



HOLLY'S
MISTLETOE
Mafia

ALYS FRASER

HOLLY'S MISTLETOE MAFIA

F*** UNDER THE MISTLETOE

BOOK FIVE



OceanofPDF.com

ALYS FRASER

OceanofPDF.com

Copyright © 2022 by Alys Fraser

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

✿ Created with Vellum

OceanofPDF.com

CONTENTS

ABOUT HOLLY'S MISTLETOE MAFIA

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Epilogue

About the Author

OceanofPDF.com

ABOUT HOLLY'S MISTLETOE MAFIA

Holly

When I'm caught eavesdropping on mobsters Nico, Alessandro and Davide di Marco as they make a deal with my boss, they decide there's only one thing for it – they need to keep me until they're sure I won't repeat what I overheard.

They bring me back to their mansion where it soon becomes clear they are all *very* interested in me. I'm attracted to all three of them but can I really get involved with three tall, dark and dangerous men?

Nico

The moment we spot Holly Barrett, my cousins and I want her. When the opportunity presents itself to take her, we don't hesitate. Now all we have to do is persuade her to take a chance on the three of us.

But will an encounter with an FBI agent send Holly running for the hills?

This is a steamy stand-alone novella where the heroine winds up with all three of her love interests. There's an HEA because, after all, it's Christmas!

OceanofPDF.com

CHAPTER 1



Holly

Tell me you're Mafia without telling me you're Mafia. A smile touches my lips as I try not to stare too hard at the three insanely hot guys sitting in a booth at the back of my favorite diner. I don't know these men, have never seen them before, but everything about them screams *mobster*.

The first giveaway was the black SUV they got out of that looked like it should be a part of a presidential motorcade. I know nothing about cars, but I'd bet good money the vehicle was armored.

The car was a massive beast, but it would have to be to accommodate the three men who got out of it. They're all tall, dark and devilishly handsome. If they're not of Italian heritage, I'll eat my hat.

They're dressed to kill in smart black suits. Two are wearing black shirts, unbuttoned at the neck. The third has on a white shirt and black tie. He's also wearing a vest, which might be the sexiest thing I've seen all year. I think he's the boss. He gives off a definite alpha male vibe.

Well, actually, they all do, but something tells me he's the one in charge. He carries himself with the self-assuredness that comes from having great power and influence. He's obviously wealthy. The gold watch wrapped around his tanned wrist probably cost more than I'll earn in a decade working as an administrative assistant to one of the most obnoxious property developers in the city.

At least one of the men is carrying a gun. I glimpsed it as the guy with the hint of a beard stretched his arm out across the top of the banquette.

To the casual observer, he probably appears relaxed, but I've been watching for long enough to see how alert he is to his surroundings. He's barely taken his eye off the door. He checks out everyone who comes in, assessing their potential as a threat. If they are the mob, then he's their enforcer.

I'm not sure what the third guy's role is. He's not as muscular as the other two, though he still looks like he can handle himself. I decide he's their bookie, or accountant, something like that.

Of course, I could be way off the mark. They might be corporate types, bankers perhaps. I doubt it. Though this place is right in the heart of the financial district, I've only ever seen regular working guys in here.

There's something dangerous about these men, not least the fact that one filthy word from any of them would set my panties on fire.

I wonder what they're doing here. They seem out of place at a diner whose biggest draw is the ten-dollar special. Given the anxious glances the waitresses keep throwing their way, I suspect their presence here isn't welcome.

None of this is any of my concern, of course, but as I wait for my friend Laura to show up, I can't keep my eyes off of them. There's something dark and alluring about these men.

Seeming to feel my gaze on him, the one I've decided is the boss turns in my direction. He stares at me for a moment, deep brown eyes fixed on mine. I can't move, can't breathe. It's like all the air's been sucked out of the room. The draw to him is so strong, it's all I can do to prevent myself from going over there and sitting on his lap.

Fuck! This is not like me. I'm into nice, dependable men with safe, steady jobs. Hell, two of my ex-boyfriends are cops. Guys like these are not who I'd usually go for but tell that to my lady bits.

As I continue to stare, the corner of boss man's lip curls up in a cocky grin. He knows I'm attracted to him.

Thankfully, the spell is broken as a hand lands on my shoulder. It makes me jump, but I blow out a breath of relief when I see it's only Laura.

"Sorry I'm late," she says as she sinks onto the seat opposite me. She pulls off her white woolly hat, which has flakes of snow on it, and runs her fingers through her flame-red hair. "I had a pain in the ass romance writer to deal with. I mean, commas were invented for a reason, right?"

Laura works as an editor for a small publishing house and has a couple of big-name authors on her client list. Despite her frequent complaints, she loves her job, something I envy since I hate mine with every fiber of my being.

"Don't worry about it. I barely noticed the time."

Laura follows my line of sight, which appears to have been drawn back toward the poster boys for organised crime.

“Wow! I bet you wouldn’t mind running into one of them under the mistletoe.”

“Perhaps.”

Laura grins. “You should go introduce yourself.”

I shake my head. “None of them would be interested.”

“Bullshit!” Laura says a little too loudly. “They’re looking over here like the only thing they want for Christmas is you.”

I glance back at the men to discover that they are, in fact, staring at me. It’s so intense, I have to look away. Picking up the menu, I study it closely as my cheeks heat.

“I think I’ll have a burger.”

Laura tuts. She’s still appraising the mobsters. “The only thing you should be having is some hot Italian dick.”

“That’s more *hot Italian dick* than I can cope with.”

My friend sighs heavily. “Come on, Holly. ‘Tis the season, after all.”

“It’s the season to be jolly, not slutty.”

“Can’t you be both?” Laura waggles her eyebrows suggestively.

I’m saved from having to answer by the timely arrival of the waitress to take our order.

“What will it be?” She looks at me first.

“I’ll take the double cheeseburger with fries and a strawberry milkshake.”

“And for you?” the gray-haired woman asks Laura.

“Just a diet soda, please.”

I blink and stare at my friend, who's usually all about the grease when we come here.

"Who are you, and what have you done with my bestie?"

Her forehead creases into a frown. "What? Oh, right!" A coy smile forms on her lips. "I can't eat right now. I have a date later."

Though Laura goes on plenty of dates, the radiant glow on her face tells me she might have met someone special.

"Okay, spill. Who, where, when?"

"Their names are Sam, Drake, and Lucas. We're having dinner at nine."

That's in just over two and a half hours. No wonder she doesn't want to indulge in her usual loaded burger. I smile, delighted for her, and then my brain catches up with what she said. "Wait a minute, there's three of them?"

She nods.

"How did that happen? Where did you meet them?"

Laura laughs, presumably at the shocked expression on my face. Our drinks arrive, so she waits until the waitress shuffles off again before answering me.

"I was raising money for the animal shelter and, well, it just happened." She bites her bottom lip nervously. "You don't think it's weird, do you?"

Do I think it's weird to date three men at once? I shrug. Love is love, after all, and I was salivating over the trio of mobsters just a minute ago. In fact, I still have an image in my mind of all three of them worshipping my body at once. I shake it off to focus on my friend. "No, it's not weird. Not if they're good guys."

“They are.”

“Well, that’s all that matters.”

Indulging my newfound interest in polyamory, I allow my attention to wander toward the back of the room again. I’m surprised to see a fourth man has joined them. He’s different, scruffier, in jeans and a leather jacket. He’s rough around the edges and a bit mean looking. His presence spoils my fantasy because I am definitely not attracted to him.

There’s a brown envelope lying on the table, which he picks up and puts in his coat pocket. A few words are exchanged and then he gets up and leaves. That was definitely suspect behavior. I’m more certain than ever that these guys are Mafia.

The one I’ve labelled the enforcer catches me staring and raises an eyebrow. I quickly turn away.

“Ah, here’s your food.” Laura’s oblivious to my discomfort at being caught gawping as the waitress deposits my plate in front of me. “I wish I’d got a burger. That looks so good.”

I have no idea where she puts all the food she eats. She’s so slender. “Don’t spoil your appetite,” I scold, as she grabs a handful of my fries. Friend or not, that’s a no-no.

“I know, but I can’t resist. I . . .”

Whatever she says is lost to me as the three guys I’ve been picturing naked walk past me. They’re an even more intimidating height than I’d imagined and their raw masculinity does funny things to me. A pulse starts to beat between my legs and I have to clench my thighs together.

“Take care, curious little kitty,” the enforcer murmurs as he passes me.

My heart pounds. Was that a threat because he caught me staring as they conducted their shady business? We all know what happened to the cat, after all.

I watch as they walk out into the street. As they pass the window next to us, heading for their car, the big guy turns and winks at me.

Holy shit! My panties just combusted. How the hell did I go from frightened to turned on in the blink of an eye?

“Don’t you think?” Laura asks.

I have no idea what she was talking about, so I just nod, which seems to satisfy her. As I eat my burger, she continues to steal my fries. I’m too distracted to tell her off. We chat about inconsequential things, but my mind is elsewhere. Those guys really rattled me, which is ridiculous, since I’m unlikely to ever see them again.

When we finish our meal, Laura signals to the waitress to bring our check. I look in my purse for my credit card but can’t find it. For a moment, I panic that I’ve lost it. Then I remember taking it out this afternoon when I paid for my lunch order over the phone. I must have left it on my desk. Luckily, I have enough cash to cover my half of the check and a nice tip since it’s the holidays.

“Want to share a cab?” Laura asks.

“No. I’m going to run back to the office. I left my credit card there.”

“Can’t that wait until tomorrow?” Laura pulls her woolly hat on. She looks adorable in it, kind of like a pixie with her wide, innocent blue eyes.

“No. I’ve got the morning off to do some last-minute shopping.” The gifts won’t reach my parents in Seattle until

after Christmas, but there's nothing I can do about it now. My asshole boss, Julian, has had me working overtime lately, and he tells me I'm fortunate to be getting a half day off tomorrow. The man is an absolute Scrooge. "I need to go grab it."

"Are you sure?" Laura scrunches her nose up. "That building's creepy at night."

"It's only seven o'clock. Plenty of people will still be working."

"I'd still rather come with you."

"No, you have a date to get ready for." I give her a reassuring smile. "I'll be fine."

"Well, okay then."

With lingering reluctance, Laura hails a cab and we hug before she slides into the back seat. I wave her off and then walk quickly to the office.

It's stopped snowing for now, but there's a chill in the air. I get to the building where I work and nod to the security guys at reception. I catch the elevator up to the forty-eight floor. There's nobody else around as I enter JPM Holdings and I have to admit, in the dark, this place is a bit creepy.

As I approach my desk, I notice the light is still on in Julian's office. The door is slightly open and I hear loud voices. I tiptoe to my desk, not wanting to disturb Julian's meeting. I wouldn't put it past the man to drag me in to take notes for him.

"We'll move the merchandise from the Hawthorne Building on the 29th, as agreed," a man says, his tone forceful.

"But I've been tipped off the building inspector's going to pay a visit," Julian says, his voice whinier than usual.

“The building inspector’s being dealt with.”

