

club
s.in
chicago

ROOM TWO

A Virgin Sinner for Three SEALs

PENELOPE WYLDE

ROOM TWO
BELLE CONSTANTINE'S STORY

PENELOPE WYLDE



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Visit my website at: www.penelopewylde.com

In ROOM TWO you meet the Sons of Bratva Savages. Here is where you can find their stories:

Sons of Bratva Savages:

Savage Justice - *Out Now*

Savage Thief - *Out Now*

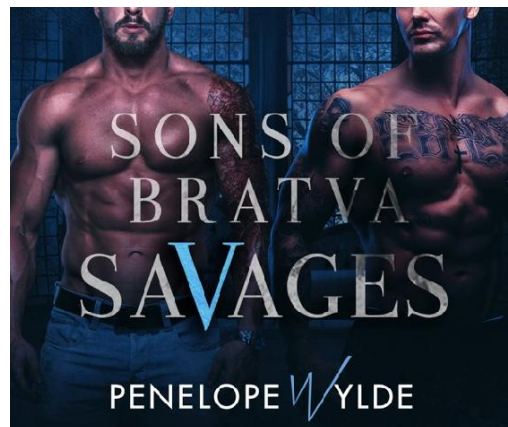
Savage Chaos – *Pre-Order*

Savage Mercy – *Pre-Order*

Savage Bastard – *Pre-Order*

SAVAGE UNIVERSE:

Savage Crown trilogy, *Reaper*, *Room Eight*, *Room Two*,
Room Seventeen, *Their Dark Reign*, *Their Dark Vow*



WELCOME TO ROOM TWO

*You met Belle Constantine in Room Eight. Now read her story in Room Two

WANTED: Three brave Navy SEALs ready to be a daddy.

My name is Belle Constantine. I'm the kind of girl who gets diamond bracelets for my birthday. Not the handcuffs I truly crave.

But the three gorgeous, alpha navy SEALs I'm standing in front of right now don't need to know any of that.

All these ripped, gorgeous brothers-in-arms care about is if I can perform on stage at Club Sin: Chicago between the three of them wearing only a mask and a pair of heels.

It's a very good question I'm eager to answer.

Gage with his smoldering dark eyes is a girl's dream man with yards of muscles and a gentle touch. His best friend, Aziel, is six feet plus of pure steel wrapped in military fatigues. Then there is Rush, their third best friend. The scarred, decorated soldier has the kindest smile and the dirtiest fantasies.

And I've learned all this in the ten minutes I've known them.

When I first saw their newspaper ad I thought it meant I could have a little fun and lose my V-Card to three military studs before I went back to my castle with its cold walls and my heavy crown.

I was terribly wrong.

I started out with one harmless secret and now I have a second one with a nine month due date.

Tick-tock...

I'll have to find a way to tell my filthy SEALs the baby news. I never thought I would find a man willing to marry me given my family history. Now there are three powerful men who are my baby's daddy.

But first, I'll have to reveal my identity to the men I've fallen for and hope they don't walk away. You see, while they are the good guys, I'm the bona fide bad girl mafia princess.

Where do we go from here? They promise all the answers I need can be found in Room Two.

****A dark mafia reverse harem romance of ruthless love that ends with a breathtaking happily ever after.***



UPON ENTERING CLUB SIN YOU
CONSENT TO THE FOLLOWING:

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.
5. No kink shaming allowed. People are free to explore and enjoy all their desires in a safe and consensual environment at Club Sin.
6. Honesty and communication are key to a satisfying experience at Club Sin.
7. Discretion and privacy are valued at Club Sin.
8. No cell phones are allowed in Club Sin.
9. Universal safe word at Club Sin is RED, unless otherwise agreed upon. Be aware of non-verbal cues.

club
sin



At Club Sin we want you to have
a satisfying experience.

Go and play!



ONE

AZIEL

I stare across the makeshift poker table at my brothers-in-arms.

Two smart as fuck, arrogant bastards who don't look any happier than I feel. Some consider them heroes and others remember them as nightmares. Come to think about it, we are all one or the other.

But in reality, we are killers.

Why, you ask?

I take a long drawl on my Nicaraguan Maduro, savoring the earthly chocolate flavor as it rolls over my tongue. I tilt my head back and release the creamy white wisps of smoke.

To a lot of people, the answer is not as black and white as it is to me. Or as simple. My brothers and I swore an oath to protect our country at all costs. And we would do it again. But fuck. No one ever sat us down and explained what that cost would be when we signed on Uncle Sam's dotted line. Hell, no one thought to even ask. Back then it was glory and alpha shit. We all wanted to be the hero.

Spoiler alert the answer to the question we never asked is not what you think. My brothers think we pay in blood, but they are wrong. The real answer is our souls. Every time we are sent out on another mission we come back a little more damaged—our souls worn and tattered. It's gotten to the point I rather not wake up in the morning.

The truth of it is in the roughened edges to Gage's anxiousness. My inability to sleep and Rush's getting lost in deep thought in the middle of a conversation.

So, no. The answer is not blood. Ironic, right? We give so much of it, but that shit is cheap and runs hot in everyone's veins. Cold-hearted thinking, I know, but tell me I am lying.

Yeah, that's what I thought. Nah. What really holds value is the part of us nothing can touch more than love...and death. A part of us that either helps us pull that trigger or pushes us in front of a bullet intended for someone else.

That's the cost of glory. We all sold our souls for it and now I don't recognize either of the men I grew up with and shed blood next to for our country.

And it's not the shield of cigar smoking clouding my vision either.

The shadows flickering behind their eyes and the haunting glimmers of nightmares lurking just beneath the surface reflect the same horrors I carry. We were three rowdy boys who thought the world would kneel at our feet. Those punks died two weeks into BUDS. The fucking arrogance we had back then. Some days I wonder if it is the only thing that keeps us alive.

I take another drag on my cigar, hold, savor and release. With my arm slung over the back of an empty chair to my left and my hand of cards flat on the table I have all night to wait them out. Eventually, someone will want to talk about what went down tonight and I'm one patient mother fucker.

Gage sits to my left and Rush is across from me. We don't necessarily have a hierarchy among us outside of the uniform but someone has to sit at the end of the table and Gage always takes the seat.

In the place of the boys my best friends were long ago, two hardened soldiers are in their places looking worn and weathered with visible scars and deeper invisible ones. I'm sure I look no different to them.

“Are you gonna eye fuck me all night or are you wanting me to telepathically figure out your hand so I can take all your money?” Rush rolls his large shoulders and cracks his neck left then right like he’s in this game for the long haul. His dress shirt is popped at the top button and his tie hangs loosely around his neck, the same as mine.

Rush reaches for his drink and twists his tumbler, the facets catching the light. A tell he forgets to control when we are a few drinks in with several rounds of poker already played. He’s more of a beer and barbeque man so I’m surprised to see him clean up so well and enjoy the finer drink.

I grunt something between an irritating sound and feigned indifference.

Rush isn’t having it.

“You know I’m gonna win. You could save us all a few hours of our lives and just give me your money now.” That same arrogance I keep telling you about is front and center tonight. He flicks his eyes to the chips and then at me as if to say it’s already all his.

“Keep running your mouth, pretty boy.” Fucker is trying to bait me into getting riled up enough to drop my blank expression. Something I’ve honed over the years that pisses him off. Faint lines fan out from the corners of his eyes when he smiles.

I cock my head. “I have all night for you to get tired and sloppy,” I reply dryly and watch as his smile drops into a flat-lined pinch.

To my left, Gage reaches for the bottle between us. The man is wearing his usual smirk that matches his flashy gold tie—in your face and doesn’t give a fuck what you think. He’s yet to loosen the knot and relax a little which tells me he’s all business tonight. Cranks and gears in that brain of his are turning over the proposal thrown in front of us a short while ago.

I’ll give him some time.

Rush doesn't seem to notice Gage's quietness. Or doesn't care. "You know I can last all night so don't throw that shit at me. The pretty blonde. Four, no five months ago, brother." The arrogance on his face...I'm telling you straight up it is a miracle we are all still breathing.

Rush is talking about the one time we all caved for carnal pleasure after a particularly stressing mission.

We have one hard and fast rule we live by: Live together, love together, and die together.

We already live together and if we don't agree on the woman, it doesn't happen. As for the last bit, well, it hasn't come to that. Yet.

Right now, we've all agreed on no relationships. Nothing that can tie us down or pull us away from our work. No one to leave behind in case we eat lead overseas seems smart. In reality, there's an ache inside for more. But I keep my mouth shut. For now.

A little skin-on-skin time with a pretty waitress from our favorite watering hole was just another one-night stand in a string of unmemorable flings. The only difference about that night is the time we spent with the nameless beauty kept us from following our fallen brothers into an early grave if you know what I mean. Grief isn't easy to overcome at any stage. We've lost a lot of brothers and sisters.

As I said, the cost of our life choices isn't blood, it's our soul. Now, do you believe me?

All that said, I'm growing tired of not having someone soft to hold, to care for, and love. Maybe I'm just tired of getting shot at and sent home only to be brought back in to do it all over again like a machine.

"You're wrong," I say to Rush. "It's been seven months. Not five or six since the pretty waitress. But who's counting," I give a dry smile and knock the ashes off the end of my Maduro.

Gage grunts and signals for me to pass him a cigar too. "I don't think he can count that high, Aziel. Don't break the last

brain cell he's working with.”

Rush shoots us both an annoyed look. “Fuck you both.” He grabs the bottle from Gage and I slide my empty tumbler across the table for a refill.

We've all gathered in the game room which is a laid-back way of describing the massive open-floor basement that has been gutted and outfitted to make any grown man weep with joy.

The main features are the three large screen TVs—Gage's idea, not mine—a well-stocked bar, a billiard table on one side, and this—a massive hand-carved table big enough to sit twenty.

I claim all the credit for the top-shelf liquor.

Smooth, hardwood floors and soft overhead lighting make it a comfortable room to regroup after missions.

We've shared the lakehouse since we enlisted, not seeing the need in each of us keeping up with our own places and this table has been witness to more than I care to rehash tonight.

We tossed our suit jackets over the large sofa on our way to the hard liquor about an hour and a half ago, all of us avoiding the very big white elephant that followed us downstairs.

Gage rolls his sleeves up while Rush pours us a fresh round of Black Label Johnny. Not the most expensive but I like how the burn feels when it hits the back of my throat.

I take a peek at my cards. Ten, Jack, and Queen of spades. Well, shit.

I pick up a couple of orange chips and toss them in the middle of the pile after looking at my hand again.

Across from me, Rush wiggles his eyebrows like he can see through the glossy paper in my hand. “Feeling lucky, tonight, huh?”

I give him a stiff middle finger. “Fuck you, Rush. Why don't you stop running that mouth and put in your chips.”

To my side, Gage grunts, throws his cards down, and pushes up from his chair.

Halle-fucking-lujah.

Jesus H. Christ. I was getting tired of everyone dancing around the main event.

Standing behind his chair, Gage puffs a couple of times on his Maduro. “Are we really going to do this?”

Raja, a close friend, asked us over tonight and slapped a very unique offer on the table the second we walked into his office at Club Sin. And a timely one, to be honest. We could use the distraction. Back-to-back missions are rare but happen. And this time it’s left us not only tired but on edge. There’s no one right way to settle back into civilian life but holed up in the basement is not it. By a long shot.

I turn my eyes up to meet Gage’s. His grim expression matches mine. He’s caught on the finer details instead of the simple solution of reconnecting with the living.

“You’re overthinking it, brother.”

“Maybe,” he counters after a long drag on his cigar. “Raja hasn’t given us much time to do too much thinking.”

I nod. Our friend helps the owners of Club Sin get fresh talent into the adult club to keep the members happy and apparently, he’s tapped out at the moment. According to Raja, he needs three men willing to do a show with one woman for a few nights over the summer and possibly fall.

“Adult sex clubs have never been our thing.” Rush tosses his cards down and plants his elbows on the table, locking his fingers in front of him.

I roll my shoulders in a shrug. “True. Raja knows this which means his back is against the wall for him to call us.” Performing isn’t our thing, but sharing is.

Club Sin is just what it sounds like. A sex club where you can freely fulfill all your fantasies and sexual desires. Mainly multiple partners and several flavors of kinks are on the menu. I could read you the pretty brochure tucked into my suit jacket’s inner pocket, but it boils down to the place offering its members sex between willing adults in a safe environment.

My cell phone vibrates. I pull it out of my front pants pocket and put it on the table between us. Raja's picture is in the middle of the screen offering us a door we might not be able to walk out of when the time comes if I answer. I have no damn clue what the right answer here is but I know something has to change.

I point at Gage. "The worry lines across your forehead are only getting deeper and every time I hear a sound even remotely like a gun I am grabbing for mine. And you." I point at Rush. "Last night you screamed in your sleep so loud I fell out of my bed getting to you."

Rush puffs out a heavy breath, his brows pinched together. "I know, I was there. Remember?"

I hold my hands up in a gesture of friendship. "Not judging, just pointing out—"

"—everything we already know," Gage finishes for me. "We're all wound tight." He pauses. "Since nearly losing you, I know your feelings have changed about keeping to ourselves."

I nod not wanting to rehash the time a bomb nearly killed me.

The phone in the middle of the table dances over the hardwood and we just sit there looking at it like it's a live grenade.

Instead of answering Raja's call, I ask my brothers, "Now that we are all on the same page, what about our rule? Everyone willing to set it aside for a while? It's not like if we do this we are signing a marriage certificate."

Rush presses his fingers into his eyes and makes a groaning sound that comes out like he's being tortured. "That fucking rule has kept me horny for ten years. How long can we stay disconnected from life, brothers?"

He's reading my thoughts to the letter. Gage is thinking the same, too. It's written all over his tight expression. The fact he didn't tell Raja no the second he proposed the idea is proof my brother is growing restless in the romance department, too.

"We have one month to get our shit together or Uncle Sam is going to give us our walking papers," Gage says flatly.

Gage is always keeping everyone on task. Muscle ripples and bulges under the sleeve of his dress shirt as he rubs a hand through thick, black hair. His lips pull into a tight, white line and I can already tell where the other man's thoughts are headed.

Silence moves in and for a while, I don't do a damn thing but sit there. Getting these two to talk is as painful as catching a bullet.

"What happened wasn't your fault man. Shit happens out there and you can't always control how missions go down. Doesn't mean you have to suffer through the rest of your life because everything didn't go as planned."

Dark eyes turn to mine. "You don't need to coddle me, Aziel. Keep all your emotional *let's talk about it shit* to yourself."

"Touchy. Maybe less of this and more talking." Rush tries to move the whiskey bottle away earning him a deathly growl from Gage.

"Fuck that." I take it and empty the last few fingers worth into each of our glasses before heading for a fresh one from the bar. "But Rush is right about one thing. You keep what happened on this last mission jammed inside you and someone else will get hurt. Maybe not now, but at some point, it will get someone else killed. Me, Rush, another member of our team. That, my brother.... that shit will be *your* fault then."

Gage's animalistic growl claws up my spine and instincts warns me to grab for my weapon.

I breathe in and exhale slowly, stretching my fingers at my side. Thirty-five years as the man's best friend cools my jets and I keep walking to the bar until I get what I am after.

"We need to step away for a beat and remember we are human. Not killing machines," I add, back at the table. I brush aside the chips and forgotten cards so we can have room to read over the sample contract Raja forced into my hands.

"This says we only have to watch out for her safety and ours. That we have a clean bill of health and are willing to fuck in

front of a room full of voyeuristic clients of the club. Pretty easy.”

Ignoring my points, Rush takes the bottle and cracks open the seal.

“The fucker had a sniper riffle, man. We were all tucked in waiting him out. We did what we could. What we trained for.”

“For fucks sake,” I groan. “It’s like I’m talking to rocks.”

Gage drops an ankle over a knee and swallows what is left in his glass. He slams it on the table with a loud thunk. “Still doesn’t change the fact we lost brothers. And innocents.”

I sit back and consider my friend’s white-knuckle grip on his glass.

“No one in that village stood a chance.” Rush follows up in a rough tone, fast to back up our buddy before the room falls silent again.

Jesus H. Christ. Needles of irritation chisel at my brain. Are we all going to fall apart here? My chest tightens and I fist my tumbler. After a few minutes of silence, I measure my next words. “We use our leave time for what the CO said. Get our heads together. Regroup.”

Gage slaps a hand on the table and braces his elbows on his knees. “And just forget everything that happened?”

My eyes search his. The same ghosts in his haunt my nightmares too. We’ve witnessed the same deaths, and shed the same amount of blood. Saved each other’s lives too many times to count. When is it all enough? When do we get to live?

“Forget? Not even if we tried.” I keep my tone level, but firm. With Gage, you either go in knowing what you are going to say or don’t open your mouth, to begin with. An ounce of uncertainty and he will eat you alive. “We can’t go back out there fucked in the head. It could cost our men their lives. You copy?” I don’t break eye contact until I see the beast in him settle.

Gage makes a face that says he knows I’m only stating the truth. He nods and says gruffly, “Copy that.” Wood groans and

creaks as he shifts his substantial weight back into the chair. He loses the tie and finishes rolling his sleeves up signaling he's warming up to the idea of Club Sin.

My phone goes off again and I hit the red button on Raja's call. "He's not gonna stop calling until we give him an answer. We told him a couple of hours and it's been close to that. He needs to know."

Rush's jaw clenches a couple of times before he says, "We are supposed to be healing, right? Getting our asses to a head doctor and doing mental health days. Not playing in a sex club. When the CO asks what we did on leave this does not get mentioned."

"Copy that." I mirror Gage's position and bring my ankle up to rest on my knee.

"We have two options, brothers. We can get our asses back to Virgin and the head doctor—"

"Or," I prompt, already knowing what Rush will say next.

"Or we can heal how we know best. Together. Some skin-on-skin during our downtime. The way I see it Raja is doing us a favor without knowing it."

My phone goes off again and this time I answer it. "Impatient, much?"

"You answered. Does this mean you have an answer for me?"

Raja's slight middle eastern accent clings to the English consonants as he fluidly speaks. His brother entered BUDs alongside us. We climbed the ranks together until we broke off and became SEALs while he went back home to raise a family. His blood became ours and through the years we never lost contact.

"We do this for you, we do it our way."

"Then you better tell me what way that is and that you have some fucking goddess in mind already because I am up against a wall here. I don't have much time. The Mirror room opens in less than a week and I haven't even started to announce it to the members yet. My balls are in a vice."

I make eye contact with my brothers and they both nod.

