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chicago

# ROOM FOUR

Wrong Guys, Right Praise

EMBER DAVIS

ROOM  
FOUR

Wrong Guys, Right Praise.

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Room Four: Wrong Guys, Right Praise (Club Sin: Chicago Session 2) by Ember Davis

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For my RH readers who like a little MM action.

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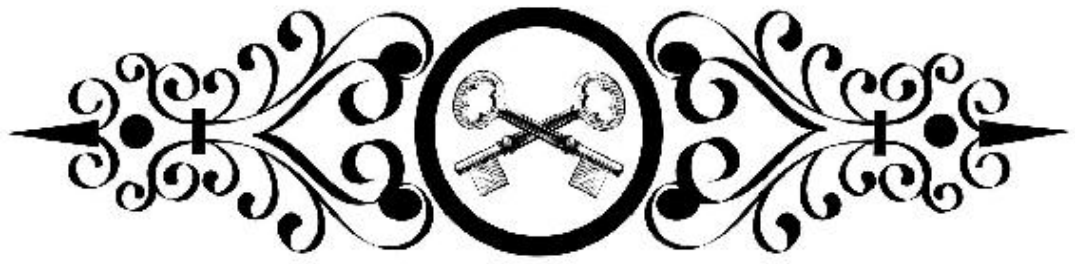
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1. You are STI/STD free.
2. You are healthy and able to engage in or observe sexual activity at Club Sin.
3. You are on or have brought birth control of your choice.
4. You consent to engage in the kink of your choice upon entering the room of your choice. Anyone is welcome in the room that represents their kink with consent, privacy is maintained when requested. Multiple partners are common and encouraged at Club Sin.
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At Club Sin we want you to have a satisfying experience. Go and play!



# CHAPTER 1

## *KILLIAN*

She has her hair up in two buns again today. I think it's my favorite way that she wears her hair. It makes her look innocent and cute. Considering her small stature, it almost makes her look childlike. Then you look into her eyes or notice the tattoos adorning her body and it's clear she's really a badass, but one haunted by something.

The way her brown eyes are shadowed by her past makes me want to wrap her up in the feeling of cozy security and never let her go. From watching her, I've learned she finds solace in other worlds, ones she can get lost in because this one has let her down.

I desperately want to show her there is hope in this world and that I won't let her down. Would she even believe me? Do I have enough to offer a woman like Edison?

Someone innocent, but fierce. Sweet, but sassy. Strong, but vulnerable.

Am I strong enough to protect her? By myself?

I remember a conversation I had with my brother, Coyle, ten years ago, when I was 21 and he was 24, about what it would be like to share a woman. We've always been close and there were a few times we shared a woman between us for a night. It was a thrill to share in her pleasure and help her see the potential in more than one partner.

I asked him hesitantly, "Do you think we could find the right woman for us?"

"You mean for a night of fun?" He shrugged one shoulder, answering his own question, "It's still early, I bet we could head to the bar and pick someone up."

"No," I laughed, a little surprised at how eager he seemed since he'd always been the reserved one between the two of us. "I meant for longer than one night. You're the only family I



have left and, I don't know," I started to trail off, but then forced the rest of the words out, "I guess I don't want someone to come between us and I lose my brother."

"I'd never let someone come between us," he promised.

We'd talk about it from time to time, the possibility of what I had suggested, but we never found the right woman. I thought it wasn't meant to be. Then our work and lives got in the way. We changed and took two different paths in many ways.

It wasn't a woman who came between us; it was time and life. The normal stuff that gets in the way of what you thought would always be important.

We aren't as close as we once were, but he'll always be my brother. He's the only family I have left, but we're both so damn busy.

As I watch Edison across the library, I wonder if she can be the person to bring us together again. I wonder if she's the woman we were always looking for. I don't know if Coyle thinks about the possibility anymore; it was so damn long ago.

The sweater Edison is wearing slips from her shoulder slightly and exposes the rose I tattooed there months ago. It's beautiful and sits on the ball of her shoulder. It's black and gray, the petals open as if they're beckoning the light, the rain, whatever life is going to throw at it.

She got my name through a roundabout way, but I'm damn glad she did.

Her coworker, Kent, is best friends with Cy, a client of mine. Thankfully, Kent isn't working today so I don't have to worry about him wondering why I'm here where I, decidedly, shouldn't be.

When she used Cy's name as a referral, I figured I'd owe Cy a beer for sending another client my way. I get plenty on my own, with a waitlist of a few months, but a referral means people are happy with my work. I had no idea I would need to owe him for sending me the woman of my damn dreams.

I used to be a jokester growing up, more than likely to counter Coyle's quiet stoicism. For years, that part had been receding and I floated in the gray while going through the motions with work being the only thing I focused on. Then Jessa, my receptionist at Misfit Tattoos, called me up to the front and I felt more like myself again.

The moment I took in Edison, all 5'2" of her with her big brown eyes and her spunky attitude and style, it was like color started to bleed back into the world. I smiled at her, and Jessa did a double take. My smile had been steadily fading except for the fake one I knew I had to put on for clients. Jessa elbowed me and when I glanced at her, she had an eyebrow arched in question.

I ignored her, too enamored by the vision in front of me.

I closed the small distance between us and extended my hand, my voice light, "Hi, Edison, right? I'm Killian."

The moment her small hand slid into mine, I was done. Electricity shot up my arm and restarted my heart, something I was sure would never happen. I had spent so many years feeling like my heart only beat with the purpose to survive each day. Her grip was firm, and something flared in her own eyes, but she seemed to be able to brush off what was happening between us much easier than I did.

I was dumbstruck for a moment, all my thoughts centered on pulling the woman in front of me closer and making her mine.

Her voice was soft, like a melody on the wind, "It's nice to meet you, Killian. I got your name through Kent and Cy, he's really the one who recommended you? I've been waiting for this appointment for a few months now. I'm really excited."

I swallowed hard as my mind raced. "Cy's a good friend, I know Kent and Gabriel too. I'm sorry the wait was so long."

I let go of her hand, even though everything in me was screaming to hold on. She waved her hand dismissively as a small smile lifted on her lips. "It's not a problem at all, I'd rather wait for an artist in demand than go shitty place."

I barked out a laugh, surprised at her candor and her grace. People either had no problem waiting or they bitched about it, the way she cut through it was refreshing as fuck. With Jessa watching our interaction, the need to get Edison alone was riding me hard.

I nodded toward the back, “I have something sketched up from your initial contact and what you sent as inspiration. Let’s head back, it shouldn’t take too long today.”

I hated the words as soon as they were out of my mouth because I desperately wanted to keep her around as long as possible. It’s not like I was going to charge her my usual rate. If I thought I could get away with giving her the tattoo for free, I would have, but something in her eyes, a defiance I recognized instantly, told me she wouldn’t accept it. She’d question it. I wasn’t sure if she’d let me get close then, so I bit the inside of my cheek and led her back to my station.

When we stepped into the back, I wished I were alone with her because I didn’t want the other guys working to be able to look at her. Aiden perked up as if there was fresh meat being served, excitement coursing through him the same way it always does when there’s a new person in the shop. Brooks gave her a once over, his eyes curious as he analyzed her. Cameron gave her a glance and then focused back on the client he was working on.

When Edison smiled at them, it took everything in me not to growl at her and tell her not to give her smiles to anyone but me. I’m still not sure how I kept it inside.

As I was showing her the tattoo that I sketched for her, she grabbed my arm, probably not even realizing she was doing it, and gushed, “It’s perfect. Thank you, Killian.”

“My pleasure, little one,” my voice was low, husky, and barely restrained.

When I looked into her brown eyes, I watched how her eyes dilated. I knew right then that she was just as attracted to me as I was to her. I forced it down, wanting to give her what she’d already been waiting far too long for.

I nodded toward her shoulder, “You ready to get it placed? Shoulder, right?”

She nodded. “Yup,” she popped the p and stood in front of me.

When she pulled her tank top and bra strap down her arm, tucking them out of the way, too much and not enough of her milky skin was on display. I wanted to kiss along her shoulder to find out if it made her break out into goosebumps. I focused on getting the tattoo placed, even though my hands were shaking.

I’m not sure how the hell I got through doing her tattoo other than reminding myself I was putting my mark on her. My cock was throbbing the entire time and it was uncomfortable as fuck. I’d gotten in the habit of keeping the chitchat to a minimum while working, but with her, I found myself asking her questions about herself, about her likes. I found everything about her enthralling.

At some point, I prodded her, “Edison is an interesting name.”

She rolled her eyes and deadpanned, “For a girl, right?”

I shrugged one shoulder as I wiped some of the excess ink from her skin. “I didn’t say that, but I’m sure you’ve heard it before.”

She mumbled, “So many times, but I love my name.” She got a dreamy look on her face as her voice dropped to a whisper, “My mom chose my name because she wanted me to have big dreams, ones that would change the world just like Thomas Edison did.”

“I guess it’s better than Tesla,” I teased her.

She giggled and the sound wrapped around my body and my cock started to fucking leak. I was more turned on by her laugh than I’d ever been by anyone else.

I thought I died and went to heaven when she turned the tables and asked me questions about myself, the shop, and my art. Talking shop has always been easy for me, but it was different with her. She listened intently, like everything I was

saying really mattered to her. We talked about my tattoos and that led to me asking about her other tattoos.

When she told me she had tattoos on her leg, but that the person who did them moved, I had to sit back on the stool and get myself under control. I didn't like the idea of another person having their hands or their art on her. The irrational feelings coursing through me were foreign and scary, but I sure as hell couldn't stop them.

It's been months since she walked into my shop, and I've only become more obsessed with her. I wish she would make another appointment so she'd come in and see me, but it hasn't happened yet. I've had to get my fill of her by following her when I can.

Every day I'm tempted to cancel my appointments just so I can devote more of my life to following my girl, but I know I can't, not if I want to be able to give Edison the life she deserves. I should be throwing myself into work, but the idea of leaving my girl without a protector makes me feel uneasy.

Getting a glimpse of the tattoo I put on her, even though I know it's not her only one, still does something to me. I can't look away until she pulls her sweater back over her shoulder, blocking it from my view. I want to march over there and rip the cardigan she's wearing off her body so everyone can see the mark I left on her.

I tense up when a man with an employee badge pushing a cleaning cart stops to talk to her. His back is to me, but I can tell he's muscular and can see some tattoos on his hands. He pushes his hand through his black hair in a nervous gesture and I realize I've seen him before. A lot.

Whenever I'm watching my woman, he's been around. Not just when she's at work either, even though he clearly works here. What the fuck?

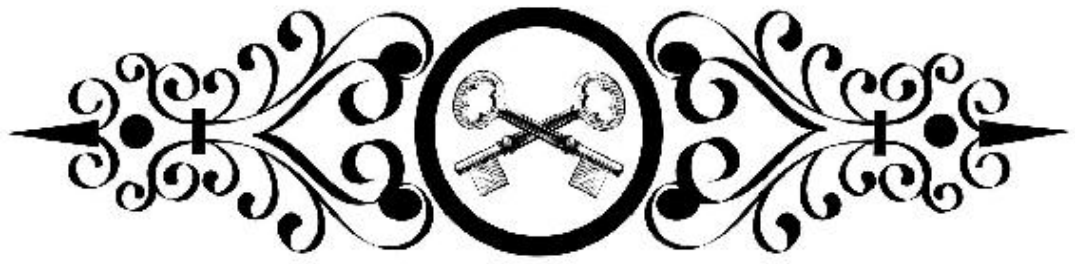
Edison smiles at something he says before giving him a cute little wave and walking away with a stack of books in her arms. When the man turns, he watches her leave with a look on his face I know very fucking well. It's the same look I've seen on my own face when I've looked in the mirror.

He's in love with her. He wants her.

I know, even without asking, he's been following her too. How did I not notice this sooner? I've been following her for months.

Jealousy should be roaring through me at the idea, but the way my cock kicks in my jeans has me taking a deep breath. I don't know who this guy is, but I sure as fuck am going to find out.

A wild thought bubbles up inside of me—if she's perfect for me and Coyle, which I know she is, is it possible she's perfect for this guy too?



## CHAPTER 2

### *JUDE*

I've been loitering in the library, moving slowly as I go through my cleaning routine and trying to get another glimpse of Edison today. I haven't seen her enough lately and my soul is starting to get twitchy because of it. I need to see her, to make sure she's okay, to see her brown eyes looking at me with kindness.

She's a small ray of light which showed me I was living in darkness. I wasn't even aware of it. I thought I was happy and had everything going for me. In some ways, I did, but I had no idea what I was missing. Now I do.

When I round the corner to find her at the large circulation desk, she's gathering some books and I feel like I can breathe a little easier. The soft smile she has on her face is normal, but I've looked into her eyes and seen a need there I know I can fill. If only she'd let me.

I know I'm not going about this the right way, but I don't think she's ready. She's guarded and wary even as she smiles brightly. Scaring her away and ruining the chance I have with her isn't an option. I would never be the same.

As I watch her, the sweater she's wearing slides off one of her shoulders, showing off a black and gray rose she has tattooed there. It makes my mouth water at the thought of kissing her right there. It's beautiful work and for a moment I wonder who the lucky bastard was who got to touch her and put their art on her.

My fists clench at the idea of anyone touching her, but I can't deny how the finished work enhances Edison's natural beauty.

My pace quickens slightly as I push the janitor's cart in her direction. I need to be closer, to get a lungful of her soft wildflower scent that has an undertone of something spicy I can't quite place. She calls to me.



When she turns, I take a moment to look her up and down. She's small at 5'2", but her ass always draws my gaze; all her soft curves do. I long for the day I can trail kisses up and down her spine before I shove my cock into her and take her hard and fast.

*Fuck. Get it together.*

"Hi Edison," I try and keep my voice level, but even I can hear the husky need in it.

She whirls around and for a moment I'm afraid she's going to topple over, especially considering she's still holding a stack of books, but she rights herself quickly. "Oh," she exclaims, "Jude, I didn't know you were right there."

"I'm sorry I startled you. I didn't mean to." I flash her a sheepish smile and almost get lost in her brown eyes.

"No worries," her voice is light and breezy even though I can see how her pulse jumps at the base of her throat.

What I wouldn't give to kiss her right there, to feel her blood pumping under my lips and to know I'm the one who is making her heart race. She's so damn sexy as she looks at me, her eyes wide and full of innocence. She has no idea what she does to me.

Soon. She will soon.

Once I get my head out of my ass and close the deal.

I thought getting a job to be closer to her, even as a janitor, would be a good idea. Now I'm not so sure.

What if she doesn't see me as anything more than my job? Would she look down on me before I get the chance to explain to her this job is just about getting close to her? Would she be horrified by the lengths I've gone to be near her?

I don't think she'd judge me for my job, Edison is too damn sweet for that, but I doubt she'd be thrilled to know it's all a ruse.

In the silence between us that I wish wasn't awkward, I give her a charming smile. "How's your day going?"

Her small smile grows on her lips, and I have to remind myself to breathe. She has no idea how gorgeous she is. I've seen the way some of the male students and professors look at her. They look at her like she's a snack and they want to take a bite.

How I've stopped myself from beating someone's ass, I'll never know.

"I'm great." She holds up the stack of books in her arms a little bit. "I'm just collecting some books to go and replace on the shelves." She rolls her eyes. "You know how the students can get if they can't find what they're looking for right away."

I almost growl at the implication they would treat her badly because they don't have their needs immediately satisfied, but I swallow it down. I'll have to keep a better eye on her when I'm cleaning.

I wish this was the only building I was tasked with. If I could stay here all day, it would be a lot easier to keep an eye on her, but I also clean three of the other academic buildings throughout the week. The days when I'm assigned the library and she's off are the fucking worst.

When I don't see her often enough, when I don't know she's safe, it's like my skin is too damn tight for my body.

She's so small, anything could happen to her out there in the world. I would never be able to forgive myself if something happened and I wasn't there to protect her. It's one of the reasons I started to follow her home on the nights when I can. Sometimes I even watch over her apartment building, but I can't do it every night, as much as I wish I could.

Living a dual life is exhausting.

"If they give you any shit, you just let me know and I'll take care of them," I can't keep the growl out of my voice and her eyes widen in response.

She laughs softly and shakes her head. "It's not that bad. Most of the time they're just stressed out." She shrugs one shoulder as if it's no big deal. "I get it." When she leans toward me conspiratorially, I get a glimpse of the top of her

creamy breasts and swallow hard. “It’s the worst during finals.”

“Which are coming up,” I point out to tease her.

Her eyes sparkle as she takes me in, her voice light, “True enough, but it’s not here yet.”

“You went to school here too, right?”

“I did,” she confirms with a nod. “I’m glad I still get to stick around. I like it here.”

“You’re not from Chicago?”

“Nope,” she pops the p. “I grew up in Arizona in some little town that was way too small for me.” She scrunches up her face which is fucking adorable. “The winters here were an adjustment, but it worked out and I’m used to it now.”

I wince, not being able to relate completely since I was born and raised in Chicago, but it does get really fucking cold. “That must have been brutal the first year.”

“The first two and a half really,” she admits before biting her lip as if she’s embarrassed by her own confession.

“I’m glad you’ve adjusted,” I keep my voice soft even though everything in me is screaming to pull her into my arms and make sure she’s warm enough.

I never want her to feel the bite of a cold winter.

“Thanks,” she chirps. She lifts the stack of books again and smiles at me. “I should get to putting these away. It was nice to see you, Jude.”

She gives me a little wave before she leaves, and I can’t help stand there as I watch her walk away from me. I hate it when she does, and it happens far too often. It also reminds me of the first time I saw her months ago.

My sister, Maria, is a student here and since our mom was off traveling the world, I was the only person here to make sure she got moved into the dorms. After we got everything moved in, we decided to take a walk around the campus together. I wanted to make sure my little sister, a later in life

surprise for my mom with 12 years between us, knew where everything was located.

I was worried Maria would be overwhelmed considering that being at school, even in the same city where she grew up, is the first time she's been out of the house and away from her family.

As we walked around, my eyes caught on Edison. I couldn't help but follow her, but Maria didn't even seem to notice and just happily babbled about the library. That was when I realized Edison had slipped inside the large building. When we walked in, I saw her get settled behind the circulation desk. The way she held herself and spoke with her coworker, Kent, I found out later, told me she wasn't just some work study requirement.

That was when my plan was hatched. I wanted to be as close to her as possible and the only position open was for a janitor. It's far outside of my experience, but I was willing to do anything to find out about the girl I couldn't tear my eyes away from.

In the last few months, I've found out everything I could about her and my fascination only grew with each kernel of information. I'm obsessed with her. I'm stalking her, but I can't stop now.

I won't stop until I make her mine.

I'm able to do most of my other work at night. That's the one bonus of working for myself and owning my own tech business. I can take on the clients I want and do the work when I want to do it. I've devoted all my free time to Edison, and she has no idea.

If I wait too much longer, she's going to slip through my fingers.

I wheel the janitor's cart to the small supply closet, needing to get to the next building, but hating the idea of leaving my girl. I crave having my eyes on her, knowing what she's doing and who she's talking to. It's a damn good thing Kent is in a happily committed relationship, even if it's unconventional.

He and his two best friends, one of whom is a professor here, are in one relationship with a woman who I've seen stop by a few times.

I'm not sure I could share my woman, but there's something intriguing there.

Before I can wheel the cart in completely, I'm pushed into the small room from behind, my hip hitting the metal handle of the cart and throbbing. I bark out, "What the fuck?"

"I should be asking you the same fucking thing. I've seen the way you watch Edison, but she's not yours to look at that way," a voice grits out through his teeth behind me.

I whirl around, barely able to do it in the small space. The man who is crowding me into the room has dark brown hair, longer on top and shorter on the sides so it flops down over his face. His eyes are hazel, darkened with anger, and his jaw is clenched. I can't help myself when I look down to where his long-sleeved shirt is pushed up his arms to expose the tattoos there.

"You don't know what the fuck you're talking about," I deny.

He scoffs, "I do know. I bet you don't just watch her while she's here at work either."

I should deny it, I should be shoving him, but I find my jaw drops instead and words evade me completely. There's something like knowing and understanding in his eyes and I feel a click inside of me.

I challenge him, "And how would you know anything about it?"

He crosses his arms across his chest and stares me down, but I'm sure as hell not going to back down. There's only one way he would know about what I'm doing. Now, taking another moment to look at him, he looks familiar.

My eyes narrow. "I've seen you before. A lot, actually. You've been watching her too."

His arms drop to his sides and shame flitters across his features for a moment before he closes off his emotions behind a mask again. I don't like it. For some reason, one I really don't want to analyze right now, I want to see his genuine reaction. I want to know why he's just as obsessed with Edison as I am.

I stick my hand out between us, surprising even myself, "I'm Jude. It seems we have a mutual interest."

His hand slides into mine and something settles inside of me at the touch. It's been a long time since I've been attracted to a man, but it's not foreign either.

"Killian, and it seems like we do. I think we need to talk about it." He pulls out his wallet and then a card. When he hands it to me, I look down to see it's his card for a business—Misfit Tattoos. "My cell phone number is on the back. Call me."

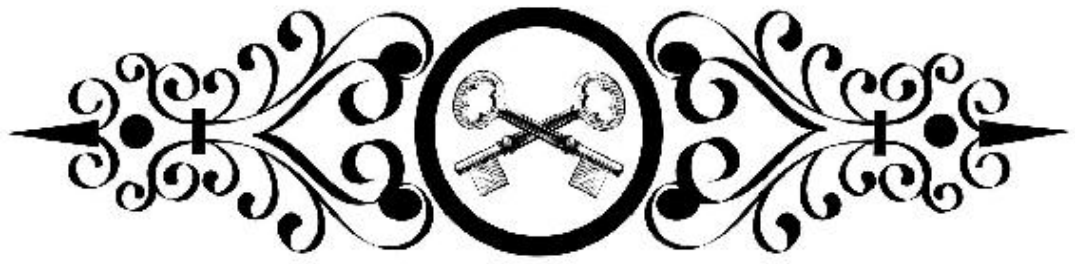
I give him a nod, my mind still whirling with whatever the hell is going on between us. I don't trust my voice right now, a feeling I don't like.

He turns and opens the door, but then looks at me over his shoulder, his eyes raking down my body. I...like it. A lot.

