazily turns toward him, a smile lifting my lips which has him winking at me as if he knows I'm ready for more.

I am. I never thought it would be possible, but I'm so ready.

Tony flops down onto the bed next to me, the loss of his hard length causing me to whimper. His chuckle, the sound deep and dark, wraps around me like a blanket made of steel and spikes. If only it was so simple to be protected from the world. If only.

Zeno reaches between my legs and rubs Tony's cum into my skin and I gasp. The wicked glint in his eye has me squeezing my thighs together. When he slaps one of my thighs, his hand sticky from the cum he's rubbed into my skin, my legs fall open again.

"Such a good girl," he rasps.

Zeno stands and grabs me, moving my body right where he wants me—on my hands and knees next to the edge of the bed so I'm facing Tony where his dark eyes watch intently. Zeno's large hands slip down my spine, soothing me while also ramping up the need I have for him to take me.

I don't know where or how he's going to touch me next and it only makes everything better. When he spans me, I startle and yelp. It's a reaction to being surprised more than the sting. He does it again and I moan, arching my back and wiggling my hips as if I'm begging him to do it again.

I can feel him rub the crown of his cock between my pussy lips. I can only imagine the view he has with Tony's cum and my own arousal spilling from me. The groan he lets out before he grips my hips and eases just the tip of his cock inside of me has me locking eyes with Tony.

Tony smirks at me, moving toward me, one of his hands diving into my hair and gripping hard to hold me in place as Zeno's breathing goes ragged. Tony's voice is like smoke, "Zeno's thicker than I am. Are you ready for your pretty pussy to be stretched around his fat cock?"

"Please," I beg these men for far more than the promise of pleasure.

I beg for the promises in their eyes. The ones that reach beyond tonight even though I don't think I'll be able to enjoy them. I beg for the way they touch me to never end, even though I know it will. I beg for every other memory I have other than them to be washed away.

Zeno pushes inside of me slowly and I moan as my walls stretch around him. I can feel the difference between them and it's delicious. Zeno's hands grip my hips, and I can feel the tension in the way he's touching me. He's holding back, but I don't want him to.

"Make me burn," I gasp out.

Zeno growls and shoves the rest of his dick inside of me which causes my back to arch, pulling against the hold Tony has on my hair. The bite of it grounds me while also making my pussy clench.

"Mine," Zeno grits out.

It's the only warning I have before he starts moving. His thrusts seem to build on each other. Faster. Harder. More.

It doesn't take long before my body is vibrating with the need to come again. I know they're saying words, showering me with praise, their voices combining and creating a resonance, but everything around me has gone fuzzy and I can't process them as anything more than sound.

When Zeno slaps my ass, my mouth falls open in a silent scream and my walls tighten around his shaft as everything blanks and I come. I'm floating on the waves of it, barely aware of the warmth that fills me as Zeno follows right after me.

I collapse on the bed, amazed that I was able to keep my mask in place through it all. I feel their hands on me, sheltering me, petting me, keeping me safe, but I'm lost to something else. It's a feeling I know I'll never have again.

I don't know how much later it is when my eyes pop open and I find myself surrounded by the warm bodies of the two men who stole my soul and my heart without me even realizing it. When I look toward the window, the moon is still shining and I know I have to go.

I slip from the bed, grabbing my dress and slipping it back on my body before grabbing my shoes. I slip my mask off to wipe my hand down my face. When it drops from my hand, I almost trip over the dress, kicking the mask underneath the bed. I'm about to drop to my knees to grab it when Tony grumbles something and starts to reach for me in the bed.

He won't find me there and I can't risk him waking up. I don't think they'll let me go, but I can't stay.

I take one more look at the men who showed me a night I'll never forget before I slip out the door and hope I'm not too late in getting home. If my father finds out I'm not at home, there will be hell to pay.



CHAPTER 6

ZENO

Sunlight hits my face and I take a deep breath, knowing it's the first morning I'm waking up with my life aligned in a way it never has been before. It'll be the first morning where my first loyalty is no longer to the Guidice family—it's to our Moonlight, the woman who appeared out of nowhere and changed everything.

I reach toward the middle of the bed where our woman was sleeping peacefully with a satisfied smile on her face. I was sure we wore her out, it was the only reason I allowed myself to sleep after watching her for a little while. The sheets are cold and I jackknife up in the bed, my heart thudding in my chest.

Tony is still passed the fuck out as the world feels like it's about to close in on me. Something inside the logical part of my brain kicks in and I try to calm the fuck down. I look toward the bathroom to find the door wide open without the light on. When I look to where we left our woman's dress and shoes to find them gone, I know I'm going to lose the battle with the darkness inside of me.

"Fuck," I roar and Tony leaps from the bed, his fists raised ready to take on whatever foe he might find.

This isn't something we can fight. I would welcome spilling blood right now instead of feeling like my heart is being ripped out of my chest. Tony's eyes are wild as he looks around the room.

I see the moment the gravity of the situation dawns on him. He rushes into the bathroom, not giving a single fuck that he's still just as naked as I am. He turns the light on, and I hear the sound of the shower curtain moving, as if she'd be hiding behind it. When he comes tearing back into the main room, I

almost feel sorry for him. If only we weren't experiencing the same emotions.

His eyes are filled with the same primal need to hunt I feel rising inside of me. As he looks around, making the same assessment I did already, I start to pull my clothes on. We need to track down our woman.

Tony's voice is pained, "Where the fuck is she?"

I wish I had an answer for him. He drops to his knees and looks under the bed, but I know he won't find the woman meant to be between us as our hearts beat for the rest of our lives. When he stands, he's holding the mask she was wearing.

"She's gone," his voice is defeated, but I feel hope for the first time since I woke up to find our woman gone because he's holding a piece of her in his hands. "We can't even check the hotel cameras since they were turned off to prevent any of the assholes at the ball from trying to blackmail someone. Since it's not business, we'll have to use different channels to find her."

He's right, this isn't about the family and I'm the one who put the fear of the Guidice name in the hotel manager. I watched him turn off the feed and disable the recording. I run my fingers through my hair and wish, for the first time since I started working for the family, I weren't so good at my fucking job.

Pulling on my tux shirt, but not bothering with buttoning it, I stride around the bed and gently pull the mask out of his hands. I hate the slump of my friend's shoulders as he starts to pull his clothing on.

I stare down at the mask, remembering the way our Moonlight's whiskey-colored eyes looked back at us last night. The way pleasure glazed her eyes over as she came apart for us. The way satisfaction infused her gaze when she was between us.

I don't think I'll ever get the vision out of my mind, and I don't want to.

The need to find her fills me, but it feels impossible. Could this mask be a clue? Almost everyone last night was wearing generic masks you can get anywhere. Even though masks were required, people wanted to be easily identified since attending the Guidice Ball makes them important.

Our woman was different. She didn't want to be recognized; she didn't want to be seen. How anyone couldn't see her is beyond my comprehension. The moment my eyes landed on her, I couldn't tear my eyes away.

I turn the mask over in my hands, my fingers moving over where her skin was touching. I shouldn't have gone to sleep. I thought she'd be here when we woke up and we could start finding a path for the rest of our lives. I was a fucking fool.

My finger runs over something near the side of the mask, an indented mark of some kind. I pull my phone out of my pocket and turn on the flashlight before shining it over the space.

"Tony," my voice is strained.

Something about it pulls him out of his ranting and despair. He barks, "What?"

When he steps in front of me fully dressed, I thrust the mask into his hands and shine the light on the maker's mark I just found, pointing it out to him. His eyes widen when he sees the 'DD', the one everyone in New Orleans knows.

"Donovan Durante made this," his voice is full of awe.

Donovan's masks are coveted in the city. He never makes the same mask twice and every one of them is made with his own hands. They're also expensive as hell.

"Maybe he can help us find our mystery woman," I suggest.

Tony is already nodding as he relinquishes the mask to me and pulls his phone out of his pocket. I arch an eyebrow at him, but he shakes his head before pulling up a contact on his phone and pressing it to his ear.

"Prodigal. I need a favor," his voice is gruff, and his words clipped. "I need Hack to do a little work for me." He shakes

his head at whatever Prodigal has asked on the other end of the line even though he's on the phone. "No, it's personal."

The need to get out there on the street to look for her is almost suffocating. We have a lead, and I can't wait to track it down. Of course, it's possible Durante won't know who was wearing the mask last night. Once he makes it and sells it, he would have no idea where it goes then.

The thought of our woman out there without us at her back to protect her is making my blood boil. What if someone else sees how fucking gorgeous she is? I button up my shirt and collect the rest of my things quickly, the need to go and find her making it hard for me to breathe.

Tony tenses and then relaxes. "We'll be by the clubhouse soon. I appreciate it."

When he hangs up, he gives me a long look. I'm sure he can see just how close to the edge I am. I know how things can change in an instant. Someone you thought was safe can be taken. Someone who matters in your life can be killed.

"Zeno," Tony's voice is soft even though his features are hard. "We need to go and get changed before we go to the clubhouse to get Hack to work his magic while we run down the lead we might have found with the mask."

"I know," I grit out the words, barely able to keep my shit together.

We leave the hotel quickly, checking out on our way. When the hotel manager sees us, he gives me a wary smile. It takes everything in me not to punch him when I catch the double meaning in his parting words, "I hope everything about your stay was how you instructed."