“Relax man. For a guy who helps find talent for a sex club you sound stressed.”

“Rush, man, this business is not as leisure as you think. If I can’t get you guys to commit, I’ll have to start shopping around again. Please don’t make me call my ex-brother-in-law. I can’t deal with him anymore.”

There is a bigger story there I do not want to know about.

“I thought you said we were the only friends you know who share.”

The line goes silent.

“Friends who share? Yes. Just dudes sharing... not so much. This place is full of men willing to share their women. But I need new blood from men who have a connection. I need the audience to feel your emotions. Not just see men screwing a woman on stage. They can go to porn sites for that fake shit. Club Sin is so much more. I need men who other men and women get aroused watching. You guys have that connection I’m looking for. Plus, you three have muscles, scars, and big dicks. The perfect orgasm trifecta.”

What did a man say to that? I turn a puzzled look on Rush and Gage who wear arrogant smirks like they invented them.

I lean forward and pull the phone closer. “It has to be the right girl, brother. We are done with random chicks, you copy me?” I say looking at Rush first then Gage. They don’t say anything which tells me they both agree.

“Fine. I don’t care. Find her. You have forty-eight hours before I pull a girl off the floor to join you on stage. The pay will make it worth your efforts. I promise. I’ll draft the final contract.”

“Copy. Fuck. I guess we’re in.” I say flatly and end the call. Rush pours each a fresh round of Johnny, none of us speaking until our glasses are empty again.

One moment bleeds into another until I finally break the silence. “I guess that means we need to find a woman.”

Two

BELLE

Being the sister to a mafia king has its pros and cons.

Pro: getting out of a traffic ticket with a simple name drop because the chief of police is taking money under the table from my brother.

Con: the three stone-faced bodyguards my brother insists I keep with me at all times.

I bet you already know how many times I've had a man in my adult life.

Z.E.R.O.

I'm changing that today. But first I have to ditch my clingy security detail. Seriously, all five of the black suits stick like Gorilla Glue on my ass.

I'm sorta impressed they've kept up with me through Chicago's lunchtime traffic.

I tuck today's newspaper under my arm and slide into a cute boutique selling everything from high-end shoes to lipstick and vibrators if you know where to look for the discreet options. And I do. Between you and me, I might know where the vibrator selections are because I *might* have bought one in every color since my brother slipped a black credit card into my stocking two Christmases back.

I look toward the back and spot exactly what I need to pull off a little magic trick.

I tap the shoulder of a girl about my age. She's slender, wears leather pants like they are painted on, and gives me a serious

case of envy with how good her ass looks in black. “Excuse me, miss?” The chick turns bright eyes my way.

Wow. Serious *in need of sugar daddy vibes* pour off her in bucket loads. I’m not sure if it’s the baby doll t-shirt or the cherry candy-colored lip gloss, or the pigtails that make me think her nights are spent loving on a silver fox’s dick. Could be the combo effect.

I give her a sincere smile and lean in a little as if to whisper a secret. She does the same and it’s like we’ve been besties since kindergarten.

“I was wondering if you could help me. I wanna surprise my boyfriend. Give him a taste of something...I don’t know. Maybe brunette? I like the long black-haired piece too. I’m thinking we could use a little spice.” I finger the ends of my honey-colored hair and her pretty-in-pink smile turns sensual.

I let a slow smile glide over my lips. The one I use on just about anyone to get what I want. The black credit card I pull out does the rest of the talking to get her moving faster. I take a quick look over my shoulder when the bell goes off over the front door.

Eyes covered in dark aviators seem to locate me quickly.

“All is cool here.” I give a cute, innocent wave he seems to buy. Dumb ass. Money might buy brawns but never brains.

My detail gives me a curt nod like his life depends on my safety—which it does—and slips out to stand at the door Secret Service style. The four other goons aren’t far behind him.

“Sorry about that.”

My attendant waves off the exchange. “I think I can help you. I’m Nyx, by the way.” Her voice is cool, rough around the edges and I don’t mean to judge but there’s no way a man’s dick isn’t affected by the way she sways those hips with each step as I follow her toward the back.

“Thank you, Nyx. That black-haired wig. Do you think you could help me slide into it? Oh, and that dress.” I point to a pretty black number with an impossibly low-cut front and no

sleeves. She peers at me with one of those over-the-shoulder gazes that says she doesn't buy my lame story for a second but she wisely doesn't ask questions. Bless her. I don't know how to explain I'm a mafia princess trying to outrun my security detail without sounding pompous or like I belong behind bars.

A few minutes in the changing room and I turn in front of the mirror. My breasts look like they'll pour out of the top any second and if the edge of the dress rides up any farther everyone will see the color of my new thong.

I connect my eyes with Nyx over my shoulder who puts on the final touches to my natural dirty-blonde hair before fixing the wig into place with a few pins. Midnight strands of hair cascade over my shoulders to brush along my waist.

"You like?"

"It's perfect."

"It's not fastened with glue, so be careful. You whip it around like a crazy lady and it will fall off."

Our gazes connect in the mirror. "Understood. No crazy head movements. Check."

One last twirl and I pass my credit card over to my attendant who is back faster than I can slip into my black, glittery stilettos.

I palm the newspaper I came in with and slide the handles of my Birkin over my arm. "You didn't happen to see a gaggle of men in black suits still out there anywhere, did you?"

I don't know why I ask. Maybe I'm hopeful they all needed bathroom breaks at the same time, but it seems unlikely.

"You mean the dudes in the mandatory black shades? How do they see through those things?"

I groan and nod. "Right?"

"Yep. That's them. They are all still lined up out front. I can't imagine you get to have any fun around them." My new friend leans a slight shoulder against the changing room's door and crosses her arms under her ample breasts with a peculiar look on her face.

“Listen, this whole working-girl look you’re going for...I get what you’re doing. The security detail and the need to get away. Mine is sitting across the street in SUVs. I have my stories. Working here isn’t exactly looked upon nicely by the three men in my life. But boundaries, ya know.”

She didn’t look old enough to have stories. But, whoa! Pump the brakes. Men? Questions pop into my head but I shove them away because I don’t have time for girl talk right now. But still...men? The idea isn’t new to me. My brother shared a wife with his two partners for a couple of years. They looked happy for a while.

I nod, glancing over her shoulder for any sign of the men coming to check in on me. “My brother hasn’t learned what boundaries are yet. Any suggestions on how to get outta here without them knowing? They already know all my moves; I need fresh inspiration.” I keep the panic out of my voice, but if I don’t get out of here, I’ll miss the one chance I have at freedom.

With a crook of a glossy, black-tipped finger Nyx says, “Follow me.”

Caught up in the idea this chick has more than one sugar daddy to please, I stumble a bit trying to keep up with her quick moves.

“Careful, that wig won’t go on twice the same way.” She takes my hand and we quietly slide out a side exit that leads into a short alley.

She jerks her chin toward the north entrance. “You can grab a cab that way fairly quickly. But you’ll need cash.” Bills are shoved into my hand and I close my fingers over the tightly rolled money.

“Wow, I don’t need all this.” My heart literally squeezes from her kindness. I might actually pull this crazy idea off after all. Water wets my lashes and I have to fight them back before I ruin my stupid makeup. “Thank you. I’ll pay you back.” I pull her in for a quick hug, my new hair sliding over my shoulder to tangle in her fingers. We share a quick laugh but she gently pushes me on my way.

“I’ll hold them off for you. Come back when you can and I’ll collect in the form of a girls’ afternoon. I could use girl company.”

A wink and my new friend slips back inside the boutique. I look at the roll of bills in my hand. There has to be at least a grand here. “Count on it,” I affirm to myself.

Fifteen minutes and a hair-raising cab drive through Chicago at lunch hour later, I stand outside Club Sin, newspaper glued to my hand like a permission slip to be in such a forbidden establishment.

The converted hotel from days gone by reminds me of the Waldorf Astoria with its limestone and brick in various shades of gray, weathered by time and the changing seasons of Chicago’s brutal climate.

A canopied entryway leads to a luxurious interior. Cool, floral-scented air wraps around my heated skin and I sigh with welcomed relief when the wide, polished doors snick closed behind me, shutting out the late summer heat. Gone are the blaring horns, shouts, and revving motors.

It’s just me and my plan which has the potential to be a great idea. Or my undoing in a not-so-good way.

Tendrils of adrenaline cause my fingers to tremble and my knees are having a rough time keeping steady. Both wobble as though I did a relay race in heels and somehow survived.

The entrance is barren of people so I take a moment, close my eyes and catch my breath. My brother expected me at Club Genesis almost forty-five minutes ago. I’m sure my detail is already freaking out over not being able to find me.

My heart seizes and my eyes fly open.

Crap. Nyx.

He’ll find her and question her left and right then demand to see the surveillance. My new friend will dump me before I get a chance to even know her.

Deep breathes.

I go to reach for my phone but, on second thought. I give in this easily, my brother will think he owns me like he does this city.

Soft music and the scent of expensive cigar smoke override the aroma of fresh flowers as I walk deeper into the entrance, my heels clicking on the black and gold marble. An elegant crystal chandelier hangs overhead, throwing a warm, welcoming glow over the soothing black interior. It's a little after one in the afternoon so I am surprised to see members of the club lounging on expensively upholstered settees.

But I guess there's no set time to enjoy the company of another. Sex sells twenty-four hours a day.

It doesn't hit me full force that I managed the first part of my plan until a fully nude woman walks past me. No, she's not simply walking. The redhead practically glides on clouds. Light catches off the multi-facets of diamonds lining a thick black collar around her neck. Behind her are three men, one of them holding a studded leash. Possession glints in all their gazes and the way they show her off has my breath hitching in my chest. Her men adore her, there's no doubt about it.

Fuck, that is hot.

I catch her eye and see nothing but pure bliss glittering behind thick lashes. My insides quiver with envy as she continues toward the back where the words Mirror Room hang over black doors. To the side of the door is a solo number two in silver.

I want to know that feeling so badly.

Once they are gone, I'm left alone again.

I have to do this. I can't turn back. My brother will be pissed, but Harlon needs to learn I'm not a schoolgirl in need of protection anymore.

I slide the newspaper from beneath my arm and turn to the half-page ad to read it over again.

xotic location, self-discovery, full display. Discover your wilder side. Apply at Club Sin.

E

No other wording. Just the logo with a single key looped through the D of the name.

Self-discovery could literally mean anything, but it has to be something better than sitting in my penthouse suite waiting for something to happen to me. I've taken all the online schooling I can stomach. If I want a life beyond a computer screen, I'll have to steal it.

I might as well start here. I refuse to meet my next birthday a freaking inexperienced virgin and this might be the answer.

"No, it is the answer. Confidence, Belle. Don't start doubting yourself now."

As long as it is not a cleaning position. Ugh. That would suck. I'm done playing the part of some perfect never-do-wrong princess in my brother's eyes.

I finger the end of my wig and the hair that lies hidden beneath to make sure nothing is out of place. A couple of tugs on the low-cut frame of my dress tuck the girls back into their prison of silk and thread.

I look around for someone to point me in the right direction. Not finding anyone I continue down a long hallway in the direction the woman and her men took.

Dark marble turns to black carpet, masking my steps the deeper I venture. Passing the Mirror Room or room two depending on how you read it, I see another hallway that branches off. I head that way. There has to be someone who can tell me about this ad.

At the end of the hallway, I see the bold title "management" in gold lettering over polished black oak—I sense a running theme of black, gold and antique and it speaks of money. Lots of it.

I raise a hand and knock on the door. There's no one else here so I guess not many people are looking to discover themselves. Yay me, right? We shall see...

A raspy, deep voice filters through the thick black wood. I reach for the gold handle and just as I turn it the door wooshes open and the darkest set of brown eyes laser through me.

"Yes?" he rumbles briskly and I swear with a hand to the heavens my heart drops to the floor. And so does my brain.

I've never stuttered a day in my life but my tongue seems to have frozen in my mouth at the sight of the man—no, beast—glaring down at me. Every muscle twitch sends off a ripple effect through the other muscles. He's like a buffet of muscle wrapped in navy blue cotton at the top and all sexy wranglers on the bottom. And are those cowboy boots?

"I...uh. Hi, um..."

Swoon, baby swoon.

All I know is Armani and Dolce & Gabbana. The men I'm around would die before letting themselves look like a cowboy.

But *fuuuuck* he pulls it off in spades.

"Ma'am?" he drawls.

I hold up the newspaper when my tongue reconnects with my brainwaves. "I'm here for this."

Those dark, piercing eyes touch every part of my body but instead of coming back to rest on my boobs, this man's gaze finds mine. We stand there for a few seconds just looking at each other.

"Okay, now you have me worried. Do I have broccoli in my teeth or something?"

Thick black brows pull together to make a tiny crease between the cowboy's eyes. "What?" he grunts, looking absolutely adorable when confused. And that's when I notice the slight twang. Now the cowboy boots in a big city make sense.

I shrug a little, which makes my breasts sway in this ridiculously tiny dress. The movement catches his attention.

I thought his eyes were dark before. Now they are impossibly black and lined in shades of amber. The sheen of hunger that crosses his expression catches me off guard and I inhale. Every inch of my lungs fills with the clean scent of his soap and undercurrents of what has to be the smoothest aftershave.

Suave, masculine and intoxicating.

I squelch the urge to ask for his name and number for a quick hook-up. I have to stick to my plan. Not jump the first good-looking man with a...my eyes drift down his well-honed body noting all the right dips and angles. And the sizable package tucked behind all that denim.

Stick to your plan, Belle.

He clears his throat and I snap out of my dirty thoughts.

“I’m uh, sorry. I uh, I mean, the way you’re looking at me makes me think I am either your worst idea knocking on your door or I have my lunch in my teeth.”

He huffs a sexy sort of chuckle that makes my insides quiver.

“I’m Belle.” I offer my hand. Calluses glide over smooth skin and for every inch of real estate he claims under his warm touch the hotter my insides turn.

What is this guy? A walking sex factory? He’s got the looks, the voice, and the strong grip made for a woman’s body.

Strong fingers wrap around my hand and he gives a light squeeze. He’s holding back on his grip but the way his eyes devour my mouth and cleavage is a whole other story.

He drops my hand and steps back for me to enter. The room is painted in a black—shocker—with gold accented *everything*. From the high-hanging chandelier to the gold light fixtures on the walls. Even the elegant floral design etched into the walls. If it’s not black, it’s gold. Even the large desk taking up a large portion of the back half of the office matches the decor.

My gaze zeroes in the sexy cowboy and I nearly fall back from the intensity in the dark pools when our eyes connect. I lick

my suddenly dry lips. My dress suddenly feels like way too much clothing and I find myself wondering if his lips are as kissable as they look.

Some days I wish I was the good girl. Meek and mousy. But nope. Not me. I'm full steam ahead and doubting myself is rarely the norm.

“This way.”

Today is one of those times I wish I could stop myself from being so eager to get into trouble. I guess it doesn't matter. I don't have time to stop and ask questions as I follow.

THREE

BELLE

He holds the door open for me and I follow him into a room filled with other women. Tall, short, young, and some enter cougar territory in comparison to the man who just answered the door.

Well, at least I won't be dying alone if this cowboy turns out to be some psycho killer. That comforting thought leads to another one and my heart sinks. I knew it was too good to be true. The newspaper article, I mean. But damn. I had my hopes there for a second that whatever role I was coming for would be of the sexy variety type. But seeing all these girls here means I'll have to share. Double damn.

I hold a hand up and give a small wave of greeting to everyone. We'll probably be scrubbing toilets together by the end of the day. Or passing out drinks on the main floor. Who knows. "Hi," I try, getting snarky lip curls from some and eye rolls from others for my efforts.

My brows arch sharply and I take a calming breath.

Okay, then.

Their shitty attitudes aren't real shockers. I get it's competitive in the real world, the one my brother is hellbent on keeping me from. The women here are only looking out for their own interests. Until they find out I'm the princess of the Constantine empire. Then attitudes seem to change and fast.

The men of Genesis have bled and killed in order to build a dangerous reputation. One I've tried to distance myself from,

but really, it's impossible when you share the same eyes and last name as the most powerful underlord of Chicago.

Underlords, I should say. My brother and his two best friends are responsible for half the reason I'm undercover trying to find a kernel of happiness.

Club Genesis is a place unlike Club Sin. Here you are free to explore and be yourself. Sapphire and Polaris talk about Club Sin with me now and again. The brochures are lovely and all the ads I've seen on TV make me want to join. Only problem is, I've never done a random hook-up in my life.

I hold the newspaper a bit tighter in my hand for reassurance.

My brother's club, Club Genesis, is like a country of its own. The deadly go there looking to make deals, seek revenge and take out hits. No joke. It's why I try to keep my link to the establishment a secret. And also why my brother and his friends are so protective.

Several sets of eyes track my movement as I come to stand among them. I keep my attention on the man and the clipboard he lifts from the desk.

If I were to flash my black credit card and last name I'd get something far different than these cold bitches' sneers. Sad really. Everything always has to be about money and power.

Harlon always thinks I'm too damn nice and one day it will cost me. Maybe. But being human isn't something I can simply switch off. At least I'm not here to make friends.

"Name," the guy with striking eyes and muscles comes to stand in front of me, bringing the scent of his cologne with him. I take a hit and hold it in.

Yep. Still intoxicating.

Ten sets of eyes narrow my way, but I don't give them any more of my energy. "Short memory huh? It's Belle."

His spellbinding eyes lock on mine. "You have a last name, Belle?"

"Oh, yes, um, Sinclair." His eyes are glued to a piece of paper he has clipped to the board. He scribbles down my name next

to a number I can't distinguish.

"Now it's your turn."

He jerks his head up causing long strands of dark hair to tumble over his forehead. It's sexy as fuck and I want to reach out to move the fan of hair back in place. But I keep my feet glued to the floor and my hands where they belong—to myself.

"To do what?" He drops the clipboard to his side and his impressive height keeps my chin tilted up.

His tone makes me feel like I should snap to and stand at attention. Follow it up with a "yes, sir". I mentally shake off the feeling, but that doesn't change the strong military alpha vibes that roll off him. I wonder if he has an eagle tattoo or some flag gracing his body somewhere.

He cants his head, studying my face in the same manner I studied the rest of him just a moment ago. It feels personal and a little like he is looking for all my imperfections and lies. Or, maybe that's just me. He drifts his substantial weight to the back of his heels like he needs clarification on my statement. Thick thighs and thicker biceps stand out the most when he crosses his arms over that jacked chest of his.