His voice is soft, as if cajoling me into answering, "Do you love her?"

"She's mine."

He sighs and nods before walking out the door, but I still hear him whisper, "Mine too."



## CHAPTER 3

### *EDISON*

The hairs on the back of my neck stand on end as I'm sorting through and checking books in. It's not a feeling I'm unfamiliar with, not even a little bit. For the past few months, I've had this feeling like I'm being watched, but something is different today.

It's more intense. It feels like it's barreling down on me and I'm powerless to stop it.

I should hate this feeling, but I don't. I keep that fact buried deep inside of me in a corner where light doesn't reach. Because it's wrong. Isn't it?

When I look around, I don't see anything, but the feeling doesn't go away.

After I move the last book on my stack, there's a folded note underneath with my name on it. Finding it causes me to smile. I have a feeling I know who it's from. When I unfold it, I start smiling so hard my cheeks start to hurt.

**You're smile is bringing light to someone's cloudy day.**

**—Jude**

I look around again, expecting to see him, but he's not there. Thinking about it, I haven't seen him in a few days. I rub the spot over where my heart beats because I miss him.

It's not like I know him well; I shouldn't be missing him. Then again, he's genuinely nice and thoughtful. Also, who doesn't like a man who does such a good job keeping my home away from home clean, especially when there's books involved?



Thinking about the way Jude looked at me a few days ago makes a shiver run down my spine. His eyes are a beautiful gray color which pull me in. He can be so charming, but also reserved and quiet as if he's always assessing his surroundings.

I also can't deny the way I want to touch the tattoos on his neck when they peek out of the collar of his shirt. It's gotten colder so I can't see the tattoos on his arms, but when he started working here at the beginning of the semester, they called to me. Seeing those makes me wonder what he's hiding underneath his shirts other than the obviously sexy chest he's sporting.

Tattoos.

Fucking hell; that's a whole other tangent I'm more than happy to explore.

I haven't been able to stop thinking about Killian Matthews, the owner of Misfit Tattoos. I reach up and rub my hand over the rose on my shoulder he inked on me a few months ago. I was thrilled when I got my appointment with him because he's so damn talented.

Then I met him, and my stomach felt like it was on a rollercoaster. I'm not sure how I sat still enough for him to work. It felt like my entire body was shaking under his touch. My panties were pretty much ruined by the time I got home too.

There's something about a man who makes art, right? Every time I look at the rose on my shoulder, I think of him, and I'm tempted to reach out, but what would be the point? He's so...him and I'm just me.

I love books and I've always been a quirky, nerdy girl. I'm not the right girl for a guy like Killian. Hell, I'm not the right girl for Jude either considering he's just as sexy.

A sudden vision of the two of them together, standing in front of me with one of their arms wrapped around the other's waist and reaching for me almost knocks me on the damn

floor. That would be too much sexiness. I mean, that level of *oh my god* shouldn't exist in the real world.

It's a damn nice fantasy though and I'm going to file it away for later. Much later. Like the dead of night later when I get out my little friend and let the fantasy play out in all it's hot, sweaty, surround sound glory in my head. I bet they both groan in a way that makes it feel like vibrations against one's clit.

Not my clit. But a clit.

Maybe I need to go out on a date. It's been a long damn time. It's not even like I had bad relationships or anything. They were okay, but every guy has gotten frustrated with me because while I'm nice and pleasant on the surface I have a hard time letting people in.

I shield my heart with iron and steel. It's safer for me. The deep stuff is scary and it's too much of a risk.

Suddenly I'm back in the house with the smoke and the heat. I was too young to be experience what I did. I thought I was going to be trapped forever, but then, suddenly, someone appeared in front of me, an angelic savior with a respirator and fire-retardant gear. It was 18 years ago, when I was only eight, but there are times when it still wakes me up.

I remember the fireman cooed sweet words in my ear when I refused to let go of him while the paramedics were trying to look at the burns on my leg. I was so damn scared.

"You were so brave," he whispered. "You're okay. I've got you."

They were the only comforts I had at that moment, my mind unable to process and deal with the trauma. Then I realized my parents and brother weren't right there next to me, and nothing could ground me in that panic. So much loss. So much destruction.

My entire world was set ablaze that night. I wish I had someone to blame, but I don't because faulty wiring wasn't someone that I could point my finger at. It just was.

A destiny a little girl had to endure; a path forever changed.

My aunt and uncle took me in and were amazing to me. I'll always be grateful to them.

What I told Jude was true the other day, I did grow up in Arizona because that's where my aunt and uncle live. It's the only place I really remember living before I moved back to Chicago to go to school and then decided to stay. I don't remember anything before the fire, not really.

Sometimes I think I get snatches of my parents and my brother on the periphery of my consciousness, but then it vanishes like the smoke which surrounded me that night. I can't ever capture it. It's why I wanted to come back to Chicago for school. I thought, stupidly maybe, that by coming back here, I would find a piece of myself that I lost.

I haven't, but it still feels right to be here which is why I've stayed.

"Edison," Kent, who is technically my boss, snaps me out of thinking about the night of the fire. His voice is full of concern, "Are you okay?"

I look down to realize I'm clutching at my chest and panting. It's the memories; sometimes they seem to trap me and hold me hostage. Fuck. I probably look possessed.

I force my fingers to relax and unclench. Taking a deep breath, relishing in the oxygen as it fills my lungs, forces the panic away. I'm in the library, my happy place. I'm surrounded by books. I'm safe.

I force a smile on my face even though my voice betrays me with how downtrodden it is, "I'm fine."

He narrows his eyes at me. "You don't look fine. You look freaked the fuck out."

I chuckle, the sound a rasp in my throat. "No, really. I was just remembering something, and I got myself worked up, but I'm okay."

Kent takes a step closer to me and places a comforting hand on my shoulder. He's a good guy. He's also very committed to Ariel, the woman he shares with his two best friends. Even

before he was in that relationship, he's never given me creeper vibes, just good guy vibes with a side of nerdy.

I mean, the man wears cardigans and glasses. It shouldn't work, but it does on him. Without coming off as creepy. It's a skill and the man has it in spades.

"If you say so," he acquiesces, though I can tell he doesn't believe me. It's okay; he doesn't have to. "What are you doing this weekend?"

I give him a deadpan look before we both say, "Reading."

I giggle and I swear the intensity of whoever has been watching me ramps up. I glance to the side and notice Jude wheeling the janitor's cart closer, his eyes intent and looking at me. Has he been watching me this entire time?

I didn't think so, at least I didn't see him before.

"Reading anything good?"

I shrug, not wanting to share how deep I am into a paranormal romance series right now. Would he make fun of me? It wouldn't be the first time, that's for sure.

I land on, "You know, just fantasy?"

He gives me a dubious look and I feel my cheeks heat a little bit. "You're probably reading smut."

I gasp, "What do you know about reading smut?"

"I have a very well-read girlfriend at home, remember? She likes to read some very spicy stuff." He winks at me. "Some of it has even made me blush."

I throw my head back and laugh, not surprised at all because Ariel and I have shared some recommendations before. Spicy books firmly fall under girl talk.

"I'm pretty sure, considering where we are, I should say I'm reading some circuitous ramblings about the history of the military-industrial complex," I tease him.

Kent chuckles and shakes his head. "Naw, you're out of school and there are so many better options which won't put you to sleep."

He's not fucking wrong.

Still not willing to answer his question about what I'm currently reading, I decide to change the subject. "Did we get those extra copies of the book Dr. Schmidt needed?"

"Yeah, I put them underneath the desk and already sent him an email."

"Good," I breathe out, relief filling me.

I roll my eyes because Schmidt has been bugging us almost daily to see if we've gotten them in. As if he couldn't have let us know at the beginning of the year that he was going to need a few more copies for his students. I get it; when I was in school, I would much rather check out the things I could instead of spending more money at the bookstore. It's a racket, especially when we're talking about material for only one class.

Kent scratches the back of his head, "Has he been that bad?"

"Yes," I deadpan.

Kent laughs and then nods toward the cart. "I've organized it, do you want to do it, or do you want me to?"

The cart is almost overflowing with books needing to be reshelfed and my fingers are itching to get them back in their rightful places. It might be strange, but one of the reasons I wanted to study library science and then become a librarian is because it combines books and organization. Both are things which bring me peace.

After losing my family, I needed structure and order in my life, or it felt like nothing made sense. I still crave those things, but I can have a little more wiggle room in them. Not much, but a little.

"I'll do it," I eagerly tell him and I'm already moving to the cart and pushing it away as I hear Kent's laughter behind me.

When I pass by Jude, I give him a bright smile and my heart beats fast in my chest when his husky voice reaches my ears, "Afternoon, Edison."

“Hi, Jude,” I almost sound sultry, which totally isn’t me, but he just seems to bring it out in me.

“You look positively giddy,” Jude’s eyes sparkle as he takes me in.

“I am,” I chirp. “All of these need to find their way back to their home.”

Jude grins at me and I almost melt into the floor. “Have fun then, little mouse.” I scrunch my nose up and Jude laughs before explaining, “I like it when you wear your hair is up in your buns the best, and you are little.”

“I’m just compact,” I sass him.

When Jude’s eyes roam down my body and back up, I swear I can feel his gaze tugging, prodding, and gliding along my skin. It makes me clench my thighs together and I push the cart away from him with a wave before I embarrass myself further.

I hazard a glance over my shoulder to find Jude staring after me, his eyes intense and focused. The odd thing is, even when I’m out of his sight, the feeling of being watched is still there. It doesn’t go away until I’m heading into my apartment building, long after I finished putting the books on the cart in place and have left the library for the day.

After I open my door, I find a teal envelope sitting on the floor waiting for me. When I pick it up, I can instantly tell the paper is expensive. Looking at the front, there’s an embossed gold key on it.

*What the fuck is this?*

I break the seal and open the flap, pulling out a cardstock invitation in the same teal color and weight. Fancy. When I read it, my jaw drops. It’s an invitation for a night of fun at Club Sin.

I’ve heard about Club Sin here and there. It’s an expensive and exclusive sex club. I wouldn’t think it was the kind of place for me, but a little ember flares to life in the pit of my stomach and my heart starts to race.

**For a night of praise and pleasure in Room Four.**

**You deserve it.**

**Can be redeemed at any time.**

It's the only thing printed on the inside, but I take a moment and read over the rules of Club Sin on the back. I look at the envelope again to double check there's no indication of who sent this. A little voice whispers inside my head that I shouldn't take an invitation to a sex club from an unknown person.

The louder voice inside of me is screaming at me to go and check it out.

When am I going to get the chance again? It's high end and not sleazy. The rules give me a certain level of comfort. How much danger could I be in?

When was the last time I did something just for me? Put myself and my pleasure first?

It might be completely out of character, but I'm curious.

Maybe it'll be fun. A little praise never hurt anyone.

Right?

Now, what does one were to a sex club?





## CHAPTER 4

### *KILLIAN*

I'll admit my plan is half-cocked, at best. I'm just tired of waiting and if I continue to do it much longer, the obsession I have for Edison is going to grow until I can't control it. I've played defense for too long on this, now it's time to go on offense and make something happen.

It's why I slid the envelope under her door. I've set it up so that when she uses the invitation, I'll be notified immediately. Club Sin was recommended to me by Cy, figuring I could go there and have a good time. I'm using it to lure our girl to a night of passion. I just have to get everyone on board first.

I would be shocked if she uses it tonight, but, if she does, I need to be ready. Which is why I called Coyle for a family meeting and he's eyeing me warily.

When the doorbell rings, I jump up quickly and Coyle arches an eyebrow at me in question. Okay, so maybe I have another reason to be jumpy as fuck tonight and he's on the other side of the front door right now. Knowing Jude's obsession with my girl, I couldn't leave him out.

Then there's the attraction I have for him, even if we haven't explored it yet.

My skin feels electrified as I yank the door open and take in the man standing in front of me. He gives me a lopsided smile as he teases me, "I talked to her today."

"I know, I saw," I grumble as I turn away, heading back to where Coyle is waiting so we can commence with this conversation.

I have no doubt it will turn into a lecture from my older, and he thinks wiser, brother. I can't wait.

Jude grabs me by my shoulder and spins me back around to him before pulling me close. He slams his lips down on mine and my hands come up and grip his waist as I kiss him back

with the same intensity. Our attraction is magnified by need for our girl. I'm okay with it.

He nips at my bottom lip before he plunges his tongue into my mouth. I step closer to him, our bodies aligned, and I feel his cock jerk as he rocks his hips against mine. When he pulls back from me, there's something new in his eyes tonight I didn't see when I met him a few days ago. Hope.

"Think of it as a consolation prize since I got to talk to her while you've been lurking in the shadows."

"I don't think you're clear on what the definition of consolation is," I lob back at him, making the smirk on his face grow into a smile.

Damn, he's sexy. I can't wait to watch him fuck Edison and make her scream.

I hear Coyle yell from the kitchen, "Who's at the door?"

"Come on, Jude," I murmur. "It's time to put my plan into motion."

"You have a plan?"

I don't answer as I walk back to the kitchen, knowing he's following me. I do have one. Is it a good one? That remains to be seen. Considering I've already set things in motion, I sure as fuck hope it is.

I enter the kitchen and head straight to the fridge to grab three beers. I nod at my brother. "Coyle, this is Jude. Jude, this is my brother, Coyle."

Jude sits in a chair and reaches his hand across the table, offering it to Coyle. "Nice to meet you, man."

I take a seat and pass out the beers, taking a long drink of mine as both guys eye me, probably wondering what the point of all this is. I fidget slightly, but the resolve inside of me to make Edison mine, ours, solidifies. This is the first step in getting exactly what I want, even if I didn't realize Jude would be part of it until a few days ago.

I can adapt. I'm fucking amazing at it.

“Now with the introductions out of the way,” I try and joke, but it sounds flat, even to me, from nerves. I look at Coyle to find his face serious, but curious. “I met the woman meant to be shared by us.”

Coyle sputters a little as he tries to swallow the swig of beer he just took. I could have timed that better. His voice is strained, “What are you talking about?” When I don’t answer, he looks at me for a beat longer and then scrubs a hand down his face. “I figured you forgot about that shit a long time ago.”

I shake my head, “I never did. I just thought maybe she wasn’t out there, or we were looking in the wrong place. I focused on work instead of worrying about it, but it’s always been there in the back of my mind.”

“Finding a woman to fuck for a night in a bar is one thing, but someone who would want to be between us forever?” He scoffs, “We were definitely looking in the wrong place.”

I glance at Jude to see him watching the exchange between us, curiosity and interest in his gray eyes. I give my brother a pointed look, my voice serious, “Before I say anything more, I want to know if this is something you want. If you don’t, you can walk away, but I think you’d be making a mistake. You’ve been lonely and wanting something more. It hasn’t been working out, but this woman is the right one.”

Coyle eyes me warily, “How do you know?”

I look across the kitchen and take in the ticking clock, feeling like seconds are counting down for me to get this out while I can. “She’s a dichotomy. She’s sweet and fierce, sexy and innocent, daring and timid.” I look back at Coyle to find him studying me. “She’s perfect. I want her for me, but I also don’t think I’d be enough on my own. You’d be her steady, her rock. She needs you.”

Coyle nods toward Jude. “And him?”

I chuckle and look at Jude who has a smug look on his face. He clears his throat, “I’d push her boundaries without remorse while still having a smile on my face and praising her for giving in to what she clearly needs.”

“You know who she is?” Coyle runs his hand over his short hair as Jude gives him a curt nod. “How do you know her?”

I fill him in on how I tattooed her months ago. It’s clear, by the way his eyes flash, he knows there is more to the story that I’m not sharing. Jude fills us in next and I’m not surprised by the way he came across Edison. She’s someone who you can see in a crowded room and be drawn to her.

There isn’t a hint of hesitation in Jude’s voice when he admits, “When I saw her, I knew she was mine. I went and got a job at the university as a janitor to have an excuse to get closer to her.”

Coyle blinks at him, his voice incredulous, “You did what?”

“I’ve been obsessed since I tattooed her.” Coyle’s eyes snap to mine, and I shrug, not the least bit ashamed by what happened. “I’ve been watching her, keeping tabs on her. It’s how I came across Jude. I’m done waiting and now is the time to make her ours.”

“You mean you’ve been stalking her,” he hisses and looks around like a SWAT team is going to burst through the windows and doors any minute.

“You could call it that,” Jude counters, “but I call it making sure she’s safe.”

Coyle’s voice cuts right through the bullshit, “If you’re stalking her under the guise of keeping her safe, who, exactly, keeps her safe from you?”

“No one needs to keep her safe from us,” my tone is defensive as fuck, but I don’t care. Not right now. I run a hand through my hair. “Look, I just need to know if you’re still in. I think you’re going to fall head over fucking heels for the girl once you get a look at her.”

Coyle leans back in his chair and studies Jude and then me, his eyes, a sage green with hazel flecks, lock onto me. “Why do you seem hellbent on getting me to agree to this right now? What else are you hiding?”

I stand up and start pacing in the kitchen, knowing this is a make it or break it moment for the future. I need to come

completely clean and I'm not sure which way it is going to go. It's fuckin agonizing, but there's no other choice than to suck it up and move forward. I've already put things in motion.

"I slipped an invitation under Edison's door earlier so she would get it the moment she got home from work." I glance at Jude and his eyebrow is arched in question, but he doesn't say anything. I'm not sure if that's good or bad. I could have fucked up this whole thing with what I've done. "It's an invitation for a night of praise and pleasure at Club Sin. It can be redeemed at any time, but the moment she presents it, I'll get a call."

Coyle's eyes slide closed as he clenches his jaw. "You've got to be fucking kidding me," he murmurs.

Jude smirks at me. "Praise and pleasure? How could you possibly know what I'm into?"

There's so much innuendo in those words that my cock lengthens and starts to throb.

*Not the fucking time.*

"It's not really about what any of us are into, is it?" I stare into Jude's eyes, not wavering. "I know you've seen the same thing in Edison's eyes I have because it's so fucking obvious. How could anyone miss it? She puts on a brave face, she smiles and normally they're genuine, but there's also a lot of pain in her eyes. Pain and fear and walls which are so fucking high, it'll take all three of us to scale them."

Jude sighs, acquiescing, "Yeah. I've seen it."

I press a hand over my heart, feeling it race. "I know what she needs. She needs to be lifted up, she needs to feel safe and cherished. We can do that for her. It might not make sense, but I know, deep down, we're the only ones who can give it to her." Jude gives a nod and I know, without a word, that he's in. I look at Coyle. His eyes are still closed, but he heard every word. "What about you, Coyle, are you in?"

His eyes snap open before he stands and crosses his arms over his chest as if shielding himself, his heart. I understand why. He has his own fears because of the losses he's suffered.

I was able to mask my pain as I stood behind him, forcing myself to be the comic relief for so damn long because it was easier. He took the brunt of it. For me.

I hope he lets me do this for him. I know Edison will be perfect for him, just like she's perfect for me...and Jude.

"I'm not promising anything," his voice is flat, "but when you get the call, I'll go and see what I think."

He opens his mouth to say something more, but before he can, my phone starts ringing. We all share a charged look. When I pull my phone out to see that it's Club Sin calling, I'm not sure if I'm elated or worried. Maybe both.

It only takes a moment for me to answer the call and find out Edison is there. It's a whirlwind for us to throw on nicer shirts, get into Coyle's truck and head across town. He uses it for his construction business, but he's always been very fastidious about keeping it clean.

I want to argue about me driving, but I can tell he's barely holding it together. He wants to lay into me. The way he's gripping the steering wheel, his knuckles turning white, is proof I've pushed my brother right to the limit.

He's always been the one in control. He kept us on track and together when our parents died, our father going first from cancer when he was 14 and then mom a few years later. I swear she died from a broken heart. Considering how much she loved dad, and he loved her, it feels completely plausible. She made it just long enough for Coyle to turn 18 and then, she was gone.

If it weren't for Coyle, I'd probably be dead myself, or in jail. I got into a lot of fucking trouble. I might have done it all with a smile on my face and jokes on my tongue, but everyone knew it was because I was in pain. It was easier to become the clown than submit to my own demons. For a long time, that mask was stuck.

When we arrive, I'm so intent on getting inside Club Sin before someone else takes notice of our woman that I'm hardly paying attention to anything else. The moment we step

inside the opulent lounge, full of marble and crystal chandeliers, my eyes find Edison easily.

She's at the bar, leaning against it while wearing leather pants and a bright fucking pink corset style top. Her hair is up in the two buns I love so fucking much. She looks innocent and sexy. My mouth starts to water because we're so damn close to making my dream into a reality.

Coyle's voice breaks through the lust fog I've started to descend into, "Is that her?"

Jude's voice is rough like gravel, "That's her. That's Edison." I look over to take in the look of awe on Coyle's face, one I've never seen there before. "See? Killian wasn't bullshitting. She's the one."

Coyle nods and swallows hard, drinking her in as if he can't get enough. I know the feeling, very well. I've been doing it for months, but we don't have that kind of time right now. I can see other men checking her out and we're at a fucking sex club.

Maybe I didn't think this through all the way.

*Fuck.*

"Head over to the elevator. Go up to the first floor and find Room Four." I look up and meet Jude's eyes. "It's the one I reserved for us."

Jude cocks his head to the side and smirks at me. "What are you going to be doing?"

"I'm going to get our girl," I tell him over my shoulder as I start to make my way over to her, not looking back because I know they'll do as I've asked.

The lure of getting her alone, of giving her what she needs and having what we're all craving, is too great. Coyle might be the last one to jump on this train, but I know the man. He's not going to let this opportunity pass him by.

Edison turns just as I slide into the space next to her. When she sees me her eyes light up with recognition even as her

eyebrows come together in confusion. Fucking adorable and so damn innocent.

“Killian?” She glances around as if remembering where she is. “What are you doing here?”

As I reach up and brush the tattoo on her shoulder, my tattoo, my mark, with my fingertips, I smile at her. “Hi, little one.” She glances down and bites her lip and I almost let out a groan. I touch her chin and tip her face back up so I can look into her brown eyes. “I’m here for you.”

She squeaks, “For me?”