Dealt with? That sounds ominous. I edge closer, intrigued to know what’s going on.

“I don’t want to take the risk,” Julian says.

“What risk?” A different man asks. His voice is smooth and sexy. “The only risk to you is if you keep pissing me off. So just keep your mouth shut and do as you’re told.”

My eyes widen. I’ve never heard anyone speak to Julian that way.

“Yes, Mr. di Marco.”

Now, I’m seriously worried about what’s going on in there. I’ve never heard fear like that in Julian’s voice.

I start to back away, but before I get more than three feet from the door, it swings open and the mafia enforcer guy from the diner is in front of me. My body trembles as he reaches out and grabs my arm.

“Well, well, curious kitty.” A smirk forms on his lips. “What brings you here?”

OceanofPDF.com

CHAPTER 2



Nico

I look out past Alessandro to see who he's talking to. A smile curves my lips as I recognize the little brunette from the diner where we met with one of our associates earlier.

Alessandro, Davide and I all thought she was cute, but decided against making a move. It takes a certain type of woman to handle being shared by the three of us, and we weren't sure she fit the bill.

With the light from a streetlamp casting a golden glow over her, she'd looked almost angelic. Such an innocent wouldn't want the type of arrangement the three of us have to offer.

With reluctance, we walked away from her. Now she's unexpectedly turned up here, so I wonder if the universe is trying to tell us something.

"What are you doing here, sweetheart?" I ask, as Alessandro pulls her into the office. He's gentler with her than he would normally be, but she still winces and rubs her arm as he lets go.

“I...uh...I...”

She fidgets nervously with the button on her coat, which tells me she has suspicions about the type of men we are. She paid a lot of attention to us in that diner, and I could almost hear the thoughts whirring through her head as she tried to work out who we were.

Fear rolls off her in waves. Good. She should be afraid.

“Credit card,” she says finally.

“Credit card?”

Her big brown eyes flick toward Julian, and a sickening thought takes hold. Is she his latest mistress? The man’s been married for two decades, to a beautiful woman who’s given him three kids, but he’s never been faithful to her.

Has this pretty brunette come to get money from him? Is he her sugar daddy? Maybe she’s not as innocent as I first thought. That disappoints me.

Fortunately, her next words dispel my fears about her relationship with Julian.

“Yeah, I left my credit card on my desk.”

“Your desk?” Davide asks from his spot over by the window. “You work here?”

“Yeah, I, uh.....”

“She’s nobody important,” Julian interrupts before she can get her words out. “Just some administrative assistant.”

I don’t like the way he diminishes her role, and neither does she from the look of it. Fire flashes in her eyes as she purses her lips and glares at him. Good for her. She’s got a bit of a spark, which I like.

She doesn't say anything, though, and I'll bet that's because Julian's the type of asshole who threatens to fire his staff for every minor infraction.

Judging by the shabbiness of her brown leather boots and the bargain basement coat she has on, she needs the job.

The thought of her relying on a snake like Julian Marwick for employment makes me angry. For some reason, I want to protect this woman.

"What's your name, sweetheart?" I ask.

"Holly Barrett."

Holly? It's a nice name. "You born at Christmas?"

She shakes her head. "No, my mom just liked the name."

"It's pretty," I tell her and she blushes. It's cute. She's not brash and overly confident, like many of the women we encounter. "Now tell me, Holly, what did you hear?"

"Nothing," she replies a little too quickly.

The red coloring in her cheeks deepens, and she looks down at the ground.

"Ah, now, I don't think that's true, is it?"

She glances at the door. "I'm interrupting. I should get going."

I get up from my seat and take a step toward her. "Sorry, sweetheart, you're not going anywhere."

A stricken look forms on her face. Alessandro moves to block the door just in case she decides to run. I almost wish she would. I'd love to chase her.

"But I don't know anything," she protests. "I won't say a word."

“You’ve given yourself away,” Davide says. “If you don’t know anything, you wouldn’t have anything to say.”

“Okay, so I won’t say anything. I promise.”

“I’d like to believe you, sweetheart,” I say, “but in my line of business it would be foolish to take a stranger at their word.”

She shuffles from one foot to the other, worrying her bottom lip with her teeth. Her nervousness makes me want to wrap my arms around her and reassure her everything will be okay, but I’m not sure it will be. She overheard sensitive information tonight and since we can’t alter our plans at short notice, she could hurt us if she went to the police.

“So, what are we going to do with her?” Alessandro asks.

Holly glances up at him and shrinks in on herself when she sees the hungry expression on his face.

“You should just get rid of her,” Julian interjects. “She’s a liability.”

Holly’s spine straightens. Where she appeared frightened just a second ago, she suddenly looks ready to do battle. She jabs a finger in Julian’s direction.

“Did he just tell you to kill me?”

“Not in so many words,” I say, “but that was the gist of it.”

She shakes her head. “Unbelievable. Is that how you assholes deal with things? You kill innocent women?”

“Not if I can help it.” I would happily spank her butt for calling us assholes, though. I notice her eyes have brightened, and she blinks like she’s fighting back tears. The need to reassure her grabs hold of me once more. “We’re not going to

kill you, and I'll be having a word with Julian later about his lack of chivalry."

Julian's face blanches, but he deserves to experience some fear for suggesting we kill Holly. He seems to think we solve all our problems with violence when, in fact, it's always a last resort. There are better, more pleasurable ways to ensure she doesn't spill our secrets.

I look at the man whose property we've been using to store merchandise in return for us forgiving his gambling debts. "Give us the room, Julian."

He opens his mouth as if he'll argue, but Alessandro only has to take one step to make him scurry out of his seat like the rat he is. When he's gone, Alessandro closes the door.

"What are you going to do to me?" Holly asks.

"That depends on how open you are to making a deal with us."

Though there's been no time to discuss this with Alessandro and Davide, I know they'll be on board. I intend to keep this young lady close until our deal with the Marino family has been concluded.

"What deal?" Holly narrows her eyes in suspicion.

"You spend the next few days as our guest."

"Your guest? But it's Christmas."

"Do you have other plans?" If she does, she'll be cancelling them.

Holly pauses. She twists her coat button again. I think she's trying to come up with a response, which means whatever comes out of her mouth next will be a lie.

“Yes, I...”

“Holly!” There’s a note of warning in my tone. If she lies to me, I may well haul her over my lap to redden her butt.

“No,” she admits. “No plans.”

There’s a sadness in her tone.

“You’ve no family?” Davide asks. “No friends?”

“I have friends!” Holly snaps.

Her outburst surprises me. People don’t usually speak to any of us that way. This girl fascinates me more and more with every second that passes.

“But they’ve got plans with their families,” she says.

“And your own family?” I prod.

She sighs. “They’re in Seattle.”

“So you’re free to spend the holidays with us?”

Holly frowns. “I guess so, but what will that entail?”

Endless pleasure, if I have my way.

“You will stay with us until we’re sure you can’t disrupt our plans. When required, you will be by our sides and you will behave appropriately.”

She purses her lips. “And what’s in it for me?”

The question catches me by surprise, and I bark out a laugh.

“What’s in it for you, little minx, is that you get a few days enjoying every luxury you can imagine.” Since she looks unconvinced, I decide to tease her a little. “Oh, and all the hot Italian dick you can handle.”

She gasps and her eyes widen in shock. “You heard that? How could you have heard that?”

“Davide lipreads.”

It’s a handy skill he’s developed over the years. It helps us know what people are saying when they’re trying hard not to be overheard.

She furrows her brow and I realize I haven’t performed the introductions.

“That’s Davide.” I gesture toward my friend, who’s sitting at the window. I then point to my head of security, who’s standing behind the door. “That’s Alessandro, and I’m Nico.”

“Are you all di Marcos?”

Well, that confirms she overheard at least part of our conversation with Julian. “We are. We’re cousins.” Actually, we’re more like brothers, but she doesn’t need to know that at this stage. “So, Miss Barrett, what’s your decision?”

She huffs out a breath. “I guess I’m coming with you.”

“Good girl.” I was prepared to have Alessandro carry her out of here if necessary, but I prefer to do things the civilized way, if possible. “Let’s go.”

She falls into step beside me, and we walk along the corridor to the elevator. Alessandro, as always, goes ahead. Even when it’s unlikely we’ll encounter danger, he remains vigilant. Davide positions himself on Holly’s other side.

We take the elevator down to the parking garage and Alessandro gets into the driver’s seat of our Mercedes SUV. Davide and I get into the back of the car, sandwiching Holly between us.

Though she hasn't fought against coming with us, she might suddenly realize what's happening here and try to bolt. With us hemming her in, she won't get far.

Sitting close to her like this, I catch a delicate scent from her skin. It's something floral. Jasmine, maybe? I'm no expert.

"Where are we going?" she asks.

"Our home."

"Oh, okay." She thinks about it for a moment and frowns. "What do you mean, *our* home? Do you three live together?"

"We share a house." Mansion would be a more accurate description, but she'll see that for herself soon enough. "We share everything."

"Everything?" Her eyes widen, then she shakes her head as if dismissing an unlikely possibility. "Not everything?"

"Yes, sweetheart, everything."

"Oh."

I think she gets my meaning. She falls silent for the rest of the journey, even though I'm sure she has questions.

When we get to the house, we drive past the guards at the gate and stop at the front door.

"Give me your purse," I say, belatedly realizing we should have searched it and confiscated her cellphone. This woman has scrambled my brain.

She huffs, but hands it over and I pass it to Alessandro, who'll go through it with a fine-tooth comb. I don't think she was at the office to spy on us. The thing about her forgetting her credit card seemed genuine, but we never take chances. I get out of the car and offer Holly my hand. She takes it and

clasps it tightly as I help her jump down from the seat without hurting herself. She's not short, at around five nine, but the vehicle is high off the ground. Her fingers are icy.

"Let's get you inside," I say.

We walk into the entrance hall and Holly gasps. I guess it is impressive, with the massive glass dome overhead and the grand staircase leading to the upper floors.

"Is there anything you need?" I ask her. She was enjoying a burger when we left the diner, so I doubt she's hungry, but there might be something else.

"My purse back."

"Not yet, sweetheart."

She rolls her eyes in a way that makes me want to spank her butt. It's not usually something I'm into, but with her I seem to be thinking about it a lot.

"Then I'm fine," she says sulkily.

"Okay, then I'll show you to your room."

Both Alessandro and Davide look surprised by that. I'm sure this isn't what they expected when we brought Holly back here. They probably imagined we would push her up against the nearest wall and fuck her six ways from Sunday the moment she walked in the door.

But I have no intention of fucking this girl tonight. Under normal circumstances, I wouldn't waste time on niceties, but Holly isn't our typical one-night stand. She's going to be with us for several days, maybe longer if this works out like my gut tells me it will. I want her to feel comfortable here.

Leaving my cousins at the bottom of the stairs, I lead her to the second floor bedroom next to Alessandro's. There's a

vacant room next to mine as well, but this one has a great view of the gardens. It's also the most feminine space in the house, since my youngest sister occupied it for a while before she got married. I push open the door and switch the light on.