I can feel my lip twitch with a smirk. "Give me your name. It's only polite. Tit for tat." Snickers and snorts travel down the line but I shrug them off. Mr. Sinfully Gorgeous here doesn't pay them any attention either.

The perfect tip of well-formed lips tilts up in a smirk to mirror mine. "That a fact, beautiful? Tit for tat?"

I nod and refuse to let his pet's name play with my libido. On the outside, I'm all cool and calm. On the inside it's a chaotic party of nerves. And I won't lie, being called beautiful by him did things to my untouched pussy.

Sweat turns my grip on my Birkin to butter. "'Tis true. There's no book on manners but...wait. That's not true." I tap a finger to my lip letting my sass hang in the air a minute. "I can't recall the title of it, but I'm sure there's an ebook version. Or print. You don't seem to be the forward-thinking type. More

old school, aren't you, *beautiful*." He wants to play word games, I can handle that.

It's when I wink at him that fine lines fan out from the corners of his eyes when wicked intentions grip his expression. There's no other way of describing the glint in his eyes and the way his mouth flatlines before spreading into a grin I've never seen on a man before.

Not a sane one anyway.

There's a desperate part of me that just raised her hand screaming, *pick me, pick me*.

"Did you just insult me?" He stares at me expectantly.

"If you have to ask, then you might need that manners book after all."

That grin of his deepens across his face and not for the first time in my life I feel like I've stepped into the deep end of life.

He crooks a finger at me and signals for me to follow him toward the back of the office. Great, this is where I am pulled aside, told I'm a bit too much for what they had in mind and I'm sent home. Not that I've tried to do a lot of secret sex club work, but let's just say this won't be the first time I'm sent packing.

Mr. Sinfully Gorgeous touches the black and gold wall.

I pause. "And?"

A hidden panel swings open and I'm ushered through to another room that is much the same as the last. At my back, there are a lot of gasps and harsh whispers. I don't give them a second thought.

A warm, gentle touch settles on the dip in my back guiding me through the doorway. How can his hand feel so warm when the man most definitely is not? I turn a genuine smile up at him as I pass into the next room.

Does this mean I advanced to the next level?

The click of the panel snicking closed behind us says I might not be serving drinks or cleaning toilets after all. Score! But I

just followed a strange man into a dark room. Not good.

I drag my eyes off the exotic females performing sex shows beyond the sound proof viewing windows to find two more men with an open bottle of whiskey between them.

I gasp, my heart jumping into my throat. “Oh, hello,” I say with a confidence I don’t feel.

A wall of warmth radiates around me from Mr. Sinfully Gorgeous coming to stand close enough that I can feel the heat of his body brush against mine.

The hand on the dip of my back returns and he gently pushes me deeper into the room, whispering, “We won’t bite, sweetheart,” in a husky growl that sends mixed signals straight to my clit. I like my murder mysteries and true crime podcasts, but I don’t want to become one.

My mind sputters between wanting to be here and hitting the door at top speed. “Where am I?” Answers then decisions.

“In a private office in Club Sin. You’re safe here. No harm will come to you, you have my word.”

I didn’t know him from a stranger on the street. But the way he holds my hand in one of his and keeps his other on my back, lightly caressing me through the thin fabric of my dress soothes my nerves.

He turns his head and says to the other men, “Gentleman, this is Belle Sinclair. She’s come to audition for the position in the newspaper.” He walks forward and takes a seat next to the other two, leaving me where I stand.

I clutch my Birkin, suddenly not as brave.

“Have you explained what the position is?” The stranger with deep green eyes has a deep baritone that reminds me of honey pouring over firewood. Rough yet smooth. And he’s definitely from the same part of the country as the other man. It’s hard to shed a southern lilt. This one has the kind of cowboy chin that melts the panties off a woman. I should know. Mine are about to drop around my ankles any second and he hasn’t even addressed me yet.

His observant gaze lingers on my curves for a moment before coming to meet my gaze.

“Not exactly.” Humor colors Mr. Sinfully Gorgeous’ tone.

I swallow heavily as I look between all three.

The one with the blue eyes hasn’t spoken yet. He scrubs the back of his knuckles over what looks like a three-day-old scruff clearly annoyed with the other man. The dark shadows along his jawline make his eyes all the more vibrant. “Fuck, Gage. Don’t you think you should have led with that? She’s gotta be freaking out.”

That’s the third man. The soft lighting in the room throws his face in shadow so I can’t see his eyes from here. But that country boy twang matches the others.

Three how cowboys and a mafia princess meet in the back of a sexy club. Sounds like a joke, but the rising heat in my core says this is all too real.

“So you do have a name,” I quip, swinging my eyes to Mr. Sinfully Gorgeous. He pushes off the table he was leaning against and extends his large hand. I slide mine into his for a second time. Skin moving over skin ignites a firestorm of energy when our touch collides.

“Gage Preston.”

I watch his mouth move, spellbound by the country drawl. After years with filthy mafia men who rather grunt and pull triggers than talk, the sound of his voice is sexy. And reassuring.

“Gage Preston,” I say with a bit more wobble in my voice than I want to admit.

Both men look to be about Mr. Sinfully Gorgeous’ age. I can only go on the fine creases at the edges of their eyes and the experience in their expressions, but I’d say they are in their mid to late thirties. There’s definitely not a baby face between them. They’ve seen darkness in their lives, lots of it. I might not be as tied into the family business as my brother but I know the shadows death leaves behind and these men have dealt with the reaper plenty.

“Let’s stop pussy-footing around. We don’t have all the time in the world. Raja will be pissed if we let another day go by. Strip, baby girl. It’s what you’re here for.”

That’s Green Eyes. He’s leaning back on a chair, ankle propped up on a knee looking impatient.

My eyebrows climb high. “Excuse me? I don’t know what I am here for, admittedly, but I figured a little smooth talking would be involved before we got to second base. Or is that third?”

Blue Eyes stands and leans his heavy weight against the table, hooking his ankles. The way he crosses his built arms over a broad chest might be sexy as hell, but that doesn’t mean I am ready to drop my dress on command.

“You’re here about the job in the paper, right? That involves seeing the goods we are working with. Please strip.”

Gage thumps Green Eyes on the back. “Stop being an asshole, Rush. You’re scaring the girl.”

Scared? My back goes rigid. Fuck no.

I walk across the room and place my Birkin on the desk, moving their half-empty tumblers to the side. I drop the newspaper and tap the ad placement. “I’m here about this ad, true.” I smile at each of them in turn. “It involves me being naked, huh?” I might not die a virgin, after all! I grab one of the tumblers and kick back the contents. The burn is just what I need.

I bend and run the tip of my finger over the scruffy jawline of Green Eyes giving him ample viewing of my deep-cut cleavage before stepping back.

“Among other things,” they almost say in unison.

“I figured as much. But if you wanna see me?” I run my hands over my curves and I can see the hunger in their eyes shine as they track my movements. “You first. You are all gentlemen after all, right? Then I think it’s only fair that you show me what I’m undressing for. Who says only you get to approve? I want to make sure we are all compatible for what I guess is something to do with sharing?” I point at them where they all

lean against the table looking like pure temptation in Wranglers. “I’ve never had three men at once, but I’m willing to give it a try.”

From their stone-cold stares, I get the impression not many talk back to this trio.

This should be fun.

Blue Eyes lazily pushes up from where he leans on the table. He closes the distances with a couple of strides to consider me from his higher stature. I swallow heavily. He smells just as good as his friend. My pulse races as I take in the ridiculously handsome man. He has a kind smile and gentle touch when he takes my hand in his. Wordlessly, he crosses the tip of his finger over the back of my knuckles.

“Aziel North. I like the way you don’t take shit from anyone. And that’s not a pick-up line, it’s the truth, sweetheart.”

He’s as direct as I am. Beside him, Green Eyes quirks a lip up in a smirk. The shadow of gruff on his chin makes him sexy. Rough, and a little less polished than the other two though they have a good shadow going on along those chiseled jawlines, too. All three are wearing ass-hugging jeans and t-shirts that make them look like the nice guy next door.

At first glance.

When you get a harder look that nice guy varnish dissolves leaving behind men looking for... what *are* they looking for?

“So who’s going to tell me about the position? Whoever wrote the ad needs a class in advertising. You’re lucky you snagged anyone’s attention with that.”

Blue Eyes—Aziel—fingers the ends of my hair as the one with green eyes answers.

“It’s a show. The three of us with a willing partner on stage. Every night for one week to start. And then go from there. The contract is flexible. There’s doggy, top, bottom, reverse cowgirl, and any other way we need you to satisfy the room of clients. They’ll see everything we do to you.”

Worry that I might run skitters across their expressions. I can see it in the way they keep exchanging glances over the top of my head and then back at the door.

I'm not going anywhere.

I've dreamed of exploring my sexuality. The hint of darkness in my soul has always wanted to play. A little exhibitionism sounds fun but really what I'm after is the experience.

I want them any way I can get them. I want to be craved and desired.

I hold back a cringe at an irritating thought. These men look like they have a lifetime of experience while I'm a secluded virgin mafia princess. They stand against everything my family works hard to keep hidden.

But what they don't know won't hurt them, right?

"If you three are trying to make me blush, try harder." I poke a finger into Green Eyes' cotton-covered pec feeling a helluva lot braver than I should be. I do worry the whole routine with an audience isn't my thing. I don't really know. But if I put a voice to my concerns and all this—whatever it is—will end before it can start. I dump sass into my tone and heave it back at Green eyes. "Doggy, top, bottom, reverse cowgirl. Are those all you know? I bet you're a missionary kind of guy, aren't you? Quick screw, get off, and leave the partner needing."

His friends' roars of laughter are heart-stoppingly sexy. It starts as a rumble and works its way into every muscle until you feel like a noodle.

Green Eyes takes my chin between his thumb and forefinger, lifting my face. He caresses his gaze over the curve of my lips, and the soft angle of my jaw before coming to lock eyes with me. We stand there breathing in each other for several heartbeats. "That mouth is going to get you in a lot of trouble," he says lowly. "These red lips are going to feel good wrapped around my cock."

Dirty talker. I kinda like it. "You talk to strangers that way often? Maybe you should at least tell me your name before the promises start."

His slow descent in my direction leaves me holding my breath in anticipation. But what has me creaming my panties is the way his lips brush over the curve of my ear as he speaks. “I’m going to enjoy this more than I thought. Thank you for that.” His fingers leave my chin to wrap around the side of my neck. His grip tightens on me. Not in a crushing way, but firm enough to let me feel his dominance.

My lips fall open and I say the first thought that enters my head. “I think I am, too. I hope,” I add softly. And it’s the truth. I don’t know if I move closer or if he does, but the feel of his lips sliding over mine steals my breath from my lungs.

No tongue. Our bodies aren’t even touching. Just his lips on mine and the strong hold on my throat are the only sources of contact. Around me, I can feel the other two close in. I feel their presence more than see them.

Aziel angles my chin his way, breaking off the sensual claiming of my lips by his friend. “Did you come here looking for a little fun, sweetheart?” He brushes my loose hair over the curve of my shoulder exposing all the bare skin this dress reveals. Suddenly I’m doubting my choices. Behind him, I notice a redhead taking on two lovers with a third watching from the side of the stage. Whoever designed these viewing windows is brilliant and definitely has a taste for watching others seek pleasure.

I turn my attention back to Aziel.

Should I be honest? I curl the edge of my lip between my teeth considering my very limited options. Tell them no and they will send me walking. These men don’t seem to be the playing around type. There’s no shame in me knowing what I want anyway. “Maybe. I had hoped. It’s a long story. I will say that the ad was pretty economical in the wording. I just hope it’s not a cleaning position. I mean I can scrub a toilet, but—”

Aziel’s gaze meets mine as firm lips move into an easy smile that steals my thoughts.

“It was designed to be that way,” he soothes in a slow glide of words. His gaze dips to my mouth, but he doesn’t move in to kiss me like his friend.

I can feel Gage's curious gaze watching me with his friends and I have to admit, it's a turn-on. Warmth cocoons me and I realize I find myself utterly surrounded by three males twice my size.

Hands come to rest on my hips. Aziel's, I notice.

Another takes my left hand. Gage.

My right hand has a mind of its own and comes to rest on the third's chest—his heartbeat a steady thump beneath my palm. I don't know why, I don't even know his name, but I want to feel the man's mouth on mine again in the worst possible way.

Now of all the times my face heats.

"Rush. Rush Hampton," he offers in that low rumbling voice of his.

The prickle of sensations shooting through me are wrong. I shouldn't be feeling anything for three strangers. But this is how a one-night stand starts? Right? That is where this is going?

My brows pinch. "How did you know what I was thinking?"

He chuckles and the masculine sound is so smooth I can't stop myself when I move my hand up to caress it over the grating stubble draped across his hard jawline. His thick arm circles around me and it's like we've stood this way for eons—Aziel at my back, Gage to my left and Rush on my right.

"Your expression, baby girl. It says everything you're thinking." He swipes the pad of his thumb over the crease on my forehead. "It's a freaking billboard."

The heat in my cheeks deepen. "Oh. Yeah, you're not the first one to think I need to work on that."

He sees my grimace and shakes his head slowly. "I didn't say that."

"True," I say gently.

Hands on either hip pull me back and I melt from ass to shoulders into Aziel. I can feel his aroused length through the rough denim of his jeans.

I pull in a hard breath and gasp when he lifts me from the floor. Rush moves in palming the back of my thighs. I easily wrap my legs around him, both men taking my weight. The air suddenly becomes thick with desire. Probably mine the most. But theirs too.

I debate telling them I'm a virgin, but that bad news can wait until later. Much *much* later, if I tell them at all.

This puts me at eye level with a very quiet Gage. Something tells me he doesn't say much unless he has to. His intense stare holds me captive.

One heartbeat.

Then two.

He's got a hand in his pocket, his eyes hooded. Primal darkness rims those pretty brown eyes and the longer our gazes hold one another the more I want to get lost in him.

I hold a hand out and he takes it, coming closer.

The edge of my dress has ridden high past my thighs. Pure wickedness crosses Gage's expression telling me he's not one to waste an opportunity. He releases my hand and folds the hem of my dress up an inch, then another exposing my black thong. But it's what he does next that has me gripping Rush and Aziel to me with all my strength.

I pant, trembling. I hate myself for it, but the hot juices spilling to wet the strip of cloth between my legs is uncontrollable.

Rush's eyes blaze into mine as his friend tortures me sweetly. Does he smell my arousal?

"Easy, baby girl," Rush coaxes, an animalistic hunger in his eyes.

Easy? Yeah Right. I'm pinned between three hungry beasts. And here I am all covered in honey and smelling like their next meal.

Held wide open by Rush's thick waist, I can only look on as the edge of my panties are moved to the side.

My heart quivers. Hell, all of me is shaking as Gage leans in and... "Oh my GOD!"

I reach for him, bury my hands in his thick hair and do absolutely nothing to stop him from dragging his tongue over the seam of my pussy. I rock my hips and let the heat rolling through me take over.

My breath catches. "Oh my God," I repeat and I am not going to lie. I want more of that. Of them.

"Fucking angel food," Gage growls against my pussy lips and I am not imagining the feel of his grip digging into the flesh of my ass. Hot, possessive, and each of his fingers feel like a branding iron on my skin. Rush holds me open for his friend who doesn't seem satisfied with one taste.

I look on, one shuddering breath after another escaping my lips as he retraces his path with his thumb.

But I don't get to focus on the feeling of Gage's teasing touch for long. Rush wants my attention and he gets it when he palms my face between large, warm hands.

"Say you want the job."

Between my legs, Gage spreads my dripping wet folds to stroke my throbbing nub. "Pretty and pink and so fucking suckable." Like I need a demonstration of the words, Gage buries his face between my legs and wraps those warm, wet lips around my clit.

I clench and arch into Aziel's strong hold on me. "Answer Rush, sweetheart."

I pry my eyes open and swivel my head to lock eyes with Aziel.

"Answer him and Gage will let you come, our pretty captive."

Gage grips my ass, spreads me wider and *holy shit*. His fingers find my ass.

Harsh breaths and gasping seem to be the only thing I can do right now. Gage rims my back entrance and flicks his tongue over my nub. God, please allow me this one sin.

“Yes,” I say panting and shimmying my hips unabashedly.

“Yes, what? Let us hear it.”

I know what he wants. Men of their age all love control and for once in my life, I don't mind giving mine over for a little while.

“Yes, Sir.” I haven't uttered those words since my father went to prison almost six years ago now.

“That's a good girl,” Rush murmurs and kneels. This time it's Gage taking my weight so his friend can have the fun.

I whimper and shake my head desperate for the release not caring which of the three gives it to me.

Out of nowhere, Nyx pops into my head and suddenly some of those questions I had for her are answered. Like, really? Three men?

Hell to the yes!

Aziel's hands roam over my covered breasts, but dress or not, his fingers find my aroused nipples. He tweaks the hard tips through the material hard enough to make me moan. I arch into his touch, panting and so *so* close.

I look between the three of them with pleading eyes.

“We made a promise, beautiful. We will keep it.”

Rush's rough stubble drags across my inner thighs and the second his lips find my clit, their promise hits home. The climax they've all worked to set off in me ignites. It's like a chain reaction. One goes off and then another until a wave of erotic pleasure consumes me. My pussy clenches and releases, needing to feel more than just a hungry mouth or my hand.

“I need more. I need you. All three of you.”

“Have dinner with us tonight and you shall get what you crave.”

Rush stands, wiping my juices off his face. He looks satisfied, but the huge cock tearing at his zipper gives off a whole other story. If I were to reach in and stroke my hand down his length, would he be sticky with pre-cum? Would all of them?

“Dinner?”

Gage’s dark eyes are nearly black with desire. “And you’re the dessert.”

FOUR

BELLE

An hour later I slide out of a cab and enter Club Genesis and immediately feel the shift of energy. Here it's death, power, and money. Club Sin is something different altogether. Power for sure. Some of the most powerful people are members, but the decadent aura and welcoming energy don't make me want to drop to my knees and beg for forgiveness, ironically given the place's name.

I grab my phone and pull up my cousin's chat. Sapphire Constantine is the only friend I have in this crazy world. Knowing she was still trying to get her bearings with her new job, I didn't want to burden her with my crazy idea until I knew it would fly. I hated canceling our lunch plans, but I don't hate the results. Tonight's dinner date holds a lot of promise.

My stomach growls reminding me dinner is still hours away.