I nod slowly, unable to look away from her eyes, getting lost in them. I’ve been watching her for so damn long that this almost doesn’t seem real. I know the night is just beginning, but even if this is all I get, it’ll be enough. For now.

“Who do you think invited you here tonight? It wasn’t random, Edison.”

She sucks in a sharp breath, her voice taking on a dreamy quality, “It wasn’t?”

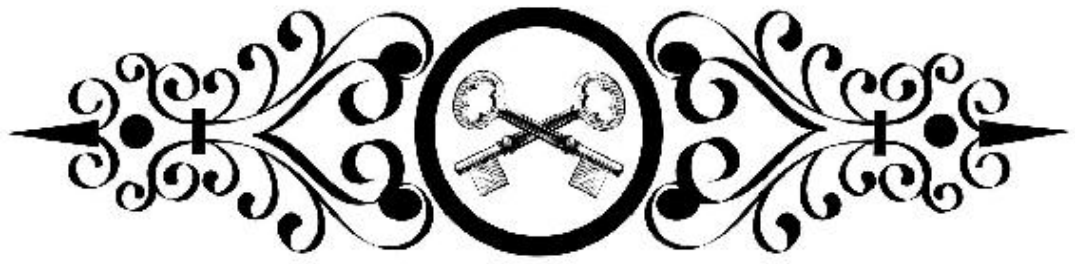
“No. I’m here for you. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you since I put my art on you.” Not a lie, but not the complete truth either. “I know it’s unorthodox.” I lean into her and whisper in her ear, “I know what you need. If you’ll let me give it to you, I won’t let you down.”

When I stand at my full height, I hold out my hand to her, hoping that she fucking takes it. I need her to. Hell, at this point, I’d pray for her to. She blinks up at me a few times and I can see the wheels in her mind spinning wildly and then catching, as if she’s slowing down my words and replaying them.

The sweetest little smile lifts her lips right before she slips her hand into mine and I know I’ve got her. She’s still guarded, but I can work with that. We all can.

I have faith there will be a day when we won’t have any walls between us. On that day, she’ll know she’s really mine. Ours. This is enough. For tonight at least.





## CHAPTER 5

### *COYLE*

The moment I walk into Room Four, I'm tempted to step back outside to make sure I've found the right room. The only thing stopping me is the way Jude is looking at me. It's like he expects me to double check or maybe to make a run for it.

The thing is, I'm not going anywhere.

I took one look at Edison from across the lobby of Club Sin and I knew everything Killian said about her was entirely true. There's something so fucking innocent in the way she holds herself, but there's also something almost hard there. Expectant.

She knows the world can let you down. She seems to be waiting for fate to come up and rear its ugly head, to let her tumble down into the depths of a pit which surrounds her with darkness. I don't want her to ever know that feeling again. I instantly felt the need to care for her, to protect her, to make sure she only knows the feeling of sunshine on her upturned face.

"You felt it too," it's not a question from Jude, it's a statement of fact.

"Yeah," my voice comes out more like a croak as I force my feet deeper into the room.

It's opulent and supple. The walls are a soft teal color, so is the bedding on the four-poster bed, complete with gauzy fabric hanging from the corners. It's clear they can be pulled across the three open sides of the bed to close it off and make a cozy nest. There is a dresser on one wall, and I can only imagine what I would find in there. I'm sure there are toys, but we aren't going to need those.

My hands are already itching to touch Edison's soft skin. She's a little thing and I eye Jude out of the corner of my eye.

None of us are small men. Is she going to be scared? Feel trapped?

It shouldn't make me more excited at the thought that she will, but it does.

I take a deep breath, trying to calm my racing mind and heart. One step at a time. It's something I've always told Killian and it's true—everything must be done one thing at a time. You can't rush the good even though it feels like the bad is an avalanche you're trapped in front of, unable to get out of the way.

I spear Jude with a look, "Are you sure about this? Is Killian?" He opens his mouth to say something, but I cut him off. "I'm asking because I can tell you right now that if we do this, I'm all in. I won't let her go. I don't know why I'm having this reaction, but I'm not going to shy away from it either."

Jude chuckles and shakes his head. "I realize we don't know each other, Coyle, and I don't really know your brother, but one thing is obvious about you. You won't back down from what you want. Killian was right when he said you'd be her solid. Her touchstone. Maybe," he muses, "she's not the only one in this situation who needs that."

Something about his tone tugs at me, but it's different from the way he obviously tugs at my brother. I've never been attracted to men. Killian has always been more fluid in that way, and I have no problem with it. I've always put my brother's happiness above everything else, but I can feel a shift inside of me. Edison will be my top priority from now on, even though I know I can't tell her. Not yet at least.

"Whatever is going on between you two, if it hurts Edison then you'll be dealing with me," I warn him.

Jude's eyes widen slightly, but there's no panic. "If she has a problem with it, then it won't happen because she is what matters. Whatever I feel for Killian is an extension of how I feel about Edison. It's part of it, wrapped up and entwined, but she's at the center."

I give a nod and I feel the knot in my gut loosen. It's exactly the response I wanted.

Before I get the chance to say anything else, the door swings open and Killian leads Edison into the room by the small of her back. She's smiling at my brother over her shoulder, and I find myself melting at the sight. When her head swings around and she sees two more men in the room, one she knows and one she doesn't, her smile starts to fade.

Thankfully, I don't see fear there, only curiosity and wariness. I can work with that.

Her voice is a breathless whisper, "Jude?"

Jude steps closer to her as the door snicks closed. It only takes a few steps and Edison is sandwiched between the two men and my cock is rock fucking hard at the sight. Edison lets out a shuddering breath when Jude's hand comes up and cups her cheek.

"Hi, little mouse. I'm sure you weren't expecting to see me here, but I couldn't pass up a chance to see you." His eyes travel down the length of her body, taking in the way her tits are heaving as she breathes. His voice drops an octave, "All of you."

Killian leans into her neck, his lips skimming her exposed skin as he moves his mouth closer to her shoulder. "That's my brother, Coyle. He saw you and needed to have you just the way Jude and I do." He kisses the rose there, the one I have no doubt Killian inked on her skin. "Is that okay?"

Edison's brown eyes move to me and take me in. I find my chest puffing up at the perusal. She doesn't question his words and I find it only turns me on more. Fucking hell, this woman is going to be the death of me.

"Yes, it's okay," she whispers and if I hadn't already fallen hard for this woman, that would have done it.

I watch intently as Jude captures her chin between his thumb and forefinger, holding her in place before he kisses her. It starts out sweet, but then he deepens it, parting her lips and causing her to moan. I bet she tastes so damn sweet.

A spark of jealousy is doused by Killian sliding a zipper down the back of the bright pink corset style top our woman has on. The moment it's undone, he lets it drop to the floor, freeing her tits and I watch in fascination as her pretty pink nipples harden in the cooler air of the room.

As Jude plants kisses across her jaw and down her neck, Edison's eyes find me again. I smile softly at her, wanting her to know she's safe here as I start to unbutton my shirt. Her eyes darken and I find myself taking a step closer to her, needing to touch her, as Killian kneels behind her and peels her leather pants over her hips and down her legs. He stops to pull her boots off one by one and then pulls her pants free completely.

She's standing in front of us in just a bright pink thong and my breath catches in my throat. Killian kisses up one of her legs and then the other before he starts to stand slowly, planting open mouthed kisses all the way up her spine.

The need to touch her is overwhelming. I find myself reaching for her and tugging her from in between them until she's pressed against me so her breasts pillow against my naked chest. I stare down at her, entranced for a moment.

"Hi, pretty girl." She smiles at me, and I swear it's like being struck in the chest with a fucking arrow.

Killian was right, she needs to be praised and told everything is going to be okay. I can't say we're really the right guys to do it, considering my brother and Jude have been stalking her and I can be emotionally closed off, but something tells me we can be exactly what she needs.

If she'll let us.

My hands skim down her arms and then back up, barely touching her and causing her to shiver. "Hi, Coyle," she lowers her eyes, taking in my broad shoulders before she looks back up at me through her lashes. "You look strong."

I chuckle, my hands moving along her shoulders until they're loosely cupped around her neck. I use my thumbs under her jaw to tip her head back. "You're gorgeous, Edison."

She blushes slightly and I tilt my head to the side as I take in the sight. “No one tells you that enough, but we’re going to change that. Starting right now. You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

“Thank you,” she breathes out.

“You’re going to be such a good girl, aren’t you?” She sucks in a breath and nods slowly as if in a trance. “You’re going to be our good girl and you’re going to accept all the pleasure we have in store for you.”

“Please,” she pleads, a need I can see deep down in the farthest reaches of her soul as I look into her eyes.

I give her neck a slight squeeze, just hard enough to remind her I’ve got her. The moan she lets out has my cock begging, fucking screaming, to be let out of my jeans. I glance over her shoulder to find Killian and Jude have stripped down and are watching Edison hungrily.

I release her neck and drop down to my knees in front of her. She’s short and I’m tall enough that I can still reach most of her body. I start planting kisses all over her body, watching as her skin flushes with her arousal. I suck one of her nipples into my mouth as Killian presses himself against her back.

His hands skim up the sides of her ribcage. He murmurs into her ear, “So pretty for us. I can’t wait to see how well you take us. You’re going to let us take care of you, aren’t you, little one?”

“Killian,” she whines, “stop teasing me.”

I bite down on her nipple, making her gasp, before I release her and move onto the other nipple, giving it the same treatment. Killian grips both sides of her thong and snaps it. I let out a groan as the scrap of lace and satin flutters to the floor.

The room is charged with need, but there’s something more here too, something substantial. I’m not sure what Killian said to get her up here. I don’t know if she thinks this will be one night, but I do know what I said to Jude is true—I’m never letting her go now.

She's mine.

Ours.

My lips trail down her body until I get to her pretty pussy and run my tongue along the outside of her glistening lips. She arches her back and tilts her hips, but that won't get me to go any faster.

Killian, as if reading my mind, murmurs, "So eager. Such a good girl."

Fucking hell. I lap at her clit, loving the way her hips twitch and the taste of her on my tongue. Killian's fingers dive between her legs from behind and circle her entrance before he plunges two fingers deep into her wet channel.

She moans as I feel Jude step up next to us. When I look up the length of our woman's body, his large, tattooed covered hands are cupping her tits and plucking her nipples. I suck her clit into my mouth, teasing it with the tip of my tongue, unable to tear my eyes away from the look of sheer bliss on her face.

We work together, building her up until she's falling apart in our arms. Only when her eyes open slightly, hooded with the afterglow of her orgasm, does Jude step back and crawl onto the bed. I gentle my motions as Killian pulls his fingers from her pussy. A moment later I can hear him licking her arousal from his fingers.

"Fuck," Killian groans, "you taste like pure fucking ambrosia, Edison."

"Little mouse," Jude calls from the bed, "come over here and slide down my cock."

I look over to see he's rolled a condom down over his length, slowly stroking it as he beckons Edison with his words and his blazing gray eyes. Her legs are a little wobbly, like a newborn fawn and so damn cute, as I let go of her along with my brother and she makes her way over to the bed.

Standing up, I chuck the rest of my clothes while staring at the way her ass moves as she crawls across the bed before swinging one of her legs over Jude's hips. He holds the base of his shaft with one hand, the other he holds out to her. When

she grabs it, she uses it to stabilize herself before sliding down his length.

I knew none of us would be slouches in the size department, but our girl takes it like a damn champion, like a goddess. Because she is.

Killian groans, “You look so damn good sliding down his cock, little one. Does it feel good?”

Her skin is flushed, her head tipped back as she bites her lip and lets out a low moan. “Yes,” she groans when he’s fully seated inside of her.

“You took him all, what a good fucking girl,” I growl as I move to kneel on the bed next to her while Killian slides behind her and between Jude’s legs.

Edison rests her head against my brother’s shoulder as her eyes open and she finds mine. Killian’s hands come around and cup her tits, flicking her nipples, as Jude’s hands clamp down on her hips to help her ride him.

“So fucking sexy,” Jude grits out through his teeth.

I can tell Jude’s on edge already. I don’t blame him, I’m right there too. We all are. There’s something incredibly satisfying about getting our woman off, seeing the way our praise washes over her and strengthens her.

“Ride Jude, Edison,” my voice is a barked demand.

She nods lazily, but she doesn’t disappoint. I watch every single fucking glide of her body and my hand wraps around my cock, stroking my length as I take in the show. They start out slowly, words of encouragement falling around her like a waterfall. It seems like with each word, her body moves faster.

Chasing. Needing. Wanting. Fucking begging.

Jude’s hands tighten on Edison’s hips, all our breaths coming out in matching pants, experiencing every stroke with her, relishing in it, needing it. I reach out and rub her clit, wanting to see her fall apart again.

“You’re going to fucking sparkle when you come, pretty girl. Give it to us,” I grit out the words, my control frayed.



I pinch her clit at the same time Killian pinches her nipples and Jude thrusts up into her. She fucking shatters, a scream of pleasure ripping from her throat as she does.

Jude groans as he comes, “Such a good girl, milking my cock with your pretty pussy.”

Edison slumps slightly, but Killian holds her firmly against his chest, his hands petting over her skin, helping her float back down. She gets a few minutes, but then Killian lifts her off Jude’s cock and repositions her over his thighs while angling her mouth closer to my cock.

Jude hands Killian a condom over her shoulder and he’s quick to roll it down into place. Edison looks up at me demurely as she licks her lips.

“You want my cock in your mouth, pretty girl?”

“Yes, please, Coyle. I want to taste you.”

I squeeze the base of my cock and tip my head back. Almost too soon, before I can get my head on straight, I feel her tongue slide along the underside of my cock. She lets out a moan and my head snaps forward to see that Killian is buried deep inside of our girl.

“Suck his cock, little mouse,” Jude coaxes her. “I can’t wait to see your pretty mouth filled with cock. You’re going to look so damn stunning, especially while Killian fucks you from behind.”

Edison moans and I grab her jaw, massaging right under her ears, knowing she’s going to ache by the end of this. I’m not a small man and she’s not a fucking boa constrictor. She still takes me into her mouth without a hint of fear in her brown eyes which are locked with mine.

Killian and I work together, filling her on both ends. It’s so damn good and I want this so badly that I can’t find a way to distract myself. Jude’s hands roam over what he can touch of her skin, always roaming, searching for the connection just as much as the rest of us are.

“Fucking hell, your cunt takes my cock so damn good,” Killian grits out.

Our pace starts to pick up, but I make sure to be gentle with her mouth, almost getting lost in the suction around my length. Especially when she takes just the head into her mouth and sucks like I'm a fucking straw and there's cum at the bottom of a milkshake glass.

"Fuck," I bark out, "you're going to suck my balls dry, aren't you?"

She bats her eyelashes at me, and I can't help myself. I start to fuck her face, a thrill going through me as tears leak from her eyes. I can see the acceptance there though; she wants this.

Killian powers into her and she moans around me which causes me to shiver. "You like that? I bet you can feel my piercings inside that tight pussy of yours," Killian's voice is strained, and I watch as Edison's eyes widen. Yeah, she didn't get a full look at the metal my brother's sporting. I bet she'll look when she can. "So fucking good. You're doing so good," he groans.

I can feel the tension rising again and I know none of us are going to last much longer. Part of my brain can't comprehend this is really happening, but I know it is because I can feel her lips wrapped around me. If, by chance, this is some dream, I hope I never wake up.

Every stroke, every pump, every moan, every uttered word, they become a crescendo in the room and then there's a moment of pure white light as everything stops before we're all tumbling over the edge. Some of my cum escapes past Edison's pink lips as she shudders and Killian grips her hips, his cock buried deep inside of her.

When Edison pulls off my length, cleaning me up as she goes, Jude is there to scoop up the cum on her chin and push it back into her mouth. She gives him a grateful little smile before slumping onto the bed. After Killian slides out of her, he saunters to the attached bathroom.

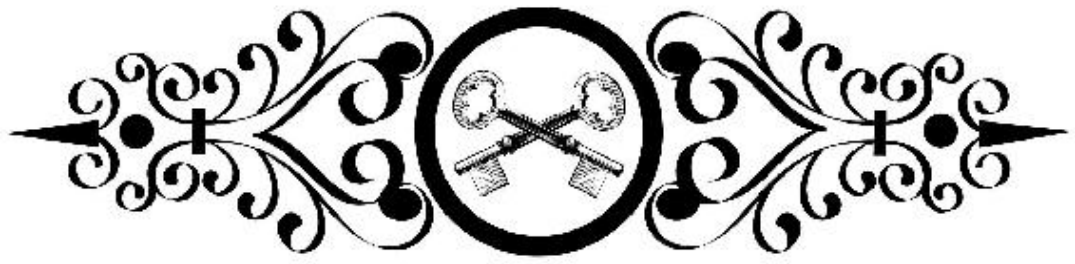
Yeah, I guess he has a reason for all the swagger in his walk. He's going to be insufferable now, but I can't seem to care. Not when I wrap Edison in my arms and coo sweet

words in her ear as she lets out a contented sigh with her eyes closed.

She falls asleep in my arms, not even stirring as Killian comes and cleans her up and Jude climbs off the bed to get cleaned up himself. When they both get back into bed on the other side of her, we share a look.

I have a feeling a new dawn might change things, at least for her, but I can't find it in me to bring up my fears. Not right now, not in the quiet of giving our girl exactly what she needs.

We'll just have to deal with tomorrow when it happens. For now, this is enough.



## CHAPTER 6

### *JUDE*

The drive from Club Sin today is quiet and filled with tension. The moment we step into Coyle and Killian's house, I want to punch something. Actually, I want to destroy everything in my path like a fucking tornado.

"She left," the broken words are surprising coming from me, but it's hard not to feel shattered.

I was there last night. I felt the way she glowed under our words and the way she held tight to everything we made her feel. I thought she knew, I thought she understood.

Have I just been fooling myself from the beginning?

"She did," Coyle doesn't sound the least bit surprised, and it pisses me right the fuck off.

I turn around, wanting to accuse someone if I can't destroy something. I glare at Coyle and take a step closer to him. "Why don't you sound like you care at all?"

Coyle narrows his eyes at me, but what he doesn't do is give me the satisfaction I crave by coming at me. He flops back on the couch, his head resting against the back of it. The only thing I can find some sick humor with is the way his fists are balled up at his sides.

I'm used to getting what I want by either charm or pushing people until they give in and do my bidding. I've changed so much about my usual means to an end from the moment I saw Edison. I don't normally go at things sideways, but she changed something fundamental in me. I thought I liked it, but now I'm not so fucking sure.

I whirl around on Killian who is carrying in three cups of coffee from the kitchen. "What did you say to her before you brought her up?"

Killian arches an eyebrow at me as if to challenge me, but at the same time I see understanding in his eyes. He knows why I'm lashing out and fuck, I know why too. I know I shouldn't.

Before Killian can say anything, Coyle speaks without lifting his head. "She was always going to run." He tilts his head up in the silence that responds to him and looks at me. "You should know, you call her 'little mouse' and it's fitting."

"That's not why I call her that," I defend.

Coyle grins, a faraway thing as if he's thinking about Edison; he probably is. "I know. Probably because her adorable as fuck twin buns." I nod and he sighs before he leans forward and grabs the mug off the coffee table in front of me. "It's still accurate. Last night was a lot, for all of us, but especially her."

"We should have talked more," I seethe.

"We should have," Killian admits in a voice that sounds a lot like a little boy who is simply taking the scolding he's being given.

When I look at him, his eyes are down, and I feel like complete shit. I move deeper into the living room, no longer standing at the threshold like I'm not just as much a part of this fucked up setback as everyone else. I am. I know it.

"We should have and I'm just as much to blame." I scrub a hand down my face. "I'm not used to things not going my way. If something isn't the way I want it, then I use everything at my disposal to change it."

Coyle challenges me, "You don't think we can do the same now?"

I throw myself into a chair and let myself look around their house. I was a little focused last night on Killian and whatever plan he had for us to get our girl. It's a nice place, but something inside of me is screaming that this isn't our home. Not the one we're going to bring Edison home to.

"I don't know," I tell him honestly.

Killian looks wrecked, even more than I feel. I don't like it. Just like I don't like that my little mouse ran. Maybe Coyle is right, I should have seen it coming.

We didn't promise anything more than last night. Should we have? Would that have been worse? Would she not even have let us have her last night if she knew that we wanted forever with her?

"Are all on the same page with this?" I voice the question to the room because I need to know.

Killian's head snaps up and he looks at me like I've grown another fucking head. I don't blame him. I would be looking at me like that as well, but I need to know.

"I'm in," Coyle's voice is a rumble and I meet his eyes to see him staring at me intently. "Are you backing out now? You had a taste and you're satisfied?"

I bristle at his words and my eyes narrow. "That's not why I'm asking. I'm asking because if we aren't on the same page then we need to figure that shit out now and not later. I won't allow Edison to be sucker punched down the road. She deserves better than that."

Coyle smirks at me, something like pride lining his face, and relief floods me. "Just fucking with you, Jude. I know why you asked, but I wanted to make sure you did."

I flip him off, "Asshole."

"Naw," he leans forward his arms draped over his legs, "I'm the steady."

I bark out a laugh and shake my head before looking at Killian. He's staring at a spot on the floor like it's the most interesting thing he's ever seen. My gut twists as worry starts to fill me, but when I glance at Coyle, he doesn't look worried.

"Kill," I prompt him gently.

His hazel eyes come up and meet mine and I suck in a breath. "I'm more in now than I was before. Getting to have her come apart between us was everything I thought it would be and more. I'm just," he looks away, "struggling because I

was afraid that she'd run, but didn't want to believe it was really an option for her. I thought that it could be smooth sailing now that we had her. Stupid," he chastises himself.

"It's not stupid," Coyle's voice manages to be stern and gentle at the same time. It must be a big brother thing. "It's good to have hope, little brother."

Killian shrugs one shoulder as if he's trying to brush off the encouraging words. I don't think I like this side of him.

"Well, I'm pissed she ran. I don't know what I was expecting but waking up to find her gone was not it," I grouse.

Coyle barks out a laugh. "For stalkers, you guys kind of suck."

I scoff and then find myself looking around again. That same feeling of this not being the right home for us nags at me. I know what I need to do and say, but I'm unsure of their reaction.