“This will be your room while you're here.”

“Just mine?” Holly checks.

“Just yours. We can be a little intense so, if you need time out, you can come in here and we'll know to give you space.”

She looks astonished and, I have to admit, I'm surprised myself. It's not like me to show such consideration, but there's something about this girl that brings out my protective instincts. I want to keep her safe, even from us if need be.

“That's....” She blows out a breath. “Thank you.”

I nod. “You're welcome. Now, make yourself comfortable, sweetheart.”

“Okay.” A crease forms at the bridge of her nose as she looks at me in confusion. “You don't want to....uh.....”

I arch an eyebrow. “Fuck?”

“Uh, yes, that.”

If she can't bring herself to say it, she's not ready to do it. “Not tonight, sweetheart. Get a good night's sleep and we'll tell you exactly what we require of you in the morning.”

“Right.”

“And Holly, don't get any ideas about leaving. If we have to track you down, it won't be pleasant for you.”

She pouts and moves away from me to explore the room. I step out into the corridor and close the door. I don't lock it. She isn't going to run and if she tries, she won't get far. My

men are stationed all around the property, a fact she can't have missed when we arrived.

I head back downstairs in search of Alessandro and Davide. As I expected, my cousins are lounging on the sofas in the study, each with a glass of Scotch in hand.

“What’s going on?” Alessandro asks without preamble. “Why is she here if we’re not going to fuck her?”

“She’s here because I think she might be what we’ve been looking for.”

We’ve been talking for a while about finding a woman to settle down with. We’ve had dozens of meaningless flings over the years, and lately we’ve craved something more fulfilling, a long-term commitment.

“But you decided against her in the restaurant,” Davide says.

“That’s true. I had written her off, but that was before I saw her in that prick Julian’s office. The fire in her eyes when he said she was *nobody important* made me think again. She’s got a backbone and we need a woman who won’t take shit from us.”

“Okay.” Davide’s tone, as usual, is measured. “So, what’s your plan here? Don’t forget, that girl overheard things she shouldn’t have.”

I pour myself a drink and sit at my desk, leaning back in my high-backed leather chair. “That won’t matter if we make her ours.”

“We can’t force her to be with us,” Davide says. “As much as I like the idea of chaining her to our bed, it won’t make for a solid foundation for our relationship.”

Sometimes I hate how practical my younger cousin is. If it was up to me and Alessandro, we probably would just tie Holly up and give her orgasms until she agreed to be ours. But Davide is right. I want something solid, something real, so we need to tread more carefully than we usually would.

“We’re each going to spend some time with her individually,” I tell the others. “We’ll get to know her a bit, see if we like her. Then we’ll compare notes and decide if we want to make a move.”

“And if one of us doesn’t want her?” Alessandro asks. Until now, he’s just been quiet about the situation.

“Family comes first,” I assure him. If one of us doesn’t think things will work out with Holly, then we set her loose once the deal with the Marinos is complete. No woman will ever come between the three of us. No matter how adorable she is.

CHAPTER 3



Holly

Nervous tension thrums through my entire body as I lie across the bed, waiting for the first lash of the belt. My nipples pebble and heat rises to my cheeks as I imagine how I look to the men who're about to deliver my punishment. If the murmurs of appreciation I hear from them as I spread my legs are any indication, they're enjoying the view.

When the belt finally strikes, the sting is greater than I imagined it would be. Shrieking loudly, I rear up, grabbing my bottom with both hands as I try to massage away the pain.

"You just earned yourself an extra one," Nico's deep, masculine voice holds disappointment, but no anger. Somehow, that's worse. Though I barely know this man, I hate the thought of not living up to his expectations. I want to please him. I want to please all of them. They own me, body and soul.

Placing a hand between my shoulders, Nico pushes me firmly back down onto the bed and allows me a moment to get into the correct position, with my arms stretched up over my head and legs spread obscenely wide. Then he resumes the

spanking, alternating blows between my left and right buttocks. He gradually picks up the pace, taking care not to hit the same spot twice, ensuring every inch of my bottom receives attention from the belt. Tears run down my cheeks and my flesh burns with an intense heat. Yet, despite the pain and humiliation, I feel something else — arousal. I can't deny I'm enjoying being taken in hand by the stern, handsome mob boss.

With every stroke of the belt, my excitement grows. Every nerve prickles with desire and my pussy clenches. Through tear-filled eyes, I glimpse Alessandro and Davide, enjoying the show. Their scrutiny intensifies my pleasure. As sensation threatens to swamp me, I scrabble at the bedcovers, desperate for something to cling onto. I cry out as I.....as I....

Wake up. My heart pounding, I sit up and glance around the room. Light streams in through the window, so I guess it's morning. Given the circumstances, it would have been only natural for me to have had a restless night, but I didn't. Until I started having that dream, my slumber was peaceful. I slept like a baby on the most luxurious sheets I've ever felt against my skin.

As I get up and pad through to the adjoining bathroom, I can't help wondering why I feel so relaxed. I'm here in the home of three dangerous men and I have information about some deal of theirs they don't want me to share. Yet I feel completely at ease. In fact, I'm even having erotic dreams about them. I guess it's because I've told myself if they wanted to hurt me, they'd have done it by now.

The bathroom has an enormous tub at its center but I feel icky after my dream, so a shower is in order.

I fiddle about with the controls for a few seconds until I get the temperature and water pressure I like. My preference is cool water and a rapid flow. When I get out of the shower, I want to feel refreshed. Since I had no nightwear with me, I wore only my panties in bed, so I strip them off and get into the shower. I don't want to take too long in case Nico, or one of the others, comes looking for me.

There's some shampoo, scented with coconut, so I wash my hair with that. The shower gel is tropical, so I'll probably smell like a pina colada by the time I'm finished.

When I'm ready, I wrap a towel around myself and go in search of a hairdryer. I don't really expect to find one but, to my surprise, there is one in the drawer of the dressing table. There's no brush, though, so I do what I can with my fingers.

Luckily, my hair tends to fall into shape easily, so I make a decent job of it. I don't have any make-up, so I guess my hosts, captors, or whatever they are, will have to take me as I am.

When I'm happy with my hair, I strip off my towel and get dressed in the same drab black skirt and cream blouse I wore yesterday. Then I slip on my boots and pause for a moment to admire my surroundings once more.

The room Nico gave me is really pretty. There's cornflower blue paint on the walls and the carpet and drapes are both a cream color. The bed is enormous. Its frame is wooden and the covers on it are a darker blue than that on the walls. The room is soft and feminine, but not girly. It suits me well.

Deciding I can't hide away up here any longer, I head downstairs and wander along the corridor, hoping to run into

one of the guys. The house is vast and I pass several unoccupied rooms, all decorated in a palette of earth tones.

Eventually, I hear voices and find Nico, Alessandro and Davide in a large formal dining room. There's a massive table at the center with seating for twenty and a huge gold chandelier hangs over it. I wonder if it's the real deal. Probably, this whole place reeks of money.

"Ah, Holly, I was about to send someone to fetch you," Nico says. He rises from his seat at the head of the table and pulls out a chair for me, opposite Alessandro and Davide. I sit, feeling a bit like I'm at a job interview as all three men stare expectantly at me. After my salacious dream about them, it's a little awkward.

"What would you like for breakfast?" Alessandro asks.

Normally, I just grab some toast, but there's some sausage and scrambled egg on platters in front of me and I can't resist.

"Uh, can I have some of that, please?"

"Of course you can, *dolcezza*." Alessandro stands and holds his hand out for my plate. I pass it to him and he heaps on some scrambled egg and sausage. It's a larger portion than I would take for myself.

I accept the plate and smile as Nico pours me a coffee and Davide passes me a glass of orange juice. I could get used to this treatment.

Ugh! What am I thinking? These guys are mobsters. Though they've been okay with me so far, they must have a ruthless side.

"So, have you decided what you want from me?" I ask Nico.

“Ah, straight to business. I like that.”

“I just want to know what you expect.”

“Well,” Nico says, “there’s an event I plan to attend tonight, and I want you there with me.”

“Okay.” That doesn’t sound as if it will be a hardship.

“You’ll need to shop for a new dress,” Nico continues. “Davide will take you. He’s still got to buy presents for his teenaged nieces, so you will help him with that. Tomorrow you will help Alessandro prepare our Christmas meal.”

“You don’t have a cook for that?”

Alessandro shakes his head. “I like to do it.”

“That’s fine. I enjoy cooking.”

“Good,” Nico says. “I think it goes without saying we will expect you to behave appropriately at all times.”

I refrain from rolling my eyes at that last remark because, really, what they’re asking of me doesn’t sound too bad. It’s interesting that they seem to have arranged things, so I’ll be spending one-on-one time with each of them. “And that will be everything?”

“Well, other things may come up. It’s the holidays, after all,” Davide says.

“Yeah, but you haven’t mentioned anything about, you know.....” I wave my hand around, hoping they’ll get my point without me having to be explicit.

“Not sure I do,” Alessandro says with a grin that tells me he knows exactly what I’m trying to say. His brown eyes sparkle with mischief.

“Well, you don’t expect me to, you know, *do it* with you?” I inwardly cringe at myself. *Do it!* What am I, twelve?

Thankfully, nobody laughs at me.

“We don’t expect anything, but if something happens organically, then so be it,” Davide says.

That should reassure me, so why do I feel disappointed? Even before I dreamed about them, I was sort of imagining being at their mercy, surrendering to their will.

I thought they were going to make me an offer I couldn’t refuse, one that involved sexy times rather than the possibility of ending up sleeping with the fishes. Perhaps I’ve read too many romances where the heroine is treated to mind-blowing orgasms by a ruthless man who’s taken her captive.

“But,” Nico adds, “you should be aware we all want you. We’re just giving you a little space to get used to the idea. Nobody will make you do anything you don’t want to.”

Again, that should give me some comfort, but honestly, I had expectations of these guys. I conjured up all sorts of ideas about them when I first saw them in the diner and they’re not living up to them.

“That is the most un-Mafia-like thing I’ve ever heard.”

Nico barks out a laugh. “Mafia? We’re legitimate businessmen, *cara*.”

Well, that confirms it. I didn’t have any proof they were mobsters, despite the sinister conversation they had with Julian, but only criminals would describe themselves as *legitimate businessmen*.

“If you say so,” I huff. I spear a piece of sausage and pop it in my mouth. It tastes amazing, spicier than I’m used to, but

definitely delicious. “So, when do we go shopping?”

“As soon as you’ve finished breakfast,” Davide replies. He gets up from his seat. “Let me go make a few calls. I’ll be back by the time you’re done.”

As he walks from the room, I can’t help watching him go. He has the most incredibly toned ass that I just want to sink my teeth into. Today it’s clad in black jeans and he’s wearing a white button-down shirt. It’s a more casual look than yesterday’s suit, but he’s no less sexy in it.

Alessandro and Nico are both dressed in a more formal style which, I guess, means they have work to do. That thought is confirmed a moment later when Nico drops his napkin on the table and both men stand.