Does he know we lost our woman and now the hunt is that much more difficult because the cameras were off? He better fucking not, or I'll be back to teach him a lesson about not rubbing salt in the wounds of broken men. I'm already hanging on by a thread.

Zeno and I live in one of the small bungalows on the Guidice property which were built to house some of the men

who work for the family. The living arrangements allow us to stay close; with the life our bosses lead, you never know when we'll be needed. I shower quickly, hating washing the scent of my woman off me.

"I'll have you covering my cock in your cream soon enough, *il nostro chiaro di luna*," I mutter as I rinse the body wash off and watch the suds swirl down the drain.

My cock is hard, the feeling of her curves and soft skin under my hands making it difficult to stay on track. I know it'll be even better when I get her back where she belongs. I'm going to spank her until her ass is bright red for leaving us without any way to contact her. Hell, without even a name.

By the time we make it to the Devil's Saints clubhouse, I'm about ready to rip my own damn skin off. I follow Tony inside and give a chin lift to some of the guys who are hanging around. A bottle blonde with fake tits smiles our way.

When she tries to approach, Prodigal's deep voice booms from behind her, "If you can't recognize the look on the faces of these men and that they wouldn't touch you if their lives depended on it, I have some real concerns about you being club pussy where loyalty is sacrosanct."

I almost snort; only a man with the road name of Prodigal would use a word like fucking sacrosanct. Not that he's wrong. I barely stop myself from sneering at the woman before she scurries away, and we approach the bar where both Prodigal and Hack are sitting.

Tony doesn't mess the fuck around, there are no greetings or well wishes. "We need help tracking a woman down. She attended the Guidice Ball last night and then left." He shoots me a look and I can see the worry in his eyes; his gut is churning the same way mine is. "We didn't get a name, but she was skittish as fuck at the ball."

Hack nods and pulls a laptop out of fuck knows where. "Cameras in the hallways?"

"Disabled," I grunt.

Hack lets out a low whistle and when he asks for a description, we give it readily. It takes a concerted fucking effort not to describe her hair as the perfect length to be wrapped around my fist, but I manage. We show him a picture of the mask she was wearing before he nods once and focuses on his computer screen.

I know from experience a Mardi Gras parade could come through the middle of the room and he wouldn't give it any attention. Not when he's focused on the task at hand.

Tony offers Prodigal a hand, which the man shakes. "Appreciate it. You let me know what we owe you for your time. This shit is for us and has nothing to do with the family."

Prodigal studies us and nods once. "She pulled a runner, are you sure she's worth all the hassle?"

I step forward, wanting to tear his head off when he cracks a sly grin. If he was testing me, I passed. Tony must have as well because he didn't raise a finger to stop me.

"Hack will give you a call when he has something." Prodigal nods and then turns back to the bar where a club girl pours him a shot and leans over the bar to practically shove her tits in his face.

I don't need to hear anything else. I turn on my heel and step out into the sunny New Orleans day. We have another lead to run down and we can only hope it leads to something. Fucking anything.

My gut clenches at the thought of our woman out there without our protection. She looked so fucking fragile in the moonlight, where things can stay hidden. Under the harsh light of the sun, I have to wonder if other people will see her weaknesses and use them against her.



CHAPTER 7

POSY

It's been two days since I woke up in bed with Tony and Zeno before sneaking out and heading home. I know I had an angel on my shoulder because I was able to get into the house without anyone seeing me or knowing I had been out. I was expecting to be caught and, even though it didn't happen, I'm still not sure there won't be some sort of fallout.

The need to get out of this house, to find my own path and way, has been boring deeper inside of me. It's something I've known to be true for years, but I held onto the hope that something would change in my life. My father has controlled so many aspects of my life for so long and now I'm not sure if I can change the course.

Fear can't be a good enough excuse anymore. I know it can't, but it's hard to choose a different path.

After spending the night with Tony and Zeno, I know I'm drowning in this life. I spent a few hours around them and they made me feel more than I have in a long time. If I ever want the possibility that men like them could be in my life permanently, I need to get out from under my father's thumb.

I'm just not sure where to start.

I know Donovan would help me, but he's only right next door and I know I need to go farther than that. Maybe I need to leave Louisiana. Then, maybe, my father's reach wouldn't be able to get to me.

As it is, I know he's a powerful man and can make almost anything go his way. He's proven it to me before. I've never pushed back against him and have always towed the line. I'm tired of it.

I'm so fucking tired of it all.

I'm thinking about what the best option is for the next step when my door bursts open with so much force it causes the wood to splinter slightly. I look up to find my father's furious face looking at me. His eyes are cold and hard, making me want to look away just so I'm not confronted with them.

This is not the man who my mom once loved. I don't even recognize him anymore.

"Did you really think I wouldn't find out what you did?" He sneers, "You've embarrassed the Moreau name."

The joke is on him because I couldn't give a flying fuck about the Moreau name. It's his name and it sure as hell hasn't done me any favors. His reputation is the only thing he cares about other than earning money. I don't help him with either of those things, which he's made abundantly clear over the years.

I shake my head slowly and keep my voice soft, "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about you opening your legs like a common fucking whore. And to two men?" He takes a menacing step toward me, and I shrink back. "You were told not to go to the ball and yet, you went." His cold gaze slides down my body and then back up as if assessing me. "Now the deal won't be as good and it's all your fault."

I can't help but ask, "What deal?"

"The deal to make me rich," he snarls. "The deal that gets you out of my face. Permanently."

My spine straightens and the muscles of my back start aching with how much I'm tensing. There's a shrill note of panic in my tone, "What are you talking about?"

"You're going to be Juan Martinez's wife," he spits the words. I wish they weren't an arrow to the deepest part of me.

I take a deep breath and let it out slowly because I must have misheard him. Juan Martinez is not a good guy. There are rumors about him being connected to human trafficking and some bad drugs which have been coming into the city. I don't want anything to do with the man.

“No,” I try and keep my voice firm, but the look he shoots me has the sound wavering, “I’m not marrying that man.”

“That man,” his face starts turning redder with every word, “is the only thing that has been keeping my business afloat for years. You will marry him and strengthen the connection between my family and his.”

My jaw drops open. I consider the idea of calling someone, anyone, but who? No one is going to save me from this. The hard set of my father’s jaw tells me as much.

I will do anything in my power to not marry that sleaze ball. If only I had more power at my disposal. And resources. And money.

An image of Zeno and Tony fills my mind, and my heart yearns for them. There was something there. I shouldn’t have left, but I knew if I didn’t then it would have been worse when I came home. Not like it made much of a difference, apparently.

“Posy,” Dad’s voice rings out through the room, and it pulls me back from thoughts of the men whose hands I can still feel all over my body. “Are you listening to me?” I blink at him with a blank look on my face. When he takes another step closer, I can feel his hatred for me and how much he’s thinking about hitting me. I’m not sure what holds him back, honestly. “You need to get dressed. You have a date to get ready for.”

“A date?” I keep my words calm and measured, “Who am I going on a date with?”

“Your fiancé,” he sneers.

Before I can protest, Samantha comes waltzing into my room with a condescending smile on her face. “I’m here to do something with,” she waves her hand in such a way to indicate all of me, “that. I need to make you presentable for your future husband.”

My heart sinks. The glee on Samantha’s face makes her look like evil distilled into its purest form. I want to slink away from her, but with the way my father is watching me I know it’ll only make me look weak.

I'm so fucking tired of feeling weak. Of acting weak. Of being weak.

I don't know how I'm going to get out of this, but I'm going to figure out a way. All on my own.

Juan Martinez is not a good man. He would be an awful husband and I feel sorry for any woman he's come in contact with. I won't be marrying him. There is no fucking way.

It's been harder to believe in after Mom's death, but I've always set my sights on a fairy tale love that is pure, true, and everlasting. I won't be settling for anything less. My heart skips a beat because I know I found something special between Zeno and Tony.

Having two men devoted to me wasn't something I imagined before, but I know there is no way I could choose one over the other or only have one of them in my life. I want them both. I need them both.

I just need to get out of this marriage first so I can go to them free and clear. They deserve that, not to be pulled into my problems.

"Remember what is at stake, Posy." My dad starts to leave my room while Samantha glares at me. His tone turns icy, "If Martinez isn't impressed with you, you never know where you'll end up."

I freeze as I stare at the door, no longer darkened by my father's presence. Did he just threaten that if I don't fall in line then I might disappear? I know what disappearing would mean if we're talking about Martinez. He would sell me to the highest fucking bidder.

Samantha marches herself into my closet, muttering insults as she rips through my clothes until she comes out holding a dress I wouldn't normally be caught dead in. It's far too short, but I'm not surprised she picked it out for me to wear considering it's just her style. The thought of having so much skin on display for a man like Juan Martinez makes me sick to my stomach.

“You missed quite the party the other night,” Samantha’s voice is deceptively sweet, but I know the truth. I can hear the derision underneath the sugar. Does she not know Dad found out I was there? Is this all a game? “What a shame you couldn’t have been there.”

“I’m sure it was lovely,” I keep my tone bored and disinterested as she starts in on my hair and make-up.