Before I can do what I need to, Killian pipes up, his voice stronger now, "We need to give her a little time to wrap her head around what happened. She was excited to see me. She liked what happened, but even I can admit it was a lot at one time and we didn't ease her into anything." I give him a deadpan look and he gives me a sheepish smile in response. "Fine, I didn't ease her into anything."

"From stalking for months in the shadows to an invite to a sex club wasn't the most graceful transition," Coyle teases.

Killian runs his hands through his hair and grips it hard. "I wasn't thinking all that clearly. I just wanted her. I was tired of waiting and watching. I didn't know how to do it in a better way. I figured it was neutral ground. It would give her an out, but also give us an opportunity."

"Kill," I bark, and his eyes snap up to mine. I gentle my voice, "Stop beating yourself up about it. In a way, it did work. She did show up. We did get to give her exactly what we know she needs."

I shoot Coyle a pointed look until he holds his hands up. "Jude's right, brother. I'm not mad at you or anything. In fact,"



he takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly, “thank you.”

A slow smile grows on Killian’s face. “I’m sorry, what was that?”

Coyle rolls his eyes and flips off his brother before he mumbles, “You heard me.”

“I think I’m going to need to hear it one more time,” the amusement in his voice, the friendly brotherly needling, has something inside of me settling.

We’ll be okay. We’ll get the girl.

Well, maybe. Hopefully.

Now, I just need to come clean about a few things and then I think I know what the next step is. I’m just not sure how they’re going to react to it.

“My name is Jude Perez. I own my own tech consulting firm and I do really fucking well, like really well. Like I said last night, the only reason I got the janitor position was to be near Edison,” the words come tumbling out of me with surprising speed.

Killian’s words are slow and measured, “So, you’ve been leading a dual life this whole time?”

“Yeah,” I sigh and let my body relax back, feeling like a weight had been lifted from me. I don’t think Edison will take it very well, but that’s a problem for another day. “I was willing to take any job and being a janitor was the only one where I could start pretty much immediately.”

Coyle gives me a long look, “I’m not going to lie, I figured it was something like that. I wasn’t sure what you did, but being a janitor is clearly not your calling.”

I scoff, “Why do you say that?”

Coyle points to my hands. “I know the hands of a man who has used them to work for years.”

I turn the tables on him, “You’re in construction, right?”

“Yup,” he pops the p and looks around the house. “I did most of the work on the house. It started as a project that I was

planning on flipping, but then decided to stay. I don't think it's quite home, but it's been good enough."

He has no idea the kind of gift he's just given me. I was nervous that the brothers had some sort of attachment to the house. Knowing they don't is fucking amazing.

"I think you both should move into my place," I lay the words down between us and both the guys sit up a little bit more as they look at me. "It's bigger than here and there's more security. I also have my office there. If we're going to do this and get our girl, we need a place, a home, that we've already figured out, to bring her to."

Coyle runs his hand over his head. "I do think she'd be better with definite rather than ambiguous plans."

"It might help us get her to agree to be with us," Killian's voice is thoughtful. "It'll give her some stability and I fucking hate the building she's living in now."

Coyle's eyebrows shoot up, his words laced with annoyance, "What do you mean?"

I cringe, "It's not in the best part of town and the security at her place sucks." I wave my hand in Killian's direction. "He was able to get in without a problem and slip an invitation under her door. It might have served our purposes, but it also tells you a lot."

Killian glares at me, but there's no real heat behind it. I can't deny that my dick lengthens at the thought of being in the same space as Killian and, hopefully eventually, Edison. I want to give her a home, a place she feels safe, a haven.

Killian rolls his eyes before asking, "Do you have pictures?"

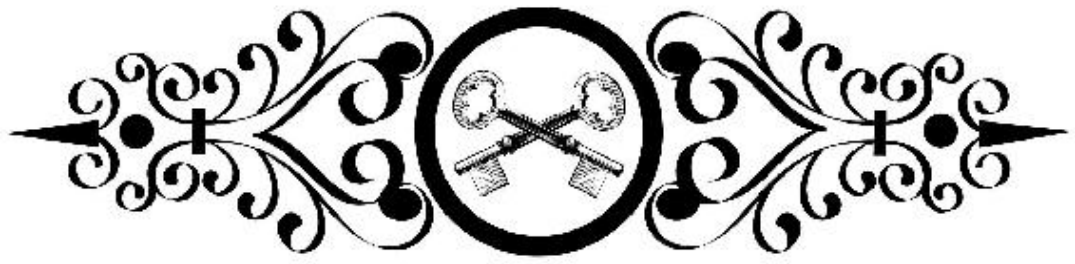
I can't help but grin and then pull some up on my phone before handing it over. Killian lets out a low whistle and I try not to squirm. I hold my hands up in surrender, "I told you it was bigger."

"Bigger is not the same thing as a fucking mansion," he teases before passing the phone over to Coyle whose eyebrows shoot up as he looks through the gallery.

“Yeah,” Coyle muses, “I can work with this.” He looks up at Killian and then back at me. “Let’s do this. I don’t have anything planned for today.”

I’m a little surprised, but also so fucking happy. This is the step we need to take next. Now, we just need to get Edison to stop running and to embrace what we’re offering her.

Piece of cake; note the sarcasm.



## CHAPTER 7

### *EDISON*

You know how you make choices or things happen and they play on a loop in your head, or you can be minding your own business and they just pop in? Yeah, that's been my life for the last few days since I walked into Club Sin, had the best fucking night of my life with three men, and then ran away as soon as my eyes popped open and realized they were asleep.

My first thought upon waking up was panic because I wasn't sure where I was, but then it all filtered back in and the ache between my thighs and the remnants of pleasure buzzing through my body brought it all back into crisp focus. So damn focused that I freaked out, slipped my clothes on, and didn't stop moving until I was back at my place.

I thought I'd let loose, have a good night and experience something new and different. Well, I did those things, but I wasn't expecting to see Killian or Jude there. That was a shock.

Then there was Coyle. He's the kind of guy you could lean up against and feel like you'll never be allowed to fall. He looked at me with his sage green eyes and I got lost in trying to count the hazel flecks. His body is a work of art, all hard planes and solid muscle.

All three men have amazing bodies. And that's part of the problem. Because they've been walking through my imagination for days.

I was overwhelmed and, maybe, possibly, running away wasn't the right thing to do. Because I'll be the first to admit being with them was amazing. They made me feel so many things, all of them good. And the orgasms. Holy shit, the orgasms.

They were different from each other in the way they touched me and moved. But all of them being focused on me? It was a fantasy come true I didn't even know I had.

When I threw one more look over my shoulder before I walked out of the door, I saw how Killian had snuggled up to Jude. It was kind of adorable. The possibilities that one glimpse showed me has been projecting some dirty as fuck images for me to enjoy. Hot images, ones which turn me on.

Is there something wrong with me because I would love to see them kissing or for Jude to shove Killian's face down onto his cock? Is that too much? I don't think they touched very much during our night together, but, then again, I was floating on a sea of pleasure and might not have been paying too much attention.

I wouldn't mind them putting a show on for me. The thought of them together has my thighs clenching and work is not the place to have that kind of problem. Totally inappropriate. I know but tell that to my hussy of a vagina.

I hear the cart before I see it and my back is ramrod straight in response. I've been avoiding Jude like I'm a damn superhero with invisible powers. Even the thought of running into him has my stomach flipping.

My head swings wildly from left to right and I only relax slightly when I don't see him. I know it's just a matter of time so I stand up to flee, even though I have no idea where I can go to avoid him completely. When I look around one more time to see if the coast is clear, I see him across the lobby of the library.

I lock eyes with him and even though I desperately want to look away, I can't seem to do it. I'm stuck, my feet like cinderblocks. Not fucking good.

I swallow a whine as Jude heads my way and my mouth goes dry with the intense look on his face. I'm not sure if he's pissed, turned on or determined. Maybe all three? His nostrils flare when he's close to me; yeah, I'm going with all three.

The spicy cologne he's wearing invade my senses and makes me feel a little woozy. Or it could be because I've stopped breathing. Probably that. My pussy is fucking throbbing like a damn neon sign directing everyone to hussy-ville.

“Edison,” Jude growls my name under his breath and goosebumps breakout across my entire body. There’s a hint of relief in his voice, but the edge of disappointment cuts through me like a sword, “I’ve missed you, little mouse. You’ve been avoiding me.”

“Hi Jude,” I try and keep my voice bright, but my greeting comes out more like a wheeze. Not attractive, I know, but I’m freaking the fuck out. I try and swallow again, but it’s like a damn desert in there. “I haven’t been avoiding you.”

Lie. Total and complete fucking lie. I’ve been practicing my ninja skills along with the art of distraction every time I think he could be close by.

“You’re lying,” his tone is accusatory and a little hurt.

Before I can even process what’s happening, he grabs my wrist and pulls me away from the desk and into the supply closet. It’s not a big space, but with the way Jude is looming over me, I feel closed in and caged. I don’t like it. I want to run. The beating of my little rabbit heart is almost demanding it.

His gray eyes soften as he looks at me and he hauls me against his chest, wrapping his arms around me and cocooning me in warmth. As much as I try and fight it, my body relaxes against his and it feels so damn good, so right.

But Killian and Coyle made me feel the same way the other night.

“You don’t need to be scared, Edison,” his voice is a whisper against the top of my head. “We won’t hurt you.”

I don’t say anything, I don’t think I can. I shake my head against his chest and burrow deeper, as if me getting smaller will prevent him from saying anything else. I know it won’t.

He grabs my shoulders and pushes me away from him just far enough to look down into my eyes. “You shouldn’t have run away from us, Edison. I think, maybe,” he gets a thoughtful look on his face, “we weren’t clear enough with you.”

My voice is a croak, “Clear about what?”

“We want you. Only you. You’re ours,” he speaks slowly, enunciating each word like they have weight and value.

From the way they hit my heart and soul, they do.

Before I can say anything, Jude slams his mouth down on mine and my body takes over, shoving my brain out of the way like the psycho bridesmaid at a wedding during the bouquet toss. My body is fully on board with this.

Jude pries my lips open, his tongue snaking along my bottom lip before he plunges it into my mouth. When I moan and he swallows it down, I know I’ve lost. I’m floating on a sea of what this man in front of me is offering, but I’m still very much aware how he spoke in plurals.

*We want you. Only you. You’re ours.*

When I rip my mouth away from Jude’s, he starts to protest, but I cut them off by dropping to my knees and practically clawing his pants open. If the hussy is in charge, it’s best to go full tilt. Right?

When his cock springs free, I suck in a sharp breath because it’s clear I was not paying enough attention the other night. Or maybe I was in some kind of pleasure induced out of body experience? I’m not sure, but now, being front and fucking center with Jude’s cock, I have to say that it is a damn good-looking one.

It’s the perfect thickness for the delicious stretch I remember, and the flared head is darker than his shaft. There’s no curve on his, but I remember Coyle had one and don’t get me started on Killian’s piercings.

Jude’s cock is a Goldilocks dick. However, I know the other two in this little ‘we want you’ tribute band are just as good. I don’t think I could pick one over the other two. They’re all just right. Why the hell am I thinking about fairy tales right now when I have a real cock in front of me?

I wrap my fingers around the base of his dick as Jude’s hands shoot out and grip both sides of my head. When I look up into his eyes, they’re wide and feral as his chest heaves.



When a drop of pre-cum beads on the tip, I lap at it and watch as his eyes roll back in his head.

“Fuck,” he grunts under his breath, “are you going to suck my cock, little mouse?”

I don't answer. Do I really need to?

I press a kiss to the crown before I flare my lips open, sliding my mouth open just enough to take him in. I slide down his length until he bumps the back of my throat, moving slowly, torturing him, teasing him. I slide back up with the same measured movements.

Jude's grip tightens on my head, but he doesn't start to move his hips even though part of me is expecting him to take over. With a squeeze to the base of him, in thanks, I start to move my hand in tandem with my mouth, working him over and loving every single sound he's making.

It's sexy as fuck and I wish I could get some damn friction on my clit, but I can't so I focus on the task at hand.

“So pretty on your knees for me, Edison. You look like a miracle with my cock in your mouth,” he grits the words out through his teeth.

When I moan, his entire body shudders. It makes me feel powerful. Invincible.

I start to move faster, taking a little bit more of his length every time I slide down his shaft. When he bumps my throat the next time, I swallow. The snarl that comes out of Jude has me quivering on the floor of the supply room.

I can't look away from him. Seeing the way he's clenching his jaw, the muscles of his neck in stark relief, and knowing I've made him feel this way is a huge turn on. I think the only time I've been wetter in my life was the other night when I had all three of my men at the same time.

*My men?*

Nope, not the time for such thoughts. Instead of dwelling on that, I work harder at taking a little more of Jude's cock. I don't think I can take it all, but, damn, I want to try.

Jude's hips start to move with me and when his eyes open, they're hooded and full of emotion. It's clear he doesn't regret the other night; he thought it was hot. He wants more and not just for himself.

Can I do that? Can I give myself over to him; to them?

"Such a good girl," Jude growls.

I suck him harder, feeling the way his cock swells in my mouth. I know he's close. I reach up with my other hand and play with his balls, knowing it'll drive him wild. He doesn't disappoint.

All the pretense of him not wanting to hurt me flies out the window and he starts to fuck my face as tears start to fall down my cheeks. I don't even care if I look like a mess. I'll gladly be his mess.

I give his balls a squeeze and he grunts, "I'm gonna come and you're going to swallow every drop because you're such a good fuckin girl and you don't want any to go to waste."

I can't respond to him, but I give his balls another squeeze before rolling them around in my hand, to tell him just how much I like the idea. He's chanting my name like a fucking prayer. Just as I feel his cock twitch, the door to the supply closet opens. As much as I want to run away, deny what's going on, it's simply not possible.

My eyes slide to the side, expecting the horrified look from a student or, even worse, my boss, but instead I'm met with Killian. My pussy fucking gushes at the thought of him watching me swallow Jude's cum.

I don't have the time to think about it as Jude starts to come in my mouth. He pushes as deep as he can until he pulls back and leaves just the head inside my mouth. He pants, "Don't swallow it. I want you to take it all and then open your pretty lips and show me."

I follow his direction, letting his seed pool on my tongue. When he slides out of my mouth, he tucks his dick back into his pants and glances over at Killian. I open my mouth, letting them both see the bounty I have.

Before Jude can tell me to swallow it, Killian is on his knees in front of me and his hand wraps around the nape of my neck to hold me in place as his lips meet mine. Since I didn't have enough time to close my mouth, he dives his tongue in immediately, no resistance to be found.

The knowledge that I'm sharing Jude's cum with Killian almost has me spontaneously combusting. My moan is met with an answering one from Killian. We don't stop kissing until we've shared every bit of Jude's cum.

"That was hot as fuck," Killian murmurs against my lips. He pulls back enough to look into my eyes and winks. "Thanks for sharing with me, little one."

My senses start to filter back in, and I blurt, "Why are you here? You shouldn't be here."

Killian doesn't let go of my neck, his eyes boring into mine, until I've calmed down. He switches his hold on me and grabs my shoulders, his voice pleading for me to hear him, "I missed you, Edison."

I narrow my eyes at him, "That's not a complete lie, but not the complete truth either."

He sighs as if he's releasing the weight of the world from his shoulders. "I've been keeping an eye on you," he mumbles and strings the words together so quickly I almost miss him saying anything at all.

"Keeping an eye on me?" My voice starts to rise, "What the hell does that mean?"

Killian stands up and then hauls me up against his chest. "I've been watching over you for months."

Months. *Months*. Months?!?

What the fuck? Who does he think he is?

When I stumble back a step, he grabs for me, but I push him away and breeze past Jude, flinging the door open and barely missing both men when I do.

I look back at them, "Stalking. You mean you've been stalking me."

Killian's face falls and Jude steps forward. I think he means his next words to be a defense, but they aren't. Quite the opposite. "I was watching you for months too."

I glare at Jude and then Killian before I turn on my heel and stomp away. I fucking knew I wasn't losing it every time I felt like I was being watched. What the hell am I going to do now?

As much as my brain is screaming to run far and fast, I can't bring myself to do it. Because them watching me made me feel safe and if I'm messed up because I feel that way, then I guess that's just how it is.

I fight the smile trying to curl up on my lips when I realize the taste of Jude's cum is still fresh on my tongue.

I just need a little time to think. It feels like every time I see one of them, recently, there's a new revelation to wrap my mind around.

Even as I force myself to focus on work, I can't help but wonder if next time Killian will be down on his knees right next to me, both of us working over Jude's cock together.



## CHAPTER 8

### *COYLE*

Something is wrong. I can feel the storm brewing like I'm a damn meteorologist. It's making me feel uneasy and on edge.

I've been home for a little while and unpacking the last of my boxes. What I told Jude was true, I didn't have any attachment to the house Killian and I lived in. Now I can use it as a rental property or sell it, which is exactly what I intended to do from the start. I just got complacent.

Edison doesn't need a complacent man. She needs a safe space. Jude's house is massive. We helped him to move into one of the guest rooms so we can get the primary bedroom ready for when we can get our woman home with us.

It's a solid plan and makes me feel like we have something to really offer Edison. When she's ready to hear it. I don't think that'll be today and, damn, it stings.

We pushed her too far the other night. It would be easy to blame Killian and his plan, but I was right there next to him, enjoying the way she fell apart for us, without thinking about how we were going to navigate the next part.

I've always prided myself on being rational and making smart choices, but the moment I saw Edison, I needed her. It was primal and it drove me to think about the moment instead of the long-term. It's not like me to get caught up instead of planning.

I've always been the big picture guy, especially after I took over raising Killian when I was far too young to do so. There wasn't another option in my mind, though, so I stepped up.

That's when I found construction. It was money I could rely on and work I was capable of. After Killian graduated, I set out to create my own business and I've spent years focusing on it. Now, I'm in a place where I don't have to be out on the job sites daily. I have men under me who know how much I

value them. They respect me as not just a boss and the owner, but a man.

I'm in a good place, but now it doesn't feel like enough. I know what I'm missing and it's Edison. I didn't even realize I was missing anything until I saw her across the room at Club Sin and things clicked into place.

Part of me had been waiting to prove Killian wrong and pull him out of his fantasy land. It had been years since Killian brought up the idea of us sharing a woman for more than one night, and almost just as long since I had considered it. Then with one look I knew everything he'd told me was true.

When a door closes loudly enough that I hear it upstairs in my room, the pressure around me becomes even more oppressive. My feet are moving before I realize it, taking me downstairs and into the living room. With one look at Jude and Killian, I know something has happened and it's not good.

The harsh words are out before I have a chance to temper them, "What the fuck did you two do?"

Jude brushes past me and drops down onto the couch, burying his face in his hands. "I saw Edison today. I tried to talk to her, I mean, I did talk to her. Then I pulled her into the supply closet. Things," he lifts his head and looks me in the eye, "happened. She sucked my dick like a fucking champ."

"I'm the one who fucked up," Killian interjects. "I walked into the supply closet, and she had questions."

Realization dawns on me and I try and keep my voice neutral, "Like why the hell you were there?"

Killian nods. I want to scream at them, but it's clear they're beating themselves up already. I don't want to add to it.

Killian sounds defeated, "I didn't lie." He swallows hard and looks away in shame. "I fucked up."

"She ran," Jude sounds like a broken man.

"More like speed walked," Killian tries to inject some levity into the situation, but it falls flat. "But, yeah," the dejected note in his voice is like a whip to my soul.

I take a deep breath, but it doesn't do much to stop the pure fucking anger welling up in me. It's a battle I'm losing and there's not much I can do about it. Not right now, not when it's our woman which hangs in the balance.

"She needed some time," I spit out. "She needed some time and space, it's the reason she ran from us. Why did you push her? You already said she was avoiding you." Jude can't meet my eyes and I whirl around on my brother. "Why couldn't you help yourself?"

"They were in there a long time, I needed to know what was happening," he tries to explain, but there's no defending his actions today and he knows it.

"Give me her address," I demand.

Both of their heads snap up to look at me. I cross my arms over my chest, not willing to budge on this. Not even a little bit.

"You've fucked up. I'm going to go and fix it," I explain even though I shouldn't have to, but if we're going to do this then we need to do it without secrets and bullshit.

Not like I've ever been a man big on bullshitting. I don't lie. I go at people directly. I don't fuck around, especially when it's important and this is probably the most important thing I've ever dealt with.

Killian pulls out his phone and types something. A moment later when my own phone goes off, I pull it out of my pocket and look at the address he's sent me. My eyebrows shoot up, not liking the area of the city that our woman lives in.

"Yeah," Jude almost snarls, "I hate that she lives there. It's one of the reasons I kept an eye on her so much. I don't like it at all. I can't stand the idea of her not being safe."

I nod and give them both pointed looks before I'm out the door and driving over to her place. Do I have a plan? Not really. I think the only thing I can do at this point is to throw myself at her feet and try and explain something which doesn't really have an explanation.



It doesn't make any damn sense that the three of us are obsessed with her. It doesn't make any damn sense that we all fell for her with one look and knew she's the only one for us. It doesn't make any damn sense that I will do anything for her including raze the entire city if I found out someone hurt her.

I'm not really mad at Killian and Jude. If I had the opportunity to be that close to our girl, to talk to her, hold her, to watch her sink to her knees for me? I wouldn't have stopped her. I wouldn't have done anything other than plead for more.

I'm pissed that she's still not in our arms, not in our home, not safe and cared for. If she were ready, she wouldn't have run after we spent the night together. She would have been there when we all woke up. It's not what happened.

She's scared and I have no idea why, but I'll be damned if I don't get to the bottom of it. Tonight, if she'll let me.

I don't stop to take a breath until I'm standing in front of Edison's door, but then I force myself to take a deep breath. I have to or else I'm going to bulldoze my way over her and that's not what I want. I want her to choose us; I want her to want us.

When I knock on the door, the sound is loud, and I cringe a little. I take another breath, but it gets caught in my throat when the door is cracked open, and Edison peeks up at me. Her mouth drops open, but she doesn't slam the door closed like my biggest fears are screaming at me that she'll do.

No, my pretty girl swings the door open and props her shoulder against the door jam. She eyes me with a mixture of wariness and excitement, "What are you doing here Coyle?"