Besides, she has her own love worries. I mean, being head-over-heels for the enemy is one fat problem I wouldn't want. The Southern Alliance has been on my brother's shit list for years. Well, my father's. My brother only inherited the list from him when he got busted by his girlfriend who turned out to be an undercover cop.

It's a rollercoaster of a story, but I will say that I am so fucking happy I am not my brother. Being forced into a role you don't want is not how I see life going for me.

I pause outside the large revolving glass doors of Club Genesis and wave my newspaper around me in case the heavy scent of

sex clings to my dress. I wonder if I should run up and shower before seeing my brother.

An aging doorman steps out, ending my dilemma. “Young lady, this is not a building open to the public. I would kindly ask you to move along.”

I raise my gaze to find Mr. Valister’s aging one. White and black hair tops his head and peaks out a little at the edge of his black cap.

“Mr. Valister, you mean to say you don’t recognize your favorite Constantine?” I say teasingly.

The man who gave me a grape-flavored lollipop every day of my child looks surprised and then embarrassed. He’s worked at almost every hotel my family owns. When Harlon and his partners established this place, Harlon refused to hire anyone else. He only wanted people he trusted watching the gates to his kingdom.

“Ma’am, I apologize.” he starts and I pat his hand when he takes mine between his.

“Don’t, it’s the wig, isn’t it,” I offer playfully and walk into the cool downstairs lobby with yards of red carpet, white marble, and crystal chandeliers spread out before me.

Club members come and go at all hours, but the majority don’t show up until sundown. It’s part of the whole underworld mystique, I guess. Crime-by-night seems to be their thing. Since it’s barely three in the afternoon I’m not surprised to find the lobby’s white leather settees empty. A discrete bar in the back glitters with tens of top-shelf liquor and I make my way there only to find the bar unattended.

Huh. Damn. I was hoping for an espresso martini before confronting my brother. Actually...I look around. Why isn’t he descending on me with half the security force?

I step into the elevator and hit the big number three and stand back as the metal box swooshes up.

Club Genesis is five levels of crime. There’s the basement. You never want to hear Harlon say, “Taken ‘em to the basement’. He does a better impersonation of a dark underlord

than I do, but when he says those five words I've seen men take their own lives rather than see the inside of Harlon's basement. Nothing funny about that. As I said, Harlon and his partners have worked hard on building up their reputation and they are good at what they do.

The first floor you just saw. It's nothing more than a gathering place to see and be seen. The kitchen is down there too, but I rarely go there.

Now the third floor...this is the death-dealing floor. Sapphire and the men call it the dark floor. Actually, I think everyone but me does.

It's where the members of Club Genesis come to take out a hit, square away differences and work out the finer details of contracts between powerful families. It's a weapons-free zone that has not seen a drop of blood spilled. That leans back on how good Harlon and his men are at their jobs. It's where you will find the runners fulfilling contracts and Sapphire dealing with their asshole attitudes.

A big no thanks. Killers with attitudes are not my thing. The top two remaining floors are for guests needing sanctuary. Sometimes I grab a room if I'm bored with the suite in Harlon's mansion outside the city. He says it's mine too, but again. I accept more than the pension I'm allotted as the mafia princess and I might as well sign up for taking the throne.

Another big no thanks.

The elevator slows to a stop on the third floor and I cross the empty reception area and head straight for the private elevator to the right of the large desk.

Leather creaking has my hair standing on end but I keep moving. To my left and near the receptionist is the lounge—a collection of sofas and low knee-level tables where Genesis' runners come looking for a contract to fulfill. Or collect payment on one. I don't stop to ask who's doing what. Runners give me the creeps sitting there flipping knives or polishing guns waiting for their next kill.

I can feel their eyes on me as I step off one elevator and head to another. I punch the button for the top level and count to five as the doors slowly lock. I get that my brother needs to control access above this level, but I hate that getting to Harlon's office requires a stop on this floor unless. Well, unless I want to take the hidden passages tucked away behind the bulletproof walls. Ugh, but the spider webs make dealing with these creeps seem the lesser of two evils.

I don't breathe again until I walk off the elevator and see my distraught security detail looking like death rolled over them.

"Boys, good to see you again." I smile but that doesn't go over too well. All I get are grunts and mumbles as I pass them and head into my brother's office. The door is halfway open which is as good as an invitation. I swing the large slab of dark wood and plop down in the nearest chair and place my Birkin in the chair next to me.

"My feet are killing me."

Polaris, my brother's relatively new executive assistant, is practically sitting in his lap with how close she stands. What? Didn't think underlords have secretaries, did you? They probably don't, but this one has a club to run and he sucks at spreadsheets.

"Belle," my brother says dryly. "Where the fuck have you been?" His eyes immediately go to the wig and the barely-there dress. The office is a large open space in browns, leathers, and a few gold ornaments to add a flare of color and wealth.

The familiar scent of whiskey lingers in the air telling me I've driven my brother to drink before his usual time.

Not a good sign.

Polaris gathers her papers and...oh. Did I just see her brush her fingers over Harlon's? I file that away and pretend to be looking at my nails and only raise my eyes when she heads my way. The faint click of her heels on the black marble is delicate yet deafening in the otherwise silent office.

Polaris is a broken soul I instantly bonded with the second she came to live at Club Genesis. She was kidnapped, tortured, and then nearly sold off into the underground sex slave trade. Only her sister, a mean-ass Russian biker gang, and the men of Genesis saved her from a far worse fate than working for my brother.

But Harlon is a whole other problem. I know he loves me, but he's letting his past and what happened to Polaris tighten his grip around me. You see, my wanting to share something with three men isn't new. My brother used to share a wife with his business partners and best friends.

And then she was murdered. But time doesn't seem to heal all wounds. It's been two years since their shared wife was kidnapped and killed. Long enough for my brother and his friends to want to find happiness again. Or so I thought. Sapphire and I hold a glimmer of hope that Polaris can fill the void I see in Harlon, Santi, and Cassius every single day. But sometimes I think all three are hellbent on being miserable and making everyone around them feel the same damn way.

Polaris goes to pass me with her loot of paperwork but I stop her with a gentle touch. She does this thing with her shoulders when something bothers her, sort of tucks into herself. Those fuckers wanting to traffic her must have really hurt her.

"You ok, babe?" I pitch my voice low and make sure Harlon can't hear me.

"Of course. I was just wrapping up for the day anyway. You've really pissed your brother off. I should be asking if you are okay." Aware of it or not, the other woman's shoulders relax.

"It's not like he'll send me to the basement," I tease. "Meet up later?"

"I'll bring the drinks if you bring the gossip." Her attention moves to my wig and then the dress and fuck-me-heels. "I can't wait to hear the story behind all this."

Polaris and Sapphire are the two people I trust, hands down. Do I want to keep them on the outside of all this? I nod. "Deal."

My security detail walks in just as Polaris exits.

I sigh with frustration resigned to the fact I brought this on myself. “Boys.”

“Ms. Constantine,” the leader says but only because my brother is in the room.

“Belle, your men tell me they lost you in the back of a boutique.”

I turn to face my brother. “They are not *my* men and I was merely testing out the abilities of the new guards you latched onto my ass.”

Harlon comes to stand at the end of his desk. At his height, he towers over me but it’s the men at my back whose knees I hear knocking.

“And how did they do timewise?”

I purse my lips and twirl the ends of my wig. “I lost them within thirty minutes.”

Harlon nails a stone-cold look over my shoulder. “You’re dismissed,” he says calmly and I even have to shiver with goosebumps. “We will be talking later. Go to the lower level and wait for me.”

Oh shit. Basement time. I clench my lips teetering on the ledge. Do I stand up for them or let this ride?

Shit! Damn it. Harlon.

“Yes, Sir,” they say and turn, closing the door behind them.

Alone, I whirl on my brother, finger raised and my tongue like a whip. “You don’t need to duct tape bodyguards on my heels everywhere I go. I’m tired of your games. You’re not my father, Harlon. What? Are you going to whack every guard I ditch? I don’t think you have that many graves on hand.”

“Finding where to put bodies is never the issue,” he deadpans and I swear with my hand on the Bible he’s actually telling God’s truth.

“Harlon.” It’s all I can do not to let my mouth gape open.

“What? Ever since Cassandra was kidnapped and murdered, I should lock you up and not let you out. I can’t lose you too. I refuse to lose you.”

His reasoning steals the air from my sails and I fall back in one of the leather chairs pushed up close to his desk.

Defeat weighs on my shoulders. “Harlon, I need room to breathe. You *have* to let me breathe or I’m going to suffocate. Cassandra is not here, true. And I hurt for you. I lost a sister the day she was killed. But you’re going to lose me if you keep throwing up walls everywhere I turn.”

Familiar dark eyes level with mine. Worry and the weight of his empire have left fracture lines etched into his handsome face that was not there five years ago.

He dashes a hand in the air like he can erase what I just said. “I wish it were that simple. You are my responsibility. Something happens to my favorite sister and I would burn this fucking city to the ground. You want the deaths of millions on your hands?”

He draws me to my feet and tucks me beneath his chin. His arms are comforting but at the same time, I want to rage at him for being the big, protective brother. It’s tiring.

Instead, I say what I always say when we get to this part of our years-old argument. “I’m your only sister.”

“Exactly. I don’t think I have a tall enough tower to keep you out of harm’s way.”

The off-hand comment has me pulling back and staring up at him.

“You try to put me behind a locked door, I will personally cut your nuts off for your enemies.”

My brother’s partners walk in. Santi is first with Cassius close behind. Both have finely tailored suits the color midnight and oddly enough match Harlon’s in style and shade. Only Harlon wears a white tie whereas Santi’s and Cassius’ is black.

“*Vamonos!* Let us hold him down for you.”

“Sounds like a perfect way to kick the weekend off.” Cassius pulls out a knife from somewhere and starts twirling the blade between his fingers. He grins and there, just below the surface, I can see the thirst for blood he keeps hidden from almost everyone.

I turn back to Harlon. “I’m not an actual princess. You know that, right? You can’t lock me away and demand I behave like a good girl. I have wants and dreams.”

The deeply etched ditches across his forehead multiply.

“Speaking of dreams, if you would get involved with the family business a bit more you might find some direction for your life and I wouldn’t have to worry so fucking much. Every time you step outside this building, I age a year for every hour you’re gone.”

Santi takes one seat and Cassius moves my bag aside and drops his substantial weight into the other. “He’s a fucking miserable dickhead when he’s worried, babe. You need to lay off the gas pedal some so he can breathe. Fuck so we can all breathe.

Cassius nor Santi are my blood brothers but they might as well be with how protective they are over me. I love them, but like with Harlon, I want to murder all three of them at times.

“Newsflash.” I snap my fingers to make sure they pay attention to this next part. “My life isn’t about you, you, or you. Nor all your cooked-up worries. It’s about me. And only me. You take care of the business because you want to. Me? I’m fine without the baggage our father has saddled our name with.”

Harlon slaps a hand down on the desk. “We’ve had this talk a million times. Enough!”

I raise my voice to match his. “I guess we’ll have to do it another million times before you get it through your head. My birth certificate might say Constantine but I refuse to let it hold me back in the dark underworld of Chicago you so desperately cling to. Ever since Cassandra died, it’s like you did too. Don’t drag me down with you.”

Tears sting my eyes and my heart sinks at the hurt clawing across Harlon's tight expression. I turn to Santi and Cassius. Their eyes are downcast and the tight, white line of their lips tells me I went too far.

"I'm sorry for that. Fuck! It was unfair. Please hear me. All of you. I have direction. I want to be an artist. I want to live in the light and let color into my life. Not cling to the shadows and let my life be leached of color."

Harlon's eyes narrow into fine slits. "Artists starve."

"Look at me like that all you want, but not this artist. By the time I am your age, brother, I will have my paintings in homes from the elite of Hollywood to the presidents of countries and everyone in between. Thanks for believing in me."

I grab my bag.

"Let me help you get your artwork into shows. All I have to do is make a few calls."

Halfway to the door I stop and pivot Santi's direction. His Spanish accent drips over his words. It's one of the things I love to hear most when I have a particularly bad day. He's an amazing singer and right now I can hear he genuinely wants to help.

"Thanks, but no. I will do this on my own. I can't have my big brothers opening doors for me that I didn't earn. I don't work like that. I walk around the desk and kiss my brother on the cheek.

His shoulders are pinned back and his hands are shoved into his pockets. Typical big brother when he doesn't get his way.

"Now call off your dogs. I would hate for any more of your men to get in trouble because they can't keep up with me."

He's running his hand through my fake hair. "Tell me, where did you go when you ditched your security detail?"

Nice try. All three stare at me. Alone they are powerful. Together, they are unstoppable. But they have nothing on a determined woman trying to forge her path.

I shove steel beams into my resolve and point to my wig. “I went to a costume party. Hey, by the way, have you seen Sapphire?”

“She’s on the dark floor,” Cassius answers me when all Harlon does is stare at me unmoving.

I move toward the office door.

“Maybe you could be an undertaker. Sapphire seems to have taken a good liking to it.”

“Not happening, Harlon.” My brother is oblivious to how much Sapphire hates her new job.

“I have a job already so stop trying to saddle me with what I don’t want.” And an even better one if tonight goes off well.

“Belle,” he draws out when I don’t fall in line like a good soldier.

If I want to make it out of here without him tossing me in my suite and locking the door, I better heed the warning in his tone. With my hand on the handle, my gaze swings to his.

“Don’t go against my word. Your new detail will be waiting for you downstairs. I advise you not to try and shake them off again.”

His eyes have turned darker than usual. Santi and Cassius flank him looking just as grim. My God, how does Polaris stand working with them all day?

Steel resolve, Belle.

But all the fortified determination in the world doesn’t hold back the cold warning from chasing me all the way to the dark floor.

FIVE

BELLE

I hit the elevator button and wave to the front receptionist for the murder-for-hire department of the Constantine empire.

Like I said, its head, for now, is my dear sweet cousin with a penchant for the mysterious, Sapphire Constantine. Her father was a one-time undertaker and now she's stepping into the role as a way to pay back a debt she believes she owes after her father took off with the money he stole from a contract.

It was a mess that left my cousin with nowhere to live except my spare bed for a long time.

I keep telling her she doesn't owe the family shit. If anyone owes anything it's the deadbeat who abandoned her, but she's not listening.

I slap the newspaper down on the table in front of us and giggle when the blue-eyed beauty jumps.

"Damn it, Belle. I nearly had a heart attack." Sapphire grips her heart.

"I did it."

She picks up the paper and turns a curious eye on me. "Did what? Should I be worried?"

"Totally a point-of-view answer. Check out page eight, top half."

I watch as my best friend's eyes grow wide with surprise.

"So you applied to be a janitor at Club Sin?"

I sit up, laughing. “Right? Could they have been any vaguer? But I gotta say. When I walked my size five Choos into the hiring office I was pleasantly not greeted with a mop bucket or broom.”

“What were you handed instead?”

“Three gorgeous military men. Navy by the looks of the tattoo on the arm of the one named Aziel. I didn’t get a good look. They were too busy kissing me.”

“Landed as in?” My mouth drops open as the puzzle pieces start clicking together. “You hussy! You’re killing me here.”

Since Sapphire’s ‘office’ lacks walls and is more of a table pushed into the back corner of the death-dealing floor Polaris spots us and comes over.

“What are we gossiping about?”

“Our friend here has hooked up with three guys.”

“Navy men,” I correct. “SEALs I suspect but I still need confirmation on that.”

Curiosity piques in Polaris’ expression and she slides half her cute, little ass over the edge of the table between us. Both she and Sapphire are glued to my next words.

“This stays between us.”

“Always,” they both assure me.

I lean forward. “They are looking for a girl to take the stage with them and I think they are going to pick me.”

Sapphire sits up straighter and I can tell she is stunned from the way her mouth goes back to hanging open. Polaris mirrors her.

“You what?” Polaris starts and Sapphire picks up right after that.

“You can’t do this. If anyone finds out who you are it could come back to the men. Harlon’s enemies would hurt you and use it to blackmail him the second they see you on that stage. It’s like handing them a live grenade with laser tracking aimed at your brother.”

My heart falls and I can't hold back my frown. "I thought you two would be happy for me."

Sapphire shares a look with Polaris. "We are, but—"

"—I've had enough people telling me what I should and should not do," I cut in. "You both should know I am doing this. I can't sit in this fucking place another day, hour or minute wondering when I get to live my life. I want this. I want to feel a man's touch. I want to know what it is like to have someone or *someones* touching me and making me feel alive."

There's no calming music piping through the overhead speakers. That doesn't happen until business hours start. So the dead silence between all three of us is deafening.

"You sound unhappy."

I bristle. "I guess I am, Sapph. I didn't realize just how unhappy until right now. That's why I have to do this. I need you guys to understand I won't put myself in harm's way. These men..." I look off over Sapphire's shoulder gathering my thoughts a moment. "There's something about them," I finally say. "They are intense for sure. But between them, I felt protected, not in danger. The way they touched me. Kissed me. Made me feel."

I look between my two friends.

"Please don't judge me, but I want to see what happens. If all goes well, tonight's plan is to tell them I'm a virgin. See where it goes from there. They could kick me out and this conversation is moot at that point anyway."

"Tonight's plan? Are you seeing them again?"

The ringer on my phone goes off and I stand up. "They are sending a cab for me tonight. We are having dinner. They want to see how compatible we are before any of us sign and so do I." I grab the newspaper and my Birkin.

Polaris smirks. "And your security detail? How do you plan on getting around them? The second they see what you are up to they will end it. Who knows what orders your brother has given them."

“They are downstairs getting their asses chewed out for losing me in traffic today.”

We share a cringe. I hurry to the back elevator. “Cover for me tonight?”

“Do we have a choice?”

SIX

BELLE

A driver drops me off outside a large luxury cabin. It's backed up against the water with towering trees on either side. Private, quiet, and beautiful. The closest neighbor is barely waving distance from where I stand on the front porch. I fix the curls of long hair swaying against my arms in the gentle breeze. I took the last couple of hours to toss aside my dark locks, shave everything, and put enough lotion on so that there was not a dry part left on my body. Instead of the revealing black dress, I opted for an emerald skirt with a slit up the side and a silk top with a bodice wrap complete with zig-zagging ties. Jeweled sandals catch the fading sunlight. A swipe of mascara, a little wing-tip cat eye, and lip gloss complete my casual look.

I reach out to press the doorbell but my finger freezes. All this preparation and now I get cold feet? What am I doing?

Sapphire's warning echoes in my head. Is she right? Am I doing this to be a rebel or am I really looking for my happiness?