“We have business to take care of,” Nico says. “Be ready for me at seven p.m. sharp. Lateness will not be tolerated.”

Now, that commanding tone was a bit more Mafia-like. It makes my pussy clench. I have to admit, Nico issuing decrees could be a real weakness for me. He could probably make me do almost anything if he used that voice.

“Yes, sir.” I hold back on doing a mock salute, because I don’t want to push it too far, and my response was delivered with a heaping spoonful of insolence.

To my surprise, Nico grins as if I’ve pleased him. As he walks past, he bends to kiss my cheek. It’s the sort of thing a husband might do each morning as he says goodbye to his wife. Then Alessandro does the same thing, only he grabs a handful of my right boob as well. He squeezes and I let out a little yelp that makes him laugh. I guess that’s another way some men say goodbye.

Leaving me with skin tingling and longing for more, the two men leave the room.

Oh, well! Now, I can give my breakfast the attention it deserves. I set to work on clearing my plate. I have a suspicion with three large, dominant males to deal with, I'm going to need the calories.

OceanofPDF.com

CHAPTER 4



Davide

Convincing a department store to open an hour earlier than usual so Holly and I can shop in peace isn't the most difficult thing I've ever done, but it might be the most worthwhile.

Holly is seriously impressed that I have that kind of influence, even though she expressed some concerns about us inconveniencing the sales assistants. I didn't bother to tell her they'll be well compensated for their time. I didn't want to seem as if I'm showing off.

"We'll need jeans, sweaters, lingerie, a couple of dresses and a formal gown," I tell Carlie and Joanna, the young women who've been assigned to help us out. "Boots and shoes as well." I glance at Holly in her drab clothing. "And a new coat."

I take a mental note of Holly's sizes as she gives them to Carlie. If I want to buy her something at a later date, it will be good to know her measurements.

I have a thing for numbers. Once they're committed to my memory, they stay locked in my brain. I used to get picked on at school for being a nerd, but I guess I got the last laugh when

I was inducted into the di Marco family, the most powerful mob organization in the city.

As Carlie and Joanne scurry off to gather some options for us to consider, Holly turns to me, hands on hips, a pose that signals trouble.

“I don’t need all that stuff,” she hisses.

“Yes, you do,” I say firmly, hoping to put down her rebellion before it can begin. “You’ll be with us for several days, and you can’t keep wearing that same ratty skirt and blouse.”

She scowls fiercely at me. It’s adorable. She’s like an angry kitten. “This is my best work outfit.”

I don’t insult her by telling her how cheap it looks because it’s not her fault if that shit Julian pays his staff a fraction of what they’re worth.

“You said it, *bella*, it’s a work outfit. You’re not in the office now, so you need something different to wear.”

“I have plenty of clothes at home.”

More of the same bland, uninspiring outfits that do nothing to highlight her gorgeous figure, no doubt.

“If you think I’m going to take you to the outer reaches of Queens to get them, you’re sorely mistaken.”

She glares at me, but doesn’t question how I know where she lives. She’s smart enough to realize that we confiscated her purse last night so we could find out some basic information about her.

What she probably doesn’t suspect is that I got one of my best men straight onto investigating her background. So far, he

hasn't uncovered anything alarming, apart from the fact she seems to have a thing for cops.

Well, she had brief relationships with two of them in the last five years, so I guess that's not really a pattern.

She sits on the couch next to me. "Okay, I'll accept the clothes," she says, "but I'm not taking them when I leave."

"Sure, *bella*." My tone is non-committal. As far as I'm concerned, she won't be going anywhere. I don't know where Alessandro and Nico stand, but I'm pretty much sold on Holly already. It's like my dad told me whenever he talked about my mom. When you find the right woman, you know from the start.

"So, Davide." Holly gives me an appraising look. "What is it you do exactly?"

"I take care of our investments, pay our taxes, that sort of thing."

"You pay taxes?"

"Of course, *bella*. We're responsible citizens, after all."

Her mouth twists in amusement, and she shakes her head in disbelief.

I'm not lying when I say we pay taxes. We pay a fortune on the income we declare. The income we don't declare is another issue.

Luckily, before Holly can quiz me any further on my role in the organization, Carlie and Joanna return with racks of clothing and accessories for Holly to look at.

"I'm not trying all this on," Holly grumbles as she gets to her feet.

“You don’t have to, but you need to try at least one gown and pick an outfit to wear out of the store.”

“Okay.” She sighs as if the whole thing is a massive chore to her, and grabs a sweater, some jeans and a pair of brown leather ankle boots. “These will do for today.”

“That was fast.”

“I’m not really fussy about clothes.”

Well, that sets her apart from the other women I’ve had in my life.

I get up and join her as she searches through the formal gowns. There’s one in a bold red tone, almost the color of blood. It would look great on her.

“Try this.” I hand it to her, and she obediently heads into the changing cubicle.

“Do you need help in there?” I call out after several minutes pass.

She laughs. “Does that ever work?”

“Don’t know. You’re the first woman I’ve taken shopping.”

She pokes her head out through the curtain. “Really? Taking women you’re keeping captive in your home shopping isn’t a hobby for you?”

“You’re not a captive and no, I don’t make a habit of this.”

“Then I’m sorry,” she says.

“What for?”

“For being ungrateful and bratty. I thought this was something you did regularly.”

“Nope, first time.”

“And it’s not so I’ll feel obligated to sleep with you?”

Fuck! That’s what she thought? We never imagined for one minute that she would give her body to us so cheaply.

“If you were the type of woman to sleep with a man for a few dollars’ worth of clothing, I wouldn’t want you.”

Holly raises an eyebrow. “It’s more than a few dollars, but I appreciate the sentiment.” She flashes me a smile that warms my insides. “And to answer your original question, no, I don’t need any help.”

She flings back the curtain and steps out. Although I’m the quietest of the trio Nico, Alessandro and I have formed, I’m not often lost for words. Holly, however, renders me speechless. The dress could have been made for her. It clings to her waist before flaring out over her hips and cascading to the floor in a sea of filmy fabric. Nico will come on the spot when he sees her in it.

“That’s the one,” I say.

“Yeah?” Holly screws her nose up like she’s unconvinced. “You don’t think it’s a bit low in the back?”

She turns so I can see. Fuck me! It dips to just above her ass, revealing flawless skin.

“No, it’s perfect.”

“Okay, that was pretty easy.”

She goes and changes out of the dress while I speak to Carlie about getting all the clothes she and Joanna selected sent to the mansion.

Holly steps out of the changing room a moment later and Joanna takes the dress from her, hanging it back on the rack.

The outfit Holly's chosen to wear out of the store is just as sexy as the formal gown was on her. The jeans hug her butt and the cream cashmere sweater shows her breasts off to great effect.

Deciding I don't want any other man to ogle her the way I am, I grab a black wool coat from the rack and hand it to her. She puts it on and smiles.

"Are we done here?" she asks.

"Yeah, the store will send everything to the house."

"All of it?"

"Yeah." I wait for her to argue.

"Thank you, Davide," Holly says, accepting the clothes with surprising grace. "So, what's next?"

Now is the part I've been putting off for weeks. "Next, we go find my nieces a gift."

"You make it sound like torture." She laughs as I confirm that to me it is. She pats my hand reassuringly. "Don't worry, Davide. I've got you."

"Hmm," I murmur as she links her arm with mine. "I like the sound of that."



Holly

When Davide and I head downstairs to look for something for his nieces, the store has officially opened and there are lots of people milling about in search of last-minute Christmas gifts.

I still need to buy presents for my mom and dad, but I forgot to ask Davide if I could have my purse back, so I've no way to pay. I don't want to ask him for money, so I decide to leave it until after the holidays, since it won't reach them on time, anyway.

It's not as if my parents are waiting with bated breath to receive a parcel from me. They never like what I pick out for them. We're not what you would call close.

We march into the girl's clothing department like we're about to do battle. Davide goes to a rail in the center of the store and picks up the first thing his hand touches. He holds it up for my inspection. "What about this?"

The pink sweater with cartoon dogs on it is sweet, but he just plucked it off the rail, so who knows if it's even the right size. In fact, I seem to remember Nico referring to them as Davide's *teenaged* nieces.

"How old are your nieces?"

"Sabina is fifteen and Caroline's seventeen."

My eyes widen in horror. The top he's holding is for a much younger girl, like toddler age. Is he really that bad at picking gifts?

"And which of them did you have in mind for that?"

"Eh, Carolina."

The older of the two girls? I can't help laughing. Any self-respecting seven-year-old would die of embarrassment if she

received something so babyish. A seventeen-year-old would probably spontaneously combust.

“She is not going to want that,” I assure him.

Davide looks at the sweater and shakes his head, before shoving it back on the rail. “So, what will she want?”

“What’s her style?”

The blank expression on his face tells me he has no clue. He shrugs helplessly.

“Well, do you have any photos of them?”

“Uh, yeah.”

He gets his phone out and opens his photo app. He shows me several different pictures of two beautiful, raven-haired girls. It’s actually hard to get a handle on what they might like. In one photo, they’re both wearing pretty summer dresses. In another, they have on jeans and vintage band t-shirts. They look like they’re in a concert venue. I can see what appears to be a stage in the background. Then there’s another photo where the younger one has on a sweater with the logo of a sports brand on it and jeans. Her older sister is in a short skirt and white chiffon top with a camisole underneath.

“There’s quite a mix of styles there.”

“That’s the problem,” Davide says. “They like so many things, but nothing I see is quite right for them. It was easier when they were babies. All I had to do was pick out a cute onesie for them.”

The thought of Davide browsing through the baby clothes does funny things to my insides. My cheeks heat as I feel a spark of arousal. I’ve never really thought about having kids, so why the hell is the idea of him knocking me up making me

so hot? I need to divert my thoughts away from this man and babies.

“Look, why don’t you get them gift cards?”

He purses his lips. “It’s a bit impersonal, isn’t it?”

“No, it’s thoughtful. Believe me, it’s better than getting something they’ll hate, but wear to make you happy. You can get them gift cards and perhaps a piece of jewelry. You know, something to cherish when Uncle Davide gets gunned down in a shootout with the FBI.”

He throws back his head and laughs, then sobers up. “You know, nobody else would get away with making comments like that.”

“Oh.” Feeling bold, I step closer to him. “You want to punish me for it?”

The air becomes charged as Davide and I stare at one another. I sink my teeth into my bottom lip, worried I may have mis-stepped. Perhaps he doesn’t like my sassy side.

Then a wicked grin spreads across his face. He grabs my wrist and tugs me toward the back of the store. He opens a door to what turns out to be a small storage room filled with boxes, and shoves me inside.

As he pushes his hips against me, I feel his rigid length against my abdomen and a thrill sweeps through me.

He lowers his head to kiss me. It’s firm, demanding, enough to make me weak at the knees. His fingers trail down and he pops open the button of my jeans to slip his hand inside. He caresses me for a moment, and I gasp into his mouth.