"Can I come in?" I feel like I'm holding my hat in my hand, begging for crumbs. "I'm just here to talk to you, Edison, and make sure you're okay."

She lets out a little sigh of resignation before stepping back and motioning for me to enter her apartment. The moment I step into the small space, I fight myself to not throw her over my shoulder and carry her back home. I clench my fists to stop myself from acting on impulse.

“Killian and Jude are beating themselves up about what happened,” I keep my voice soft and secretly love the way her cheeks pink. “I’d love to tell you they’re sorry, but I know they really aren’t. We were all devastated to wake up the other morning and find you gone.” She opens her mouth, but I hold my hand up to stop her. “We understand you needed a little time and space.”

“It was just one night, I’m not sure why you would think I would be there in the morning,” her tone is full of sass and embers.

I scoff and shake my head slowly when her eyes come up and meet mine. “You and I both know that’s bullshit, pretty girl. If you need to lie to yourself, that’s one thing, but I won’t have you lying to me.”

She narrows her eyes at me, and I close the distance between us without even realizing it. My arm shoots out and wraps around her waist, pulling her against my chest, loving the way she’s so much smaller than me. I tower over her, it makes me feel powerful, but at the same time I know she’s the one with all the power.

The power to destroy. The power to give us our deepest desires. The power to grant us grace. The power to shower us with love.

“It wasn’t just one night,” My voice is firm. “We want forever,” I whisper the words, giving them the reverence that they deserve. She blinks up at me with wide eyes as she processes, I don’t want her mind spinning, so I power on. “It doesn’t have to make sense, but it’s true. It’s why they’ve been obsessed with you and have been keeping an eye on you. They wanted to protect you and make sure you were safe.”

She nods slowly and licks her lips. “I like it,” her admittance is quiet, but loud with honesty.

I don’t think, I don’t lay more pretty words at her feet. I kiss her, pressing my lips to hers softly until they part and I sweep my tongue inside, tasting her sweetness, swallowing her little moans. When I pick her up, her legs wrap around my

waist and her sweet pussy grinds against the hard bulge of my cock.

I carry her to her bedroom and lay her down on the bed. “I know it’s a lot, pretty girl,” between the words I undress her, pressing kisses to her exposed skin. “You might be trying to tell yourself it’s too much or question why. Don’t,” I bark out the word, commanding her.

When my tongue circles one of her hard pink nipples, she arches her back and moans, “Coyle.”

I hum against her skin, my lips moving to her other round globe before sucking her nipple into my mouth and nipping at it. She gasps as her hips move restlessly. I stand just long enough to undress myself and grab a condom out of my pocket as I take in the flushed skin of my woman laid out for me.

“So damn beautiful. Such a good girl for me, for us.”

My words of praise wash over her and her eyes flutter closed as she takes them in. “Please, more,” she pleads. I don’t cover her body with mine, not yet. When her eyes open and she looks into mine, I feel fucking feral, the need to take her riding me hard. “I need you; I haven’t stopped thinking about the other night. I was scared.”

Planting kisses along her legs, I start working my way up her body slowly, savoring every inch of her. I murmur against her skin, “One day you’ll tell us why you were scared. One day when you’ve fully accepted that we’re here for you, that we exist for you, and we aren’t going anywhere.”

She swallows hard and her gorgeous brown eyes become glassy with unshed tears. I don’t let her dwell in her darkness and take her mouth in a punishing kiss, my cock pressing against her hip as my fingers slide between the lips of her pussy, feeling how wet she is for me.

I tap her clit, loving the way her body responds to me and only wishing Jude and Killian were here with me to watch her. I tease her opening, not pushing a finger in until her hips start to move, trying to get me to do what her body is begging me for.

“Coyle,” she whines, “why are you teasing me?”

I look into her eyes and circle her clit before sliding two fingers on either side, riling her up higher and higher. “I need you to admit it, Edison. Admit what you want.” Her lips part as she sucks in a long breath. “Not just right now, but tomorrow and for the rest of your life. Tell me,” my control is fraying, and the words come out as a growl.

“I want you, all of you,” her voice is a breathless whisper, and her eyes widen as if she’s surprised she said it.

“Good girl,” I groan.

I slide a condom down my length, hating every single second of it. I want to feel her bare, but I’m not going to do anything to fuck this up. I’m putting her first. I always will.

I slide the head of my cock up and down her soaking wet slit until her breathing deepens and I can feel her desperation in the air. When I sink into her pussy, her limbs wrap around me and I’m powerless against how fucking good it feels.

My strokes are long and deep, wanting her to feel every inch of me. “Your sweet pussy swallows my dick like you were created to take me,” I grit out through my teeth, our eyes locked together. “Because you were. You were made for me, Edison. Made for us.”

Her eyes glaze over, and she’s lost to the feeling between us, the pleasure, the fire that runs so hot it almost burns. I speed up, but don’t let myself fuck her without abandon, as much as I want to. I want her to feel each stroke, to know it’s all for her.

I stroke her clit, my voice fathomless, “You’re going to come all over my cock, pretty girl. You’re going to cover my length in your sweet juices and your pussy is going to beg me to follow right behind you.”

“Please, Coyle,” she squeaks.

I move faster and rub her clit in time with my movements, building us up, letting us feel, forcing her to understand, to know, to see. I don’t stop until she cries out and tumbles over the edge of bliss, her eyes rolling back into her head.

I'm just a man. A man powerless under the surrender of our woman. I follow right behind her, coming so damn hard my eyes cross for a moment.

I kiss her sweetly as we ride that feeling, holding onto it for as long as we can. I don't want it to end, but I know it will.

As I pull out of her, she lets out a little noise which reminds me of a contented cat, and I chuckle under my breath. I get her cleaned up and then myself. When I step back into her room, she's fast asleep.

I hate it, but I leave her a note with all our phone numbers and the understanding that she isn't quite ready for me to be there when she wakes up. When I walk out, I make sure everything is locked behind me. It's difficult as hell because I know, with every step, I'm leaving my heart behind.

With her.



## CHAPTER 9

### *JUDE*

The sound of the door closing behind Coyle is still reverberating around the room as Killian starts to pace. I watch him warily from the couch and I swear I can feel his shame, his discomfort, and his anger. It's all directed at himself, and I don't like it.

Not at all.

We both stalked her for months. It was bound to come out at some point, if for no other reason than she would need to know what she was getting into and the type of men we're asking her to love. Now she knows, it's out there.

The knowledge that there are still secrets to be spilled is like acid on my skin, but I push aside the feeling. For now. A day of reckoning will come, but it's not today. Enough things have come to light already for one day and I have no other choice than to put my faith in Coyle that he'll smooth everything over.

I stand abruptly and step into Killian's path. When he stops his eyes slowly come up to meet mine and his eyebrows pull together. I hate the uncertainty in his eyes.

"What?" His shoulders slump and his voice is thready, "Are you going to lay into me now? I shouldn't have gone in after you two, but I just," he leaves the end of his sentence fluttering in the wind, deflated, defeated...just like him.

I step into his body and when Killian goes to step back, I grip his shoulders and slam my lips onto his. His gasp of surprise is the opening I need to slip my tongue between his lips. It's different from kissing Edison, deliciously so, but it's not less. Not by a long shot.

There's a beat before Killian starts to kiss me back and his slack arms come up and wrap around me, pulling me closer to him. I feel his cock harden against my own, already rock hard

and ready to explore this between us. We've been walking around like the attraction between us is a fucking sideshow at a circus, but it's not. It's important and just as right and natural as what we feel for our girl.

"Jude," he groans against my mouth before he rips us apart.

I look into his eyes, a fierceness coming out of me in a snarl, "Don't you dare push me away. We need this."

"What about Edison?"

I narrow my eyes at him before I drop to my knees and yank open his pants. I don't give a fuck about being slow, gentle, or kind right now. "What about Edison? I might not know everything about her, but I believe she'd be right there," I point at the couch, "eager for a show if she were here right now."

Killian groans and his head drops back as I pull his pants and boxers down to let his cock spring free. I look up at him, a dark chuckle coming from deep in my chest. "How the hell did I not notice your piercings the other night?"

As I slide a finger over the three bar Jacob's ladder he's rocking, Killian sucks in a ragged breath. His voice is strained, "We had other focuses that night."

I smile as my hand wraps around the base of him before stroking him slowly, knowing it's going to drive him up the fucking wall. He needs this and so do I.

"You're the only focus right now, Kill," I growl the words, the need to taste him before I bend him over the couch and fuck him is almost too much to take.

"Fuck," he grunts as his head falls forward again, his hazel eyes dark with desire.

I lean forward and swipe my tongue across the head of his cock, collecting the pre-cum beading there as I do. He makes a strangled sound at the back of his throat as my hand tightens around his length.

"I don't imagine that I'm the first man you've played with," I don't pose it as a question, but I still, desperately, want to



know.

He shakes his head quickly, his eyes locked on my hand as I stroke him. “No,” he rasps, “but it’s been a long time.”

I can’t help but grin before I wrap my lips around the crown of his dick and start to take him into my mouth. I press my tongue against the bottom of his shaft, loving the way his eyes go unfocused when I slide over his piercings. His hands come forward and slide into my hair, gripping hard and making my cock throb in my pants.

I want to take myself out and relieve some of the pressure, but I don’t. Not yet. It’ll be so much better when I finally do if I wait.

I bob on his cock a few times before I slide off with a slurp. “You deserve this, Killian,” my voice is hard and on edge.

He shakes his head, his voice full of vulnerability, “I don’t. I fucked up today.”

My eyes harden as I look up at him and take his cock back into my mouth to prove a point. I move up and down his length, hollowing my cheeks and sucking a little harder, loving the way his fingers tighten in my hair. When he starts to pump his hips, forcing me to take more of him and hitting the back of my throat, a sick thrill bubbles up inside of me.

I pump my hand in time with my mouth, loving the taste of him on my tongue. I can tell he’s getting closer; I can feel it with every thrust of his hips. I reach up with my other hand and roll his balls in my palm.

He shouts, desperation lacing his tone, “Jude! If you don’t stop, I’m going to come.”

I arch an eyebrow and almost fucking shiver when he smiles wickedly. He really is gorgeous—broad, tattooed and a little wild. I love seeing him like this, it’s so much better than the broken man who was pacing in the living room moments ago, thinking the world was crumbling at his feet when it wasn’t.

Everything will be fine with our girl, I know it.

Coyle is going to take care of her, and Killian needs me to do the same for him. I'm more than happy to.

Killian clenches his jaw and grits out, "You want to swallow my cum, don't you? You want to taste me?"

I suck a little harder in response and he moans as he starts to thrust faster, some of his resolve to be gentle falling away. Good. I don't want gentle. We'll treat our girl like she's glass and precious, but here, between us, we can be as hard and rough as we need to be, as we crave to be.

Killian's grip tightens in my hair as he starts to fuck my face. When the tip of his cock hits my throat again, I swallow and give his balls a squeeze. I have a front row seat for the moment Killian falls apart. All because of me.

"Fuck," he moans, holding the word out as he pushes a little deeper into my throat and unloads.

The first two spurts, I don't get to taste, but then he pulls back enough that he finishes on my tongue. I swallow with every burst of his seed, warmth filling me. He's a panting mess as he pulls his cock out of my mouth, my lips tight around him, cleaning him off as he pulls free.

He stumbles back as I stand up, my cock painfully hard. "Holy shit, Jude," he's breathless and wide eyed.

He's fucking perfect.

Gripping his shoulders, I spin us until we're next to the couch. I'm not gentle when I rip his shirt off and turn him around. I push him down over the arm of the couch, fucking perfect. "Ass up, Kill, my cock is begging to be buried inside of you." I lean over him and nip at his earlobe. "You're going to love it, aren't you?"

"Yes," he groans and widens his stance. "Fuck me, Jude."

"Don't." I slide my hand down his spine, watching goosebumps cover his skin as I do. "Move."

He moans as I step away, shedding my clothes before I open a drawer in the coffee table and grab lube. When I look back, Killian is watching me with wide eyes, and I smirk.

“You never know where you might need lube,” I tease him.

He chuckles, but the sound dies when I step back behind him, flipping open the tube and squirting some on my hand. I stroke my cock with it and almost get lost in how fucking good it feels. It’s not anywhere close to the relief I need though.

When I start to lube up his ass, Killian jumps. Maybe another time I would soothe him, but not right now. I’m on a hair-trigger and I need to bury my length in him right fucking now.

I stretch him, loving the sounds he’s making as I do. He pants out the words, “Fuck me, please.”

“I’m going to fuck you, Killian. I’m going to fuck all the doubt and self-recrimination right out of you.”

I lube up my cock one more time before I press the head against his ass. I grunt when he opens up for me and he hisses out a breath. I can feel his legs start to shake as I press into him until I’m buried balls deep.

“You’re so fucking tight, Kill,” I grit the words out through my teeth, barely holding on.

“S’good,” he mumbles, burying his face in the couch.

As I grip the back of his neck with one hand and his hip with the other, I start to pull out of him slowly. I have no intention of taking it easy on him, but the way he’s squeezing my cock is almost too much for me to take. Pumping in and out of him a few times, I loosen him up.

When I feel his muscles relax, I grin. The next time I fill him, I slam into him. He rocks forward over the arm of the couch and it’s so damn beautiful.

I widen my stance and growl, “You can’t get away from me, Killian.”

I start thrusting in and out of him, fucking him harder and faster with each stroke. He already got his. This is for both of us, because we both need it, but you better fucking believe I’m going to be chasing my pleasure.

“Don’t want to,” he pants the words out between moans.

“That’s right you don’t. Your ass is so fucking tight. It feels so good; you’re trying to strangle my cock.” I groan and tighten my grip on his body, pinning him in place. The only movement I allow is his lungs expanding and he better thank his lucky fucking stars I’m allowing that much. “Edison would be dripping all over this couch if she was watching the way you’re taking my cock right now.”

“Fuck,” he barks out and turns his head to the side, closing his eyes.

“Can you see her? How her brown eyes would be so big and unblinking, not wanting to miss a moment. She’d want to bury her fingers in her sopping wet cunt, but we’d tell her no. She has to watch me fuck you, watch me own you,” I snarl.

“Jude,” he gasps.

“That’s right. Tell her. Tell her how good I’m making you feel,” I command him, leaving no room for questions or interpretations.

“Feels so good. I love the way your big cock fills my ass.” He groans and tries to push back against me as I fuck him, but he can’t. I won’t let him. “Love to have her sweet pussy wrapped around my cock right now so she could feel each one of your thrusts inside of me.”

I shiver, thinking about fucking them both with him as a conduit. My balls draw up tight and I know I’m not going to be able to last much longer. His ass clenches down and my vision starts to blur.

“Fuck yes. Gonna show her how much you love my cock buried deep inside of you next time.” I lean over his back and bite down on his shoulder, grunting around his flesh and making him tremble in my arms. I whisper in his ear, “Gonna fill your ass with my cum, Killian.”

“Yes,” he starts to chant the word over and over, getting louder with each thrust.

I feel it, that last bit of rope snaps and I fill him completely with my cock, pushing deep before I erupt. I feel his own

release, hot and sticky, splash against my ankle, but I don't give a fuck. Every spurt of my cum in Killian's ass feels like a claiming and I'm more than okay with it.

"Good boy," I groan before nipping at his earlobe as he lets out a big breath, one it feels like he's been holding for a long time. "No more blaming yourself, Killian," I whisper. "She's going to be okay and she's going to come around. There's no other choice. She's ours."

He cranes his neck slightly and I pull back just enough to look him in the eye, his hazel depths begging for truth and not lies. He sounds less broken when he asks, "Promise?"

I kiss his lips softly and murmur, "Promise."

I stand slowly and pull out of him, not giving a fuck about the mess it's going to make. I take a moment and look at the way my cum drivels out of his ass before pulling him up and leading him to the primary bedroom and starting the shower. We step in together, touching and kissing as we wash each other.

"I think we might just need to storm the castle, so to speak," I tell him after we've stepped out, dried off and been quiet for a while.

He arches an eyebrow, but his eyes sparkle with mischief. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I think we've given her enough time to think. She needs to get used to us and what we're offering. I think we've given her too much time to run and question everything. No more."

When Coyle walks in, a shit eating grin on his face, I have a feeling he's going to be on board. I feel like I'm on cloud fucking nine when he flops into a chair, a knowing look in his eyes.

"She's always going to be a little mouse and run unless we don't give her another choice," his voice is firm, as if he thinks we're going to disagree.

We share a look and a smirk. Yeah, no more running little mouse. You're ours, time to show you just what that means.



## CHAPTER 10

### *KILLIAN*

I slip through the library with my prey in sight. She has no idea I'm watching her today. We decided to give her 24 more hours before going after her, but I can't help myself. I would have been here earlier today, but I had to actually do some work in my shop. My crew was curious as to where I've been, which isn't surprising considering they're nosey as fuck.

To get them off my ass, I shrugged and told them, "I've been moving."

Aiden scoffed and teased me, "Did Coyle finally kick your ass out?"

I flipped him off and barked out a laugh. "He moved with me."

Even that got Cameron's attention, but he didn't ask questions. He just looked at me as if that would break me and get me to spill all my secrets. I'm not going to lie, I was close, but I held back. Until our girl is locked down and she's not questioning what is happening, I have no intention of talking about it.

Considering how much of a charmer Brooks can be, I'm not going to risk it. He was checking out my girl when she came in for her tattoo and it took all my willpower not to beat the shit out of him then.

Since I wasn't giving much away, Brooks asked, "Why'd you move?"

"Got an offer we couldn't refuse."

That was all I gave them before my client came in and I focused on the task at hand so I could get out of there and get eyes on Edison. It sure as hell isn't a chore watching her. There's always a need in me to make sure she's okay. Even though I've held her in my arms while she's come apart and

touched her smooth skin, it's not enough. I don't think it ever will be.

She looks cute as fuck today in a sweater dress that hugs her curves and makes me want to chase her down just so I can take a bite out of her ass. It's the damn boots she has on, though, that are driving me fucking wild. I can imagine what it would feel like to have her leather clad calves wrapped around me while her heels dig into my ass and I'm driving my cock into her sweet cunt.

I shiver at the thought and stare off into space for a moment, imagining just how sexy it would be. I wonder if she's wearing tights, I bet those would feel good on her legs as they're wrapped around me too. When I look back up, the door to the library is swinging closed.

"Fuck," I mutter under my breath and pick up the pace to get out of the library.

I do some careful maneuvering around people to follow her and slip into my car without her noticing. When she pulls out, she doesn't head straight home, and I'm intrigued as to where the hell she's going. The farther we go, the more suspicion and dread fills me.

I dial Coyle and then Jude, patching the calls together because if I'm right about where her destination is, I'm going to need them. I'm not sure if they'll give me shit for following her today or not, but I don't give a fuck.

We said we weren't going to give her as much space, going with more of a full-court press approach and less of a skulking in the shadows one. What can I say? It seems stalking my little one is my love language.

Jude answers first, "What's up, Kill?"

Before I can answer him, Coyle picks up, "What are you up to?"

I try and put on my most innocent voice, "Why do you think I'm up to anything? Can't I call my two partners in crime just for kicks?"

"No," Coyle grunts and I bark out a laugh.



My laughter is cut off when I'm proven correct about Edison's destination. "Shit," I hiss out and I can almost feel how much more attention Jude and Coyle are giving me now.

"You better start fucking talking, Kill," Jude grits out.

I can picture how sexy he probably looks right now, but I shove the image aside. It was damn good the other night when he fucked all my doubts and fears right out of me. I wouldn't mind a repeat performance, but now is not the time. Now is the time to rally the troops.

"After I was done with my client today, I went to the library," I pause because I know they won't let me just say the next part without interrupting.

"Killian," Coyle growls in warning, "that's not the plan."

"We didn't really come up with a plan other than we aren't going to give her more time to run," I lob back at him.

"Okay," Jude takes a deep breath. "If you went to the library, why are you calling? She should be heading home now, right?"

"She left the library all right," my voice takes on a dark edge. "I followed her and you'll never fucking guess where she went after work."

"That little taco joint she likes so much," there's so much hope in Jude's voice that I almost hate to smash it under my heel.

"No," I grunt. "She's at Club Sin."

Both men suck in a sharp breath and start muttering curses. I would smile if I weren't watching my woman walk into Club Sin right now. The membership here is expensive as fuck. I have one and, after being my guests the other night, Jude and Coyle purchased memberships as well. Considering I know where she lives, there's no way she can afford a membership.

If she's here looking for a night of fun, I'm going to kill anyone who thinks to invite her in as their guest. The only good thing is it's still early. I can only hope there aren't a lot of people inside right now.

Doubts start clawing up my throat. Is she looking for someone else? More than one someone? Does she not feel this thing between us? Why else would she be here?

“Killian,” Jude barks out and I realize they’ve been trying to get my attention.

“Yeah,” I croak. I clear my throat and try again. “Sorry, I’m here. I’m going to go in and see what the fuck she thinks she’s doing.”

“We’re on our way. Coyle, swing by and pick me up on the way,” Jude’s voice is stern, and my dick instantly takes notice.

Interesting, but not the time.

“I’m already in the truck,” Coyle grumbles and then hangs up.

“It’s going to be okay, Kill,” Jude’s voice is softer now. “Go in and get our girl. We’ll go up to Room Four if we don’t see you in the lounge.”

I hang up because she’s been inside for too long now and it’s starting to eat at me. I stomp my way through the door and get checked in. When I walk into the lounge, I see a woman talking to Edison off to the side with their heads close together. I can’t tell what they’re talking about, but it doesn’t matter.

When I get a little closer, Edison’s head snaps up and she arches an eyebrow before her eyes sweep down my body and back up. The heat I see there is doing nothing to get my dick under control while the naughty twinkle in my girl’s eyes has me slowing my steps slightly.

I sidle up to her, wrap an arm around her shoulders, and tuck her into my side. The woman who was just chatting with Edison looks up at me and gives a nod.

Her voice is professional, “I take it she’s here with you, Mr. Matthews?”

I give a curt nod. I remember meeting this woman when I came in to set everything up. I’m pretty sure she’s the one who

called me when Edison showed up to turn in her invitation, but I can't remember her name. It's not important.