If she doesn’t know and Dad didn’t tell her, I don’t want her to even have an inkling that I was there or saw the way she threw herself at rich, powerful men without a hint of shame. If she knew I spent the best night of my life between two men with more connections than she could hope to have, she would have a fucking aneurysm.

Samantha keeps talking as if I’m not in the room and I know it’s because she wants to get a rise out of me. Too bad she’s already desensitized me to her antics and her brand of mean. I simply don’t care anymore.

Gone are the days when I hoped we could be sisters. That thought died a long fucking time ago. She’s always been this cruel human; one I feel sorry for more than anything else. Over the years I’ve tried to understand why she is the way she is, but it really doesn’t matter.

I’m not going to change her and she’s not going to change on her own. She thinks everyone around her is in her life to do her bidding and tell her how wonderful she is. If she wants sycophants instead of friends, real friends, it’s her problem and not mine.

“I spent all night talking with the three Guidice brothers.” She presses her hand to her heart and her eyelashes flutter. Even her swoon is fake as fuck. I want to smirk and tell her none of the Guidice men were interested in her, but I hold off. “I also spoke with Tony, he’s like the right-hand man for the family.”

My blood starts to boil, but after years of dealing with her, I’m able to keep my face neutral. I hate my man’s name on her tongue. It sounds wrong and makes me want to do violent things to her.

“You won’t be the only one with an important man as a husband.”

I narrow my eyes at her and get a glare in return as she starts on my eye shadow. I have no doubt she’s going to put way too much on and make me look like a slutty clown. I guess there are worse things and maybe it’ll turn Martinez off.

“Maybe you should marry Juan Martinez,” I throw out there.

I don’t know what reaction I was expecting, but laughter was not it. Samantha is laughing so hard she’s almost in tears and I can only look at her like she’s grown an extra head.

“Not only does it have to be you, Posy,” she sneers my name, “because you’re Bernard’s blood daughter, but I want a man with real power. I’m going to get a man who can make me a queen while you’ll just be a slave. It wouldn’t surprise me if Juan chains you to his bed so you’re available to be used by him, and who knows how many of his men, anytime he wants.”

Ah, the sisterly love is almost stifling.

Suddenly, Samantha claps and peels, “Done.” She frowns at me as she studies my face, her tone full of depreciation, “Well, at least I’ve done what I can.”

I stand up and grab the dress she picked out before heading into my bathroom to pull it on and look at what she’s done to me. I hardly look like myself. You’d think with all the make-up and the way she’s styled my hair that I would feel beautiful, but everything Samantha did makes me feel cheap.

I straighten my shoulders and remind myself that I’m going to find a way out of this whole mess. It’s not quite the pep talk I need, but it’s the only one I can get because just as I’m walking out the bathroom, the doorbell rings.

Maybe he’s not a complete jackass.

Samantha ushers me out and I start to head down the stairs, hoping my dad will pull out of this whole charade. I know it’s a ridiculous wish and that luck won’t be on my side, but a girl can try. I can’t remember the last time Dad put me first and if

this is about his business, there's zero hope when it comes to him helping me. He's the one to put me in this position anyway.

When I come face-to-face with Juan Martinez, I freeze because I know the man in front of me is dangerous. There's something slimy about him and it makes my skin crawl. His eyes eat me up in a way which makes me want to run.

The warning look Dad shoots my way tells me I better not try it.

I can practically hear him telling me that I'm a reflection of him and better not fuck it up. God forbid anything makes the great Bernard Moreau look bad. I should know because, according to him, I've done it for years.

"Posy," Juan's voice is like ice sharp enough to slice through you, "what a lovely flower you are. It'll be a pleasure to pluck you," his voice drips with innuendo and desire making bile rise in my throat.

I plaster a smile on my face and hope it looks halfway sincere. If there's a chance for me to get out of this, I have to tread carefully. I can't shake the thought that if I don't then I could wind up in some metal box being shipped off somewhere.

"It's lovely to meet you, Mr. Martinez," my voice is soft and doesn't waver.

I learned a long time ago that men who think they are powerful prefer a woman who comes off like a mouse; it's a role I've embodied for years. Only now, after spending the night with Tony and Zeno, do I feel a fire inside of me that wasn't there before. I can do this, and I can win.

Juan offers me his arm and I don't hesitate to take it because of the weight of my father's stare as he watches my every move. I don't bother saying goodbye to him and neither does Martinez as he sweeps me out of the house.

This night is going to be a test of my will to survive, but I'm determined to get through it. No matter what.



CHAPTER 8

TONY

When we pull up to the address where Hack told us our woman should be, the anger that has been rising inside of me since we woke up two days ago to find out our Moonlight had snuck out is at a fever pitch. It's been a shit show and I've been hanging on by a thread. Zeno, initially, had been dealing with the whole thing better than me, especially with the lead we had with Donovan Durante's mask, at least until we met the man.

After we left the Devil's Saints clubhouse, our next stop was Donovan's home which doubles as his studio. It didn't take long for him to answer the door with a surprised look on his face. When his eyes traveled down to the mask in Zeno's hands, the surprise smoothed out into a blank expression.

I didn't trust it.

"Mr. Durante," I tried to keep the threatening edge out of my voice, "can we please step inside? We have a few questions."

He glanced down at the mask again before his eyes shifted to the side and he stepped back into his home while holding the door open for us. He didn't let us in farther than the foyer, but I didn't care where we were for the conversation. The way he crossed his arms across his chest was a clear indicator he was trying to protect himself and I knew we might not get the answers we were seeking.

"You recognize this mask," I didn't pose it as a question because it wasn't; he couldn't hide his initial reaction to it.

"I do." He nodded, his face shuttered and neutral. "Once my designs are out of my hands, I don't know where the masks go." He shrugged casually. "I only create them."

Zeno's voice was cold, I'm sure reading the same thing in the situation I was, "Who is the owner of this mask?"

“I don’t divulge who my clients are.” He narrowed his eyes at us. “It’s not a good business practice, I’m sure you can understand.”

My gut clenched because without saying it, he was telling us he knew us or, at least, our reputation and employer. I sighed, the sound labored and full of frustration. “This is personal, Mr. Durante. It has nothing to do with business. We need to find the woman who was wearing this mask last night.”

His eyes narrowed and his back straightened. The look in his eyes told me he wasn’t going to give up the information, no matter what we said. Part of me could respect it because, in essence, he was also protecting our woman. The rest of me hated it, but I wasn’t willing to use violence to get the answers.

Not yet at least, not until we heard from Hack to see if we could get the information we needed in a different way.

“How would I know who wore the mask last night? It could have been the person I made it for, or it could have been anyone,” there was a challenge in his voice, but my instincts were screaming that he knew exactly who was wearing the mask at the Guidice Ball.

“Look,” I took a deep breath to try and keep my shit together, “if you do know who was wearing the mask, we just want to find her because she’s ours.”

I wanted to tell him we spent the night together and she fell apart in our arms so damn beautifully, like a ray of moonlight, but I held back. It wasn’t for anyone but us to know and I wasn’t going to spread it around. I just needed to have a little faith that we could get the information a different way.

The look of surprise on Donovan’s face was something he couldn’t mask. He swallowed hard, his eyes assessing us as if looking for our deepest and darkest secrets. I wasn’t sure what he would find.

He ushered us back to his front door, but before he closed it, he left us with, “If I do know, then I’ll pass the message on

that you're looking for her.”

It was the only consolation we had for the last two days, but it was getting harder to hold onto that. At least until Hack called us today with information that sent us into a fucking tailspin. I was in Dante's office talking with him about not liking how close Bernard Moreau and Juan Martinez were at the ball when I got the call.

I was only halfway listening to him, and I practically jumped on my phone when it rang. Dante arched an eyebrow but didn't say anything. I barely spared him a glance when I answered the phone and barked, “Tell me you have something.”

Hack's answering chuckle was full of amusement, but I was so close to fucking breaking I was liable to figure out a way to reach through the phone and choke him until he couldn't chuckle like that again. He must have taken my silence for the threat it was because he sobered up quickly.

“I have news and you'll probably want to sit down for it,” his voice was back to all business.

I stood up without looking at Dante and walked out into the hallway where I found Zeno standing guard. When I nodded at him, we slipped into the library, thankful as fuck Jasmine wasn't curled up there. It wouldn't have surprised me if she had been.

I hit the icon on my phone and informed Hack, “You're on speaker and Zeno is with me.”

He took a deep breath and I swear we both took one with him. “The woman you had me tracking down is named Posy Moreau.” I staggered back a little bit and locked gazes with Zeno whose eyes held the same level of surprise mine did—a fuck ton.

“What the fuck do you mean that was Posy Moreau? Bernard doesn't have a second daughter, only that cunt of a woman Samantha,” I seethed.

“It seems he does,” Hack's voice held a little bit of anger, probably because I was accusing him of not doing his job

properly and I knew from experience how seriously he took his jobs. I shook my head, but before I could argue with him, he kept going. “Posy is his biological daughter from his first marriage. Her mother is deceased and that is when Bernard married Clarissa and adopted Samantha.”

My eyes slid closed as I tried to process the information. I didn’t give a flying fuck that Posy was Bernard’s daughter. It didn’t change anything about the connection we had or the need to find her, in fact it only made my gut churn with dread.

Bernard is not a man to be trusted with anything, especially not the woman who is our future.