"Hello, Belle."

I freeze, startled.

The voice comes from behind me. I feel the heat of his eyes on my back as his voice caresses over my senses.

I turn. "Hello." That's all I've got. My brain disconnects from my mouth momentarily. An irritating recurrence around these men. I stare shamelessly as the man sinks the sharp edge of an ax into a tree stump like it is butter. That's when I notice the

pile of chopped wood at the edge of the porch. He's shirtless, grinning, and walking toward me before I get my mouth rewired.

"Aziel," he offers with an easy grin. One hand holds a couple of logs while the other works to rid his chiseled abs of a few clinging wood chips. Hard pecs flex and clench with the jerky movements. I watch all wide-eyed and eager to help with the wood.

"I know your name," I quip, showing sass. "You just startled me, that's all."

"I'm sorry for that." He steps closer. Evening has set and the yellows and pinks of the sky throw his face into a steep shadow.

Standing next to me I can smell the hint of his cologne mixed with pine needles and freshly chopped wood. That tattoo I caught a peek of earlier is a draped flag that covers his right shoulder and a portion of his arm.

The rest of him is riddled with a few scars, a couple of bullet holes healed over and hard plains of muscle I crave to touch.

I've never felt so frantic to reach out and touch a man, but Aziel drives an urgency in me that if I don't act right now I might lose the chance. I've lusted after a few men before. A couple of days and I couldn't remember their names. But this man and his friends make me want them. Worse yet, they put a burning need in me that only settles when I am close to them.

"You look good in your element." I pat myself on the back for sounding normal.

He climbs the stairs, leans in and I sigh softly when his warm lips press against my cheek. "Glad you could make it. We didn't know if you would bail or see this through."

He pops the door open and the smell of fresh garlic bread hooks my senses.

He turns a wolfish grin on me. "Ready to see what the night holds?"

Now I don't know what I want to eat more—him or the bread. I could try both.

I slam my eyes shut and wonder if my raging heart is going to let my mouth and brain work tonight. They have all the experience in the world and here I am a virgin. There were so many better-suited women for this.

Aziel reaches for me and I am pulled inside to find Gage and Rush in a large kitchen in the far-left corner of the house. Between us are yards of polished hardwood and not much else. Apparently, they like wide-open spaces as much as I do.

I catch their gazes when they look up and the power of their attention is almost strong enough to knock me back a couple of steps. Luckily, Aziel is behind me closing the door or I might have bolted from the intensity. Back at Club Sin, it had been strong, but here, in their private home, there's no buffer between me, my desires, and their aura of power. It is palpable, thick, and covers me the second Aziel closes the door behind us.

My heart races. The way their hair is tousled and damp says they are freshly showered. Navy blue cotton drapes over all those bulging muscles the good Lord gave them and Uncle Sam polished. I would wager, the lower half of their bodies are clad in jeans behind that high kitchen counter.

"Fuck," I mumble and suddenly gasp when Aziel ditches the firewood for me. He sweeps me into his arms and I go willingly.

"I think I'll keep you for myself," he murmurs close to my ear, sending a wash of anticipation through me.

"I'd tie your gorgeous body to my bed and make these two over there suffer watching me have you all to myself."

I brush back the mussed blond hair from his forehead. "I might let you, too. You've got the wild, mountain man vibe going on. I like it. What would you tie me up with?"

My bravado is born from facing off with my brother and all the rough types from Club Genesis. But the predatory hunger I see glinting deep in Aziel's dark blues tells me I am way out of

my depth with these three. Nothing I've done to date and none of the men I've run into have prepared me for Aziel, Rush, or Gage.

Aziel's hands tighten on me, making me gasp. His head lowers to mine, making me do the same. "Rope. What else?" he murmurs and pulls my smaller frame into his larger one. His hair is a few shades darker than my own. Not pure blond, but not brown either. I run my hands through the thickness and love how his eyelids dip because of my touch.

Twilight chases the fading day until nothing but moonlight can pour in through the skylights and large bay windows facing the lake. Glittery white light teases over Aziel's rippling muscles giving him an otherworldly hue.

I can't resist anymore. I don't need to, I remind myself. I let my hands roam over the expanse of perfect male pressed against my front. Hot, hard, and perfect. Dips, ridges, and plains—I glide the flat of my palms over them all.

"You look good enough to eat," Aziel purrs in my ear. Behind me, the other two shuffle around the countertop and it's not long before heavy footfalls come our way.

"You don't get a monopoly on her time, asshole. Where the fuck are you manners?"

Aziel flashes me a devilish grin.

I'm plucked out of his arms and before I can miss the heat of his embrace, I'm in Rush's. No one has an ounce of respect for personal space and I can't find it in me to care. I could use a little more skin on skin.

His green eyes drink in my bodice, skirt, and honey-brown hair in one go. "I like this version of you. Always wear your hair down like this. It makes my dick hard as fuck." His fingers slip into the loose, hanging locks. Long enough to nearly brush my waist, he gathers every inch around his fist and tips my head back until my mouth is angled for him to ravish.

He doesn't leave me wanting for long. Hard lips crash into mine. I groan into his mouth and savor the sweet taste of tangy

sauce on his tongue. From nipples to knees I'm pressed against his tall, hard frame. Each inhale causes friction against my hard tips, sending shudders of anticipation fanning through me.

Such sweet, sweet, torturous anticipation.

He pulls back to where his lips brush against mine when he speaks. "You'll be beautiful up on that stage taking our cocks. You're a natural." The light from overhead domes highlight the heat fusing with my cheeks. He notices and smiles. "Like I said, a natural, baby girl."

I rest my palms over his chest.

Err...

Hoping to God I don't hate the answer I have to ask, "Natural as in slutty porn star material or natural as in I'm a sensual person?"

Lips find my neck and teeth follow right after. Rush bites into the tender flesh beneath the pulse point and I cry out, jerking in his hold. I tighten the cloth of his T-shirt in my fist.

"Mm," he growls against my neck. "So responsive." Using my hair to keep me prisoner, he runs the other hand down my back and then down farther to grip my ass through the thin fabric of my skirt. The low fire Azriel started inside me back on the porch cranks up a notch to leave me simmering with lust.

"As in *you* were made for *us*."

I tuck the edge of my lower lips between my teeth, unable to breathe from the sheer power of his words. But it's the way his gaze connects with mine that makes me feel I've fallen wholly into their world. How can this be? What the hell is going on with me?

"Rush, let up. Damn animal," Gage growls and I like the hot, possessive rumble in his voice. It flows over my senses. I angle my head his way and I watch him close the distance between us, his muscular form moves with predatory grace. I lower my eyes with pleasure when his lips brush over mine in a passing tease.

Not a claiming, but a hint of what is to come.

Rush releases my hair and I'm free to lean in close to Gage. His eyes hold mine. God, this man makes common sense seem foreign.

His massive amount of body heat reaches around me from my left and Azriel comes up behind. I reach for them as Rush takes both sides of my face in hand and kisses me so hard, I lose my breath. Hands slide over me, touching me, caressing me where no man has ever dared touch the Constantine princess before now.

But they don't know that. They don't need to know my bloodline. They are the good guys, while I'm the bona fide bad girl by every definition but one. I'm a virgin. At least for a little while longer.

When all this ends, we will all go our separate ways. No one will get hurt. My small secret can remain mine.

They push into me, kissing, feeling my curves with rough hands one minute and smooth caresses the next. Miles of refined muscles press against me and I take a big notice of three very aroused and *very* hard cocks.

Their warm breath brushes over my exposed skin making me shudder. I'm right back where I was when they stole an orgasm back in Club Sin. I don't exactly know why I feel so hopeless yet in control between them. All I know is if I follow through with how they make me feel I'll be releasing darker desires inside me I've never given a voice to. Not even to Sapphire and definitely not to Polaris. If I'm honest, I've barely acknowledged my cravings myself.

Something deep inside me whispers these men will give me whatever I want and so much more.

Hands grab at my waist and ease down the slope of my ass until I feel the hem of my skirt start to rise.

Goosebumps chase the material higher and higher over my hips.

Fuck, yes! Those callused fingers brush up the back of my thighs, up higher until they tease the rounded bottom of my ass

cheeks.

“Whatever this is...” I shake my head and look between them. “What is happening between us? And don’t give me a sarcastic answer. It’s like when I’m with you three I can’t think, I can’t breathe. I feel like I’ve known you forever. That can’t be right.”

“I don’t know.”

Rush’s honesty shocks me. His hands on me turn harsher. Like he’s afraid I might not be real. “But you feel perfect where you are. Fuck anything else or anyone else who wants to say otherwise.”

There’s something deeper behind his words. A meaning I don’t have access to.

“Let’s find out, sweetheart.” Aziel is on his knees in front of me with his lips and hands exploring the fraction of revealed skin at my abdomen.

“I don’t think we have to worry about chemistry.”

There’s not an ounce of humor in Gage’s tone and his expression is dead serious when I raise my eyes to find his. He’s peering down at me in a way that lures a dark part of my soul to the surface.

I trust him. All of them. The thought penetrates my mind, soul, and body.

My pulse hammers so hard I can feel the rush of my blood speeding through my body.

Aziel makes the first move. His fingers turn gentle as he sweeps my hair to the side to reveal the soft incline of my neck. He finds the ties to my bodice and when I think he’s going to pull the ties, Gage drags a knife out of somewhere.

“Oh!” I inhale sharply as he spins me around.

“Hands on them,” I’m ordered gruffly.

Strong, capable hands catch me. Aziel and Rush, both lean me forward, and not until I feel the tight constraint of my bodice give, do I realize Gage’s intentions.

And it's hot as fuck. I rise to the tips of my toes and brush my lips over first Rush's then Aziel's. A small amount of skin peeks out between the top of my skirt and the hem of my silk blouse. Curious hands find it and tease over the heated flesh. Whose? I don't know and I don't care.

My bodice loosens one loop at a time. Since it's my only form of support, My breasts sway and the tips pucker. Both men at my front growl.

"Someone came dressed for the occasion. Let's see what you have on beneath this pretty thing, baby girl."

Admittedly, not much. And they know it. Wait until they see what else I have in store for them.

Rush pulls the dark green bodice from around my torso and tosses it on the large dining room table, leaving my top half clad in only a very transparent white, silk blouse.

Aziel slides his mouth over the curve of my jaw. He pulls back the soft collar of my blouse in order to tease his seeking lips over my exposed collarbone. Rush comes in from the other side to repeat the sweet torture. They work together to pull me closer to the edge of another toe-curling orgasm.

"God, you even taste like perfection," Rush mouths tenderly over my skin, making me flush hot. His voice is thick and full of lust.

I bury my hands in their hair and hold them to me. "I had no idea foreplay could be so arousing."

"Let us teach you more."

From behind me, strong fingers bury into my long hair and I'm pulled back into a hard chest. From my ass to my shoulder blades, I'm flush against a well-built man with hunger in his eyes. I caress the hard line of his jaw, the sharp angles of his brows and the lines of worry etched into the soft skin at the corners of his eyes.

Gage is nothing if not a full-blooded alpha.

My lips part and he takes that as an invitation to steal what he wants like a raiding Viking.

His tongue sweeps over mine, gentle at first, and then the facade of easy and tender dissolves to reveal a demanding man beneath.

His hold on my hair tightens and I'm suddenly pinned in place. No escape. No safe word. No one to save me.

And I love it.

I gasp into his mouth and kiss him back just as eagerly. Pain and pleasure wash through me. I moan, whimper and I can't stop the thundering of my heart. It starts in my knees. My weight becomes too much and then the full-on tremble doesn't stop until all of me is shaking and short of breath. Not because of the burn on my scalp, the threat of the massive cock pressed into my ass or that I am scared.

No, the feel of molten heat encasing first one nipple and then the other over the silk of my blouse is what has me ready to beg for everything they want to give me.

Gage encases my throat with his other hand and his fingers tighten one by one. My eyes fly open to find him staring down at me. He likes taking control. And that deep, dark part of me I've never acknowledged likes giving it.

Pulses of heat flood my system and it's like all three have tapped into exactly what my body craves. Their controlling forces, fierce possession, and demanding mouths all make hot liquid spill to wet between my thighs. My pussy clenches with need to have them *there*. Filling me up, fulfilling all the forbidden desires I've had for years with no source of outlet to grant them.

Not a word is spoken between us. No, "tell us to stop, and we will" or "We will be gentle". These men know what they want. On the flip side, so do I.

I break the kiss but Gage has other ideas. His eyes burn into me. The cock digging into my ass grows stiffer. He releases my hair to reach around and wrap those same fingers over the tender flesh of my breast. I arch into his branding touch and moan with exquisite delight.

“Fuck, Gage!” I groan and his hold turns punishing, making me only want more. I might be bruised in the morning but I’ll take his marks.

Holding my neck so that I can’t move, he tightens his hold and retakes my mouth. He strokes the pad of his tongue over the plumpness of my bottom lip and I do as he silently commands and open for him.

My internal safety meter is pinging off the charts. Not from them. I was raised to notice danger and neither Gage, Rush, or Aziel pose a threat to me.

But myself? I’m in danger of combusting if they don’t do something about my throbbing clit.

I groan with a fresh wave of frustration. I can’t think with how the juices slip to wet my thighs. I sway and rock my hips to feel more of Gage’s cock against my rear.

The room becomes a blur and my fingers grip them for purchase.

I close my eyes against the torment of needing them so badly. “Get me undressed.”

SEVEN

BELLE

Fear, excitement, and hot lusting pulses all merge inside me.

Unaware of my inner war, Gage chuckles a low rumble of amusement next to my ear. His grip is tight enough on my throat I can feel my pulse throbbing.

“You heard the lady. Some other time I might have you beg us, but right now I just want to see you taking our cocks.”

Gage releases me and suddenly I can breathe fully again. I inhale and fill my lungs with cool, conditioned air once. Twice, but that’s all I get.

Aziel’s lips find my neck while a set of hands find the hem of my blouse. With my bodice already discarded, pulling off the white silk is easy.

His touch turns revering. “I swear to God, I’ve never seen more beautiful breasts. Fuck. Look at those sweet cherries, men.” Aziel tosses my blouse to the side and I’m suddenly lifted and placed on the end of a table.

I tremble at the power of his words.

My skirt with the high slit spreads open to my waist and my eyes touch the exposed skin of my thigh before raising to find his. When I stand there is no clue the slit goes all the way up. Sitting like this. My smile grows sultry the way his gaze drinks me in. Well, I guess my little secret is revealed.

“Men, I think we’re gonna like what we find under that skirt.” His expression turns downright wicked, pulling a shudder so

strong from me my body takes it as a sign to cream. If they don't hurry I'll be wetting my skirt and their table.

I spread my thighs and prop my heel on the edge of the large table. The slight movement causes my skirt to fall more open.

“Did you do that for *us*?” Gage asks. His finger dips into my wet channel. Shocked at his boldness, I cry out. Without penetrating me, he drags his finger through my juices.

All three stand in front of me like a pack of wolves ready for a buffet of carnal delights.

“Yes. Do you like what you see?”

Gage is in the middle with the other two flanking him, Aziel and Rush each push me to lay back on the massive kitchen table.

A couple of tugs and flips and my sandals fall to the floor.

Spread wide, Gage takes the edge of my skirt where the slit starts and slowly peels it back the rest of the way to reveal my bare, dripping wet folds.

I smile.

“And no panties? Sweetheart, you should know better than to leave the house without all your clothes.”

And just like the atmosphere in the large cabin shifts from steamy to scorching.

My smile drops and in its place is a hard flush.

“I did it for you. All three of you. I have nothing to hide,” I lie. Well, physically nothing to hide anyway. Honestly, I don't recognize this version of myself but I am starting to really love her. She's bolder than I have even dared. Stronger, too. I'm both of those things, sure, but not to this degree. This new version of myself is teaching me I can have what I want as long as it isn't harming anyone or myself.

Strong hands lift my ass off the table and my skirt joins my sandals and blouse on the floor.

My ass hits the table after I've been divested and I'm placed at the edge.

I swallow a scream of shock when Gage's thick stubble grates the insides of my thighs and then my bare folds. His friends hold me open leaving Gage's fingers and mouth to do all the dirty things.

His trailing fingers travel from the soaked channel of my pussy to play with the bud of my rear entrance.

Using his thumb and finger, he opens my folds and blows warm air over my clit. My pussy clenches out of need to have his attention there and he only chuckles in this low rumble of appreciation.

"Greedy pussy is already begging so sweetly." He drags his thick, warm tongue in the V of my thigh, teasing me higher and higher without going where I need him most. And the bastard knows it.

"Allow me, brother."

I look down my body at the sight of Aziel leaning in. And it hits me. I am about to be claimed by three men. My virgin body can't take three men. Can it? My core tightens and the amount of lust dripping into my veins says I am and I will.

But they don't know. They'll take me and then...surprise.

"Wait, there's something...oh, God, yes!"

Thick fingers slide into my warm channel and I instantly clamp down. My virgin walls stretch to accommodate one and then two fingers. Shaking with fire for blood, I know what is coming next.

I shake my head from side to side, unable to form words from how delicious the pain feels shooting through me. It's as though every nerve ending in my body vibrates with anticipation of more and ecstasy all at once.

He dips his finger into my core and drags it out. Over and over he works me at his pace. I push against his touch, but the other two hold me in place, not letting me move.

Someone's mouth works my clit and together they tease, stroke, and coax my juices to spill all over them.

My pink, hard nipples are drawn into a hot, eager mouth. I bury my fingers into Rush's hair and hold him to me as he laves and sucks. I arch into his hungry mouth.

"Wait," I try again through panting breaths. Hands slide under my ass and I am lifted, exposed like fresh fruit for the devouring.

"She's smooth as silk, brothers." The pad of a hot tongue drags over my freshly waxed flesh. The tip of Gage's tongue spreads my dripping folds and I cry out when his attention moves to my clit. He swirls the throbbing nub with his tongue and I nearly launch off the table from the jolt of energy that shoots through me. I'm already worked up, ready to explode and they haven't really touched me yet.

Rush's hand slides down my stomach and I moan when his seeking fingers take over stroking my clit.

All three work me—sucking, stroking, and teasing—until my hips rock off the table. I ride Gage's mouth and thrash against the table. Letting go has never been so easy in my life. I do and the forbidden heat swirling inside me spreads until I'm screaming through my climax. Fire scorches my core, and grips my pussy with an insatiable heat. It's like nothing I have ever felt before.

Gage's hot, thick tongue drags over my pulsing entrance. I try to clamp my legs closed but they hold me open. "Oh, God, I can't take it. I can't take it."