The light, teasing touch of his fingers as he strokes my sensitive flesh is maddening, and I want more. I shove my hips forward, but Davide isn't about to let me take control. He pulls his hand away and spins me around so I'm facing the door. I throw my hands out to steady myself.

Taking the waistband of my jeans, he yanks them down to my feet. He spanks my ass, hard and I decide that, despite my dream, I probably wouldn't be into that.

“Spread your legs wider.”

The stern, dominant tone, however, is something I can get on board with. I do as he asked.

Behind me, I hear a packet opening. Looking over my shoulder, I watch as he slides a condom onto his considerable length.

“Eyes front.”

Davide had struck me as the least dominant of the three men, but his commanding tone is turning my insides to jelly. I face forward as he slides slowly into me. Inch by inch, he stretches my tight channel until he's fully seated inside me. It feels incredible.

“This is going to be fast.”

That's the only warning he gives before he pounds into me. He sets a furious pace, and it's all I can do to cling on.

Somewhere at the back of my mind, I'm aware that the door is rattling every time Davide slams into me, but I can't bring myself to care.

He grabs my hip with one hand and slides the other around to tease my clit. The effect is immediate and explosive. My pussy clamps down on his cock and I buck wildly as pleasure

engulfs me. I cry out. Davide follows me to completion just a moment later.

He wraps an arm around my chest and rests his head on my shoulder as we slowly recover. We're just tucking ourselves back into our clothes when someone knocks at the door.

"Whoever's in there, I want you to know I've called the police." It's an officious male voice.

"Well," Davide says with a grin, "we'd better get out of here. Nico will never let me live it down if he has to bail me out on a public indecency charge."

He may be able to laugh about it, but I'm mortified at the thought of going out there and facing people. As Davide opens the door, I keep my head down and shuffle out after him.

"Oh, Mr. di Marco," a red-faced security guard says. "I'm so sorry. I didn't realize it was you."

"Do I know you?" Davide asks.

"No, but you were in my little sister Gianna's class in High School."

"Gianna Costa?"

The security guard, a big guy with a beer gut and receding hairline, nods vigorously.

Davide frowns. "You were on the football team."

"Yeah, long time ago." The guy pats his belly to illustrate the point.

"Jimmy Costa," Davide says.

"That's right."

"Yeah, I remember you."

As touching as this reunion is, I'm aware of people throwing disgusted glares in our direction and I really want to get out of here. I nudge Davide with my elbow. Thankfully, he takes the hint.

“Well, Jimmy, we got places to be. Sorry about the disturbance.”

“Oh, that's okay, Mr. di Marco.”

It must really get on the guy's nerves having to bow and scrape to a younger man like this. Davide fishes some cash out of his pocket and counts out several fifties. He thrusts the money at Jimmy. “Take this for your trouble.”

“Oh, I can't do that, Mr. di Marco.”

“Sure you can.” Davide shoves the cash into Jimmy's hand and he doesn't put up much of a fight. “Merry Christmas.”

As we walk towards the exit, Davide puts his arm around my shoulder.

“It was nice of you to give him that money,” I say.

“Not really.” Davide winces. “I fucked his girlfriend in the school parking lot.”

I gasp in feigned shock. “You are a bad, bad man.”

“Yes, I am, but I think you might have a thing for bad men.”

“Hmm.” I snuggle closer as we walk toward the car. “You might be right.”

CHAPTER 5



Nico

When Davide told me I'd be blown away by the sight of Holly in the dress she picked out for tonight, I hadn't expected to actually lose the ability to speak. As she floats downstairs toward me at seven p.m. on the dot, looking like a goddess, I find myself unable to form thoughts, never mind words.

Holly is an absolute vision. The blood red gown is stunning, but it's merely an enhancement for the beauty she possesses naturally. Her limbs are long and lean and her figure is curved in all the right places. Her hair tumbles down over her shoulders in soft, chocolate brown waves and she's wearing the barest amount of makeup.

"Will I do?" She twirls around to give me a glimpse of the back of the dress. Well, I say the back of the dress, but there's barely any fabric there. The gown dips low, revealing pale, creamy skin from the nape of her neck to the base of her spine.

"Will you do?" I'm pretty sure from the cocky grin on her face she knows exactly how amazing she looks. "You are fucking gorgeous, Holly."

“Why, thank you, kind sir.” She takes a moment to very slowly, very deliberately, drag her gaze up and down the entire length of my body. I’m wearing a black suit, white shirt and black tie tonight. After giving it some consideration, Holly smiles. “You scrub up nicely, too.”

I’m no stranger to compliments. Women try to flatter their way into my bed or my wallet all the time. Yet, when Holly tells me I look good, I can’t help feeling incredibly pleased with myself. This woman could turn me into a complete sap if I let her.

“We should go.” If we don’t leave soon, I’m going to bend her over the nearest table and fuck her brains out. “We don’t want to be late.”

“Where are we going anyway?” she asks, as she lays her hand on the arm I offer.

I lead her out through the front door. “The ballet.”

Holly stops in her tracks. “The ballet? Really?”

“Yeah, it’s a tradition of mine. I go see The Nutcracker every year on Christmas Eve.”

It’s something my mom started when my sisters and I were kids. We’d go to the ballet and then on to church for Midnight Mass. Since we lost my dad, she doesn’t leave the house much and I’ve not been able to persuade her to join me at the theater. My sisters stopped going years ago, but I’ve stuck with it.

“Wow. I’ve never been.”

I smile. “Then you are in for a treat.”

Paulie, who’s driving us tonight, opens the back door of the car. I wait until Holly’s settled and then go to get in the other side.

“Seatbelt,” I prompt her.

“Thanks, dad,” she murmurs, but she fastens it anyway.

“So, I heard you had a nice time with Davide,” I say as we pull away from the house.

Holly’s cheeks redden. “He told you about that?”

“He did. We share everything, remember?”

A little huffing sound escapes her. “Well, did he tell you he fucked Jimmy Costa’s girlfriend in the parking lot in high school?”

I bark out a laugh. Davide mentioned Jimmy was working as a security guard at the department store, so I guess that’s how Holly came to learn that fascinating tidbit.

“Like I said, we share everything.”

“And you’re not mad about what we did?”

“No. Why would I be?”

A frown of concentration forms on her face as she considers it. “Well, because you’re the boss, aren’t you?”

I can’t help laughing. “You think I insist on *ius primae noctis*?”

“You know many historians believe the idea of the lord having the rights of the first night with their subject’s women to be a myth,” Holly says primly.

“I’m impressed.” The girl is obviously smart. “But in answer to your question, no, I don’t get first rights.”

When it comes to our relationships with women, I’m not the boss. Well, okay, I do take the lead more often than not, but there are no hard and fast rules about how we do things. There is no hierarchy. If the three of us choose to be with a

woman, then we share her as equals, with her consent, of course.

“Okay, I see.”

Holly twirls a strand of hair around her long, thin fingers. Usually, when people fidget, I find it to be an annoying distraction. With Holly, however, there’s something endearing about her apparent inability to sit still.

“But don’t any of you get territorial, or whatever?”

I can tell she doesn’t understand how the dynamic between my cousins and I works. To be honest, it probably shouldn’t. We all have alpha tendencies, but somehow between us, we find accord.

I reach across and grab Holly’s hand, squeezing it in what I hope is a reassuring gesture.

“Look. Holly, I know this is all new to you, but there’s really nothing to worry about. Alessandro, Davide and I are family. We enjoy being with the same woman. There won’t be any tension between us.”

“I get it. You three are like brothers, aren’t you? Your bond is unbreakable.”

I raise an eyebrow, amazed that she’s already realized just how tight the three of us are. “That’s right.”

She twists her lips to one side in an adorable off-kilter pout. It’s obvious she wants to ask me something personal, so I give her an expectant look and wait for her to spit it out.

“How old are you guys?”

The question’s not quite as intimate as I was expecting. “I’m thirty-two, Alessandro’s thirty and Davide’s the baby at twenty-seven.”

“You’re young to be a mob boss,” Holly muses.

“Who says I’m a mob boss? I’m a businessman.”

She purses her lips in a manner that says she’s not going to fall for that bullshit.

One day I’ll explain my world to her, how the criminal enterprises intertwine with the legitimate, but tonight is not that night. Thankfully, she decides to let it go.

“Aren’t you going to ask me how old I am?”

I already know, since her driver’s license was in her purse, which I took from her last night. I’ll indulge her, though. “How old are you, sweetheart?”

“Twenty-four.”

“Just a baby, then” Though we got basic information about Holly from Davide’s investigator friend, he could only get us facts, not a true insight into this woman’s life. “How come you didn’t go home for the holidays?”

“I feel more at home here.” Holly sighs heavily. “My mom and dad had me late in life. I don’t think they planned to have kids at all. They never wanted me.”

I clench my fists. “They were mean to you?”

Holly shakes her head. “Not mean, just quietly disapproving and benignly neglectful. You know, I never wanted for the material things and they were always even-tempered with me, but there wasn’t any love between us.”

“That’s sad, sweetheart.”

My own family is big, boisterous and way too entangled in each other’s personal lives, but my sisters and I never had reason to doubt our parents’ love for us. Even my dad, who

had a reputation as a real hard ass to me in front of his men, was kind and loving behind closed doors.

Thinking of Holly growing up, not knowing how it felt to be the most important person to her parents, makes me want to wrap my arms around her and protect her from the world even more.

“So,” Holly slaps her hands down on her knees in a signal she’s ready to move on from the melancholy mood that’s descended. “Have we got good seats for the ballet? I’m not going to be staring at the back of someone’s head the whole time, am I?”

“I have a private box.”

“That’s pretty fancy.”

“What can I say? I’m a patron of the arts.”

“Yeah, I noticed the paintings in your foyer. You have some nice pieces.”

“You like modern art?”

Holly shrugs. “I guess. It’s not as if I have a lot of it hanging on the walls of my shitty apartment.”

“You don’t like where you live?”

“No, it’s awful.” She blows out a breath. “Anyway, tell me more about this private box of yours. Just how private is it?”

There’s a seductive gleam in her eye that makes my cock stir. I can’t help grinning. When Davide told me earlier that she’d been the one to make the first move when they were at the department store this morning, I knew Holly was attracted to all of us, but I wasn’t sure she would ever act on it. But, it seems, she does have a flirtatious side.

“It’s very private, and very dark.”

“Hmm,” Holly murmurs. “I’m looking forward to this evening more and more.”

“So am I, sweetheart,” I agree. “So am I.”



Holly

I don’t know where this flirtatious side of me is coming from. It seems around these men I can’t resist letting my sassiness out. I guess it’s because I’ll never get a chance like this again, to have three gorgeous men within my grasp.

I barely know them but, already, I hate the thought of this ending. Instalove isn’t a concept I believe in, but lust at first sight? That’s real and I have definitely been struck by it.

When we pull up at the theater, I glance out of the window and see crowds of people milling about on the steps leading up to an imposing, neo-classical building. Nico gets out of the car and comes around to help me out. He has old-school manners. I like that.