The conversation I was having minutes earlier with Dante about how close Bernard and Martinez looked at the ball flew through my mind, but that was business and I couldn’t bring it up. Not yet at least, and not with Hack on the phone.

Zeno’s voice held the same strain I was feeling, “Do you have an address? Is she living at Bernard’s house or is she living on her own?”

“The only residence I can find is the Moreau home. I’m sure you know where to find it.”

“We do,” Zeno’s voice held danger and violence within it.

“Thank you. I’ll transfer you your fee,” I let Hack know before hanging up.

With one look at Zeno, I knew we were on the same page. We needed to go and get our woman before something happened, before she was lost to us. A sense of urgency took over and my feet were moving back to Dante’s office, Zeno following closely.

I don’t know what my face looked like, but the moment I was standing in front of Dante’s desk, he studied me, then Zeno before sitting back in his chair with a smirk on his face.

“You found your woman?”

I narrowed my eyes at him. I hadn’t mentioned anything about our woman giving us the slip or about going on the hunt for her. I should have known the man would already know.

“You must know nothing happens around here without me knowing. I was surprised to find out she left you the next morning.” He prodded us, “Did Hack find what you needed?”

“You knew we went to Hack?”

Dante leveled his gaze on me with my question. “Of course I knew.” He shrugged. “You told them it was personal, and it was, so I didn’t get involved. I figured if you needed my help or backing you would let me know.” He leaned forward over his desk. “We are family. Never forget that.”

I felt my shoulders relax and knew I couldn’t keep the information we had just gotten to ourselves. He kept his face neutral when I told him our woman’s name, but I could see the rage in his eyes flare. The connection to Bernard could be a problem, but it wouldn’t stop what was going to happen because Posy was ours.

“I’ve heard rumors that Bernard is trying to strengthen his connection with Martinez,” his voice was cold and hard.

“I’m not surprised, we were just speaking about the risk they could pose to us and how to deal with him,” I hedged.

Dante shook his head, looking between Zeno and myself again. “I don’t think you understand what I’m saying. We might not engage in such practices in this family and many others have come into the new age, but there are a lot of other organizations and criminals out there who follow the old ways.”

“He’s going to strengthen their connection through marriage,” Zeno’s voice had an edge of panic to it.

Dante nodded slowly and a film of red rage fell over my vision. I saw the way Samantha was trying to get her claws into the Guidice brothers the other night before moving on to other victims. Martinez was there. If she was the one who was supposed to marry him, that shit wouldn’t have been allowed.

Which leaves only one Moreau who could be used in such a way.

I was heading toward the office door with long strides. Dante’s voice followed me, “If you need backup, call me or

the boys. We have your back.”

I turned at the door, gripping the jam to hold myself up, with Zeno right behind me. “Thank you, Dante,” sincerity colored my words. “We’ll let you know if we need your help. Martinez might be a problem. So could Bernard.”

Dante smirked, “I have enough to bury Bernard. I’ve had my eye on him for a long time. When it is time to confront him, you’ll have all you need.” He waved a hand dismissively, “Martinez will be a matter for another day. He’s the kind of mouse to run away from the fight until he thinks he can win. He’ll know better to come at us for Posy once Bernard has nothing to offer him.”

Now, sitting in front of the Moreau home, I’m trying to calm down and not storm inside to get our woman back. It’s been difficult to keep myself under control, but for Posy I will.

Zeno points next to the home my eyes are zeroed in on, “Isn’t that Donovan Durante’s house?”

I glance over and grit my teeth, pissed he didn’t give us the information we needed two days ago and pissed I didn’t notice before Zeno pointed it out. “Yes,” I growl.

I would already be out of the car, but the sleek black car in front of the Moreau house has me pausing. I’ve seen the car before. I hope I’m wrong about who it belongs to.

When the door to the home opens and Martinez leads Posy out the door and toward his car, my gut clenches. Her whiskey-colored eyes are round and filled with trepidation. She doesn’t want to be with this man.

Fucking hell, she’s just as beautiful tonight, even as fear she’s trying to mask lines her features. The dress she’s wearing is just this side of indecent and I know, without her even saying, it’s not her style. Our woman should be dressed in elegant gowns, not the dress she’s wearing which makes her look like a whore.

One of Martinez’s guys is there to open the back door to their car and Martinez, the scum, motions for our woman to

get in. My hands grip the steering wheel so tightly that it creaks under the pressure and my knuckles turn white.

“Fuck,” Zeno mutters under his breath.

I’m in a haze as they drive off and we follow. When they stop at one of the most expensive restaurants in the city, I can barely control my breathing. It feels like I’m going to hyperventilate, but at the same time my mind is clear. I know what we’re going to have to do.

It might start a war, but I don’t give a fuck at this point.

She’s our woman and there is no way I can watch her be on a date with a man like Juan Martinez. Knowing that it’s a possibility she’s been promised to him in marriage has everything in me on high-alert.

“She’s ours,” I grit out through clenched teeth.

When I step out of the car and stride toward the restaurant, Zeno falls in step with me. I’m glad he’s the one who has my back in this. He’s someone who has never shied away from the violence within our world. He’s embraced it, just as I have, and I have a feeling it’ll serve us well tonight.

I don’t stop when the hostess tries to ask if we have a reservation. Having been at Dante’s side when he’s done business in this restaurant before, I have a good idea where Martinez would be seated. I’m proven right when I head toward a more secluded section.

Posy is sitting so damn straight I’m sure her back is aching. Her body language is screaming ‘help’ and we’re just the men to provide what she needs in this moment. I stride right up to the table, not even bothering to glance at the man who is acting as Martinez’s bodyguard because Zeno has my back.

Martinez smirks up at me like he’s won something, but we both know how this is going to go down. I can see it in his eyes. He slides his hand farther up Posy’s exposed thigh, and it takes every ounce of willpower I possess not to pull out my gun and shoot him between the eyes.

His time will come. Right now, I need to get our woman out of here.

“Take your hand off of our woman,” my voice is calm; the same type of calm that happens right before the storm comes ashore.

Martinez holds his hands up with a mocking look on his face. “You mean my fiancé?”

Posy swallows hard, her eyes darting back and forth between Zeno and I as her head starts shaking back and forth. I hate the fear in her eyes. I’ll teach every person who has ever made her fearful a lesson they won’t forget, they will pay with their blood.

“Posy,” I don’t take my eyes off Martinez as I address her, “get up. You’re coming with us.”

She pushes her chair back so fast it falls to the floor. The way she closes the distance between us, relief flowing from her, has me wishing we would have gotten to her sooner. I wrap an arm around her waist and move her behind me to make sure she’s protected by myself and Zeno.

“She’s my fiancé,” Martinez hisses.

“No, she’s not,” Zeno’s tone holds a finality to it. “You’ll find that your business dealings with Moreau are about to go south. You should find other avenues for your next venture. Consider this a warning to save you the headache, a payment if it makes you feel better.”

Martinez chuckles. I’m sure he thinks it sounds scary, but it sounds like a child playing at something he knows nothing about.

“Posy is now under Guidice protection. She is family,” my words hold a warning, one he will understand.

Martinez nods once and rests his hands on the top of the table. It’s as much surrender as we’re going to get out of him. I’m sure this won’t be the last time that he’s a problem, but, for now, he’s not the biggest concern.

Bernard Moreau is, and we’ll make sure he’s dealt with accordingly.



CHAPTER 9

ZENO

My body is buzzing as I protect the backs of Tony and my woman. I don't take my eyes off Martinez and his man until we're safely outside the restaurant. I know we'll need to tell Dante about this, even though this shit is personal, but right now my only concern is getting Posy somewhere she'll be safe.

There is no way I'm letting her go back to her father's house. Just the thought of it has panic flowing through me, one I don't particularly like.

I've built my reputation on being calm and collected, just like Tony has. With Posy, all that flies out the window.

Our feet don't stop until we're back at the car. As Tony slides into the driver's seat and starts it up, I open the front door and help Posy in. Without thinking, I lean in and buckle her seatbelt, the need to make sure she's safe riding me so fucking hard I can barely see straight.

When I climb in the back, my head is on a swivel, making sure Martinez didn't follow us out. Even though I don't see him, I don't breathe a sigh of relief.

The silence in the car is deafening as the tension mounts between the three of us.

"Posy Moreau," Tony is the one to break the silence, glancing over at our Moonlight who is already looking at him. Even in profile, I don't miss the wince on her face when he drawls her name. There's a harshness to his voice I understand very fucking well, "Why did you leave?"

Posy turns her head and looks out the window and I have to stop myself from reaching between the seats to turn her head back toward us. Maybe we should wait until we're back at home before having this conversation. I need to see her eyes when she lays all her truths on the floor.

“I had to.” Our woman lets out a heavy sigh, one I can feel the oppression of. “I wasn’t supposed to be at the ball, even though I had been told weeks before I would be able to attend.” I can hear the sneer in her voice with her next words, “Samantha made up some story about how I stole the dress she wanted from underneath her. The next thing I knew, she was wearing my dress and I was told I wasn’t allowed to go anymore.”

I chuckle and shake my head. Tony’s eyes shoot to mine in the rearview mirror, and I shrug. “I thought that dress she was wearing wasn’t her normal style. It was far too classy for her.”