"She is." I look down at Edison to find her almost vibrating with excitement. When I look back at the woman, I inform her, "My brother and Mr. Perez will be here shortly. I'm going to take our girl up to Room Four."

She shoots a sly look at my girl before flashing me a smile and taking a step away from us. "Of course. Have a pleasant evening."

I tighten my grip on Edison, unable to spare any more pleasantries, and lead her toward the elevator. The ride is short, and my heart is still pounding by the time we step through the door of Room Four. I take a moment to look around the room, still impressed by the opulent feel, like walking into a teal cloud of luxury. It's perfect for our girl.

Edison takes a step away from me, it's a small one, but it's enough to pull my intense focus to the woman I can't wait to undress again. I stalk toward her, my cock leaking with every step she takes away from me. So fucking naughty.

I tilt my head to the side and survey her like a predator. "If you want me to give chase, little one, all you need to do is ask. I'd be more than happy to take you to ground. I'd even give you a head start."

She makes the cutest fucking squeaking sound when her back hits the wall. I don't stop until I use my forearms to cage her against it. When I run my nose up the frontside of her neck, I love the way she arches back to give me more access to her sweet skin.

"You've been a naughty fucking girl," I grit out before nipping at her neck.

"I'm not naughty," her voice is sweet, but the curve of her lips tells a whole different story and I'm hard as a rock.

"Don't lie to me, little one." She bites her lip as she looks up at me from underneath her lashes, all deliciously demure and meandering sin. I brush her nose with mine before pulling back so I can study her face. "Why are you here at Club Sin?"

“I was inquiring about a membership.” There’s that honeyed voice, again, sounding like the devil on my fucking shoulder, whispering wicked intent and dangerous pleas.

“Were you planning to find someone to go into a room with?” I narrow my eyes at her, needing to know, but hating the question with everything in me. “Were we not enough for you?”

Her hands come up, hot brands against my chest before they slide up and cup my jaw. “Killian,” she whispers, her voice husky and needy. “Do you think I didn’t know you were following me?”

My mouth opens and closes a few times before I hiss, “What?”

As she smirks at me, her hands are like fire against my skin and making it hard to concentrate. She presses her body against mine and I groan at how good it feels. There’s a clarity in her eyes which holds me hostage.

“I know I didn’t react very well to finding out you’ve been watching me, but I had some time to think about it after Coyle helped to stop my mind from spiraling. I realized something,” her last words are a soft caress against the hope blooming in my chest.

I’m fucking panting as I take a step closer, forcing her back against the wall while keeping our bodies aligned. “What did you realize, little one? Put me out of my misery here,” I plead with her.

She smiles, allowing her light to shine down on me. “I realized,” her voice drops to a whisper, “I like it. I like it when you’re watching me and when Jude is watching me. I didn’t like waking up to find out Coyle had left me naked and alone.” She frowns and I kiss right where the cutest little lines form because of it, trying to smooth it away. “It got me thinking about how I had done the same to you and I felt bad about it.”

I shake my head, my voice firm, “You don’t need to feel bad. We understand. We pushed you too far and moved too fast. We were too eager.” I swallow hard. “I was too eager. I

just wanted you so fucking badly Edison and I couldn't stand it anymore."

"Do you still want me?"

My mouth drops open before I snap it shut and close the distance between us, kissing her lips softly and pouring every ounce of want inside of me into the kiss. Her lips part and her tongue slides across my lip, asking me for entrance and I almost fall the fuck over from shock. I don't though, I deepen the kiss, our tongues swirling and twirling in a dance, one it feels like I've always known the steps to.

We're all instinct and feeling. I let myself sink into it, never wanting it to end. When my arms drop to her hips, I start to gather up the skirt of her dress, needing to get her naked, but also not wanting to break away from her mouth.

I pull back, giving us just enough space for me to yank it off, loving the way it looked on her, but hating how it was stopping me from touching her skin. I pause a moment and look down her body. I take in the tattoos on her leg, my gaze traveling up to her pretty lace panties and then up to the tattoo on her shoulder. I stand a little taller seeing my ink on her, I don't think I'll ever get tired of it.

"I didn't come here to find someone else," she tells me softly.

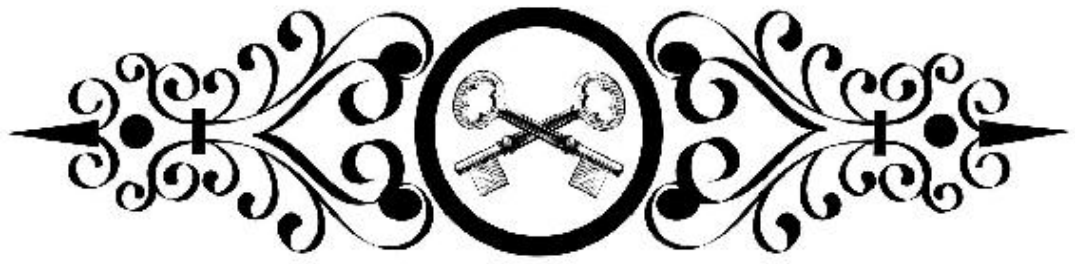
"No?" I feel like I'm in a daze. She's right here in front of me, and it sounds like she's accepted this, us, at least in part. I'm greedy enough to take it. I force myself to focus and ask, "Why did you come here then?"

"I came here because I knew you'd follow me, and I wanted to see you." She smirks. "I figured you'd come in here beating your chest like a caveman." She giggles softly, looking pleased as punch with herself. "I was right."

My fingers skim up her body, barely touching her and causing her to shiver. After I flip the clasp on the front of her bra, I growl softly when she lets it fall to the ground. I make a humming sound and bend down, ready to take her nipple into my mouth.

Before I can, the door slams open and we both turn our heads to see Coyle and Jude march into the room like they're prepared to go to war.

I look at Edison and tsk. "Like I said, you've been a very naughty girl."



# CHAPTER 11

## *EDISON*

*Like I said, you've been a very naughty girl.*

I have been, it's true. But I did it for the right reasons. I needed to. When I woke up alone after Coyle came over, my heart sank. I knew he did it because he didn't want me to feel too much pressure with him staying, but I didn't like it.

It's what made me realize I was pushing away a perfectly good man; three of them, actually. I do have my reasons, they might even be good ones, but nothing in this life is just handed to you as easily as Jude, Killian and Coyle were trying to hand me happiness. I could see in their eyes, in the way they looked at me, in the way they desperately wanted to reach for me.

Today, when I knew someone was watching me and knowing Jude wasn't in the library cleaning, I figured it was Killian. It made my heart flutter in anticipation knowing he was watching me and that he was keeping his distance. Hell, the cat was kind of out of the bag at that point with how much he wants me. He could have just come up and talked to me, but he chose to still stay in the shadows.

And so, a plan was hatched and now here I am, standing in just my panties and boots with three men looking at me like they want to eat me alive. It makes me feel something I've been missing since I was with them in this room. I've been missing the way they make my body sing. I've been missing the rush of pleasure wrapped up in safety and comfort.

Coyle's voice is deep and dark as his sage green eyes drink me in. "Have you been bad, pretty girl?"

I bite my lip and look up at Coyle and slip a step closer to him. Killian's fingers skim along my hip and cause goosebumps to cover my skin. I square my shoulders, ready to take this on, ready to accept what they're offering.

My voice is breathy and needy, "Yes."



Jude's eyes flare as he looks at me. "Why are you here, Edison?"

No more games. No more running. No more hiding.

It's true that my family was taken away from me, but it doesn't mean these men will be. I can't live in that fire anymore.

I swallow hard, knowing I need to get the hard stuff off my chest first. I look at Jude, my voice small at first, "Remember when you asked me if I was from Chicago, and I told you no?"

He nods slowly as if he's trying to figure out why I'm changing the subject. "You said you were from Arizona."

"That's not entirely true. I grew up here, until I was eight." He opens his mouth, but I shake my head. "When I was eight, my parents and brother died in a house fire. I was the only survivor, and I went to live with my aunt and uncle. Being afraid of losing the people I care about has caused me to," I pause and squeeze my eyes closed to take a deep breath before I open them and forge ahead, "close myself off."

Killian's voice is like silk against my skin, "You don't need to do this, little one."

"Yes, I do. If I want this, then I need to do this." I look at each of them in turn, "I do want this, so fucking badly. I've never felt more alive than I did the night we spent here. I've never felt anything like it. I can see what you're offering." I look at Coyle and give him a soft smile. "Coyle was very clear about what you all want. I don't want to run anymore. You just need to know where my fear comes from. I know it's silly," I don't get the chance to finish my sentence because Coyle cuts me off.

"No," he growls, "you aren't going to do that. You aren't going to downplay your trauma. It's not silly." His eyes soften as he looks at me. "Thank you for trusting us, Edison." He swallows hard, hope filling his words, "Does that mean you're going to give this a chance?"

I nod and smile at him. "There is no other choice for me."

Jude grins at me before he tucks his joy behind a mask, one made of sinful charm. “What does this have to do with you being here, little mouse?”

I link my fingers together and look up at him from underneath my lashes. “I knew Killian was watching me, so I decided to lure you here.”

Jude closes the distance between us, his fingers tunneling into my hair and gripping it tightly to tilt my head back. He’s breathing hard and I can see how much fire is burning inside of him. Killian presses against my back and I shudder in their arms, loving the feeling of being trapped between them. When my eyes slide to Coyle, he’s already stripping, just as droolworthy now as he was when he came to see me.

*Fucking yummy.*

“You were playing games?” There’s a purr in Jude’s voice I find sexy as fuck. “That is naughty,” he murmurs before he kisses me, unleashing the fire I saw burning in his eyes moments before.

I kiss him back and feel Killian slide my panties down over my hips, tapping one leg and then the other so he can remove them completely. He grunts, “The boots are staying on. I want to feel them wrapped around me.”

I feel the heat of Killian’s body leave me, but I can hardly protest, not when Jude’s tongue is caressing mine and tasting every crevice of my mouth. A body presses against my back again, skin on skin, and I moan at the contact.

When Jude pulls back from me, he smirks at me and then turns me. I look up into Coyle’s eyes to find the hazel flecks in his eyes practically fucking sparkling. He’s hard all over, every single inch, and my mouth waters.

He murmurs, “Miss me?”

Throwing myself at him, I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him until I can’t breathe. I glance over my shoulder when someone presses against my back, more skin on skin, to find Jude smirking at me.

“I missed the three of you, very much,” I whisper. When I look back up at Coyle I squirm because of the possession in his gaze. “You should know, I get the shot.”

Jude freezes behind me and Killian chokes out, “What?”

“I don’t want anything between us,” my voice comes out a lot stronger than I was expecting and I almost pat myself on the back.

Maybe I would actually do it, but before I can, I’m snatched up and carried over to the bed. Coyle looms over me and his hands roam over my body. Every brush of his fingers against my skin makes me wetter.

“Oh, pretty girl, I want nothing more than to fill you with my cum and watch it drip out of your pretty pussy.” My cheeks pink and Coyle winks, his voice dropping lower as he leans in and whispers in my ear, “The only thing better will be the day when there really is nothing between us and we can breed you.”

I wasn’t aware my pussy was a faucet, but those words unlock something inside of me. Coyle must know it because he smirks when he finds my eyes again. He sits back on his knees, his cock hard and weeping. Killian and Jude jump on the opportunity, each one laying on one side of me before their mouths both latch onto my nipples like they choreographed the move.

I moan and arch, wanting them to take more of me into their mouths, needing it. “Oh,” I hold it out, exhaling harshly at how different they both feel. Jude is all vicious teeth where Killian is long, drawn-out sucking.

Coyle rubs the crown of his dick up and down my slit, pulling moans from me every time he brushes against my clit. My eyes find his and I know he can see the way I’m pleading with him. When he smirks, I know he’s teasing me.

“Such a pretty cunt, Edison,” his voice is rough and needy. “Gonna fuck you so good and then I’m going to watch Jude and my brother take you between them.” My eyes widen with

his words and my pussy gets even wetter. “Oh, you like the sound of that. You’re soaked.”

“Please,” I keened.

Jude and Killian reach down and grab my knees, pulling my legs up and holding me open. I feel like I’m on display. It makes me a little uncomfortable, but the way Coyle licks his bottom lip as he looks down at me makes the feeling disappear.

“Fuck,” he grits out through his teeth. A touch of awe laces through his tone, “Beautiful.”

The attention Killian and Jude are giving my breasts has me almost in a fucking frenzy. The feeling of being trapped, of being held, of being at their mercy, is pushing me closer and closer to the edge. When Coyle positions himself at my entrance and sinks into me, my eyes roll back in my head.

He brushes his thumb across my clit as he starts to move inside of me. There’s no build-up tonight. We don’t need it. We’re all on edge. We’re all right fucking there.

“Your pussy is begging for my cum, Edison,” Coyle groans. His eyes are locked down at where his cock is filling me, entranced. “Look at you, taking my cock so fucking good.”

He starts moving faster and I wish I could move my hips to meet each thrust, but I can’t. Not with the way I’m being held open. I wiggle my hips, but Coyle presses down on my pelvis, immobilizing me completely as he works my clit with his thumb.

“Oh my,” I breathe out, but it’s probably unrecognizable within all the pleading moans spilling from me.

I get lost in Coyle’s eyes and I know I’m not going to be the same after this, after I have all three of them. It’s different than it was the other night. This is a claiming; I feel it all the way down to the deepest parts of me.

They won’t let me go. I don’t want them to.

Coyle fucks me and when the walls of my channel start to undulate around him, he looks relieved as hell. He punctuates

each word with a thrust, “You. Are. Going. To. Come. Right. Now.” He pinches my clit and my body clenches before it stops functioning, I stop breathing, and I’m helpless in following his command.

I feel his cum fill me up and marvel at the warmth of it, but it also feels like it’s happening to someone who isn’t me. This orgasm is an out of body experience; one I almost hope I never come back from. I can’t tear my eyes away from Coyle, watching him lose control is sexy as fuck.

When he pulls out of me and moves to the side, Jude and Killian release me. Killian is between my legs before I know what’s happening. He has a wicked grin on his face and, even though I just came so hard I saw stars, my pussy clenches.

Killian wraps my legs around his waist and hauls me up onto his lap before he lowers me down his shaft. He sits back on his heels and holds me against him, his strong arms not letting me fall.

Killian groans and tips his head back, “Yeah, I knew feeling your leather covered calves wrapped around me would be sexy as fuck.”

When I feel someone at my back, I look back to see Jude peeking over my shoulder and looking down my body. “Damn, you two look good together,” he moans, his hard cock rubbing between my ass cheeks.

It reminds me of the way they were cuddled up together the morning I slipped from this very room. Before I can ask about it, Jude starts to lube up my ass and all thoughts leave my mind. I’m a ball of feeling and experience as he prepares my ass, Killian holding me very still while impaled on his cock.

When Jude pushes inside of me, my back arches, and my head lolls back on his shoulder. I feel boneless and languid. Their hands on my body, touching me, caressing me, using their hold to start to move me up and down their lengths, pushes my consciousness to the side.

We moan together as they work to fuck me as one. It’s sexy as hell the way they work my body over, but it’s not enough.

I gasp, “More.”

They share a look with each other and grin as Coyle comes to my side to twist and pinch my nipples. Jude and Killian tighten their hold on me and start to move me up and down faster, thrusting up to meet my body.

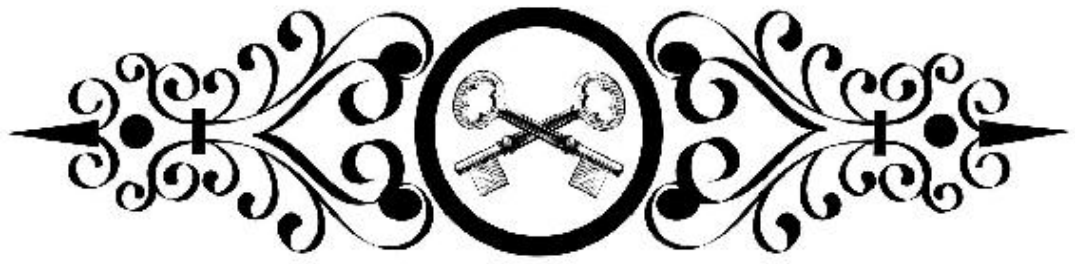
Faster. Harder. More. More. More.

I scream out when Coyle’s hand slides down my body and flicks my clit. I fly over the edge, even though I wasn’t sure if the tightening knot inside of me was going to be able to find a way to unfurl. I shouldn’t have doubted my men because they’ll always find a way to give me pleasure.

The harmonized groans and grunts from Jude and Killian are the only warning I get before I feel their cum filling my holes. I slump slightly, feeling wrung out, but oh so fucking good. I smile and let my eyes slide closed knowing they’ll take care of me.

I vaguely hear their sweet, murmured words and they warm me from the inside out.

*No more games. No more running. No more hiding.*



## CHAPTER 12

### *COYLE*

My hand runs over my woman's body, and I feel reverence fill me as I touch her without worrying that she's going to run. The little fucking minx. She played us. She used Killian's own nature against him. It's glorious.

Probably more so than she even realizes. I can see the old Killian, the one who existed before life, work and responsibility bogged him down, peeking out at me now. I have a feeling it'll only get better as we move forward. Or worse, depending on how you look at it.

My heart clenches when I glide over the tattoos on her leg and feel scars there. I peer down and take in the way the designs swirl on her skin in ink. Her scars are hidden well, but now that I'm touching her and paying attention, instead of being caught up in a passionate inferno, they're obvious.

I can't imagine the trauma of her experience. Yeah, my parents died, and it was traumatic. I'm not trying to play the classic whose trauma is worse game. But, damn, she was in the fire too. She was the only one who came out of it on the other side.

Then she had to go someplace new and start a new life. If she had never come back to Chicago, if she had stayed in Arizona, we wouldn't have found her. The thought has me teetering at the edge of a pit of sadness. I can only see a future with her in it now; nothing else would be enough.

She's so strong. She probably doesn't even realize it, but I see it.

When I look up and meet Jude's eyes and then Killian's, I know they can see it too. Maybe that's why we're all drawn to her. We can see her when so many people will overlook her, dismiss her, only see her short stature or the way she carries herself and see a little girl playacting as a woman.



She's a woman who enjoys life. Enjoys getting lost in books because those worlds can have things this one doesn't—understanding, empathy, forgiveness, a better path, and a happy ending.

None of those things are guaranteed in this life, but our girl, our Edison? She can find them, experience them, live them, breathe them. She can get lost in them instead of getting lost in her own pain, in her own past.

I'm in awe of her.

"She's the best of us," I mutter the words under my breath, not really meaning them to be heard.

Killian snorts, "You got that right." He looks at me and sighs. "We don't deserve her."

"We're the only ones who deserve her," Jude counters and I couldn't agree more.

I slide my hands up her body, my palms gliding over her bare breasts and then her shoulders. She stirs slightly before she stretches like a cat whose woken up in the best patch of afternoon sun. When her eyes flutter open, her brown eyes meet mine, still hazy from sleep.

The slow smile she gives me is like a punch to the gut. We really don't deserve her, not when she looks at me like I'm her entire world. I know she has the capacity to make my brother and Jude feel the same way. Because her heart is just that big, that capable, that giving, but only when she trusts, when she can be vulnerable and let you in.

"Hey, pretty girl," my voice is thick with emotion, and I try and swallow it down. "If you want to stay here all night, we can, we'll happily lounge around, but we'd really like to take you someplace else. Maybe have some dinner?"

She perks up and looks around, hope lighting up her eyes. "Together?"

Killian lets out a ragged breath before giving her a cheeky grin. "Of course, together, little one. If you thought it was hard to shake us before, you're going to find it's now impossible."

She yawns and stretches again, and I know I'm not the only one whose eyes are drawn to her tits, especially when she brings her arms back down and they jiggle deliciously. She teases Killian as she looks at Jude out of the corner of her eye, "I told you, I kind of like it when you stalk me."

Killian gasps and presses a hand to his chest, "Stalking is such a crass word."

I snort, "Accurate. I think the word you're looking for is accurate."

Edison gives me a flirty smile before sitting up, she's close enough that I could grab her and pull her onto my lap. My hands itch to do it, but I hold myself back.

She teases me, "Are you going to stalk me too, Coyle?"

My dick lengthens and the boxers I slipped on do very little to hide it. Her eyes flick down and darken as she takes in what she does to me. I grunt in response, and she arches an eyebrow.

"Don't worry, pretty girl," I rumble, "I have plans for you."

She wiggles her eyebrows at me and we all chuckle, the sound of it settling something in me. This is about more than sex, it's about her, about family, about us. After only having Killian in my life for so fucking long and having to step up to be what he needed, I lost sight of what a family is.

When my eyes dart down to Edison's belly, a hunger inside of me throbs with the need to see her grow round with our child. She's not ready, but I really fucking hope she is soon.

Jude stands up and holds out a hand for Edison to take. "Come on, little mouse. Time to get dressed. We want to take you home."

"Home?" She blinks up at him and slides her small hand into his much larger one. "Whose home?"

"Ours," Killian's tone is so weighted that it's not difficult to feel just how much gravity it has.

We all get dressed, our eyes straying to Edison as we do. I think we're all waiting on bated breath for her to run again.

For her to push us away. For her to say she's changed her mind.

Before we step out of the room, I grab Edison's wrist and pull her against my body. The little oof she lets out is adorable as hell. I peer down at her and search her eyes, needing... something.

"Edison," my voice is heavy, weighted, before it cracks, "please don't run."

Her eyes soften and she reaches up, her hands cupping my jaw. She searches my eyes the same way I did to her just moments before. "You've lost people too," she whispers.

I nod and glance at Killian. "We did." Her shoulders slump and I wrap my arms around her waist, not wanting her to slip through my grasp like sand. "I'm not telling you so that you feel guilty or anything, but I just," I let out a shuddering breath, "I can't lose you when I've just found you."

"I won't run," her words are soft, but spoken with steely resolve.

All I can do is put my trust in her and hope she can keep it safe and protected. I've already given her my heart; she deserves my trust as well. I kiss her forehead and she melts against my body, giving me just as much as she takes and I do the same.