He steers me through the crowd and into the building. I’ve never been here. The décor is incredibly opulent, with marble columns and gold accents everywhere. We head upstairs and along a corridor. Nico nods a greeting to several people as we pass, but doesn’t stop to talk to anyone.

There’s a man standing at a door up ahead, wearing black pants, a white shirt and a black vest. As we approach, he opens the door.

“Good evening, Mr. di Marco.”

“Richard,” he greets the man. “How are the wife and kids?”

“Very well, thank you, sir. Everything you asked for is waiting for you. If you require anything during the show, please ring for me.”

Nico ushers me into the box, and Richard closes the door behind us. The box is big enough to seat six people on chairs covered with a plush red velvet. There are drapes behind us, which Nico draws across to conceal the door. A table placed at the side of the small room is laden with meats, cheeses, breadsticks and chocolate-dipped strawberries. A bottle of champagne sits in an ice bucket and there are two glasses.

“This is incredible,” I say as Nico guides me to a seat. Before sitting, I lean over the edge of the box to view the audience below. Looks like it will be a full house. I take my seat and look around at the other boxes, filling up with people. There’s a hubbub of excited chatter, and I feel my own anticipation growing.

“Can I get you something to eat?” Nico asks.

I haven’t eaten since lunchtime and the platter of food that’s been provided looks too good to resist. “Please.”

While Nico strips the cling wrap off of the silver platter and prepares me a plate, I look down at the audience once more. I hadn’t really got into the holiday spirit until now.

As I sit back, I spot a familiar face staring back at me from a box opposite. Laura is there with three men, her new love interests, I assume. I wave enthusiastically at her and appraise her dates. Tall, two blonds, one dark-haired. They’re easy on the eye but, I have to say, they’re not a patch on my men.

Jeez! When did I start thinking of them as mine? Probably around the time I first spotted them in that diner.

“Friend of yours?” Nico asks.

“My best friend, Laura. She’s here with her new boyfriends.”

“Boyfriends, plural?”

“Looks like you’re not the only ones who like to share women.”

Nico passes me a plate laden with food. “Have you met them yet?”

“No.” I note the odd look on his face. “Why? Do you know them? Are they bad guys?”

I start to get out of my seat, but Nico puts a hand on my shoulder to ease me back down.

“No, not bad guys, not that I know of. It’s just they’re pretty well known in the business world. That’s Sam Hunter, Drake Manning and Lucas Pennington. They’re billionaires, several times over.”

“How do you know that?”

“I read the financial news and I’ve seen them around. We go to a lot of the same events.”

“Ah, okay. Maybe we can say hi during the interval. Laura and I usually text a lot and since you’ve got my phone, she might think I’m being held captive by the mob or something.”

Nico laughs. “Davide warned me you were throwing the mob thing around casually. Can you try not to shout it from the rooftops? It’s not something we like to draw attention to.”

Now I'm the one who laughs. "You may not draw attention to it, but it oozes from your pores. I only had to glance at you in that diner to know you were Made Men, or whatever you call yourselves."

Nico shakes his head. "Regardless, I'd prefer not to broadcast it."

"Okay." I pretend to zip my mouth shut and throw away the key. I turn my attention to the food. Picking up the delicate silver fork Nico laid on the edge of the plate, I spear a piece of salami. As I bring it up to my mouth, I catch a strong whiff of garlic. "Are you sure I should eat this?"

"It's not poisoned," Nico replies drolly.

"No, I mean, it's really garlicky."

"And that's a problem, because?" Nico thinks about it for a moment and realization dawns on his face. "Ah, you think someone's going to kiss you later?"

I shrug. "I mean, it's a possibility, right? Davide might be around when we get home."

The breath catches at the back of my throat as Nico curls a hand around the back of my neck and silences me with a kiss. His lips are warm, soft, tender, as they move over mine, unhurried. I sigh and sink into the kiss, feeling bereft when Nico pulls back. He snatches a piece of salami from my plate and pops it in his mouth.

"There, now we're both eating it, so it won't be a problem."

"Great," I squeak. "Thank you."

"Now, eat up," Nico says. "The curtain goes up soon and you'll want to give the performance your full attention."

OceanofPDF.com

CHAPTER 6



Holly

When Nico told me I'd want to give the performance my full attention, I had no idea he was going to make it so difficult for me. The moment the lights went down, he started to stroke my thigh, his fingers drifting up and down, gliding over my chiffon skirts in a slow, tormenting rhythm.

His touch warms my skin and I shift restlessly as my body reacts to him, a pulse flickering between my legs.

"Eyes on the stage," Nico admonishes, as I turn to glare at him.

We're in a public place, but that doesn't deter him from making mischief. He slips down from his seat and kneels on the floor in front of me.

Thankfully, it's pitch black up here and everyone else is focused on the colorful sets and incredible costumes on the stage. I gasp as Nico puts his hands on my knees and pushes them apart, settling between them.

He slowly runs his hand up my leg until he reaches my red lace panties. He draws them down and I instinctively lift my

hips to help him.

What the hell am I doing? If I had any self-respect, I'd put a stop to this right now. In fact, I should whack him over the head with the champagne bottle for doing this to me in public. I might be entertaining thoughts of going to bed with three men at once, but I'm no exhibitionist.

Yet, when Nico yanks me forward so my butt is hanging over the edge of the seat, I do nothing to stop him. Instead, I stiffen my spine, trying to appear riveted by the action on stage, in case anyone glances my way. I grip the arm of the chair and let Nico do what he wants with me.

He disappears under my voluminous skirts and a whisper of warm breath wafts over my intimate flesh. I shiver with delight as he licks me, running his tongue along the length of my feminine slit. Men have gone down on me before, but this is next level. A moan of ecstasy escapes me as his lips close over the throbbing bud of my clitoris. Nico smacks my thigh as a warning to keep quiet, but holy fuck, it's going to be hard.

As he sucks on my clitoris, he pushes a long, thick finger into my tight channel and draws it in and out, fucking me slowly with it. He adds another finger and curls them to stroke that special spot inside me. My hips lift off of the chair as my pussy clenches. Nico splays a hand across my feminine mound and holds me down.

Pleasure washes over me and I can't hold back. As the music from the orchestra rises and the dancers twirl on the stage below, Nico laps at me until I can hold on no longer. The orgasm hits me like a freight train and I shove my fist in my mouth to stifle a yell.

Looking entirely too pleased with himself, Nico emerges from beneath my skirts. His face glistens with my juices. He

takes out his pocket square and dries himself off. Then he retakes his seat, looking irritatingly unflustered, like nothing happened.

“I’ll get you back for that later,” I hiss.

“Please do.” Nico waves my delicate lace panties in front of me. “I’ll be keeping these.”

With such a boyish grin on his face, I can’t be mad at him. I do, however, breathe a sigh of relief when he stops dangling my undies in front of me and pops them into his pocket.

As the lights come up and thunderous applause breaks out, I realize he cut it pretty fine with his underskirt shenanigans. I quickly run my fingers through my hair. I hope I don’t look like someone who just experienced a very public climax.

“Want to go say hello to your friend?” Nico asks.

“Can we?”

“Sure. You’re our guest, not a prisoner, remember?”

I nod because, in fact, at no point since I walked in on these guys in Julian’s office have I actually felt like a prisoner. Though I wouldn’t want to test them by demanding to go home, I don’t feel threatened. It might be naivety on my part, but I trust them not to hurt me.

“Just don’t mention the M word,” Nico warns.

“What? Mafia, mobster,” I smack my lips together and lean in closer to him, “muff dive?”

Nico bursts out laughing. “All the above. Unless, of course, you want to make your friend jealous with a detailed review of my oral abilities.”

“Oh, yes, you’re a solid seven out of ten.”

“Seven?” Nico splutters in outrage.

Actually, he’s way better than that, but this man’s ego needs no boosting from me.

“Yes, there’s room for improvement. You should practice more.”

He gets to his feet and takes my hand, pulling me up from my seat. He wraps an arm around my waist and hauls me close to his gloriously muscular chest.

“You want me to practice, baby, we can practice.”

The intense fire in his eyes threatens to melt me on the spot. I think I would actually drop to my knees for him right now, but thankfully, a knock at the door brings me to my senses.

Nico groans at the interruption, but steps past the two rows of chairs to answer it. He pulls back the velvet drapes and opens the door.

It’s not a complete surprise to see Laura and her men standing on the other side. She’s wearing the most exquisite blue gown with an embroidered bodice and a look of annoyance on her face. The men are all in tuxedos.

“Hi!” She barges past Nico to pull me into her arms. “What are you doing here?”

“Nico brought me.”

She whirls around and appraises my tall, dark Italian mobster. “You! You’re the guy from the diner.”

“Guilty!” Nico quips.

Laura turns back to me with a *how the hell did this happen* look on her face.

“I’m staying with Nico and his cousins for Christmas,” I tell her.

“Holly was at a loose end and we thought she’d enjoy spending it with us.” Nico steps up to me and puts his arm around my waist in a proprietorial manner.

The room became thick with testosterone the moment Laura showed up with her three guys, so I guess he’s feeling a bit possessive.

“I see.” Laura gives me a strange look. She saw how I salivated over them at the restaurant, but knows I was hesitant to approach them. “So, how did you meet up?”

“At the office,” I say and then stop. I don’t want to reveal anything that Nico wouldn’t be happy with her knowing.

“We had business to discuss with Julian Marwick,” Nico says. “Holly walked in and the rest, as they say, is history.”

“Business with Julian?” Laura looks at me, the hint of a frown creasing her forehead. She knows the type of man my boss is and I’m pretty sure she drew the same conclusions about Nico and his cousins that I did.

“That’s right,” I say a little too breezily. I glance past her to the three men crowding the doorway. They look kind of intense. “So, aren’t you going to introduce us?”

“Oh, yes!” Laura seems to remember suddenly that she’s not alone. She goes to stand with the three men. She slaps her hand on the taller blond’s chest. “This is Drake. Lucas.” She indicates the other blond and then the dark-haired one. “And Sam.”

“Nice to meet you,” I say politely.

“You too,” Drake replies. “You know, Laura’s been worried. She texted you and didn’t hear back.”

“Holly’s phone died,” Nico says smoothly. “My cousin is having it fixed.”

It’s a plausible explanation, but suspicion lingers in the air. Nico knew who these men were, so perhaps they know him too.

“I need to use the restroom,” Laura announces. She holds a hand out to me. “Come with?”

Nico nods. “Go ahead, sweetheart.” He kisses me and then whispers in my ear. “Watch what you say. I’d hate to have to hurt your friend.”

His threat pisses me off because it’s completely unnecessary. I cover my irritation with a smile and disentangle myself from his embrace.

I step out into the corridor, eager to catch up on Laura’s news, but we only make it a few yards before she turns and grabs my arms, pulling me into a conspiratorial embrace.

“Are you okay? Are you with him under duress?”

“What?” That came out high-pitched, a sure sign I have something to hide. “No, I’m not.”

“Are you sure?” Laura asks. “You realize who that man is, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I sigh wearily. “But he’s not hurting me. I’m not afraid of him.”