Tony glances away from the road and toward our woman, his voice holding a thread of anger, “Did she dress you tonight?”

“Yes,” Posy’s voice is so fucking small. I hate it. “I didn’t know I was going out tonight until my father barged into my room. He knew I went to the ball and informed me it was my responsibility to make his relationship with Juan Martinez stronger,” her voice drops to a whisper, “through marriage.”

So. Much. Fucking. Rage.

I can hear the steering wheel cracking under Tony’s hands and know he’s feeling it too. Posy must as well because she shrinks into herself and is quiet for the rest of the drive. When we pull up in front of our house, the only sound is our collective breathing.

I’m out of the car and pulling Posy out of the front seat before I even realize I’m doing it. She looks up at me, her whiskey-colored eyes full of sadness and regret. When Tony steps up to her back and presses his chest against her body, her eyes fill with tears.

“I’m sorry I left like I did. I’ve regretted it every moment since.” Her voice is so sad, “I didn’t know what else to do. I didn’t want to deal with my father’s wrath.”

Tony seethes, “Has he ever hit you?”

“No,” Posy is quick to answer, “but he has other ways to punish me.” She glances at the house, but her eyes are so far

away, I know she's not really seeing it. "Ever since Mom died, he's made me feel like a prisoner and a trespasser in my own home. I hate it and I hate him."

I cup her cheeks in my hands, only speaking when her eyes drift back to mine and clear. "Never again," I promise. "Never again will he be allowed to make you feel that way, *il nostro chiaro di luna*. You're ours and you're home now."

I don't give her a moment to let my words sink in before I press my lips against hers and feel her body come alive. It's like holding a live wire. I'm not ready for it, but I can't stop it even if I wanted to.

I pick Posy up and her legs wrap around my waist, her movements not at all hindered by the short skirt she's wearing. Tony slips ahead of me when I turn and move toward the front door of the house we share. He's there to open the door wide and I stride right past him.

We need to claim our woman again now that she can't hide behind her mask. She needs to see the truth in what we are offering her and what she means to us. I hear the front door closing and then the sound of Tony's footsteps as he follows me to his room since it's the bigger one and has the king-sized bed.

I had made fun of him for getting such a big bed before, since he never brought a woman home in all the years I've lived with him, but now I think he was onto something.

When I slide Posy down my body, she shivers against me when my aching cock slides against her heated pussy. I should undress her slowly, but the longer I stare at the dress she has on, the angrier I get.

"I hate you dressed up like a little doll, Posy." She blinks up at me as Tony steps up behind her, I can tell by the look in his eyes he's having the same thoughts. "Not for him, at least." I lean in and run my nose along her jaw before whispering, "We can dress you up however we want, but it'll only be for us. Isn't that right?"

“Yes,” she moans. She gasps when I hear the sound of her dress tearing and she pulls away from me to look over her shoulder. “What are you doing?”

Tony sneers, “Destroying this slip of fabric some people might call a dress. It’s not you and you were forced into it for him.” He shakes his head. “I hated it.”

The fabric slips from Posy’s body, and I groan because now she’s standing in front of us in only her panties. When Tony slaps her ass and I hear the sound of him making contact with her skin, I revise my assessment. Thong. She’s only in a lace thong; my dick is harder than steel at the thought of the vision my friend must be privy to right now.

“We’re going to take you together tonight, *il nostro chiaro di luna*. Claim you together,” I rasp.

“Please,” she whimpers, her body swaying closer to mine as she wraps her arms around my neck.

Tony takes a step back and starts stripping as I rip the thong from her body and start to play with our woman’s pussy. She’s already dripping wet, and it only spurs me on as I bury two fingers deep inside of her. The way she bucks her hips forward and moans tells me how much she loves it.

When Tony is naked, he pulls our woman back a step and his hands come up to cup her tits. When I pull my fingers from her wet heat, her hooded eyes watch as I lick them clean and groan at her taste. Tony takes my place, his fingers diving between her thighs as I get myself undressed.

She watches every movement, soaking me in and making my cock throb as my heart rate speeds up. Having her eyes on me is something I’ll never get tired of.

“You’re gorgeous,” I husk as I take in the way her skin flushes and she moves her hips against Tony’s hand.

I could be content just watching all night, but it’s been two days too long since I’ve been buried inside of her. We need to remind her who she belongs to. When Tony nods toward the bed, I almost trip over myself to get in the middle and lay down.

“Slide your pretty pussy down his cock, Posy,” he commands against her neck, nipping at her skin and causing her to make a whining sound in the back of her throat.

When he releases her, she scrambles on the bed and crawls toward me. I’m hypnotized by the sway of her breasts. Her hard pink nipples call to me and make my mouth water as she straddles my hips, her hand wrapping around my thick length and pumping.

“Fuck,” I groan, “I won’t be able to hold out until I’m inside of you if you keep that up.”

Even though she’s had quite the night already and we’ve ripped her from the life she knew with our actions, Posy smiles at me. It’s coy and innocent which only makes me want to grip her hips and slam her down onto my cock.

Tony grabs something out of the side table before kneeling on the bed behind our woman. He grips one of her hips and helps her rise up over my cock. I can’t tear my eyes away from her face. She’s so relaxed now, not at all scared or hesitant about what is about to happen. Is that because she doesn’t understand the gravity of it or is it because she wants it as much as we do?

She must read the questions on my face because she admits, “I want to be claimed by the two of you. I know you’ll never make me go back there.”

“Never,” Tony snarls. “We’ll protect you with our lives and make sure no one but us can ever put their hands on you.”

“I know,” she moans and starts to sink down my length.

My eyes threaten to roll back into my head with how damn good it feels. So hot and fucking tight. I don’t allow it to happen because then I wouldn’t be able to watch her pussy swallow my shaft which is a sight I won’t ever get tired of.

When she’s fully seated, she rocks a few times and rotates her hips as her walls grip me. Her head tips back and bliss spreads across her features. Tony helps her move up and down my length a few times as I grip the sheets in the attempt to hold myself back from pounding into her.

I hear the snick from him opening the lube and feel her tense above me. That's when my focus shifts away from my needs and to our woman's. I reach up and cup her tits, pinching and twisting her nipples as she writhes above me. I can tell the moment he starts to stretch her pretty ass because the pressure around my dick increases.

I've never shared a woman like this, but with her it's the only way.

She's a moaning mess, her pussy getting wetter and wetter as she moves, pressing back against the fingers Tony is filling her ass with.

"You look so fucking sexy above me, Posy," I grit out through my teeth. "Are you ready to be claimed by us?" Her eyes snap open and stare into mine; I have no doubt she can see into my soul. "There's no going back from this. You're ours. We won't let you go."

"Good," she sighs, "I want that. More than anything."

Her eyes fill with unshed tears, and I have a feeling it has nothing to do with what she is accepting with us and more to do with letting go of her old life. I can only imagine what hope she's held onto for so long, knowing her mom died long ago and then watching her father turn into a monster she didn't know. I wish I could go back and protect the little girl she was, but I can't. I can only protect the woman she is now and make sure she can blossom into something even greater while basking in the moonlight.

Tony pushes her forward and I take her mouth, nipping at her bottom lip before soothing away the sting with my tongue. I explore her mouth, tasting her again and satisfying the need I've had from missing her so fucking much that it was hard to breathe in the last two days because I didn't know where she was.

"Can't wait to be balls deep inside your ass," Tony grunts right before I hear his palm make contact with her flesh again.

The pressure around my shaft lets up telling me he's removed his fingers. Then I feel it, he must be pressing the

head of his cock against her ass because the pressure is back and different. Posy tenses, but I grip her hips and rock her gently against my cock as I kiss her harder, forcing her mind away from what he's doing.

She relaxes against me, and I can feel every single fucking inch as Tony slides inside of her. The skin separating our dicks is thin and it's a feeling I never thought I would crave.

Posy wrenches her mouth away from mine and pushes up slightly with her hands on my chest, her nails digging into my skin and causing me to buck my hips with the bite of pain. Her lips are parted as she starts to pant, and we start to move.

It's slow at first, but it builds with every stroke we take together. Not only does the pleasure build, but the connection between us deepens.

"Eyes," I bark and Posy's eyes snap open.

We lock gazes, moans and grunts filling the room as she moves between us, and my hips thrust upward to counter Tony's strokes. She's always filled.

"She takes our cocks like a fucking goddess," Tony growls the words, and her pussy tightens around me.

I knew she liked it the other night when we talked about her, almost as if she wasn't there. The way she moans as her body starts to shake, along with the tightening of her walls, tells me she's close. I know she's going to pull us right over the edge with her.

I might face death without fear, but I'm only a man and she's my weakness; I won't be able to hold off when I feel her come.

"She's going to come," I rasp.

Posy's moans sharpen and get louder as we fuck her faster and harder. The moment before she comes, she sucks in a deep lungful of air and holds it. I reach up and wrap my hand around her throat and watch as her eyes widen and darken. I give a squeeze and she shatters, moonlight scattering around us like glitter on the wind.

It's so fucking beautiful, and I have no choice but to give into the same sensation.

I feel Tony's cock throbbing in her ass and I'm sure he can feel mine do the same as I start pumping ropes of cum deep inside of our woman. The way she's tightening around me is something I'll never get tired of. I already can't wait to do it again.