I nod at the guys, and we head out of Club Sin, again. This time we have our girl with us. We move like a unit, surrounding her and making sure no one, considering there are far more people in the lounge now, don't really get a good look at her. She's not for their eyes, only ours.

All ours.

I toss Jude my keys and he smirks at me when he catches them. He gives me a nod before he gives a long look toward Killian and Edison. I hold my hands out for my woman's keys. I almost expect her to fight me, but she just purses her lips before placing them in my hand.

Killian is smiling ear to ear as he waves and slides behind the wheel of his own ride. When I open the door for Edison,

her eyes widen in surprise. I'm not having any of it.

I lean into her and murmur, "Get used to it, pretty girl."

She giggles and shakes her head as she sits down, and I close the door before jogging around and getting in myself. I adjust the seat way back, my heart swelling with the way Edison tries to hold her laughter in as she watches me.

She snorts, "Sorry. It's not funny."

"You're right, it's not funny that you're this short," I deadpan.

She throws her head back and laughs with abandon before slapping my chest playfully. "Rude," she admonishes me, but there's no heat to it.

We make it home fairly quickly and I'm struck again with how massive Jude's place is. I haven't been here long, but I do consider it my home. I can see us here and the family we'll build. It has plenty of room for little ones.

My hands start to sweat with the thought of showing Edison the primary bedroom. I've been able to cut back on going into work since we moved in, happy to let the people I employ take up the slack. I was able to finish the giant fucking bedframe I built and installed it today. I got it done just in time for the new mattresses to be delivered.

There's nothing else in the room, not yet, but the bed is done and we're taking our woman home to it. Our house.

I hope it doesn't freak her out.

When I reach over and place my hand on her thigh, I give it a squeeze. "I'll make sure to reward you, Edison."

Her tone is curious and a little husky, "Why would you need to do that?"

"For your trust and because you might have some surprises waiting for you tonight," I tell her honestly.

After she makes a humming sound, she leans toward me slightly. She's close enough that I feel her little breaths of air against my cheek. She whispers, "Want to know a secret?"

“Yes, please,” I groan.

“I love surprises.”

I give her thigh a squeeze and think about what Jude hasn't told her yet. Then there's the fact that she probably doesn't really know the extent of Killian's obsession.

As long as she listens and doesn't react before having time to process, I think we'll be okay. Even if she does, I'll be right there. To hold her close. To be the steady she needs.

When we pull up to the house, Edison's jaw drops open and she sputters something that might be words, but it's questionable. At best.

“Woah,” she breathes out, her head darting between looking at the house and then back to me.

“It was Jude's. The morning we woke up alone, we went back to the house Killian and I lived in. We sat around and talked. Jude told us about his house and showed us some pictures. We thought you'd love it here, so we decided to move in and get it ready for you,” I explain.

She squeaks, “For me?”

I chuckle, “Yes, you.”

She turns toward me, and her eyebrows knit together in confusion. “You gave up your house?”

I turn off the car and turn toward her, reaching up and smoothing the space between her eyebrows. “We didn't care about the house; it wasn't where we grew up or anything. I own my own construction company, starting it after I worked my way up on someone else's crew and learned everything. I bought our old house to remodel and flip. I got the remodel done, but then just stayed.”

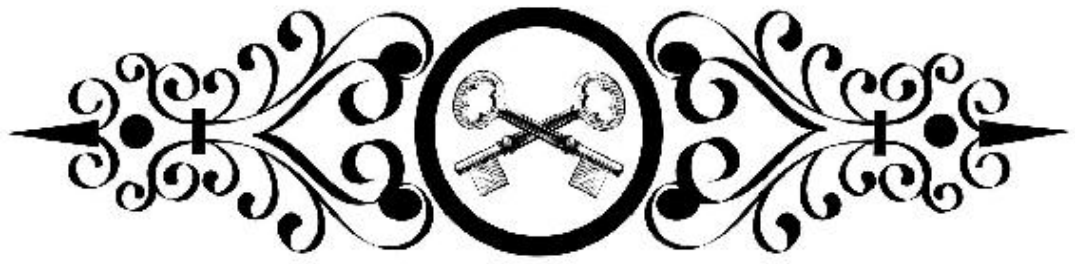
Her eyes flick down and take in my hands, calloused from years of working with them. I didn't use to care or even think about how someone else would like my rough hands. When I start to pull my hand away from her thigh, she grips my wrist and stops me.

“I love your hands,” she muses, one of her fingers tracing over my skin. “They’re big, strong and I remember how they felt against my skin considering it wasn’t that long ago.”

“Thanks, pretty girl.” I flash her a smile before getting out of the car and going around to her side to open the door. “Come on, let us show you our house.”

She nods eagerly, but I don’t think she has any idea we want to move her in here. I hope it’ll be soon. We need her close.

We need to keep her safe. We need to be able to pleasure her, anytime and anywhere.



## CHAPTER 13

### *JUDE*

Every moment Edison has spent in the house, I've felt like I've gotten one step closer to the gallows. As we gave her a tour, her eyes getting wider with every room. As we made and ate dinner, comfortable conversation flowing between us. As she looked at me and smiled, making my heart feel warm in a way it hasn't before.

Having her here with us has felt so right.

I hope I don't ruin it.

Edison sits back and rubs her belly, "This was so good." She cuts her eyes at me, but there's a playfulness there I crave to have in my life every day. "I wouldn't have guessed that you can cook."

I smirk at her. "That's all my mom. She was a single mom after dad left, and I needed to step up because she was working so hard. I had to make sure we all had food, including my little sister."

She perks up. "You have a little sister?"

I nod slowly, knowing this is my chance for the truth to come out. All of it. My stomach twists in knots and I almost wish I didn't eat so much.

*Fuck.*

"I do. Maria is a first year." I swallow hard. "She's the reason I found you, actually."

Her eyebrows pull together, her words slow and measured, "I don't understand."

Coyle stands up from the table and collects the dishes. I already cleaned up the kitchen because cleaning as you go is fucking key. He gives me a pointed look before he carries the dishes away. I know; I fucking know.



He's back a few moments later and informs us, "I've put the dishes in the sink to soak for a few minutes." He reaches out a hand for Edison who takes it with a small smile, but it's a little guarded. I can't blame her for it. As she stands, he suggests, "How about we have this conversation in the living room where you can get all snuggled up, pretty girl?"

"Okay," her voice is small and tentative.

It slices through me, but I, somehow, stand. My legs feel wooden as I follow Coyle and Edison into the living room. Killian grabs my shoulder and turns me slightly, his hazel eyes warm and so damn giving that it makes a pang hit my heart.

He kisses me, a barely there brush of his lips, but it speaks volumes. "It'll be fine. She can take it. She's ours, just remember that," he speaks the words quietly.

When I get into the living room, Edison is snuggled into Coyle's side, and he makes a hand motion telling me I have the floor now. I want to pace, but I fight the instinct and sink down into a chair opposite our girl so she can see my face. I don't want her to think I'm hiding from this, from her, from the truth.

"I was taking Maria to get moved in the day I saw you the first time. I got this glimpse of you and found my feet moving to follow you. I had to know you. Were you a student? Were you there, like I was, with a sibling? Were you just walking through the campus while on the way to somewhere else? I followed you until you walked into the library and get to work."

She cuts in, something unreadable in her voice, "At the beginning of the semester?"

"Yes." I'm not going to lie. "I couldn't take my eyes off you. I had been nervous about taking Maria to school, but I was proud to do it. She worked so hard. I've always been a little more than her big brother because I'm 12 years older than her and I was scared about sending her out into the world. Mom wasn't there because I had given her a trip to see the places she always wanted to go but couldn't afford."

There's confusion on her face, I'm sure trying to catalogue how I'm a janitor and able to send my mom on that kind of trip, but she doesn't voice that question. She's too sweet to do that.

Instead, she muses, "That was very sweet of you."

"I'm not a janitor," I blurt. Her mouth pops open and I run my fingers through my hair. "I mean, I am, obviously. The job is legit. I wasn't posing as a janitor to get close to you, but I did go and get the job so I could. It's just not my real job."

"Your real job?" She parrots the words and tilts her head to the side as she studies me.

The fact that she's not standing up and running away from me, from us, settles the beating of my heart slightly, but not enough. It still feels like my soul is a moment away from evacuating my body and finding a better host. I couldn't blame it, I could be setting us up to be hurt, but Edison deserves to know the truth. The entire truth.

"I own and operate a very lucrative tech firm. I work from home and contract out to companies who need my skills. I build systems for them, or I beef up their computer security. I do whatever they need, and I've made a damn good living at it."

"Oh," Edison breathes out and starts to look around our home with new eyes.

"I wanted something I could do from home at first, as I built my company, because Maria still needed someone to watch her, and mom was still working so much. I needed something that would work for me. It started small. Then I got the right contracts at the right time, and it grew from there. Mom doesn't need to work as much now, though, when she's not traveling, she does. Maria's school is paid for, and she has the opportunity to go and do whatever she wants."

Edison's eyes soften when they find mine. "You made a choice to take care of your family, that's admirable Jude."

I nod and swallow hard. I was just doing what I thought was right for my family, but her seeing it as something to be

praised makes me feel so fucking good.

“When I saw you, things changed. I needed the chance to get close to you. I could tell,” I glance away from her, but then force myself to look back into her big, beautiful brown eyes, “you didn’t let people get close to you easily. It’s why I didn’t just walk up to you and ask you out. I couldn’t risk you turning me down.” I rub my chest, right where my heart beats for her. “I couldn’t stand the thought of not being close to you, not being able to make sure you were safe. So, I applied for a job and the janitorial position was the best fit. When they assigned me to clean the library, it was just chance.”

Edison blinks at me and I can see her mind processing the words. She nods slowly as Coyle tucks her a little deeper into his side. She takes comfort from him, maybe, in a different context, it would make me jealous, but not right now.

“I’m not sure what to say to that, Jude,” her voice is soft. She nibbles on her lower lip for a moment and my cock takes notice.

*Not the fucking time.*

“I am glad you told me, but I don’t like lies. It’s like you’ve been living two lives.”

My hands fall over my knees, and I lean forward slightly while my eyes bore into hers. “I know. I have been, in a lot of ways. I’ve spent my days doing a job which really isn’t mine. Then at night, I’ve been doing the work my company requires, but it was worth it for me to be able to get to see you, get to talk to you, get to watch over you. I should apologize for it, but I’m not sorry I did those things.” Her mouth pops open, but I cut her off, “I am sorry I lied to you about it and presented myself as something I’m not. I promise you that everything I said to you was absolutely true. I never told you lies about the man I am.”

She makes a humming sound as she eyes me. The slight wariness in her gaze makes me want to kneel in front of her and do her bidding until she looks at me with sparkling eyes again. I glance at Coyle, and he gives me a look of pride, one

that I find I need. When I glance at Killian, there's still worry in his eyes, and I know why.

Double fuck.

Before either of us can say anything, Edison clears her throat, and all eyes snap to her. "I think we also need to address the other elephant in the room."

Coyle kisses her temple and murmurs, "What elephant, pretty girl?"

Edison smiles up at him warmly before looking at Killian and then me. She points between us. "There's something going on between you two. I'm not going to assume to know how far it's gone, but there's definitely something there."

My eyebrows shoot up to my hairline and Killian's mouth falls open. Well, fucking okay then.

Coyle barks out a laugh. "She's got your number," his voice is full of amusement, not censure.

Killian looks at her intently and asks the most important question there is now, since she brought it up. "Do you have a problem with that, little one?"

Edison squirms slightly and her cheeks pink. I can't help the devilish grin that grows on my face at her reaction. She might not even be aware she's doing it, but I am. I very much am.

So fucking sexy.

"No," she squeaks before she clears her throat, "I don't have a problem with it. I think," she glances between us again, her eyes darkening, "it would be hot to watch."

Killian stands up and prowls closer to her and she's not the only one who takes notice of the languid movements of his body. It's hot as fuck and my cock is doing much more than take notice now. He plops down on the couch next to her and leans closer, his lips almost touching hers.

"You will always be the center, Edison. I want you to know that and never doubt it. If there is ever a time when you do, please," he begs, "talk to us about it instead of letting that

feeling fester and turn something beautiful between the three of us into something rotten. Can you do that?"

"Y-yes," she trips over the word and it's fucking adorable.

Killian purrs, "You want to watch, huh?" She nods mutely, her eyes big and wild. "You could be filled by my brother's cock and watch us, how does that sound?"

Edison moans and squirms again. I can't help but chuckle, a low, dark sound which snaps her attention to me.

There's something raw in her eyes as she looks at me and it has me sitting up straighter. "Is that the whole truth? Is there anything else?" She swings her gaze around at Killian and Coyle as well, asking all of us.

This is it; I can feel it. This is the moment that we get to keep her forever or the moment where we fuck it all up, as if we haven't had plenty of practice doing that already.

"That's the whole truth, little mouse. As much as I'd love to stay at the job at the university, and I probably will stay on until the end of the semester because it's the right thing to do, I need to refocus on my business. I might still come to the library and stalk you though," I tease her and wink.

She rolls her eyes and sasses, "You wouldn't be the only one."

Her eyes slide to Killian, and I bark out a laugh. Killian reaches out and runs the backs of his knuckles along her cheek.

"No more secrets, little one. I promise, but I'm also reserving the right to keep an eye on you from time to time." She rolls her eyes, but he leans in, his voice a challenge, "You like it."

Coyle promises, "It's all out there now, Edison." She turns and looks up at him. "Will you accept us? Will you give this a shot? A real one?"

She looks at each of us and takes a deep breath which feels like it lasts a lifetime. "Yes," her smile is wide as she answers,

“you all might be a little off your rocker, but I love it. I love the way I feel cherished when I’m around you. I want this.”

My heart is beating even harder than it was when I had to confess all my sins. This is so much more, so much better. I feel like I could conquer, pillage and plunder.

Coyle stands up, jostling our girl slightly before he reaches down, picks her up, and slings her over his shoulder. She giggles as he stalks deeper into the house, Killian and I right on his heels; I know right where he’s going. His steps falter when she spanks his ass. I share a look with Killian and walk a little faster, not wanting to be left out.

Coyle lets Edison slide down his body when we’re in the primary bedroom, the one room we didn’t show her earlier. She looks around and then her eyes settle on the giant bed that dominates the room. It’s big enough for all of us; it’s fucking perfect.

“I made the frame,” Coyle tells her softly. “I just finished it today. I didn’t know it was just in time, but we wanted to be prepared.”

Edison’s hand glides over the curve at the foot of the bed, the wood beautifully designed and intricately carved. “You made this?”

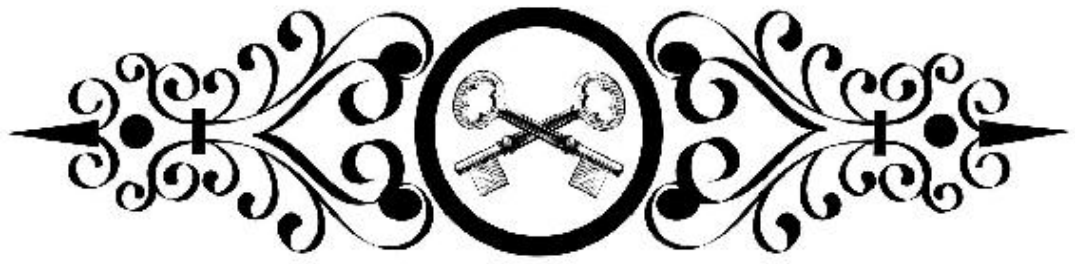
Coyle nods slowly, all our attention on our center, our north star, our girl, as she starts to strip off her clothes. She gives us a cheeky smile and we all groan.

“Well, I think we should christen it, don’t you?”

Fuck, yes.

When we pounce, we don’t hold anything back, showering her in praise and pleasure until we all pass out and spend the first night together in our bed, in our home, with our girl in our arms.

It’s fucking perfect and I wouldn’t have it any other way.



## CHAPTER 14

### *KILLIAN*

Aiden jeers from the other side of the room, “Are you going to tell us where you go when you disappear or what?”

I look at him for a long time, contemplating what I should say. Aiden, Camden, and Brooks have been with me almost from the start. We built Misfit Tattoos on the backs of our talent with long hours and a brotherhood more than a boss-employee relationship. I wouldn’t have been able to spend so much time away without them.

Now that we’re in a good place, it’s like we’re living the dream. I know now, looking back, the dream was always a little hollow. It was a way for me to fill a void I didn’t even realize was there. Edison has filled the void. She’s done it for months without even knowing it and now she’s ours.

She hasn’t gone back to her apartment for the last two weeks. Instead, we’ve been sleeping in the big bed at home. Knowing she still has stuff at her place, and isn’t entirely moved in, burns.

I don’t like it and I’m not the only one. It’s going to become a thing soon. I have no doubt that Coyle is the one who’s going to bring it up. He’s all about moving this relationship forward, making it more permanent, and ensuring Edison never has a doubt in her mind about her place with us.

“I’ve been seeing a girl,” I begrudgingly offer Aiden who gets a Cheshire cat grin on his face.

“I knew it,” he exclaims. He points to Cameron and Brooks. “You owe me.”

Jessa snorts from where she’s leaning against the reception desk. The whole tattoo shop is open from the front door to the two private rooms in the back for clients that need more privacy for a tattoo or piercing. She shakes her head at Aiden and shoots me a smirk.



“It was obvious it was about a girl.” She rolls her eyes and reminds him, “It’s why no one took the bet.”

“Fine,” Aiden lets out a long, exasperated sigh. His voice is begrudging, “There wasn’t really a bet.”

Brooks looks at me, assessing me, trying to uncover the rest of it. “Are you going to tell us who?”

I shoot back, too quickly, “Does it matter?”

“It’s a client,” Cameron’s voice is cool and smooth, but quiet.

He’s always been the one to keep to himself more, even after we’ve known each other for years. He’s contained and quiet. If you were to look up brooding intensity, Cameron would be it.

Aiden crows when my jaw clenches, “Oh my God, it is.”

He’s laughing so hard he almost falls off his stool, the sketch he was working on long forgotten. Jessa’s eyebrows shoot up to her hairline as she gives me an assessing look, as if she’s putting the puzzle pieces together. When her eyes light up, I know she’s connected the dots, but, to her credit, she doesn’t say anything.

That’s for the best.

Aiden pushes, “Who is it?” He rubs his jaw. “Was it that little dime piece who came in a few weeks ago? The one with the purple hair and that ass?”

I scrunch up my face because I remember the client he’s talking about, but not for the reasons he thinks. She was all over me, trying to get me to take her home after I finished her tattoo. The thing she never knew and wouldn’t understand is I haven’t looked twice at a woman since Edison walked into my shop and turned my entire fucking world upside down.

Brooks shakes his head. “No, that wasn’t long enough ago. He’s been like,” he waves his hand all around indicating my entire being, “this for far longer than that.”

I glance at Jessa, but she just has a knowing smile on her face. “I’m not telling you who. It doesn’t matter,” my voice is

firm.

Aiden pouts, “We don’t get to meet her?” He shakes his head in admonishment, “That’s cold, man.”

I shrug one shoulder. “You’ll meet her eventually, but it’s new and I’m not going to do anything to fuck it up. She’s just settling down with us.”

Brooks perks up and I replay the words in my head and try not to grimace. There’s a lot of fucking interest in his voice, “Us?”

I sigh and run my hand through my hair. Fucking hell. I could tune him out, but I have my doubts it would be enough.

“Holy shit, he did say ‘us’,” Aiden picks up the baton and runs with it. “What’s up with that, Kill. Us? As in more than one of you? Are you in a thing like Cy, Kent and Gabriel are?”

Everyone in the shop knows Cy and his friends. They’ve heard about the unconventional relationship he’s in. I clench my jaw, wanting to scream at them, but knowing I can’t. I should cut off the conversation right here and now, but I’m also not ashamed of my relationship with Edison.

“Yeah,” I sigh. I rake my fingers through my hair again. “It’s this guy, Jude, who I met because he’s also obsessed with our girl,” I smile a little at the thought of just how obsessed and the way it brought us together, “Coyle and me. With her.”

I look up to find the four of them staring at me with various levels of interest in their gazes. I flip them off, not giving a fuck about their judgement.

Aiden breathes out, “Hot.”

I chuckle and shake my head at him, both in admonishment and gratefulness because he has a way of cutting through the tension. When I look over, Jessa is no longer facing us and, instead, is looking intently at the computer. Interesting.

Brooks’ eyes soften as he looks at me. “Are you happy?”

A big smile grows on my face, one I couldn’t shake even if I wanted to. “I am,” it’s a simple answer, but it’s enough.

He nods slowly as if the wheels in his head are still turning. He snaps his fingers a few times as if something is on the tip of his tongue. “That woman, the little one with the rose tattoo on her shoulder.”

My jaw falls open and Cameron barks out a laugh at my reaction, which is totally not like him. I sputter for a moment, not wanting to deny it, but also not wanting them to give me more shit about it. I’ve always asked our crew not to mix business with pleasure and, for the most part, it’s worked out. We’re a business first and we’ve all lived by that.

Before I can decide to do anything, the bell above the door goes off, heralding the time for this subject to be dropped. When I see who has stepped in, my heart starts racing because she’s here. My little one. She’s back in my shop.

I shoot to my feet and catch the knowing smiles on the faces of my friends as I move toward my girl. I don’t give a flying fuck who is watching, and I know they all are, as I cup Edison’s cheeks in my palms and kiss her like I haven’t seen her in far too long. It might have just been this morning, but it was too long for me.

“Hi, little one, I missed you,” I murmur against her lips and feel them tip up in a smile. When I pull back, I look down into her brown eyes, not caring about anything but her. “What are you doing here?”

She shrugs one shoulder, “I figured I’d stop in and see you.” She arches an eyebrow in challenge, “Let’s call it reverse stalking.”

I throw my head back and laugh before I press my forehead against hers and whisper, “I think you don’t understand exactly how this stalking thing works.”

She giggles and I kiss her forehead, her nose, and her lips, softly this time, even though I want to deepen it very fucking badly. I tug her deeper into my shop and officially introduce her to Jessa, Aiden, Brooks, and Cameron. They all give her polite smiles, but I can see how much they want to know more. Well, except Cameron who just watches us stoically for a moment before going back to work.