Laura pushes me back to hold me at arm’s length so she can look into my eyes.

“You promise?”

“I promise.”

“Okay.” She still doesn’t sound convinced. “But something’s not right. You’re all flushed.”

“Ahem, well, that might have something to do with Nico’s outstanding oral skills.”

Laura’s face lights up and she slaps my arm, not enough to hurt though it gives me a jolt. “Are you kidding me? He went down on you in there?”

“Yes, a fitting climax to the first act.”

“You are so bad! What if someone had seen you?”

“Do you know, I don’t think I’d have cared.”

My friend grins. “Seems like you were in the market for some hot Italian dick, after all.”

“Maybe.”

We carry on walking along the corridor as other people come and go from their private boxes. Eventually, we find a bathroom which is decked out with gold fittings and a crystal chandelier.

“Jeez!!” Laura says. “What are the toilets made of? Platinum?”

“How the other half live, right?”

Neither of us is used to this kind of opulence. We both grew up in low-income families. We live in similar crappy neighborhoods. This sort of luxury would usually be beyond our reach.

Laura excuses herself to go into a stall while I check my hair in the mirror over the sink.

A short, red-haired woman in a plain black dress comes into the room and stands next to me.

“Enjoying the performance?” she asks.

“Very much.”

“You keep interesting company.”

The remark puts me on alert. The woman reaches into her silver clutch bag and takes out a card, handing it to me. I drop it instantly, as if it burned me.

“FBI?” I hiss. I don’t know much about the world the di Marco men inhabit, but talking to the FBI is something that could land me in trouble.

“Yes, I spotted you with Nico di Marco. He’s a dangerous man. If there’s anything you can tell me about him, I can keep you safe.”

“No,” I say firmly.

“Think it over,” the FBI agent says. “I know you’re new. You’re probably dazzled by his money, his influence, all this.” She waves a hand at our opulent surroundings. “But that man is responsible for countless murders. Get out before you’re in too deep with him.”

What she says shocks me. Instinctively, I knew what Nico and his cousins were from the moment I first laid eyes on them, but hearing her say so bluntly that they’re killers is a jolt to the system.

Still, I can’t offer her any help, not just because I fear what would happen to me if I did, but because I really don’t want to do anything to hurt the guys. As insane as it sounds, considering this woman has just confirmed my worst fears about them, I want to get to know them better.

“I said no.” My tone is sharper this time.

“Is everything okay here?” Laura asks as she emerges from the toilet cubicle to wash her hands.

“Yes, this woman was just trying to sell me something I’m not interested in,” I say pointedly.

“Well, if you change your mind, call me,” the woman says.

“I won’t.”

She turns and flounces from the room.

“What was that about?” Laura asks.

“Oh, nothing.” I’m not going to let that uncomfortable encounter ruin my evening. Leaving the FBI agent’s business car where I dropped it, I head for the door. “Let’s go enjoy the rest of the performance.”

OceanofPDF.com

CHAPTER 7



Alessandro

As she sets to work, chopping vegetables like I asked her to, Holly seems subdued. Nico mentioned she hadn't been happy during the second half of the ballet last night, a fact he lamented since the blowjob she hinted she would give him never materialized. He did get to taste her sweet pussy, though, so I envy the lucky bastard that.

“What’s the matter, *dolcezza*?” I ask as she slices savagely into an unsuspecting carrot. “Not a fan of Christmas?”

“I’ve got no problem with Christmas. I’m just not sure about the company I’m keeping.”

“You wound me.” I raise my hand to my chest to emphasize the point. “What have I done to upset you?”

“*You’ve* done nothing.”

That, at least, confirms that someone has upset her.

“Was it your friend?” Nico mentioned she’d met up with a woman at the ballet and that after they’d gone off together, Holly’s mood had soured.

“Of course not.”

“Then who? Tell me and I’ll take care of it.”

Holly slams her knife down on the chopping board and turns to me, challenge written into the pursing of her plump red lips.

“What would *taking care of it* entail?”

I don’t think I like where this conversation is going and I sure as hell don’t enjoy being spoken to in that aggressive tone. If she was a man, I’d probably deck her for speaking to me that way. Leaning back against the countertop, I fold my arms across my chest.

“Depends what the issue is.”

“So if the circumstances were right, you’d kill someone?”

“It would have to be a pretty fucking serious issue before I’d even consider something like that.”

“Really?”

I hate the note of disbelief in her voice. “Really,” I say firmly. “Look, Holly, I don’t know what shit you watch on TV, but we don’t run around killing people left, right and center.”

Her jaw clenches. “But you have killed people, right?”

I’m not going to answer that question. It’s better if she doesn’t know some of the things we had to do to ensure the safety of our families as Nico took over leadership of the organization from his father.

Besides, it’s Christmas Day and I would rather focus on enjoying a nice dinner together and exchanging gifts.

“Would you care if we had?” I ask. “Would it change how you see us?”

She puts on her thinking face the one where she pushes her lips out and her forehead gets these deep furrows in it. I've known this girl for all of five minutes, yet I can already read her like a book.

I like that she's giving my question serious consideration rather than just blurting out whatever answer she thinks I want. Most people do that. They try to appease me. Really, I'd prefer they were honest.

"No," she replies after a long, drawn-out silence. "I don't think it changes anything. I still think you're pretty damned hot."

I huff out a laugh. "So, where did your doubts come from? Did your friend say something, cause from what Nico said, she's dating some pretty ruthless guys herself?"

Holly shakes her head, her ponytail swinging from side to side. I imagine wrapping it around my hand as I shove my cock in her mouth.

"Laura didn't say anything." She bites her lip, a nervous habit. "A woman approached me in the bathroom. An FBI agent."

"Oh, yeah?" I do a pretty good job at hiding my irritation.

I haven't heard anything about a current investigation into our activities, so one of two things has happened. The first is that our contacts at the Bureau have failed to warn us. That would be a big problem considering the amount of money we spend to have people watching our backs.

The second is that the woman is sniffing around on her own, hoping to find something she can use to launch an investigation. That would be less of an issue but, either way,

I'm not happy that whatever this woman said gave Holly doubts about us.

“You know, Holly, the FBI sniff around from time to time, but they never find anything worth focusing their energy on. Sure, we do illegal shit, but there are far worse people than us out there.”

Holly nods, accepting that. “Yeah, I know, but it wasn't just her. Nico threatened to hurt Laura if I told her anything about why I'm with you guys.”

I bite back a curse. My cousin can be a real *stronzo* sometimes, but I get where he was coming from.

“Nico was a prick to say what he did, but see it from his point of view, Holly. He's afraid you'll call it quits before giving us a chance to show you who we really are. He's got a feeling about you, we all do, and it scares us that you might not look past...uh...” How do I put this? “We're worried you won't be able to ignore certain aspects of our work life.”

Holly scrubs a hand over her face. “It's hard, but I think I can handle it, if you can promise not to get me involved in anything dubious.”

Part of the unwritten code we live by is to ensure that women and children are never touched by business matters, so I feel confident in giving my word that she will never be dragged into the murkier aspects of our world.

“I promise, Holly. We will all do whatever it takes.”

“Okay, then.”

She turns and picks up the knife to get to work on the veggies once more. I step closer to her and stick my bottom lip out like a spoiled child.

“You know, I’m hurt you would even think I’d let anything unpleasant taint our time together.”

Holly sets the knife back down and turns to me, a wicked smirk on her face.

“Oh, and is there something I can do to ease the pain?”

“You could kiss it better.”

She rolls her gorgeous blue eyes as she pushes herself up on her tiptoes to kiss me. She’s not short for a woman, but I’m six five, so I bend to make things easier. Her lips press against mine and it feels like heaven until she pulls back.

“How’s that?” There’s a teasing note in her voice. “All better now?”

“Nope.”

“Well, how about this?”

She kisses my neck, and I shake my head. “Nope, still not better.”

“Hmm. How about this?”

She grabs the hem of my t-shirt and pulls it up to place a gentle kiss on my abs.

“Getting closer.”

Holly gives me a despairing look, but continues to play along. She unbuckles my belt and lowers my jeans. Another featherlight kiss on my abdomen makes my cock stand to attention.

“Closer,” I choke out.

“Hmm,” Holly purrs. “I think I understand.”

She stares at me for a moment and I'm not sure she's going to go any farther. Then she sinks to her knees and peers at me from beneath long, thick lashes. She reaches up, grabs the waistband of my boxers and carefully draws them down, freeing my rigid cock. She leans forward and kisses it reverently, then sits back on her heels.

"I...uh...."

She's come this far, but now she looks uncertain.

"Do you need me to take charge?"

Holly nods vigorously.

"Yes, please. Tell me what to do."



Holly

Though I've given blowjobs before, I'm not really confident I know what I'm doing. My last boyfriend, Steven, told me my technique was horrible. That was a blow to the ego I haven't recovered from, only I didn't realize it until the moment I got on my knees for Alessandro. A man like him is bound to have plenty of women willing to suck him off, and the feeling I'm competing makes my self-doubt worse.

Thankfully, Alessandro has no problem taking control of the situation and telling me exactly what he wants.

"Open your mouth."

Obediently, I part my lips. He edges forward and slips just an inch or so of his massive cock into my mouth.

“Lick around the head,” he instructs.

Doing as he asked, I swirl my tongue around his sensitive flesh. I dip my tongue into the slit at the head of his cock, gathering up droplets of pre-cum. Alessandro’s groan tells me I did something right.

“Take more of me.”

I suck a few more inches of his dick into my mouth and panic takes hold of me. How will I breathe with my mouth so full? Gasping, I pull back.

“Sorry!” The word bursts out of me.

Alessandro curves a hand around my cheek. “Never apologize. If something doesn’t feel right, make sure you tell me.”

I nod, but I feel like an idiot. Tears prick my eyes.

“It’s just, well, I’m no good at this sort of thing.”

He snorts dismissively. “Did some shithead ex tell you that?”

I furrow my brow. “How did you know that?”

“Educated guess.”

There’s an awkward silence that has both of us struggling for something to say, but Alessandro’s cock doesn’t get the message that this might not work out for him. He remains hard as a rock. I use the moment to study my enemy. Long and thick, his penis looks almost aggressive with the angry purple-red flesh at its head. There’s a bulging blue vein running along its underside. His cock twitches, and my mind is made up. I am not going to lose this battle.

Wrapping my fingers around the base, I take the rest of him into my mouth. Alessandro gives an indecipherable grunt that could equally be shock or amazement. I focus on breathing steadily, with my mouth so full.

When I've got that under control, I get to work on pleasuring him. I suck and lick his rigid length as if my life depends on it.

"Fuck, Holly," Alessandro exclaims. "Yeah, that's it."

Reveling in his clear approval, I slide my lips back and forth over his velvety flesh, establishing a steady rhythm. I move my hands to cup his balls, squeezing just enough to get a reaction from him.