Posy collapses over my chest and I share a look of satisfaction with Tony over her shoulder.

We'll clean her up and then we'll make sure she knows that if we wake up tomorrow without her between us, there will be hell to pay.



CHAPTER 10

POSY

I wake up to the sound of my phone ringing and regret not turning it off last night. Or, better yet, I should have just destroyed it. It's not like I have friends anymore. My father's demands on my life made it so I wasn't very much fun to be around and then they all went off to college and started their own lives. The only people who call me anymore are my father, when he wants to exert his control over me, and my job.

At the thought of my job, I bolt upright in bed. My father can find me there. I don't want him to find me. It's just a coffee shop, but it was the only bit of freedom I had. Even though Dad hated that I worked there, he didn't make me stop. Probably because if I didn't work then he would see me more often.

How fucking sad is that?

Zeno and Tony sit up on either side of me, their eyes alert as if they're trying to find the threat. Zeno's voice is gruff, "What's wrong?"

"I just realized I'm going to have to quit my job because I don't want my father going there to cause problems," I pout.

The sound of my phone ringing starts again, and I let out a huff as I fall back against the bed. I know who it is. I hate the fear filling me with the knowledge it's my own father trying to get in contact because he's pissed.

It's because of me that whatever dealings he had with Martinez are all fucked up now. I just can't bring myself to feel badly about it. How can I? He was willing to use me as a pawn and lock me into an unhappy life for his own purposes.

He's not a man I can ever respect again.

Tony's voice is soft and coaxing, "Are you supposed to work today?"

"No," my voice is flat and my heart clenches at the idea these men will think it's because of them. I glance toward Tony and then Zeno, seeing compassion and adoration in their eyes.

I know it's wild and makes no sense, but the depth of feeling I have for these men, in such a short period of time, is real. It's the first thing I've trusted, other than Donovan, in a long time. My instincts are telling me to put my trust in these men and that I'll never be sorry for it.

They worshiped my body last night, touching much deeper than my skin. They told me they were claiming me, and I feel their brands on my soul. I don't care if it's too fast or if anyone else would understand it. These men are it for me and there is nothing holding me back from accepting it.

"You don't need to work if you don't want to, *il nostro chiaro di luna*," Zeno points out. I open my mouth, but he cuts me off. "But if you want to, we can help you find a job within the Guidice family which will also ensure you stay safe."

There's a waver in my voice, "Do you think Juan will come after me?"

Tony's jaw clenches right along with his fists. "Never," he grinds out the words. "He will never touch you; I promise you that."

My voice drops to a whisper, "What about my dad?"

Zeno smirks, "We're going to take care of him." My eyes widen and he shakes his head. "We won't kill him, if that's what you're worried about, but we will blackmail the hell out of him."

"I know he's your father," Tony's hand slides over my abdomen which causes goosebumps to break out on my skin, "and it must hurt to know this, but he won't risk our wrath along with the legal problems he'll face with the information we have on him. Dante has had his eye on your father for a long time because he thought too highly of himself."

I sigh and let my body relax. “It should make me really sad that he wouldn’t fight for his own daughter, but considering he was willing to use me as a bartering chip with a dangerous man doesn’t bode well. He would only use me again. I don’t even recognize him anymore.”

I look across the room and my eyes well up with tears. There’s a panicked note in Zeno’s voice, “What’s wrong, our Moonlight?”

My eyes snap to his gray ones. “Is that what you’ve been calling me?”

Tony’s hand slides up my body and cups my breast, his thumb teasing my nipple until it hardens. “Yes. The dress you were wearing at the ball made it look like you had captured the moonlight to wear it. A true goddess.”

Zeno prods again, “What’s wrong?”

Even though there is a smile on my face now from the confession about their nickname for me, which warms my heart, emotion is still lodged in my throat. “I don’t have much left from when Mom was alive, but it’s all at the house and I don’t know if I’ll ever see it again.”

Zeno leans over and kisses my forehead. “Then let’s go to get it.”

I eye him suspiciously and then look at Tony to find his features relaxed. If they’re worried about going to my father’s home, they certainly aren’t showing it. “Are you sure it’s safe?”

Tony flashes a feral grin. “It’ll give us the chance to have a,” he pauses as if searching for a socially acceptable word, “conversation with him about the way things are going to go and what he risks if he steps out of line.”

I practically leap out of the bed and over Zeno, but he grabs me around my hips and pulls me back down. My men’s laughter fills the room and makes me feel fucking giddy.

“Hey,” I shout, “what are you doing? I want to go and get my stuff.”

Zeno rolls me so I'm underneath him and sucks in a breath when I smile up at him. If my men say they can protect me when I'm there and will put an end to this chapter of my life, I believe them. I have no reason to not trust them.

The reputation of the Guidice family is not squeaky clean, but I don't need it to be. My father is a shark without a shred of morality. Dante protects the city, even though he might not engage in legal business all the time. Everyone suspects what he and the family did last year when everyone was looking over their shoulders and living in fear because of a serial arsonist. One day there were fires popping up and then they stopped.

"First you're going to kiss your men good morning, Posy." Zeno grins down at me, his eyes sparkling. "That's the way a good girl starts her day."

I pout, but then his lips crash against mine and even though I was going to put up a protest about needing to brush my teeth, it's lost in the way he kisses me without a care in the world and full of so much passion. It's just a press of our lips, he doesn't deepen it, but the way it touches the deepest parts of me makes my head spin and my heart flutter.

When we break apart, Tony practically shoves him off the bed which has Zeno laughing. Before I can join him, Tony's lips are pressed against mine and I'm melting into the bed below me. I swear these men can make my brain turn to mush and I'm not the least bit upset about it.

I love it.

I love them.

Woah.

When Tony pulls away from me, he stares into my eyes and studies me. When he cocks his head to the side and smiles slowly, I swear he can read my thoughts. It doesn't make me want to run; it makes me want to embrace my feelings.

Tony rolls off me and Zeno scoops me up into his arms to carry me into the bathroom. That's when I realize I don't have anything to wear and my cheeks heat. Even if they hadn't

destroyed the dress I was wearing last night, I wouldn't want to put it on again. It so wasn't me.

Zeno grasps my chin between his thumb and forefinger to tilt my head up so I'm looking into his eyes. I could get lost in the way the gray swirls with the black flecks there, reminding me of storm clouds right before the sun breaks through them to remind you all storms come to an end.

"You destroyed my dress, not that I wanted to wear it again, but now I don't really have any options," I point out gently.

Zeno grins at me and kisses me on the forehead before whispering against my skin, "Take a shower and I'll go up to the main house to grab something for you to wear. I'm sure Jasmine has something you can borrow."

I try to shake my head, but his grip on my chin doesn't allow me much room. "I don't want to put anyone out," I protest.

"You won't be," he promises before kissing me softly again and disappears.

While I'm in the shower I think over how quickly my life has changed. I can't say I mind because what I'm being offered feels better, richer, than the life I was living before. I was going through the motions every day, but not really living. With Tony and Zeno, it feels like I'll finally have the chance to enjoy life.

I think my mom would support me and the choice I'm making, even if it is being with two men. Who doesn't want two men who treat me the way they do? I can only hope I don't have to remind them twice as much to put the toilet seat down.

When I step out of the shower, I almost laugh because the toilet seat is down right now. Maybe that won't be the hill I have to die on...over and over again.

On the bed there's a dress and sweater waiting for me along with underwear with the tags still attached. I almost blush at the thought that Zeno had to go and ask his boss' wife for them, but I'm also grateful for it. The dress has a reinforced

bust in it even though I still wouldn't normally go without a bra, but it'll work.

I dress quickly and find a cup of coffee waiting for me downstairs and my men promise me real food after things with my father is taken care of. I'm glad, I don't think I could eat anyway considering my stomach is in knots at the thought of facing my father. He has a way of making me feel so fucking small, but Zeno and Tony make me feel larger than life and that's the feeling I want to grab a hold of.

When we step outside of the cottage, I'm surprised when Dante Guidice is standing there along with a woman I can only assume is his wife, Jasmine. She flashes me a bright smile and closes the distance between us. I hold my hand out, preparing for a handshake, but she pulls me into her arms instead, giving me a big hug.

"It's so good to have another woman around here," she whispers, causing me to laugh. When she pulls back, she winks. "I'm Jasmine and that is my husband, Dante."

She introduces him like he's just a normal guy, but I know the power he has. It's kind of comforting. I feel comfortable with her immediately, but I'm sure she can wield the power she has with efficiency if she needs to.

Dante nods at me with his wife's words as he looks at her with so much love in his eyes. He looks at her the same way my guys look at me. Could they love me too?

Tony clears his throat and asks, "What are you doing here, boss?"

"You thought you were going to have all the fun?" Dante makes a tsking sound. "I've been waiting for the day I could put Moreau in his place and if today is the day, then so be it."

We pile into two vehicles with Tony driving Dante and Jasmine while Zeno drives me. My nerves kick in as we head toward the only home I've ever known, but Zeno reaches over and places his hand on my thigh, and it relaxes me. This isn't going to be pleasant, but it's necessary.

I square my shoulders when we pull up, putting armor on I didn't even realize I had inside of me. Nothing my father can say will hurt me, not now. He was going to use me, he doesn't deserve to have any more power over me or my feelings.