I tug Edison behind me and into one of the private rooms. The moment the door shuts, I spin us and pin her against the door, letting out a groan when she jumps a little and I catch her. The feeling of her wrapping her legs around my waist makes me want to strip her and fuck her right here.

I don't know if I'll be able to hold off or not. I'm going to try, but damn, it's not going to be easy.

My voice is earnest, "Is everything okay?"

She doesn't seem upset or like something is bothering her, but I need to know anyway. I'll always be worried about her. I'll always want to make sure she's okay.

Her tone is full of amusement, "I'm just fine, Kill." She runs her fingers through my hair. "Don't worry so much."

I make a humming sound, but don't tell her how I won't be able to stop worrying about her. It's one of my many jobs, along with making sure she's happy and pleased.

Instead of spewing all my fears and insecurities, I kiss her hard and pour all those feelings into it. She clings to me as I kiss her, matching my movements like a dance we've always known the steps to. When I rock the hard ridge of my cock against her center, she moans into my mouth.

*Fuck.*

I step back and let her slide down my body. There's a warning in my voice, "Careful, little one. Don't start something we can't finish."

She gets a naughty as fuck look in her eyes and slinks down to her knees. As she looks up at me from beneath her lashes, she reaches for my pants, pulls out my cock, and asks, "Who says we can't finish it?"

"Fuck," I hold the word out as my head tilts back and my fists clench at my sides. "You're going to be the death of me, Edison," I growl.

She doesn't say anything, but my head snaps forward when the wet warmth of her mouth engulfs the head of my cock. My hands are shaking as I reach out and grip her hair between my

fingers and give it a tug. She's not wearing the buns today and I miss them.

"Your mouth is magic," I groan and start to pump my hips.

I can't take my eyes away from her. She's a mixture of sexpot and naiveté on her knees in front of me. It makes my head spin. When she bats her eyelashes at me, a primal side of me takes over and I start to fuck her face.

As tears start streaming over her cheeks, satisfaction fills me. I grunt and growl with every thrust, with every press of her tongue against the underside of my shaft and along my piercings. I'll never get tired of her exploring my cock with her tongue.

I shiver at the memory of every time she's done it before. They're good fucking memories. Still, I think waking up with her curled against my chest is my favorite though.

So fucking cute.

This one is damn good too and rapidly moving up the list.

"You look so damn good on your knees for me with tears streaming down your face, little one," I groan.

She swallows around the crown of my cock when I push it a little farther and my balls draw up tight. I'm not going to last. I pant and groan. I bite my lips so I don't shout out and alert everyone in the shop as to what we're doing, even though I'm sure they have a pretty good idea.

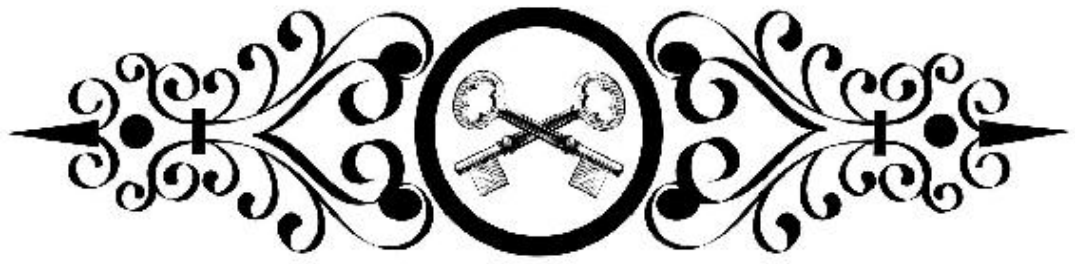
When I know I can't hold it back anymore, I press into her mouth and whisper harshly, "Swallow every drop I give you, Edison."

I watch as the column of her throat swallows my cum and my knees almost give out. It would be worth it to never have knees or feeling in my legs again. I pet her head, loving the way she's looking up at me with so much trust and love.

She cleans me off as I let her pull off my length and it's almost too much. After I yank her up to my chest, I don't hesitate to kiss her, showing her exactly what she does to me and how much I appreciate her.

I love this woman and I'm not the only one. We all feel that way and we won't be letting her go.

We haven't told her with words, but I hope our actions have shown her. I know, in my soul, she won't run from us anymore. She's ours.



## CHAPTER 15

### *COYLE*

When I look at the time, I'm a little worried about our girl. She should have been home by now, even though she said she was going to stop by her place and grab some more clothes. I can understand why Killian and Jude were stalking her now. Not knowing where she is and if she's safe is driving me up the fucking wall.

Dinner is almost done, and Jude came out of his office not long ago after getting some things done. I'm antsy as fuck and not having eyes on Edison is not helping.

I know we need to move this thing to the next stage and tonight is the night we do it. We've been living in bliss with our woman in the house, but it's not enough. I want her here permanently, forever. I know I'm not the only one itching to make this happen.

It feels like this falls on my shoulders to make happen and I have no problems with stepping up to do it.

Killian should be home soon too. That is, of course, if he actually went to his shop today like he said he was going to. He had a sheepish as fuck smile on his face this morning when he told Edison she wouldn't be stalked today, and the pout she shot him had me chuckling to myself.

I don't remember the last time I've felt so much innate happiness as I've been feeling in the last few weeks since we've gotten our girl to give us a chance, a real one.

I hope she's open to everything we're offering. Once we get her in the house and out of her shitty apartment, I know it's just a matter of time before we're filling her with our babies. I had no idea a biological clock could tick so fucking loudly, but there are times when it's all I can think about.

I want to see her holding a little baby. I want to hear little feet running through the house. I want to share the highs and



the lows of growing our family.

She might not be ready. I try to remind myself it's all on her timeline, but then I'll look into her eyes and see a little flame of hope steadily growing. I can understand it, I feel the same thing inside of me.

We've both had our families taken away from us. We've survived, but it's not the same. Even though I had Killian, I still feel the ripples of the loss of my parents. They would have loved Edison. They would have embraced her and everything she brings into our lives.

I like to think they wouldn't have a problem with our relationship, considering it involves Jude and Killian as well, but I'm not sure if that's true. I'm pretty sure they'd see the happiness surrounding us and it would be enough.

The thought that anyone would make Edison, or any of us, feel like what we're doing is wrong, has rage filling me. I would make anyone who thought something like that pay. We aren't hurting anyone. We're happy. It's consensual.

I'm about to go and find my phone, needing to hear my pretty girl's sweet voice, but the door opening and closing stops me. I hear her giggles before I see her as I head that way, not able to wait a moment longer. She's looking up at Killian with so much love and naughty mischief that my breath gets caught in my throat.

When her big brown eyes turn my way, nothing changes in her gaze. She loves me. Just like she loves Killian and Jude.

We love her too. So fucking much.

It's time she knows.

I stride towards her, feeling like I move faster with each step. When I wrap my arms around her and pull her against me, she burrows into my chest. It's like I can finally take a full breath since the moment I said goodbye to her this morning.

I bury my face in the crook of her neck, taking in her spicy wildflower scent, loving the way it calms me. I murmur against her skin, "Missed you, pretty girl."

Her voice is soft and filled with amusement, “We saw each other this morning. It hasn’t been very long.”

I blow a raspberry against her skin in protest, and she lets out a shriek which has my heart pounding in my chest. “Too long,” I whisper in her ear before nipping at it.

I pull away and look down into her eyes, overcome with so many emotions. I could have missed out on this. I could have never met her. Killian could have tried to keep her for himself.

Glancing at my brother, I find he’s smiling with affection at the two of us, as if he gets satisfaction from seeing us together and happy. I reach out and give his shoulder a squeeze, telling him how thankful I am without words. When he smirks at me, I know he understands.

“I missed you too, Coyle,” Edison whispers and I look back at her to take one more moment to soak her in.

A big smile stretches across my lips before I kiss her forehead and lead her into the kitchen. “What took you so long, Edison? I expected you home a while ago?”

She looks over the food I’ve been cooking with appreciation in her eyes. “This looks good,” she tries, and fails, to change the subject.

“It will be,” I tease her and give her a pointed look. “Now, answer the question.”

Killian chuckles and tugs our woman into his side. His eyes are sparkling, and his voice is filled with excitement, “Our girl here decided to come by the shop and see me.”

Jude comes sauntering into the room, a basket of laundry in his hands. When he sees everyone, his eyes light up as well. Yeah, Edison is perfect for all of us. Happiness settles around us like the first snow of winter, blanketing everywhere you look.

He drops the basket and practically bounds over to Edison, pulling her away from Killian, who lets out an unheeded sound of protest. Jude stamps his lips down on Edison’s before prying hers open, tasting her mouth and twirling his tongue

with hers. My cock goes from semi-hard to hard as a fucking rock when she moans into his mouth.

She's so fucking sexy and when she's between us, when she's experiencing pleasure? She's transcendent. I could watch her all day and never get my dick wet and I'd be happy. Though, admittedly, it would be better to be buried in her body as well.

When Jude pulls back, he licks his lips as he looks down at her with hunger. He rumbles, "She did more than just stop in and say hi." He cocks his head to the side and teases her, "Didn't you, little mouse?"

Edison bites her lip, her cheeks turning a gorgeous shade of pink. Her voice is sly mischief, "Maybe."

Jude laughs, kissing her again before he picks up the basket and carries it upstairs. I call after him, "Dinner's ready when you come back down."

"You got it," I hear, Jude's voice fading away as he moves farther away.

Killian jumps into help, setting the table and then placing food down as I hand it to him. Edison grabs drinks, not even having to ask anyone what they want anymore. It's a moment of domesticated bliss and I don't want to ever let it go. I won't. It's mine. It's ours.

It's fucking right.

When Jude walks into the room he looks at the table with a big smile on his face. He slaps me on the back before walking over to Edison. He pecks her lips before he kisses Killian. I watch our girl as they kiss—the way her eyes get darker with desire, the way she squeezes her thighs together.

Fucking adorable.

When we sit down at the table, we pass food around and fill each other in on our days and plans for tomorrow. Everyone is smiling and asking questions, laughing, and listening.

*Family.*

*This is your family.*

When there's a lull in the conversation, after everyone has started to eat, making little sounds of approval or outright telling me how good it is, I know it's my turn to step the fuck up. I clear my throat, nervousness filling me. I push it aside because this is the right move and now is the right time.

I hold tight to that knowledge and forge ahead when everyone looks my way.

I look at our girl and feel my heart clench at the love I see in her eyes. "Edison, pretty girl. You're ours."

She swallows the food in her mouth and takes a drink, feeling the shift in the room and knowing she needs to pay attention to what happens next. "We want to talk to you about moving in here." When her eyebrows pull together, I add on, "Permanently. We want to talk to you about moving all your stuff here and letting your apartment go."

"Really?" Her voice breaks before she clears her throat. She looks at each of us in turn, gauging our reaction. "Are you sure?"

"We're certain, little one," Killian tells her softly.

"Your place is with us," Jude adds on.

"I hate it when you mention needing to go back to your place," I admit. "There shouldn't be your place and this place, as if there is a divide. This is your home. It's our home."

She nods slowly as her eyes become glassy with tears. She chokes out, "I would love that."

I smile so big that it starts to hurt my cheeks and when I look around the table, I'm not the only one. We all have goofy grins on our faces. We're one step closer to where we need to be.

I know what's next, but I don't want to tell her like this, around the table. I want to be able to touch her, to be able to show her the truth of my words.

We sit and finish dinner, talking over plans about the where and how of getting her packed up and moved in. Since I've been to her place, I know she doesn't have much, and it won't

take us long. Hell, we could probably go right now and get her packed up in no time, but I don't want to rush her.

Well, not too much at least.

After we're done with dinner, we all help to get the dishes cleaned up, sharing stolen looks and touches. Edison shines under the attention and she's not the only one. It seems like we all come alive together.

When we snuggle into the couch, I can hardly sit because I'm so fucking hard. I know we won't be spending much time here tonight, even though it seems Edison is snuggling in for the long haul as she starts looking through options on the TV to find something to watch.

Killian gives me a questioning look; one I don't have to read too deeply into to know what he's asking. I give him a small smile and a nod before I tuck our girl into my side. Jude scoots closer on her other side and Edison lets out a small sigh of contentment.

"Edison," I whisper and when she looks up at me with so much trust, my breath catches in my throat.

I'm a big guy. I rely on my strength and my skill for my livelihood, but this slip of a woman has the power to bring me to my knees. I wouldn't have it any other way.

"We're really happy you're moving in here, with us, and we're moving forward."

She grins at me and winks. "I'm happy about it too. I love our bed," she presses a hand to her heart and pretends to swoon.

We all laugh, and I tease her, "So, you're just moving in for the bed?"

She gives me a cheeky smile, "Well, and the hot man meat I'm surrounded by every day."

I know she's joking; I know it's more than that, and I find her cute as fuck, but I take on a serious expression and watch as she searches my face. I prompt her gently, "What about love?"

She sucks in a breath, “What?”

I reach up and cup her cheek, rubbing my thumb back and forth. “I love you, Edison.”

She gasps before the words rush out, but they aren’t obligatory, I feel each one of them, “I love you, Coyle.”

A burst of warmth fills me, and I kiss her lips softly before she’s ripped away from me and Jude places her on his lap. She straddles his hips, and her tits press against his chest. As he rubs his hands up and down her back, the tattoos there make them look like a dichotomy of sin and salvation.

“I love you, little mouse,” he says the words softly, but I can see the strength of the impact they have on her.

A tear slips down her cheek as she whispers hoarsely, “I love you, Jude.”

He kisses her sweetly, a growl of protest coming out of him when Killian steals her. I can’t help but chuckle. Jude shoots me a dark look which has me raising my hands in surrender.

Killian smooths her hair back before he cups her cheeks and their gazes lock. “I love you, so fucking much,” he rumbles.

Edison throws her arms around Killian and hugs him tight. She whispers against his neck, “I love you, Killian.”

When Killian kisses her, it’s deeper and there’s more fire between them. My cock throbs in response, wanting to be set free.

Before he can stop her, Edison jumps up from Killian’s lap. Jude grunts, “Where do you think you’re going?”

Edison starts toward the stairs, pulling clothing off as she goes. She looks over her shoulder, “I’m going to our bedroom and I’m getting naked.” She turns and pops her hip out, sass on her tongue, “Are you coming?”

Our bedroom.

Fuck, yes. I’m coming.

I stand up and race after her, scooping her up in my arms so we can get there faster as I hear the thump of two sets of footsteps behind us.





## EPILOUGE

### *FIVE MONTHS LATER*

#### *EDISON*

I can feel the hot stares of Jude and Killian on the back of my neck as I exit the library, waving at Kent as I go. They've been watching me all fucking day, like it's a damn stalker convention instead of coming up on the end of the spring semester.

The last five months have been a whirlwind, but it's been oh so good. My guys were quick to move me into the house. It was almost comical how fast they moved once I gave the green light. Then the sweet confessions of love. I was a mess of feel-good endorphins and pleasure until my eyes slid closed that night.

Jude's mom came back from her vacation, and she is the sweetest woman. I also really like his sister, Marie. She always stops by the circulation desk when she comes into the library to chat for a few minutes. It's nice to have a girlfriend I can talk to.

I've even taken her out with me a few times when I've met up with Ariel, the woman Kent is with along with his best friends, Cy and Gabriel. Ariel and I have a sisterhood between us. It's hard not to when we both know the ups and downs of loving three men and them loving you back with abandon.

We went through the holidays together and it was...perfect. Even though my aunt and uncle tried their hardest to give me the family life I should have had, there was always something missing, especially around the holidays. Not this year. This year was just joy, fun, laughter, and orgasms.

What else could a girl want?

Well, this girl has something in mind and I'm going to get it. It's not just for me though. The guys haven't pressured me, but I can see the longing in their eyes for our family to grow and now I'm ready. More than ready, really, consider me fertile and ready to mingle with some baby batter.

I cringe a little at my own inner thoughts as I reach my car. I've walked slowly to make sure Jude and Killian don't lose me. Not like they ever would. They had months to perfect their stalking capabilities.

When I start driving, I glance back and notice they're only a few cars behind me and I try not to grin, but it's difficult. I'm already wet and ready at the thought of putting my plan into action. Is it a plan or am I teaching them a lesson? Does it matter?

It doesn't take me long to reach the office for Coyle's construction company and this time I move quickly, knowing my tails will be right on top of me in no time. Coyle's secretary is a sweet middle-aged woman who loves sending my man home with cookies for me and I'm not complaining at all.

I called her last week and asked her to make sure Coyle had the afternoon off today and she gives me a knowing smile when I wave at her. She keeps her voice low, "I'll make sure you aren't disturbed." She winks at me, "But I'll send the other boys back."

I giggle and speed walk to Coyle's office, not bothering to knock before swinging the door open. When he lifts his head at the intrusion, the annoyance on his face quickly disappears and surprise lights up the gold flecks in his sage green eyes. I swing my hips a little as I walk to him, loving the way he looks at me in the sundress I have on.

"That's quite a dress you have on, pretty girl," he groans when I move closer to him, but not quite close enough.

I tease him, "This dress?"

I slide my hands down my body, cupping my tits, before they continue to descend. He nods mutely, his eyes darkening as he takes me in. When I play with the hem, he licks his lips, and it takes everything in me not to rip it off my body right now. I can't, not yet.

I lean towards him slightly and whisper, "I'm not wearing anything under it."

Coyle growls, his arms like vipers as they strike out and capture me. He hauls me against him so I'm straddling his lap. "What are you up to?"

I grin up at him impishly, but before I can answer, Jude and Killian are practically falling over themselves to enter Coyle's office. They close the door and one of them flicks the lock. Perfect. He looks over at them and arches an eyebrow in question.

"They've been stalking me all day," I inform Coyle with a pout.

Coyle's eyes widen and he chuckles, the sound deep and delicious as it curls around my body and vibrates against the parts of me which are already wet and wanting. "Is that so?"

"Um-hum," I hum. I turn my attention toward Killian and Jude who don't look the least bit sorry. Honestly, I would be disappointed if they were. I nod toward the couch. "You're going to both sit there. You like to watch so much? Well, now you can watch, but not touch."

Jude groans at the same time Killian whines, "But you like it, little one."

I wink at him and nod slowly as I reach down and pull my dress up and off my body, leaving myself bare to their gazes. "I do like it." I turn my attention back on Coyle who is practically panting with excitement. "I have a surprise for you," my voice is soft.

"Oh?"

I lean forward and kiss him slowly, dragging my tongue along his lips before he takes over and dominates me with his mouth. We kiss until we have to pull apart to breathe.

I'm panting when I tell him. "I stopped my birth control." Coyle's eyebrows shoot up and there's so much love shining in his eyes. I reach between us and undo his jeans, pulling his cock out and stroking his shaft. "Not only that, but I'm fertile today."

Coyle groans, "Fucking hell, pretty girl." His eyes turn predatory, and I shiver on his lap, barely stopping myself from sliding down his cock. "You want me to put my baby in you, is that it?" He glances over at Jude and Killian who are practically salivating. "While they can only watch?"

I arch my back and moan, "Yes." I look at my other men in the eye and smirk. "They can both have their chance later and we'll let nature take its course." I turn back to Coyle, my hands sliding up and over his shoulders, my nails digging in because I know this is going to be a wild fucking ride. "But you first, Coyle. You're the rock of this family, the one who makes sure we all know how strong and solid we are."

Coyle's head drops back as ragged breaths saw in and out of his lungs. Before I can check on him, to see if it's too much, he lifts me up by my hips and then pulls me back down, filling me with his cock in one, hard thrust.

"Fuck," I mewl, "please."

"So good taking my cock like a fucking goddess," he grits out as his eyes come back down and find mine.

When I glance over, Killian and Jude have their cocks out and they're stroking each other while they watch us. I didn't say they couldn't touch each other, so I don't tell them to stop. I'll never tell them to stop because I like watching them together too fucking much. I blow them a kiss and the chuckle they let out turns into a groan.

Coyle buries his face between my breasts as he uses my body to move up and down his shaft. When he sucks one of my nipples into his mouth, I arch my back, moans falling from my lips as pleasure lights me up from the inside out. We move faster and harder, chasing the thing we want most—a family.

The sounds of our pleasure, along with Jude and Killian's, fill the room. It's the perfect backdrop for what we're doing, a personification of the love which exists between us. When Coyle's movements become choppy, I know he's getting close.

"Show me, pretty girl," he mumbles around my nipple before he bites down and I gasp. "Show me how you play with your pretty little clit because you want to suck the cum from my cock."

My eyes roll back in my head as my hand slides between us and I rub my clit. He's all primal instinct; and I knew he would be. Now is his chance, the first of many, to knock me up, to paint my womb with his seed and then have the pleasure of watching it grow.

All three of my men will be amazing fathers and it's something I look forward to seeing.

When stars burst behind my eyelids, my pussy squeezes his shaft and he mutters, “That’s it, Edison. Milk my cock.” He growls, “What a good girl.”

As I feel the first jet of his cum against the walls of my pussy, relief and love feel like they’re so big inside of me that I might burst with them. I ride the pleasure, taking it in and making it a memory, hoping we just made new life within it.

We stay locked together until our breathing evens out, and I’m not sure where I end and he begins. I know it will be like this with each of them. I know they’ll be filling me with their cum until I am pregnant.

Coyle pets my back, my thighs, my hair. He whispers, “Good girl. Thank you. I love you so fucking much, pretty girl.”

I snuggle into him and kiss right where his heart beats. “I love you, Coyle.” I turn my head enough to take in the messy appearance of my other two men and hold back a laugh. “I love you.”

I don’t have to specify. They know I love all of them; all three of them. Just like I know they love me.

They might not have been the right guys for me on paper, but they showed me things about myself I never knew under their praise. They didn’t let me run and they saw me for who I am.

I don’t live in the past anymore; I only live in the future I have with them.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

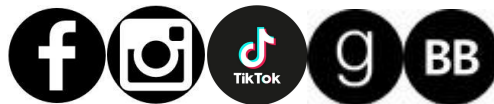


Ember Davis loves alpha heroes with a range of emotions, but a strong sense of how to take care of their women. She loves her heroines from all walks of life, just like her heroes, and she wants them to be real and relatable. Her heroines tend to be sassy, opinionated and smart.

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

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

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



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