"Fuck, *dolcezza!*"

I continue to play with him until he can't take it any longer and has to seize control. Tangling a fist in my hair, he holds me in place as he thrusts his hips, forcing his enormous cock deeper than I'd taken it. I whimper, but he uses his free hand to stroke my neck. He murmurs something in Italian that I don't understand but which reassures me nonetheless and I relax as he fucks my mouth.

I peer up at him as he stills suddenly, the muscles in his neck cording. His cock swells and he comes with a loud bark, filling my mouth with his seed. I swallow down every last drop, immensely pleased with myself.

Alessandro pulls out and leans against the countertop, panting heavily.

"Whoever made you doubt yourself was an asshole."

I smile shyly as offers me a hand and pulls me to my feet.

"Really?"

“Yes, Holly, that was incredible.” He wraps an arm around me and pulls in for a hug. “We will be doing that a lot.”

He steps back and sorts out his clothing.

“And will you be returning the favor?” I ask.

“You bet I will, but first I’m going to feed you the most incredible Christmas dinner you’ve ever had.” He points at the pile of carrots, onions and celery stalks I’ve yet to chop. “Now, get to work.”

“Yes, sir,” I say with a cheeky salute. When I came downstairs this morning, I felt despondent, but Alessandro has cheered me right up. This is going to be a merry Christmas. I can feel it.

OceanofPDF.com

CHAPTER 8



Holly

Christmas is a loud affair, even though it's just the four of us. The men talk over each other constantly as they share stories of their childhood. I do my best to keep up, but honestly, I end up missing half of what they're saying. I'm enjoying myself too much to care.

Every time I see these guys together, it becomes clearer just how close they are. Theirs is a tight unit built on bonds of love and respect for one another. I can't help but want to be a part of that, even if there are some aspects of their lives I'm not sure I'll ever be at peace with.

The prime rib Alessandro prepared alongside an array of veggies and a flavorful red wine sauce was delicious and the wine amazing, although Nico limited me to one glass. He said something about the importance of informed consent that made me feel as if I'm in safe hands. It also turned me on because of the promise those words held. I mean, you don't talk about informed consent unless you're thinking of doing something naughty, right?

“So,” Nico says as we all lounge on the large, squishy sofas in the living room, “you’ve had a little taste of what it means to be with each of us. How do you feel about being with the three of us at once?”

I knew the topic would come up at some point, but it still throws me off balance. I need a moment to think about it.

“What happens if I say I’m not into it?”

“Well, we hope you won’t say that but, if you do, we’ll not put any pressure on you to change your mind. You will still stay here until our deal is concluded and then we’ll go our separate ways.”

“And if I am into it?” To be honest, I’m definitely leaning more toward wanting to try things out with them.

“Then we get to know each other better and see what comes of it.”

“Okay. I want to do it. I want to be with all three of you.”

Nico grins. “In that case, sweetheart, come with us.”

He takes my hand and we head upstairs. Davide and Alessandro follow, but not too closely. I guess they want me to feel comfortable, something that seems to be confirmed when we go to the room I slept in last night.

Nico leads me into the center of the room and steps back.

“We’re all clean. Are you protected?”

I know they would use condoms if I asked them to, but I want to feel them inside them with no barrier between us.

“I am.”

“Good, then strip.” The words come out as a growl. It makes me smile. Someone’s eager.

I unfasten the belt of my crimson wrap dress and let it fall open. Alessandro sucks in a breath and I grin as I push the dress from my shoulders, allowing it to drop to the floor. I stand there for a moment, as three sets of eyes fix smoldering gazes on me.

“And the rest.” Again, it’s Nico who issues the command. Since he’s the boss, I guess it’s not unexpected that he likes to take the lead in the bedroom as well.

I unhook my bra and slip it off, then slowly lower my panties. When I straighten, Nico walks around me, inspecting every inch of my naked form. I shiver with nervous anticipation as he completes the circle, coming to stand in front of me once more.

“Play with those gorgeous tits, Alessandro.”

The tallest of my three Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsomes stalks across the room and moves behind me. Pressing a kiss to the side of my neck, he wraps his arms around me and curves his hands around my breasts. His fingers twist my nipples until they form tight peaks. His grip is painful, but with it comes a strange pleasure. Between my legs, there’s a fluttering of arousal. I moan as he sucks on my neck.

“Get on the bed,” Nico commands, “and spread your legs.”

Reluctantly moving from Alessandro’s embrace, I do as instructed. I lie at the center of the enormous bed and open my thighs wide. The twinge of embarrassment I feel disappears the moment I see the heat in my men’s eyes.

“Such a pretty pink pussy,” Nico says. “And it’s all ours.”

“She needs to be wetter,” Alessandro remarks.

It’s strange to hear them speaking about me this way but also exhilarating.

“I’ll take care of it,” Davide offers.

Standing at the edge of the bed, he grabs my ankles and pulls me toward him. He drops to his knees and drapes my legs over his shoulders. I’m spread wide open for him.

He lowers his head and a moment later, his tongue flicks out to tease my highly sensitive flesh. He’s gentle at first, his touch barely perceptible. Then he devours me like a man long starved. It’s incredible.

I grasp the bedcovers, writhing helplessly as the pleasure builds. Just as I’m getting to the point of no return, Davide steps back. I whimper in distress, but I’m not left wanting for long. Before I can form a coherent thought, Nico is between my legs. He thrusts his thick cock into me and I come, screaming loudly as he slowly slides in and out of me three times.

Nico pulls out and flips me over, hauling me up onto all fours.

“Get on the bed, Davide,” he orders. “Holly here is going to suck you off while I fuck her.”

“You are going to love her hot little mouth,” Alessandro says and a strange sense of pride warms my insides.

Davide quickly divests himself of his clothing and climbs onto the bed to kneel in front of me. He’s already fully erect. I lower my head to take him into my mouth, more confident after my experience with Alessandro earlier. I suck enthusiastically, gasping around his length as Nico spears me with his cock once more. As he fucks me like a man possessed, Davide grabs my hair and takes my mouth with ruthless determination.

“Soon you’ll take all three of us at once,” Nico says, spreading my butt cheeks apart to press a finger against my rear entrance.

The very thought of the three of them all using my body at once has me panting with need.

“I think she likes that idea.” Alessandro chuckles as he comes to lie on the bed next to me. He reaches between my legs and flicks my clit with his finger, detonating something inside of me.

As I come, Davide pulls his cock out of my mouth and Nico wraps an arm around me, dragging me back toward him, so I’m kneeling as he comes inside me. Davide strokes his cock a couple of time. He throws his head back as his semen splatters across my breasts.

I don’t have a chance to express my outrage, not that I really feel aggrieved at being marked in that way, as I’m flipped over onto my back. Alessandro takes his place at the side of the bed and shoves himself inside me.

I expect him to set a furious pace, but he doesn’t, choosing instead to move in and out of me at a languorous pace. He drags my ankles up and holds them against his shoulders as he fucks me with slow, rhythmic strokes. At this angle, he hits that sweet spot inside me and it doesn’t take long for me to reach completion.

Alessandro comes just a second later. He collapses onto the bed next to me. Nico lies on my other side and Davide kneels behind us, pulling me up so I can rest my head in his lap. We lie together in a sweaty, blissful mess. I’m wrung out after that, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.

EPILOGUE



Davide – one year later

Our lovely wife is up to something. Well, technically, she's Nico's lovely wife since only one of us could make the bond official, but she's ours just as much as his.

She left the house on a secret trip last week and made Paulie, who acted as her bodyguard that day, promise not to tell us where he took her.

He's been surprisingly tight-lipped, but it's no surprise he's fulfilling his vow to our wife. Holly has every man in our organization wrapped around her little finger.

Normally, we'd try to squeeze the answer out of Paulie, but Holly anticipated we'd try and promised retribution if we put pressure on him.

The last time she got truly pissed at us, she refused to let us touch her delectable body for a whole week, the longest seven days of my life. So, we've let Paulie keep her secret. It's bugging us all the same.

"Where is she?" Alessandro grumbles. Of the three of us, he has the hardest time not knowing her every move. He's

always been the protective type, but with Holly his instinct to look out for her has gone into overdrive.

“She said she’d text when she’s ready to give us our present,” Nico says. His tone is even, but I know he’s as impatient as the rest of us.

When our phones simultaneously chime with an incoming message, I breathe a sigh of relief. Holly is waiting for us in the bedroom. Like eager schoolboys, we run to the stairs, pushing each other out of the way as we all try to get to her first.

Alessandro, as the fastest of us, is the winner, of course. He bursts into the bedroom we all share and Nico and I follow seconds later.

“What took you assholes so long?” Holly asks. She shakes her head and laughs. Her sassy streak has only got worse as she’s gotten more comfortable with us and I have to tell you, I am here for it.

Reclining on the bed in nothing but a white lace bra and panties, Holly’s hair tumbles in waves over her shoulders.

“Are you our present, *dolcezza*?” Alessandro asks.

Holly shakes her head slowly. “No, but it’s somewhere in this room. I want you to look for it.”

Playing games is a regular part of our lives together. It keeps things interesting but, right now, with Holly such a tempting sight, I’d rather get straight to business. I put one knee on the bed to crawl toward her and she tuts loudly.

“Uh-uh, Davide, play the game. The sooner you find your present, the sooner we can all have some fun.”

Groaning in disappointment, Nico, Alessandro and I set about searching the room for our present. We try the closet, the bathroom, the drawers of Holly's dressing table, but find nothing.

"You're cold," Holly calls out.

The three of us stalk toward the bed.

"Warmer," Holly says.

Nico gets down on his hands and knees to look under the bed.

"Colder."

Alessandro crawls onto the bed and parts Holly's legs. She grins. Little minx. Was this her game all along? She does like to tease. He puts his face close to her pussy.

"Warmer, but not quite."

"Huh?" Alessandro turns to look back at Nico and me.

Suddenly, I have an idea of what's happening here. Holly has had a certain glow about her lately, but I hardly dare to believe I'm right.

"Try a little higher," I tell Alessandro.

He furrows his brow, but slides his hand up to her still flat stomach.

Holly grins and I can't help letting out a whoop. Nico and Alessandro both look at me as if I'm insane.

"A baby?" I ask.

"Yep," Holly confirms. "Congratulations, guys, one of you is going to be a daddy."

As Nico and Alessandro both smother our beautiful wife with kisses, I wipe a tear from my eye. I thought last Christmas was perfect, but this tops it. Joining the people I love most in the world on the bed, I wrap an arm around Holly.

“I love you, Holly di Marco,” I tell her.

“And I love you,” she replies, “all three of you.”

As we get ready to show her just how much we love her, I can't help but wonder what next year will bring. Whatever it, with this woman by our sides, it's bound to be awesome.

The End



Enjoyed this story? Be sure to leave a review! Want to find out more about Holly's friend and her three new men, then look out for Laura's Secret Santas, releasing November 28th

OceanofPDF.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alys Fraser has loved to write from an early age. A university lecturer by day, she spends her nights creating contemporary and paranormal romances.

She lives in Edinburgh with her husband, kids and a menagerie of small animals.



OceanofPDF.com