With my head held high and one of my men at my back, I head toward the front door. I don't get the chance to knock, because I won't be just walking into a house that isn't my home anymore, before the door swings open and my father's gaze locks onto me.

His face is red and contorted with rage. My first instinct is to take a step back, but I know Zeno is right there and then Tony along with Dante and Jasmine. He hasn't noticed the rest of my entourage, which is kind of a strange way to refer to them considering they're the most powerful people in the city, but it is what it is.

"How fucking dare you embarrass me the way you did last night. Do you have any idea what you have done?"

My father reaches out as if to grab me and Zeno slides in front of me, his face a stoic mask that promises violence and blood. His voice is like a whip, "I wouldn't do that if I were you, I'm looking for a reason to end your sorry excuse of a life."

Dad blinks, takes in the rest of the people with me and fumbles over his words, "Wh-what is the meaning of this?"

Dante's voice is smooth like silk from behind me, "It seems like we have many things to discuss Bernard. Let us into your," his voice drips with condescension, "home."

Dad moves quickly to open the door and I breeze past him with Zeno on my heels. When I turn, Jasmine loops her arm with mine and gives me a brilliant smile. "How about we collect your things and let the men have their time together."

I want to protest because I want to find out what is said, but there's a glint in Jasmine's eye which has the argument dying on my tongue. I trust Tony and Zeno. They trust their boss.

I give a nod and take solace in the fear on my father's face before I turn and walk up the stairs to my room with Jasmine.

This will be the last time I'm here and I'm more than ready to leave it all behind.



CHAPTER 11

TONY

The moment the women are up the stairs, Dante smiles, but it's not the one he gives those he is close to and definitely not the one he bestows upon his wife. This is the smile that make men fear him with just a look. One where you can see the demon inside of the man and can understand why he is feared.

I expect Dante to lay into Bernard, who looks to be about a second away from pissing all over himself, but he doesn't. Instead, our boss takes a step back and clasps his hands behind his back before looking at myself and Zeno. He gives a slight nod and if I weren't so pissed at the piece of shit in front of us, I would be tempted to hug the man who has been like a brother to me for as long as I can remember.

"Bernard," my voice is cold and detached, "you have made some poor decisions, but I have to say the worst one was promising your daughter to Martinez." I shake my head in admonishment. "You have no code and it's disgusting."

Since it's not Dante doing the talking, the man in front of me pretends like he has a spine, "Why should I? My daughter is of no consequence to me and if I can use her, I'm going to."

"Men like you are scum," Zeno's voice holds weight. "When you get in bed with the devil, you think you're invincible, but you're not. You can't even see the danger because your ego blinds you."

Bernard puffs up his chest like he's important, but everyone in the room knows who really holds the power here and it's not Bernard. Hell, Zeno and I have more power than him. His display is laughable and it takes a concerted effort for me not to bark out a laugh in his face. Dante's lip twitches and I know I'm not alone in having to hold in my amusement.

I clap my hands and Bernard practically jumps out of his skin. "Here's what is going to happen. You are never going to

think of or speak of your daughter again.” I point between Zeno and myself. “She belongs to us and is now a Guidice family member. Our loyalty is to her and then to Dante.” Dante gives a nod, indicating he has heard where our loyalty lies—our woman is first, just like his is. “You will not try and use her for your nefarious gain.”

“She’s my daughter,” he sneers.

I continue speaking like he didn’t just spew that bullshit. “You will no longer have business dealings with Martinez. You will no longer attempt to screw around in a world you know nothing about.”

“You can’t tell me who I can do business with,” he protests, but it’s weak as fuck.

Dante pulls an envelope out his suit jacket and hands it to Bernard. Zeno speaks up, “You don’t need to look at what is inside now, but later, when you do, you’ll understand the gravity of the situation you find yourself in and why you will be following the ground rules we have set out for you. If you don’t, the consequences will be dire. They will begin with the legal consequences with the evidence you are now holding.” Bernard’s face turns white. As it should because the tax evasion and fraud that we have proof of is no joke. “The end will be your life because if you give us reason to think you have upset our woman, no one will find your carcass for the funeral.”

The promise in Zeno’s voice has me grinning at him since there’s no reason to hide how much pleasure it would give me to rid the world of this person who paraded around like a father for far too long. Not only because it would practically be community service, but for our woman’s peace of mind.

I hear Posy and Jasmine start to come back down the stairs, but I keep my eyes on Bernard. He looks at the envelope before glancing between us. “I understand,” he whispers.

Part of me hopes he does. Another part almost hopes he doesn’t. It would give me a reason to exact my revenge for the hell he put our woman through.

When Jasmine and Posy walk back into the living room, a suitcase in each of their hands, our Moonlight barely glances at her father and walks right up to Zeno and me. Only then do I tear my eyes away from the pile of shit who never deserved her. I wrap my hand around the back of her neck and haul her a few steps closer and stare down into her eyes, looking for any sign of distress. I kiss her forehead and Jasmine saunters to Dante, wiggling her eyebrows at us while she does.

Jasmine loops her arm through her husband's and smirks at Bernard, I'm sure reading the look of fear on his face. She voices, "We done here?"

Before anyone can answer, Samantha walks in through the front door and into the living room. Her eyes sweep the room, hardly stopping on Posy before looking at me and then Zeno. I swear her beady little eyes light the fuck up.

She sways her hips as she approaches Zeno. "Well, hello there," she purrs the words as if anyone would find that seductive.

When she reaches out to touch Zeno's arm, he barks, "Do not touch me."

Samantha shrinks back into herself for a moment but quickly recovers. She waves a dismissive hand as if he's the one being ridiculous; he's not. "Clearly you're here for me since I'm the only woman in the room worth looking at," she coos as she pushes her tits forward.

Jasmine starts cackling and I bite my lip to stop myself from laughing right along with her. "Is this bitch for real?" Samantha's eyes snap over to Jasmine and she pales slightly. She obviously didn't notice the Guidice queen in the room. Jasmine arches an eyebrow, "Even if I weren't in the room, no one wants a knock-off when they can have the real thing." After releasing Dante's arm, Jasmine steps right up to Samantha, her lip curling in disgust, showing exactly why she's the right woman to stand at the side of the most powerful man in the city. "And believe me," her voice is saccharin, "Posy is the real thing. You will never be allowed in an event

hosted by my family nor in any business owned by my family. Consider yourself blacklisted, cunt.”

With that said, as Samantha’s mouth opens and closes like a fish, Jasmine grabs Posy’s hand and walks her out of the house. Both women keep their heads held high as Zeno and I grab the suitcases, before waiting for Dante to walk out between us.

“Don’t fuck with the queen,” Dante’s voice holds no apology as he looks over Samantha. When he flicks his gaze over Bernard, he adds, “Or the king. Remember your place, Moreau.”

None of us look back as we leave the house, load up the suitcases in the car Zeno is driving where Posy is already waiting, and head back to the Guidice estate. I stop at the main house and give Dante a nod as he helps Jasmine out of the car before I walk to the house our woman will be making a home.

Zeno has two suitcases in hand and Posy has one while reaching for the second one when I snatch them both and stride to the door. “Hey,” my woman’s indignant shout follows me, and I grin. She catches up to me quickly and huffs, “I can carry that.”

I don’t stop until I’m in our bedroom, because it is our bedroom now, the three of us, and put her suitcases down near the closet. I turn to our Moonlight and cup her face in my hands. “I know you can carry it, Posy, but you don’t need to.” I implore her with my eyes, “Let us take care of you.”

She licks her lips as her eyes roam over my face. Her whiskey-colored eyes entrance me and I know they will continue to do so for the rest of my life. “You’ve already taken care of me today,” she whispers. “You protected me. You put me first.” She drops to her knees in front of me, her nimble fingers making quick work of my pants. She looks up at me, the sight before me making me groan. “Let me take care of you.”

“Fuck,” I moan as she pulls my pants down and my cock springs free.

Before she can touch my dick or put her lips on me, Zeno picks her up and I almost launch myself at him. He chuckles as he smirks at me and then pulls the dress our woman is wearing from her body and positions her on her hands and knees on the bed.

He looks pleased as hell with himself when he explains, “Now our woman can still take care of you while I take care of her.”

I pull my remaining clothing from my body and kick my pants away as I step up to the side of the bed, where my woman’s mouth waits for me. Zeno undresses and pulls the lace panties down to her knees before his hands palm her ass cheeks.

Nervousness flashes in Posy’s eyes as she looks at me and I grip her jaw and tilt her head up so she can’t take her eyes away from mine. “Say it,” I demand.

“Well,” she holds the word out as if that will buy her some time; it won’t. I arch an eyebrow at her and wait her out, even though my dick is about to revolt if her lips aren’t wrapped around him soon. “It’s just that we’ve had sex twice now and haven’t used any protection.”

Zeno’s hands squeeze the globes of her ass and prompts casually, “And?”

“And,” Posy rolls her eyes, “I’m not on birth control. I think it’s probably something you should know before we do this again.”

I glance up at Zeno and matching slow smiles spread across our faces. Posy huffs and I look down at her to find her narrowed eyes fixed on me. She looks over her shoulder and shoots the same look at Zeno.

He shrugs, “We didn’t know for sure, but I’ll tell you this, the idea of breeding you only makes me harder, *il nostro chiaro di luna*.”