"You will, and you can." Rush commands. As embarrassing as it is, my body hears his hard tone and my orgasm rolls through me with another wave of pleasure.

A fine sheen of sweat sprinkles my skin. Gage rises, wiping his mouth. "Good girl," he growls. Suddenly I'm weightless and held in strong arms. Rush's. His hard grip on my ass pins my core against the rough exterior of his jeans.

The friction against my sensitive flesh is both agony and pleasure. Gage leads the way and throws open a door. A bed sits in the middle of a large room overlooking the darkened lake. That's all I notice because my mouth is taken in a hard

kiss before I am spread across the massive bed like a maiden ready for the sacrifice.

My heart hasn't stopped racing since our first kiss.

This is getting real. No, this *is* real. I know what is coming next.

All three step back from the bed. Overhead skylights give the moon full access to their bodies. She bathes them in her silver light and my God, save me. I'm going to have a hard time walking after tonight.

I plant my ankles wide and I beckon them closer with the crook of my finger.

All three shake their heads. Instead of heading my silent command Rush and Gage strip off their shirts first, revealing a glorious amount of skin and muscle formed out of steel. Dips, ridges, and valleys all for the licking.

I bite at my bottom lip and eyes wide as I once again shamelessly stare.

I moan a throat appreciation but it's not until they all leave behind the wranglers that I swallow. Hard. Their bulging biceps and well-formed legs are not the only parts of them that are huge.

Thick, throbbing, and all mine, my brain sing-songs

A sleeping part of me stirs, wakes, and wants to play. The other side is screaming for me to confess just how much of an innocent woman I am before it's too late.

Gage walks forward, his heavy cock bouncing. He strokes the thick length, pulling pre-cum from the tip.

"I'm on the pill," I say matter-of-factly.

"Good."

I don't know what drives me to do it, but I reach down my body and slowly part my soaked pussy lips for him.

"Sweetheart, you don't know how beautiful you are. How sweet." I'm on my back and my legs lifted my feet on his pecs

in one fluid motion. “I almost hate to ruin you for another man but that is exactly what we are all going to do.”

The bed dips to my right and left.

“We’re clean. You need to know that.” Aziel has his fingers around his length. I run my hand up his thigh and settle my touch over his. I raise my gaze to his and when I pass my thumb through the drops of pre-cum his head falls back and his mouth opens. He groans and starts to rock his hips, driving his length into my hand.

Beside me, Rush cups my chin, turning me to face him.

“Not only does the base keep tabs on our health, but Club Sin did all the tests to make sure everyone is healthy. Understood?”

Inod and then realize where this is going. Between my legs Gages nudges my clit with the fat head of his cock before... oh, God. My knees drop open and I give him full access to take more. My folds spread wide and then wider until he’s stretching me to the point of pain. And I love every second of it.

I am panting and desperate for him to drive into me already. My pussy clenches, my hips moving on their own accord. I counter his slow-burn torture session with an impatient dip of my hips.

He’s not taking it.

He watches me with a savage, hard expression. “Bad girl.” Strong fingers dig into my hips and I can’t move. I rake my gaze up Gage’s body. Muscle ripple in the moonlight, the silver light catching on the multi-facets and contours of muscle.

He’s trembling as much as I am. From the effort it is taking to not drive into me as hard as he can? From realizing I’m a virgin? Oh God, they are going to ask me the last time I had sex, and then I’ll have to admit I’m untouched.

No, this happens on my terms.

“I’m a virgin,” I blurt out.

Have I officially gone insane? Maybe.

Rush growls savagely and the sounds coming from Gage and Aziel aren't any better.

“What?”

“Son of a bitch!” comes the other.

Between my legs, Gage suddenly stops his push to take my last shred of innocence.

Rush slaps a hand over Gage's chest. It lands with a hard thump. “Take it easy with her. Fuck!” Rush drags his hand through his hair obviously worried about the turn of events.

“No, don't stop,” I beg. I love the burn and the feel of his flesh, hard and hot.

Rush pins his friend with a hard look that Gage must take offense to because he shoots back a harsh, “Fuck you. Do I look like an animal?”

Between them, I wrap my legs around Gage and moan when he sinks deeper. “Yes! Fuck, you are so big!” I'm so wet that despite his impossible size he slides in another inch and another until he hits the barrier of my virginity and stops. For a second I'm afraid he's going to kill this one-night stranger fantasy we have going but I'm wrong.

He's marveling at the sight of my pussy stretched wide over his massive girth. He pulls his cocks free and then eases back in. The way his eyes darken and fill with possessive pride holds me captive.

“I knew we would ruin you, but I had no idea just how badly. Look how fucking pretty she is taking my cock.”

Rush slides a hand over my stomach and between my legs. He strokes the bundle of nerves tucked between my folds. Gentle at first and then he works up to a faster pace. Just when I think I'm going to come he stops.

I open my eyes just in time to see him raise a hand and then...

Smack.

I buck wildly. My eyes fly to Rush's. I struggle to close my legs but these three are not letting that happen.

"You can't! Oh, God. Stop," I scream but my throbbing clit argues with me and is already pulsing for another hit.

Warm, golden sensations bathe my senses.

"You sure about that?" Rush's words pour over me like warm honey on a hot summer night. Evil intent glints in those dark green eyes.

I shake my head and try to push them off, but my body is screaming so hard that when he lifts his hand and smacks my pussy again, the wet sound is impossible to ignore.

"Oh!" I cry out, shivering from the aftershocks of the blow to my pussy. "Did you just spank my pussy again?"

I am dazed and pretty sure the tiny lights in my vision are not stars.

"I did. And I'm going to do it again."

And he does.

My lower half bows off the table. The lingering tendrils of an orgasm toys with my core.

"Please, I need to come." I move my head from side to side. "The burn...it's so hot."

"Not, yet, baby girl. Not yet."

"Look how pretty and red you are for us."

Shaking and a little on the razor's edge of coming, I look up to see Aziel watching me from beneath heavily hooded eyes. He's thick, swollen, and the way his angry-looking cock hangs so close to my mouth I can't help but crave him on my tongue. I lick my lips. "May I have a taste? Please?" I ask with a shaky voice.

He moves closer and positioned like this, deep-throating him will be easy. Only I've never done anything like this before.

He cups the back of my head and I can feel Gage and Rush watch as I taste their friend. Aziel glides his long thickness in

and spreads my mouth wide. The throbbing head of his cock moves over my tongue, taps the back of my throat and he pulls out. He pushes back in and Gage takes that time to do the same.

Rush has other ideas.

He strikes again and Gage takes that same moment to claim me. A broken groan leaves Gage's lips as he pushes inside, spearing past the hymen in one hard thrust.

He pulls back quickly and drives in again, only harder and faster the second time.

I gasp and cry out around Aziel's cock. None of them stop to give me a minute. They keep up their torment of my clit and my pussy is filled to the max with Gage's thick shaft.

Unmatchable levels of sensation swirl inside me. My untired pussy stretches, burns, and protests but I take it.

Hot juices run down the seam of my ass and I can feel the wet spot beneath me grow as my body works to help ease Gage's way.

I release Aziel's shaft a moment to peer down my body to watch Gage sink every last inch of his thick, long cock into my slippery pussy. He slides out and glides back in and with every stroke, I see his cock marked with the blood of my virginity.

He pulls out and dips his fingers into my freshly fucked slit.

"What are you doing?" I asked wide-eyed.

He drags his finger out and I look on as he brings his finger to his mouth and licks the proof of my maidenhood from his finger.

"Taking what you gave me."

"Let me taste." Between my legs, Rush sets to the task of really making my clit pay for whatever sins he thinks it has committed. He beats it, strokes it, and the second he falls over and wraps his hot lips around the throbbing bundle of nerves I lose it.

My orgasm rockets through me and Gage, the opportunistic bastard, thrusts into me until there's not an unused inch of his cock left to take inside.

I grip the sheets and try to catch my breath. "I need air. Oh, God. I can't give you any more."

Gage—or is it Rush who laughs warmly and says, "You have another orgasm in you. Just wait, baby girl. Or I can smack that pretty pink pussy again and pull it from you."

I shake my head, my hair a tangled mess. "No...no." If he does that I'll never walk again without feeling his branding touch between my legs.

My whole body trembles and I lift my head to see Gage's gorgeous cock slide into me again and again. My thighs clench around him and I pull him over top of me.

He takes my mouth in a hard, claiming kiss, our tongues clashing as he pounds me into the mattress. There's nothing gentle about my beast. I taste the bitter-sweetness of my blood and juices on his tongue with each pass of his tongue over mine.

When he truly sets to fucking me it's like a whole new world of pleasure opens up to me.

Aziel takes my head in his hand and feeds me his shaft. "When we get you on stage, everyone in the room will see how lovely you are taking three men at once. But this moment, only we get to see you lose your virginity. That's our gift, no one else's."

Over and over again Aziel sinks into the warm depths of my mouth. I reach out for Rush and he's right there taking my hand and moving it to his cock. I stroke him from base to tip as his friends fuck me.

It's not long before I feel Aziel's cock swell in my mouth.

"When you are dripping with our cum and shaking from your powerful orgasms, they will come so hard they'll want to cry out your name instead of their lover's."

The heat in my core moves to spread over my cheeks.

Gage growls like a beast possessed and plunges in, filling me, stretching to the max. I can feel him swell inside me and I cry around Aziel's thickness. I cling to them—all of them and they hold me, too.

Aziel taps the back of my throat. His blue eyes are nearly black as he watches me take him into my mouth over and over again. "Fuck, sweetheart. I need to feel your throat swallowing me."

I fight to take more of him. His fingers hold the back of my head. He stretches my lips painfully. Instead of pulling back, I sink more of him in until the fat head of his cock hits the back of my throat.

I moan. Hard, hot, and eager to spill his milk. I never knew sucking a man could be this much of a turn-on.

"Suck it," he orders. "Let me feel that mouth and throat swallow me. You're getting me."

Another hard thrust and the first spurt of hot cum on my tongue takes another virgin part of me. I hollow my cheeks, slurping, sucking, and swallowing.

"Just like that." He holds my head and makes sure not a single drop of his warm cum spills.

Finished, he slowly pulls his satisfied shaft from my mouth with a look of regret on his face.

"I already crave to feel your mouth around me again, sweetheart," he says when I turn questioning eyes on him.

Rush spreads out beside me, turns my face toward his, and claims my lips. His tongue slides over mine. We share the taste of Aziel's release and when I moan Rush is right there to swallow every last one like a man hungry for everything I have to give.

On my other side, Gage's teeth rake over the skin of my neck. He nips, bites, and licks his way from just beneath my ear to the dip of my shoulder. The warring contrast between him and Rush has my senses scattered. My head spins and I lose all sense of the world outside of this room. Outside of their arms.

His weight pinning me to the bed is delicious and I never want to leave.

Gage's touch turns burning when he grips my ass and drives in.

Rush breaks off the kiss, his eyes burning when they raise to meet mine. "Now come for my brother so he can fill that hot pussy with milk."

My body hears him and listens. It starts deep inside me and arrows straight for my core. The walls of my pussy clench around Gage and he roars, sinks his fat, throbbing cock all the way in and holds me to him as he pours his release into my waiting womb.

"Fuck her deep, brother, she's coming." Rush reaches between Gage and me to work my clit.

My orgasm is instant. Heat explodes inside me. The throb and pulse of my pussy sends Gage over and my God, the man is beautiful. The sight of his orgasm taking over is beyond words, but to hear him roar with ecstasy is a sound I will never forget.

Pulse after throbbing pulse, he gives me all of him.

The second Gage pulls out I'm rolled over and Rush takes the place of Gage.

My walls are slick and ready to take his massive girth.

Yet, I still cry out. "Rush, I can't. Not again. The ache..."

Arms come around me. Gage on one side and Aziel on the other. Together both help their brother and me. Rush stares up at me as he pulls out and slides back in. His pace increases until only the harsh pants of our breathing and our bodies slapping together fill the large bedroom.

Aziel cups a breast and Gage reaches for my aching clit. One pinches a nipple and the other tortures my nub until I'm screaming and riding Rush so fast and hard my world narrows to only this moment.

"Come for me so I can give you my milk, baby girl. I need to take my milk." Another couple of deep thrusts and I give him

everything he wants and he feeds my channel all his hot milk.

Spurt after claiming spurt spills into me. “Now you’re ours,” I hear one of them say but I’m too dazed to notice who. Dizzy from the copious amounts of warring sensations, my heart skips. Spasms tear through my body. I can barely breathe. I bury my face into Gage’s neck and he holds me even tighter. His lips press to my ear and he whispers, “Thank you for such a wonderful gift. I will never forget this.”

I rake my fingers through his hair and the long strands near his forehead drift back into place as I remove my hand. Like this—freshly pleased and at peace—they all look like the nice guys next door. Not the rough alpha predators who just took my virginity. How looks can deceive.

Between breaths, I ask, “Does this mean I got the job?”

EIGHT

GAGE

“Jesus H. Christ,” I murmur under my breath. Blood rushes south, making my dick the only head I can think with.

Not something I’m used to. Keeping everyone in line, on track, and focused is more my style.

She’s a fucking virgin. Was. And now I am a monster. What the hell have we done? She can’t be more than twenty. Tops twenty-one. I should have asked for her license the second she glided that sweet fuckable ass into Club Sin earlier.

I couldn’t stop myself. Seeing her walls stretch over the head of my cock was the end of my control. I doubt I had any to begin with. Something else out of character. We invited the sweet thing over to see how compatible we were. Some wine, pasta, and Rush’s garlic bread. Good conversation.

Not sex.

But what did we do?

“Fuck me.” I plant my feet wide and rock back on my heels. Morning light is just breaking over the edge of the water. It’s my favorite time of morning and this one is coming in with a storm.

We agreed to this stint with the club for a little downtime. Get our heads on straight.

Not to get attached. But last night felt like we were personally stitching together strings that tie us to her.

I have grappled with the rules we've lived by for a while now. She's pushing boundaries just by sleeping in my bed.

I turn around and watch the honey-haired beauty snuggle up to my brothers through the balcony window. It's late enough in the summer that the heat is fading into Autumn. Cool mornings and warm afternoons. I love this time of year and like to leave the balcony doors open.

After coming down from the high of our first session together, we all showered, fed our guest, and made sure she went to bed where she's been for the last five hours. Tucked between all of us softly breathing. Trusting us with her safety. Which blows my mind. I've never seen someone trust so easily. Hasn't her family taught her anything? When three guys invite you into their home the only thing you should do is run.

But not Belle. She fell into our arms and gave us the sweetest gift.

What the fuck do I do with that? I'm already struggling to find the peace I need to move forward with my job. Adding the stress of her to our lives seems like asking for shit to go sideways more than it already has.

I dig my thumbs into my eyes and try to erase the sight of the death I've seen.

But when I close my eyes, instead of seeing the bodies and haunting eyes of those I've killed, I see her. Belle. The beauty. Sweet and innocent.

I smirk at her attempts to get us to make love to her after we all piled back into bed for the night.

Make love. Where the hell did that come from? I turn to brace my hands on the railing and watch as the sun fights with the darkening clouds in its slow ascent.

I haven't loved someone other than my brothers in a long time. This isn't that. Infatuation? Sure. But love? Fuck. What's wrong with me?

The second we dried her off she nuzzled into my borrowed T-shirt and seeing her wearing my clothes had me tenting the sheets all night.

Somewhere around four in the morning she'd stirred awake and reached out for me.

My cock jerks awake at the memory and tests the elastic fabric of my sweatpants. She gripped my shaft with her delicate hand and had fallen asleep holding me. I chuckle low at the idea my cock is her sleeping pill.

What the fuck was that about? Not that I am complaining. Honestly, I haven't slept that well since my first tour overseas.

I palm my phone and pull up Raja's name. Two rings and he picks up.

"Just waking or just getting to bed?" I ask.

"I have a better question. What day is it? Did you find a girl?"

I turn back around and lean against the railing, hooking my ankles. "I think we did."

"Think?"

"Okay, fuck, man. We did. Three nights from now you will have your sex show. She gets scared I will break the contract and you can bill me for the penalty. We will sign before going on stage."

A grunt feeds through the earpiece. "I haven't heard you sound so torn. Ever, now that I think about it. She's that good?"

I pause. Through the window, I see Aziel wake and head to the bathroom probably to shower. He can't seem to live without feeling water on him first thing in the morning. Must be the Navy man in him.

"I don't know yet." I end the call and pass a steamy mug of joe to Aziel when he joins me a few minutes later, dripping wet with a towel wrapped around his hips.

We both welcome the sun's rays as they feed through the branches of the surrounding pines. It has momentarily won against the darkness prowling closer, but the darkness always wins in the end.

A long dock we had built when we bought the place extends into the water. As tempting as a swim sounds, I have to admit

last night left me tired as hell. Besides, the undercurrents this time of year can turn deadly.

“Can’t sleep?”

I take a deep gulp of my black coffee not ready to share the mess of shit I’m feeling. I don’t think I can put it to words if I tried anyway.

“Yeah, sleeping isn’t coming easy but for a whole other set of reasons than usual, though.”

“She’s not what I expected either.” My brain zeroes in on the worry that darkens my friend’s expression.

“What has your face lookin’ like you rather punch me than talk?” We both drink more coffee as he considers his words. Aziel isn’t one to just blurt out everything he thinks. He likes to chew on his thoughts and then offer up whatever tastes best. Usually, the sugar-coated shit as to not hurt people’s feelings.

But when he’s with me or Rush, we get the unvarnished version of Aziel.

“We have how many shows in the contract with Club Sin?”

“To start a week straight and then decide how many and how often.”

Aziel nods. “You felt what I felt last night, didn’t you? Rush did too. Hell, he hasn’t let her out of his arms since she arrived.”

Aziel pauses. “She trusts us and I know the instant comfort we feel with her will cause us pain in the end. This girl gets emotionally connected with just a kiss.” He hisses through his teeth. “If we see this contract through there is no way she is walking. She’s not the kind of girl who does a quick fling. You can see long-term written all over that irresistible body.”

What is left unsaid is felt the hardest. Can we walk away from her when the contract ends?

We both stand silently looking at Belle in my bed. The three of us are assholes for what we did to her last night. We should have walked away back at Club Sin and picked one of those other women.

The idea churns my gut. We should have dumped the whole idea. My stomach rolls at the idea of just picking some random stranger to sink our cocks into.

But isn't that what we did? Belle doesn't feel like a stranger at all. Her sass, quick wit, and willingness to seek pleasure and be pleased spoke to me in a way no other woman has.

"It feels like we've known her our whole lives. How is that possible?"

I'm speaking low but my brother hears me. "I don't know, man. How is anything we share possible?" Hard blue eyes swing from Belle to land on mine. "How did I come back from the dead? How do we read each other so easily? How is being so connected to another person so strongly that you feel them in your bones real?"

Fuck. Me.

He's asking all the questions I don't have answers to. None of us do.

"You're not afraid of her not being able to walk away. You're scared shitless you can't." I drink in the way our girl drapes her leg over Rush's hip. His possessive hold on her even in his sleep. "We all are. Even Rush."

Aziel re-hooks the end of his towel and I give him an option to consider.

"How about this? We help Raja, do as our CO commanded, and see how we feel about our rule after a couple of times with Belle on stage. Maybe we can make a relationship work."

"Fuck the rule, man. That no relationship shit is done for me."

Aziel tosses his coffee over the deck, his face turning a ghostly pale, and memories of his near-death skitter across my memories. I know because I see it when he's stressed and it's one of the reasons our commanding officer has ordered us to take some downtime.

My gut clenches and I have to remind myself that Aziel didn't die on that mission. That he isn't dead now. He's just frustrated and scared.

His voice is rough with emotions when he speaks again. “I can feel you’re thinking the same as me, but you always have a hard time letting go of control. One thing is for damn sure, though, brother. You can’t hide from what happened tonight with Belle. We’re all tired of death.”

Aziel pauses, dragging my gut through the trenches of darkness we’ve shared with his sudden silence.

He takes his eyes off Belle to look at me with remorse seemingly eating him from the inside out. His next words punch me in the gut, but I can’t say I didn’t see them coming.

“I want out. The question only you can answer is do you want out, too? The CO knows this last mission was rough on us and our time is coming to an end anyway. I’m going to ask for my papers.”

“And Rush? Have you already talked with him?”

“Not yet. But I’d like us both to do that.”

“Maybe you’re right.”

Aziel tracks my gaze to see the same thing I do—a piece of heaven waiting for us in my bed.

“I want the peace you see on Rush’s face right now. I want to wake up to more than your ugly fucking mugs seven days a week. I don’t want to worry about not coming home. We are not getting younger. We wait much longer and we’ll end up like my uncle and his friends. Old bastards with no one to love them.”

“Damn it.” His expression is a bleeding reminder that life can go by in a flash and when you finally look up it’s all over. I curse harshly. “Fuck. Okay, I hear you, man. I hear you,” I gruff out a laugh.

Glory and honor shouldn’t be a motivator in life. The first years of our military service was just that. Wild adventure, travel, and knowing you made a difference. Hero shit you never got to write home about.

Now, just a few years short of forty I’m having a hard time justifying my need for adrenaline rushes. Especially when I

can get that right here with my brothers and one lovely Belle.

I track Aziel's movements across the deck and back to bed where he tucks in behind Belle. And I kid you not, her breathing grows easier and from the looks of it there's an upward tilt to the corners of her lips.

I never thought I would see the day a woman held the possibility of making us completely whole, but she's in my bed with my brothers right now so I know it's real.

Those two let emotions drive them. Hell, maybe I do too. But more times than not it's usually in the opposite direction.

We grew up on the same street, went to school together, went into the military together and became SEALs together. I know what they want, what drives them. And they know me. We forged a bond long before the military. Shedding blood together and for one another only made that connection stronger. Maybe it's what holds us together.

A year back Aziel nearly died while working to take down a cartel leader. A real nasty piece of work who sold anything that could turn him a profit. Drugs, sugar, avocados, women, children, men. And drugs. Lots of fucking heroine, fentanyl, and a new drug that has hit the streets. Some designer shit that is still killing people called Euphoria.

It took us nearly losing one of our trio to learn our connection went deeper than just friendship.

It goes soul deep. And if you ask me, it is the only reason Aziel pulled through though he flatlined three times after taking a direct hit from an exploding IED.

It should have killed him instantly. No way in hell do I think it was sheer luck that he didn't die. The doctors and nurses are full of shit in that department.

It was us. Rush and me.

I watch my brother in the arms of our woman and give a silent prayer that he's still among the living. It's the millionth one in the time since that day.

After wrapping up the mission, Rush and I dropped everything to be by his side. The days we were away I barely ate and Rush, I don't think he slept from the worry. We secured our target and that is when a miracle happened, according to the doc.

For a week he danced on the edge of death. Fuck, this is going to sound nuts, but hear me out. Within mere hours of us arriving at his bedside, the man who flirted with the reaper for nearly eight days regained consciousness.

Shocked the holy shit out of all of everyone.

Everyone except Rush and me.

The doctors called it a miracle. To us it sealed our fate. The first time we saw the blue of Aziel's eyes Rush and I knew our lives were connected in ways none of us could ever describe. But we knew we would share everything in our lives: our home, our pain, our joys and even the women we take to bed.

After a couple of crash and burns with a few ladies who thought we were freaks, we decided relationships were not for us. No woman will ever understand our bond. It's better to leave it at that. Besides, if we get killed that will only leave someone heartbroken and I don't need that on my shoulders.

The first night Aziel walked out of the hospital we made a pact: Live together, love together, die together. We catch shit about it from the boys back on base, but we don't care.

Thunder echoes over the vast waters of Lake Michigan.

When we get her on stage and between us it will be beautiful to see her discover what I suspect is a wilder side of a very woman who is just beginning to discover herself. My mind wants to take my thoughts deeper and wonder if her soul will seek out and forge with ours. So I let it wander through the fantasy as shadows grow long overtop the cabin. The sun relents control to the bursts of lightning flashing across the horizon.

I only hope the storm rolling in isn't an omen of what's to come.

NINE

BELLE

I t's almost five the next afternoon before I am back on Club Genesis property. No way in hell I took the men up on their offer to drop me off at home. I might as well slap on a flashing neon sign on my forehead: Mafia princess, stay clear.

Nope. Not happening. I like Gage, Aziel, and Rush. I do not want to scare them off. Before they released me—their words, not mine—I had to promise to call them later tonight so we can discuss the details of the contract. Only then was I able to escape their teasing kisses and warm arms. Not that I wanted to.

Feathers of anticipation at what I have done leave me anxious and excited. I'm all about adventure and adding excitement to my life, but if my brother finds out what I've done I have no idea what he will do. For the most part I have a strong bravado, but there are times my knees shake. Not out of fear for what he will do to me. Harlon would never hurt me. But out of fear of disappointing the man who has always been there for me. That is almost worse than a physical beating.

There are hidden passageways only a select few know about. After the cab drops me off a block away from the club, I use them and make my way to the top floor. I pause outside my door and take a deep breath and send up a silent prayer of gratitude I didn't run into anyone.

I rub a hand down my borrowed Guns N' Roses T-shirt and too-big sweatpants—another reason I took the hidden backways.

“I don’t owe anyone an explanation for my actions. I am an adult. The family business is not my concern. I have a right to do what makes me happy.” I quietly chant my rehearsed mantra over a couple of times.

I slip the golden key to my room into the old-fashioned lock and turn.

“So how was dinner? Or did you go straight for the desert last night and stay for breakfast given it’s been twenty-four hours since you left.”

My heart attaches itself to my throat and hangs on like Tarzan swinging on jungle vines. Wide-eyed, I scream and slap a hand toward the light switch. White light floods my small entryway and living room. Adrenaline shoots through me and I nearly pass out from fear.

I clutch my chest. “My *freaking* God!”

Piercing blue eyes latch onto me and the devilish smile lifting my cousin’s nude-colored lips has me moving from wondering if this is my end to wanting to commit a murder of my own.

“Damn it, Sapphire! I nearly died walking through my freaking door.” I drop my dress on the end of the small sofa and walk around the coffee table to kick at my cousin’s Jimmy Choos.

“Why the hell are you sitting in the dark and ambushing me Godfather style? What if I had a gun? What if I had shot you? What if I had brought visitors?” I exclaim each possible scenario and the longer I talk the higher my voice scales.

She takes in my borrowed attire while she’s dressed to kill. Almost literally given her job title. The emerald power suit she’s encased in hugs her breasts and hips with the same amount of compression.

Her soft laughter turns wicked. She planned her attack. Probably from the second I walked out the door last night.

“I regret giving you a key to my room,” I shoot back, heading for the small kitchenette off to the left of the main entrance. It’s an open floor plan between the front door, living room and long bar that serves as a countertop and eating area. The

bedroom is off to the right when you walk into the place and so is the single bathroom. My brother usually likes leaving the cozy suites for members, but I claimed this one as mine. I hate being at the mansion so far outside the city. Here I feel tapped into the energy. They're all I feel is dead and shoved into a corner.

I grab a bottle of water from the fridge and hand one to a cocky and smiling Sapphire.

"Harlon isn't in here is he?" I force my nerves to settle by focusing on the swirling lines decorating the wallpapered walls. They are in silver while the background is black. I'm starting to see a pattern between all the low-key high-crime locations in this city.

"Not unless he has an invisibility cloak."

We both pop the caps to our water. The whole time we drink, her eyes come back to roam over my borrowed clothes.

"Wanna tell me what happened or do I have to torture the answers out of you?"

I fall to the couch and spill the entirety of the last few stolen hours to my best friend. The only thing I leave off is the whole primal connection I feel to them the second I am in the same room. She'd lock me in this tower herself if I start spouting off crazy mumblings about instant desire turning to something deeper. Besides, how can I explain something I don't entirely understand myself?

Furiously blushing under her attention, Sapphire hangs onto all my words and slips in the right kind of questions at the right times. "Club Sin, huh? I didn't really think you would go through with it, but hey..." she shrugs. "When do you start?"

"Day after tomorrow, I think? I am not sure. We have to talk tonight."

Her bottle of water is halfway up to her mouth when she says, "You're going out again? I don't know if I can cover for you tonight, babe. Your brother is agitated about something and is prowling around the halls."

"What can he do to me? Send me to the basement?"

She shrugs. “Maybe not you, but I’m not on the no-kill list.”

I squeeze my eyes shut and press a thumb to the crease between my brows. “Stop playing around. Harlon would never hurt you.”

Her head lolled from side to side. “Yeah I know, but all kidding aside, you should just tell him what you are up to. He’s not your keeper or your jailor.”

I chew on the inside of my jaw. “Last night before I left, I was in his office. The warning he gave me was...chilling. Like he would do whatever he has to do to make sure he doesn’t lose me too. Like Cassandra. Their shared wife still haunts him.”

There’s sorrow in her eyes and understanding. “Can you blame him?” Sapphire’s voice turns soft. She reaches out and takes my hand. We sit there a second and just enjoy the silence. Or at least I do. I don’t get much of it so I savor the quiet.

“Where is Polaris? I’m surprised you two didn’t gang up on me.”

Sapphire cants her head. “She was here, but your brother and partners called her away.”

Ohh. Interesting. “I wish those four would just get a room already and have at each other until they can all just find some kind of happiness. I see the way she looks at Harlon and the other two.”

The open end of Sapphire’s bottle is pointed in my direction. “I think we should stay out of it. We all have to figure out our own paths to happiness.”

I purse my lips not buying her change of mind. “Since when do you not want to play cupid with me?” I study her face for a minute thinking back on the last time she hooked up.

“Have you seen the Southern Alliance lately?” I tease with a smile. My brother’s enemies—really, my father’s—are my cousin’s lusty obsession.

Sapphire snorts, throwing her arm into a big X. “Change of subject. Can you start your sexy show sooner? I think you need something to do.”

I let the topic drop. For now. “About that. Come with me.”

Her pretty blues go wide. I didn’t mean to invite her to my sex routine, but moral support, right? “You don’t have to watch but knowing you are out there backing me up will make the difference. Please.”

Her eyes scan my face. After what feels like long minutes, she finally smirks. If anyone can make a gesture look sarcastic it’s Sapphire. “Good to know I don’t have to watch my cousin get railed by three guys, Belle. Geez.”

“So?” I ask expectantly, looking her dead in the eye. I take my attention off her for a second and she’ll flat-out make a run for it. I just know it. “I’ll secure you a table in the back where you can do all your murder-for-hire work while I get my kink on.”

Her head falls forward and her answer is muffled under the tumble of hair that falls over her face.

“Come again?”

“I said. I’ll bring my laptop.” Her voice is amused.

Okay...well. That’s a yes!

I spring up and head for the door. The last day with the men and all this sex talk with Sapphire has me hungry.

“Want something from the kitchen?” I look at my phone. “The kitchen will be opening soon. I’m sure I’ll find someone down there to make us a Ruben sandwich.”

“Nah, babe.” Sapphire stretches to her full height and smoothes out her powerhouse pants suit looking every bit the deadly undertaker she is. Only I know she would rather be changing pampers and cuddling newborns than dealing with Club Genesis and its runners. Her secret drive to have the whole nine yards with family is her true desire in life. I envy her. I wish I knew what I wanted.

Sapphire leans in and kisses me goodnight. “I have a meeting in ten downstairs. If you run into your brother, try not to piss him off, okay?”

I bat her concerns away. I’m growing tired of worrying about my brother. “New client tonight?”

She cocks her head and waves. “Can’t talk about it. You know that. If I finish early enough I will come back and help you with that sandwich.” And with that, my best friend leaves me to my own devices.

I take the hidden passageways from the top floor down to ground level where the kitchen takes up a good portion of the ground level. Smells of rich delicacies tingle my senses. The men insisted I eat before I left. We had the leftover lasagna we didn’t finish last night for a late lunch today. It was divine. Gage claims he’s not a good cook, but from what I tasted nothing came from a bottle. It was all homemade and by him.

I round the corner leading to the kitchen and come to an abrupt stop outside the doors. One is swung wide and I can hear Harlon speaking with someone in a low, harsh tone. But who? The second person speaks softly and I have to strain to hear them. It’s a woman. Polaris?

“Polaris, fucking woman. You are going to get us killed. All of us. You can’t work here anymore. I’ve made my decision.”

That answers that I guess. I cling to the wall.

Harlon sounds enraged. I’ve been on the receiving end of that anger. Polaris isn’t as tough on the inside as I am against his alpha, high-handed bullshit. I straighten myself and consider my options.

“Harlon, please.”

Pause.

“Santi, don’t let him do this, please. I have no other place to go. I can’t go back to New York. My sister doesn’t need my problems right now.”

I feel the pain in her words as if it were my own and it makes me want to reach out for Gage Rush or Aziel.

Polaris’ sister, Nova Masters, is expecting her first baby with the head of the mafia and badass biker, Ares. My new friend is right. They are dealing with their own shit right now. Bad family blood, the fight against the same people who kidnapped and nearly trafficked Polaris, and probably more shit I don’t

know about. Going back to New York would not be a good idea. It would be traumatic and I won't let that happen.

"Please listen to me," she begs again and it's growing intensely harder to stay quiet. My heart wants to weep at the pain in her voice. I grip the ends of my Guns N' Roses T-shirt and inhale the scent of Gage's cologne to settle my nerves. It works but doesn't stop the wall of tears threatening to tumble. I fight hard to hold them in check.

I press all of my body to the wall and strain my hearing but there's nothing but continued silence.

Polaris can't leave. Harlon wouldn't do that to her? I won't let him throw my best friend out. Where would she go? Who would protect her? She's already gone through so much.

"Polaris, damn it."

That is Harlon. I pause, ready to bust in and save my friend.

"Santi."

My brows shoot up. There is a totally different tone to the way Polaris says Santi's name. There's pleading and then there is sultry begging. Low pants and harsh breathing filter through the quiet space. Where is all the kitchen staff? And the waitresses?

I move to step around the corner when I hear footsteps come up from behind me. I jump when a heavy hand lands on my shoulder. Seized by a strong grip, I am whirled around and pinned to an unforgiving chest.

Brown eyes pierce mine.

"Cassius." I breathe out, picking my heart off the floor for a second time tonight.

"As I said, we can't have you here, woman. You leave tonight."

Harlon's tone is razor-sharp. Deadly.

Water spills out to wet my lashes for the fear my friend must be feeling. "Cassius, please," I gruffly whisper as I look up at

him. My heart clenches and I can't take my eyes off Cassius out of fear of losing a friend.

He holds a finger to his lips. "Don't speak of this to anyone, Belle. Not if you care for Polaris."

I nod.

"Go now, sweetheart. I need to help your brother and my friend with something."

"And Polaris?"

His face turns grim. "She's not going anywhere. That's a fucking promise."

Back in my room I grab my phone and slide down the back of my door wanting to cry and bury my face into Rush's chest while Gage and Aziel hold me. I pull up our group chat and send out a message.

I miss you.

Aziel is the first to reply.

Come back to us.

I send back:

I wish I could and drop my phone on the bed wishing I had full control over my life.

TEN

BELLE

The next evening, I pace the small space of carpeted flooring in my dressing room. The unsigned contracts are on the table along with a blue pen. I read them the second I arrived. It's an open-ended contract. We—Gages, Rush, Aziel, and myself—are obligated to perform at least eight times over the course of three months in Room Two also known as the Mirror Room. The first week we must perform at least five times with the remaining three nights at our leisure.

Eight times in front of a crowd.

Doable.

The money is nice, too. One hundred grand for each of us.

There's no debating sex sells.

I chew at my nails, a habit I thought I'd broken back in sixth grade. Apparently, not entirely. I pace one way and retrace my steps back. Does this make me a hooker? An escort with benefits? Do I care if I get to have them?

Hot and cold flashes hit me with knock-out punches.

I fling the door open and cross a small hallway and duck inside a kitchenette area with a small sofa, a table in the middle, and a refrigerator in the back. The hostess who showed me back here said this room is for the performers and workers of the club. I give a chin nod to a couple of ladies in Club Sin uniforms lounging on the couch and zero in on grabbing some cold water. Anything to cool off the overheating happening on the inside. I can't believe I agreed to

this. I don't know what I am more nervous about. Seeing the men after our text messaging last night or the show.

I mentally reach for the jittery butterflies beating up my stomach.

Definitely the show.

I crack the lid open and down the chilled water. I go for another when I finish the first tiny bottle.

The ladies are speaking in hushed voices but honestly, it's so quiet back here they might as well be speaking normally.

"The men of the Southern Alliance are looking for a breeder and we are in neutral territory. I don't see how we cannot accommodate them."

I tune in and listen a little harder, drinking my water a bit slower.

The Southern Alliance. Sapphire's men. Well, not hers but she's been in lust with them for two years.