“Fuck yes,” I growl my agreement.

Posy’s voice is hesitant, “Isn’t it too soon?”

“No,” I say forcefully. Her eyes drink me in as I stare down at her, my cock leaking pre-cum. “It’s not too soon. I knew the moment I saw you that you were the woman for me. I love you, Posy. You give my darkness light. You are our Moonlight.”

Tears fill her eyes, and she starts to blink rapidly. Zeno’s voice is gruff, “I never thought I would find you.” She looks over her shoulder at him. “I don’t have enough words to express my love for you.” He swallows hard. “There have been times in my life when I have been lost, and I will tell you all about those moments later because we have time to learn those things, but I do know I felt found twice in my life—when I was accepted into the Guidice family and when I saw you at the entrance of the ball. I love you.”

She stares at Zeno for a beat before she gasps, “I love you, Zeno.” Her head whips around, her caramel-colored hair flying and looks into my eyes. “I love you, Tony.”

My heart trips over itself and beats harder in my chest. It beats for her now. It always will.

When she leans forward and licks across the crown of my cock, collecting the pre-cum beading there, I jump a little. Her lips wrap around me, and she takes me into her mouth as my eyes roll back in my head.

Zeno snickers and I grunt, “You have no idea how fucking good her mouth feels.”

“I’ll get her mouth next time,” he smooths one hand over her ass, the other gripping the base of his shaft and lining himself up, “and this time I get to give her greedy womb my cum first.”

Posy moans around my dick and my fingers thread through her hair to grip the strands tightly. When Zeno eases inside of her, she rocks forward and takes more of my length. It feels like I’m dancing within a beam of moonlight, one that she creates.

I start to move my hips, fucking her mouth, as Zeno moves in synch with me. Posy rocks between us, whimpering every

time she's filled, the sound vibrating around me.

I get lost in the rhythm of it, the sensation, the way nothing has ever felt so good while knowing it'll continue to get better as we learn everything there is to know about our Moonlight's body. Her whiskey eyes watch me and when our gazes lock, I can see the love she has for me, for us, settling around her heart and giving her strength.

We move faster together, searching and reaching for the moment when everything stops and we come as one, bonding us together so we can never be broken.

"I love you, *il nostro chiaro di luna*," I whisper and her eyes smile.

"Fuck," Zeno growls as he reaches around our woman's body and starts to strum her clit. "Love you, our Moonlight."

Light dances around us as we strain to touch it, to be one with it, to become it, and we come. Posy swallows all of my cum and I watch as her throat works, and her body shakes when Zeno plunges deep inside of her and fills her with his seed.

I can only hope we are blessed by the moonlight because a little girl with whiskey colored eyes and caramel colored hair who calls me Daddy is what wishes are made of.



EPILOGUE

THREE MONTHS LATER *POSY*

I look around The Sanctuary, the bar owned by the Devil's Saints, and am impressed with how the old church was renovated. It has a slightly creepy vibe, but with a modern flare and the old stained glass windows are gorgeous. I'm surprised they were allowed to turn it into a bar considering how people can be about historical buildings. At the same time, I've learned a lot about the MC and their influence after spending time around Fleur, the MC's princess, and Viola.

I've become pretty good friends with both women along with Jasmine, who pours another shot for those of us sitting around the table even though she can't drink since she's pregnant. I can't help but smile at how far my life has come in the last three months. I have a family now and I've learned that blood doesn't mean shit when we're talking about family. The only thing that matters, what really bonds people together, is love and loyalty.

It's also not a bad thing the family I've found has a lot of power to wield. I haven't heard anything from my father and the ladies have informed me how Samantha has been shunned all over town. I shouldn't revel in another person's misfortune, but it's difficult not to, considering the way they beat me down for years.

Juan Martinez has steered clear of the Guidice family as far as I know, but I don't think I would be in the know on that one. He never came after me, which is all that really matters. Sometimes ignorance is bliss...or at least plausible deniability.

Donovan plops down in the chair next to me with a big grin on his face as he looks around. He wiggles his eyebrows as he leans forward, "I gotta say that they might be big, bad bikers, but there is some real man candy around here."

I burst out laughing along with the rest of the ladies around the table. I'm so glad I was able to maintain my friendship with Donovan. At first, Zeno and Tony weren't happy about it. Not because they were jealous, but because Donovan wouldn't give them information about me. I convinced them he was only trying to protect me and then brought my point home while on my knees with their cocks in my mouth.

I can be very convincing when I want to be, apparently. I never knew it before, but my men and my new life have given me confidence I was never aware I had. That's what happens when you're pushed to the ground too many times—you forget you can get back up.

Fleur shivers and looks around and I notice her brother at the bar. "Just no," her voice is firm as she grimaces which only makes us laugh harder around the table.

"I don't know, I think Donovan has a point," Viola teases her best friend before taking her own shot.

I play with the glass in front of me, but I'm not going to drink it. I haven't had anything to drink all night and that's how it's going to stay. No one has noticed. I haven't told my men yet and they should know the news first.

My men.

It still amazes me that they are mine. I wouldn't have it any other way. In the last three months, we've spent time getting to know each other in a way the first few days of our relationship didn't allow. Zeno told me all about his sister and how he came to be apart of the family. Tony told me about how he was raised as well and how it forged his sense of loyalty.

They have both done things in the Guidice name many would look down on and violence is not something they are strangers to. But that doesn't make them bad men. They touch me with only my pleasure in mind and show me every day how much I am loved.

I'm sure there are people out there who would think I went from one bad situation to another, but I know the truth. The

people who matter to me know the truth too and most of them are sitting around this table with me right now.

The moonlight streams in through the stained-glass window and I take a moment to appreciate it.

Donovan knocks his shoulder against mine and eyes me, his voice curious, “How come you haven’t touched your shot?”

My lips part and I glance guiltily around the table. Jasmine tilts her head to the side to study me and I can tell the moment she realizes what is going on with me. My cheeks heat and I shake my head, about to try and spin some lie.

I’m a horrible liar though and everyone around the table knows it.

The door to The Sanctuary opens and three pissed off men prowl into the bar, their eyes scanning until they land on our table. I’m pretty sure Dante growls, but I can’t focus on that shit because I have two men searing me with an intensity which makes me squirm in my seat.

“Uh-oh,” Fleur singsongs.

“They found us,” Viola hisses.

I quirk an eyebrow at her, amused when I ask, “Where else would we be? Considering we ditched our shadows, there is only one option for us where they would feel there was any protection to be had.”

“Yeah, from the looks on their faces, that isn’t going to help you here,” Donovan speaks out the corner of his mouth.

The men stride over to our table. Dante reaches Jasmine first and scoops her up into his arms. I can’t even begin to hear their conversation because I’m being thrown over Tony’s shoulder. He proceeds to spank my ass hard one time in the middle of the bar, not giving a single fuck who is there.

“Hey,” I protest, “put me down and at least let me say goodbye.”

“Not happening, *il nostro chiaro di luna*,” Zeno grits out through his teeth. “You’re out here surrounded by all these men without our rings on your finger.”

That shuts me the hell up. Their rings? Is that going to be happening? We haven't talked about it before.

When we're at the car, they put me in my seat and I reach out with my hands, dizziness sweeping through me. When I get myself under control, I look up into two sets of eyes, one brown and one gray, filled with concern.

There's a wariness in Tony's voice, "Are you okay?"

Well, now's as good a time as any.

"I'm fine. I just got a little dizzy. I'm not sure if it's because you threw me over your shoulder like a sack of potatoes," I eye Tony, "or if it's because I'm pregnant."

My men freeze and I swear they stop breathing entirely. It would be comical, if anxiety wasn't slamming into me. It's one thing to talk about getting me pregnant when in bed, but maybe it's another for it to actually happen.

"Give me your hand," Tony husks but I don't get the chance to offer it before he grabs it and slides a ring down my finger.

The stone is huge and I barely get to process it before Zeno is sliding a band down on top of it that fits with it perfectly.

"Is this?" I swallow hard and look up at them after tearing my eyes away from the ring. "What is this?"

"We might not be able to marry you in the traditional sense, at least not both of us, but this means forever as far as we're concerned," Zeno's voice is thick with emotion. Hope lights up his gray eyes. "Are you really pregnant?"

"Yes." I study their faces. "Are you happy?"

Zeno kisses me first and then Tony. I don't need them to answer me because I can feel how happy they are in their kisses.

Tony whispers against my lips, "Just another moment in the moonlight."

Want more Posy, Tony, and Zeno?

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Ember Davis loves alpha heroes with a range of emotions, but a strong sense of how to take care of their women. She loves her heroines from all walks of life, just like her heroes, and she wants them to be real and relatable. Her heroines tend to be sassy, opinionated and smart.

Ember is a stay at home mom of two who recently refound her love of books and all things romance and is so glad that she did. She's always been creative but writing and creating stories that she would love to read satisfies dreams she had as a little girl. She loves butterflies, the color purple and enjoying time with her family.

Psst...it's totally a pen name, but everything above is 100% true.

If you enjoyed this book, or even if you didn't, I'd really appreciate you leaving a review and/or a star rating on Amazon! This is a whole new world for me so any feedback you're open to giving, I'd love to have.



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