The blonde one says, "If we can't help them, they'll go somewhere else."

I have to let Sapphire know. My heart stops but I keep my feet moving like I haven't heard a single word. Should I mention something to the women? Hell no. Sapphire will kill me if I do something rash.

I grab my water and head back to my dressing room with ideas of how to play cupid firing off in my head.

Every single one of them is a bad idea but hey, what are cousins for?

And then I remember Cassius and Polaris. Harlon and Santi. Fuck. I didn't see Polaris this morning after Cassius told me he would handle everything. If Harlon sent her away, I'll kill him.

I throw myself into the seat in front of the dressing mirror and look myself dead in the eye. "What the fuck are you doing, Belle?"

"Helping my brother not be stupid and mess something up for himself," I answer my own question feeling a little stupid for

talking to myself. But at least I make sense. Men have a track record for fucking things up before they have a chance to really get started.

The chick in the mirror staring back at me thinks women do too.

I play what I heard last night over in my mind. Harlon wouldn't make her leave, right? Polaris sounded hurt and turned on at the same time.

Ugh. My stomach is in knots and I am not sure if it's for Sapphire, Polaris or for me.

There's a knock at my door and I ease it open.

The second I see the blue of Sapphire's eyes I yank her inside. I'm tempted to divulge the news about the Southern Alliance but I can't handle that conversation right now. But soon.

"I can't do this," I blurt out, speaking of the show.

Sapphire steps inside and I close the door. "Where did you go last night? After my meeting, I came back and you were not in your room. You didn't sneak out again, did you?" Her eyes narrow.

To keep myself from running back to Gage, Aziel and Rush, I locked myself in my art studio and painted. I used the alone time to wash Polaris' moaning sounds out of my head and wrap my brain around the possibility of her leaving despite what Cassius said.

I show my hands. Yellow, oranges, and purples from my acrylic paint still cling to my fingers.

"I went to the roof apartment and painted the sky over the water behind the guy's house." My little studio isn't large, but it's perfect for me and out of the way from anyone wanting to interrupt my painting. I don't get to relax into my art and let the emotions flow often but last night I couldn't stop the brush strokes if I tried.

I grab my purse, my long coat, and Sapphire's hand. Speaking of, now that they popped my cherry, I don't need to do this show thing. Let's go."

“Going somewhere?”

Their aura is breathtaking. The power they emit into the room sucks the air out of the space and my lungs and all they had to do was walk through my door.

“Gage, Aziel. Rush,” I squeak.

Wearing an arrogant smile, Gage speaks first. “I didn’t peg you for a runner, beautiful.

I cross my arms over the tiny silk robe I was told to slip into upon arriving. “Runner, sprinter, flat-out ass hauler when I have to be.”

To Gage’s right, I catch Rush’s lips twitching with what I think might be the start of the first smile I’ve seen him crack but nope. False alarm. I get a growl with a downward pull of his brows.

“Can you excuse us for a minute, miss?”

Gage turns to Sapphire and he cranks up that irresistible southern charm to the max. Even never-before-seen dimples come out to play at the tips of his smile. Oh shit. Wow...okay then. Those are sexy.

Sapphire must think so too. She’s grinning and when her attention shifts from Gage to me and back to Gage, I know she’s as smitten with their looks as I am. It’s impossible not to be.

“Ms. Constantine,” she offers and I cringe inwardly. *Shit*. I didn’t tell her they don’t know who I am. I hold my breath and look at her wide-eyed hoping she can see I’m freaking out.

From behind me, I can feel all three Navy SEALs consider my cousin for a minute. I don’t need to see their faces to know they instantly know the name and it leaves a bad taste in their mouths.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

They cannot figure out who I am. Not until I am ready. Or ever.

Sapphire winks in my direction and heads for the door. "I'll leave you all to it."

She ducks out and I'm left alone in a small dressing room with three huge alphas. I release a sigh the second the door snicks closed.

"Gentlemen," I start, turning on my heel with a smile in place. My voice starts to tremble as hard as my hands.

They surround me. As soon as their heat cocoons me, our first time together comes rushing back. The caresses, the feeling of being safe in their arms and I forget about secret identities and mafia blood ties.

Gage and Rush reach for me and settle my palms over their hearts. Clean-shaven and dressed in nothing but robes it would be so easy to fall into their embraces and get lost in their touches again. One jerk of the knot holding the sides together is all it would take.

Which is what tonight is all about.

In front of a lot of people.

My stomach is back to rioting against me. And as fate would have it the music from the room we are set to perform in eases higher as the signal it's almost time to get started. That's what the stagehand had said anyway.

I start pulling the sides of the robe back and forth. Was it always this hot in here?

"Are you ready, baby girl?"

Umm, news flash. Hell no. It's impossible to miss Rush's fingers slipping around mine. He turns my palm over and places gentle kisses to the inside. Warm, caring. Sincere.

"About that. I'm not sure," I say honestly, my eyes locked on where his lips touch my skin. They'd called last night and talked over the terms. There's nothing about tonight I didn't already agree to. So why am I freaking out?

"I think I was high on lust last night when I agreed to sex on stage. I don't think this is for me." We agreed verbally on our call earlier with the intent of me signing tonight.

I see their copies of the contract sticking out of Aziel's robe pocket.

In the time we've spent together I've done a good job of hiding my nervous side. Tonight all three of them are getting front row seats to the Belle freakout show.

I start to breathe hard and tiny dots start to dance in my vision.

I fan myself. "Phew, boys. I don't know if I can do this."

I study each of their handsome faces and they study me right back.

They don't back down and nor do they back away. The heat intensifies and the walls...are they getting closer?

"Why are you guys not sweating?" They must have been through so much together. Seen so much. Shared so much.

"Have you done this with other women? Before me, obviously. Shared them on stage?" I don't know what I want them to answer. I mean, come on. They have to be over ten years my senior. They have pasts. I was the only virgin in the room the other night, for crying out loud and it didn't feel like it was their first time sharing.

Belle, sometimes you need to shut up.

I mentally rake myself over fiery coals. I want to smack my forehead for asking a question I have no right to ask. "I won't blame you if you don't want to answer." Shades of embarrassment claw over me and settle in my cheeks. I laser a quick look at them and dart my gaze away just as quickly.

Never have I ever wanted to be lied to more in my life. I hold my breath waiting for their answer. "Ya know what..." I dash a hand through the air, changing my mind. "I'm stupid for asking. Don't answer that. You don't owe me anything."

Alone their scents are delicious, but all three together it's mind-numbing and toxic to the senses.

"Let's blame my momentary lapse of judgment on my nerves, okay." I drag my bottom lip between my teeth to help me shut up already.

“Why are you guys not talking?”

Gage pulls on my hand and I land against his hard chest. Our robes are the only thing between me and the hard feel of his aroused cock. I will be totally up front with you. Silk does nothing to hide a man’s cock when it’s that thick and ready.

My core clenches and suddenly the thought of taking him, all three of them again, doesn’t sound as bad of an idea as it did a second ago.

My lips part as I lift my gaze to his. “Gage, help me,” I beg softly. “I want this, but I’m scared.”

“I plan to, beautiful.” He moves my hair from my face with a gentle touch a man of his size is not known for and I fall deeper into his embrace.

“We all plan on helping you. You’re not alone.” Gage’s lips crash to mine and suddenly I’m lost in his heat, his taste, and the tumbling feeling of being lifted.

Aziel’s hands on my hips anchor me in place around Gage’s waist. I lean back into his secure embrace. Pinned between them I turn to Rush who steps in. My robe has opened at the top to reveal my bare breasts. But instead of going in to work me into a feverish state of craving, he parts my robe further and kisses my neck. He works his way up my chin until his mouth takes the place of Gage’s.

Rush’s lips on mine are softer than Gage’s demanding ones. Rush breaks away and murmurs, “We’re with you the whole time. You never have anything to fear.”

“I know. I’ve just never done anything like this.” I look between Gage and Rush before turning my gaze to meet Aziel’s soft blue eyes.

“That makes four of us,” he says and those knots in my stomach loosen with a few falling away. My mouth opens. “Oh?”

Aziel’s hand comes to rest on my cheek. “We could torture you a little bit more, but no. We’ve never shared on Club Sin’s stage before, sweetheart. You do look stunning turning green with jealousy, though. I’m going to remember that when your

ass is taking my cock.” The dark promise wraps his words in sinful temptation.

Not ‘this is our first time sharing’ I notice, but now isn’t the time to root around in their histories. And I don’t think I am entitled to any answers at the moment anyway.

I turn a few shades darker than the red I’m already sporting and what I am about to admit. “Anal sex is something else I’ve never done.” They must think I’m the most sheltered, inexperienced woman they’ve ever met.

His expression turns from turned on to worried. “Do you want to back out, sweetheart?”

Rush tips my chin to him. “Just say the word and we will rip up the contracts instead of signing them. Raja will understand.”

The corner of my lips finds itself between my teeth again. “I don’t think so,” I answer after a seconds-long pause.

I think I physically see them all relax.

“We need to hear the words yes or no.” Gage’s tone doesn’t leave much wiggle room. He’s right. I either have to know if I want this or not. My brother was shunned for wanting such an unorthodox union between him, his partners and their shared wife. I was the first to tell him to go after what he wanted in life and don’t look back. Those around him would either accept him or they would eventually fall to the side so he could live his life his way.

He worried all the time our family would turn their backs on him. And they did for a time. Then our father went to prison for his stupidity and that put my brother back on the map for our family.

I don’t ever want to be in that position. I don’t want to live in fear of what others think, what others believe my life should look like. Not that anything is forever. Neither Gage, Aziel or Rush look like long-term kinds of men. I’m okay with that. I think. Either way, I am going to force myself to stay in the now and not worry about tomorrow. I am going to cherish tonight with all of me.

“Yes. I’m ready.” I look between all three men. “I don’t want to back out. I want this. With all of you.” I let them hear my sincerity.

I point to the contracts. “I’m ready to sign.”

With the task complete we leave the signed papers on the table. “We’ll see to it Raja files these away.”

“Trust us. We will protect you and guide you.” Gage slides my legs down until I’m standing. He takes my face in hand as Aziel begins to peel the sides of my robe aside. Rush tugs the knot and in one sweep I’m standing naked in front of them.

Rush is to the side with Gage in the front and Aziel behind me. His aroused cock teases the seam of my ass. “Another virgin cherry to pop. Could you be any more perfect?” His growl of hunger is pure and raw. The dark tinge of his pupils expanding makes my body ache for his brand of loving.

Their robes join mine and I can’t take my eyes off the perfection of their bodies. Gage’s cock presses into my stomach and I reach for him, wrapping his length with my fingers. The moan that tumbles from my lips at the feel of pre-cum wetting my fingers has a predatory smile moving over his lips.

A masculine voice comes over the surround sound system.

“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Mirror Room. Club Sin invites you to enjoy a carnal delight performed just for you.”

ELEVEN

BELLE

“I t’s time.”

Gage takes my hand and leads me to a black curtain on the far side of my changing room. When I spotted it earlier, I thought there was another changing room on the other side. That is not the case. Tingles of anticipation scatter throughout my body when he brushes it aside and I get a glimpse of what awaits us.

Aziel and Rush are behind me with Gage taking the lead. Goosebumps brush over my arms and the beads of my nipples turn rock hard under the blast of cool air piping in from overhead.

Turns out that the big black curtain leads to a small walkway that ends at the edge of the stage in the center of the room. A very large room.

“Why is this Room Two? I thought the kinky pleasure rooms were only upstairs.”

“Since it has a bed, it has a number.” Gage winks at me. “It’s known as the Mirror Room to the members.”

“Oh.” I guess that made sense.

From where I stand at the edge of Room Two slash the Mirror Room, I see a large bed draped in a swath of black velvet on the raised platform. A large overhead light pours white light over the prop. Beyond the light is a hushed crowd who appear as nothing more than shadowed silhouettes dotting the vast darkness beyond. Soft low-fi beats drench the room with a

sensual vibe. Mixed in with the throbbing base are soft moans of pleasure. It seems the members of Club Sin are getting started without us.

We start to walk. Gage signals to a man in a booth just out of sight of the viewers. Mirrors are pinned to the walls and the ceiling and I catch the sight of me standing between my men.

Not mine, I remind myself. They are just borrowed for a time and I am going to use this time to find myself.

Either way, we look stunning together. Maybe I can paint them some time because they are pure works of art with their chiseled bodies and delicious dips and contours. The light catches so perfectly on every single hard line of their bodies.

I catch the eye of my cousin who is gearing up her laptop in a back booth. I spy the Southern Alliance here tonight, too. They do not have eyes for me or the show. All three men are here for my cousin. And she is completely unaware.

The second we reach the edge of the stage the overhead light dims to black and then the spotlight is filtered to focus only on us as we step up onto the stage. The few faces that came into view now fade to murky shadows and my attention is on the three men in front of me.

They take my hands and lead me to the bed. Aziel pulls my long hair to the side and Rush smears oil all over my body. It's warm, soothing, and makes my mouth water.

Cherry and cinnamon.

Dark eyes focus on me and I fall into Gage's heated, spellbinding gaze. "If you ever feel fear or what this to end, the word queen is your safe word. Let me hear you say it."

"Queen," I say breathlessly. My pulse sizzles. Hell, my whole body does.

"Good girl." Rush's big hands keep me balanced when I kneel at the end of the bed. His touch glides up the curve of my ass, making me tremble. I won't lie either, feeling the heat of the crowd's eyes on my body has liquid heat spilling down my thighs.

Fingers find the underside of my breasts and my eyes shutter closed.

Aziel makes a tsking sound. “Eyes open, beautiful. You need to see this,” he husks in such a low timbre I feel it in my core like a caress. His hand is on my throat, the pads of his thumb settling over my pulse point.

I gasp, my head falling back against his shoulder. His fingers tighten and he holds me like that, cuffed and breathing harshly until I do as he commands.

I look on as Gage stands opposite of me, the bed between us. Around us, I hear the soft cries of women and moans of men.

“Part those pretty thighs for him. Let him see how wet you already are for my brother.”

The bed to my left dips with the weight of Rush putting a knee on the edge. He’s next to Aziel, his lips brushing just north of Aziel’s claiming hold on my throat. I swallow tightly and draw in a tight breath.

I moan when I feel the thick throb of both Aziel and Rush’s cock press into me—one from behind and the other against my thigh. I shudder with the thrill and filthiness of it all burning through me.

Rush’s strong fingers find the underside of my breasts. He palms the ample weight and twists the hard tip of my nipple between his fingers. Exquisite pain razors through me until I feel nothing but the fiery flames of pleasure. His dark head dips and I arch into his waiting mouth the second his lips wrap around the turgid peak.

“Rush.” My breath catches on his name and those glittering desires I see shining back at me through his piercing gaze when he looks up at me with a mouth full of my breasts shoot straight to my throbbing clit. Warmth spills down my thighs and I reach for the juices. Under normal circumstances, I would let them do all the work since my body is tired of my own touches. But right now they are dragging out my pleasure when what I really want is to come. Now.

I stroke a finger through the seam of my pussy and bring my juices up to coat every aching part of me.

“Naughty girl,” Gage rumbles, taking my hand in his. He pulls my coated fingers to his mouth. My lips fall open on a whispered moan at the sight of him hungry for what I have to offer. One by one I watch him take each finger between his warm lips. He tenderly sucks, swirling his tongue over and under until my dripping fingers are clean of my juices.

“Just when I thought you couldn’t taste any sweeter,” Gage offers in a brusque tone next to my ear.

Rush moves to my other nipple. “Mm. Gage is right. Fucking delicious. You’re doing beautifully.” His words of encouragement soothe the tremble in my fingers. I rake them through his long hair and pull him back to my aching nipples.

Soft moans come from the crowd and I let my eyes drift closed again. Feeling. I’m doing this to feel.

Hands with years of calluses scrape across my skin.

Gage’s. I’m already learning the difference between their caresses. Gage is rough and demanding whereas Aziel’s is firm and slow. Like he wants to savor every inch of my body—memorize it.

Rush on the other hand is all about zeroing in on certain parts of me. Pleasure points first and then he’ll get to stroking the rest of my heated skin.

Together they are a perfect balance. My heart shudders and quakes in my chest. These men, their burning touches and husked words will all be the death of my heart.

Aziel presses more of his hard body along mine. A thick arm encases me and my oiled body is pulled against an unforgiving muscled one. Just when I think he’s going to release my throat he tightens a fraction. I swallow past his tight grip that stops just short of cutting off my air. The more pleasure Rush gives to my breasts, the more Aziel’s hold on my throat turns claiming. Not until I can’t breathe but until all my focus and energy is on him and his friends.

“You like it a little rough, don’t you?” He runs the tip of his warm, teasing tongue over the shell of my ear, causing me to shudder in his grip.

“Our little innocent Belle thinks her beasts are tamed. Let’s show her just how wild we are, gentlemen.”

Gage and Rush both chuckle. “Let’s see if she uses her safe word.”

Wearing nothing more than a sheer layer of bravado, I am pressed forward until my hands brace my weight, ass in the air. Everything in me screams for me to run. That what they have planned will leave me ruined. Both physically and emotionally. I am not going anywhere. I want what I want.

Someone drizzles hot oil over each ass cheek and then...oh! I fall forward when hands begin to spread the cherry and cinnamon-scented liquid over the globes of my ass. Instead of feeling shy about my body being exposed, I feel a certain power in knowing I am giving pleasure to others. They feel because of me. And the warmth inside me chases away the cold of my lonely life.

I have power here.

My eyes travel up the hard body in front of me and I reach out to stroke my hand over Gage’s hard length. He chuckles and moves a little closer. His hand slips into my hair and I moan from the deep pleasure of his touch holding me firmly. Silk glides over hard steel as I work him from base to tip, drawing his pre-cum to the tip of his swollen head. He guides it to my mouth and I open at his silent request.

My God, this man is gorgeous. I sigh around the girth of his cock pushing past my lips.

Behind me, strong fingers spread me wide. There is a small table with an assortment of toys wheeled over by a hooded figure who quickly slinks back into the shadows. Dildos, more oils, and something small that looks made of glass with a pretty fat diamond-shaped jewel on the end of it.

Gage’s grip on my hair turns from gently guiding to demanding. Unable to move, he pushes in deeper until the fat

head of his cock taps the back of my throat. I swallow and the movement earns me a masculine grunt of appreciation. He withdraws, leaving the head holding my mouth open.

I pull back and look up to see a fierce fire burning in his dark eyes which only makes my core burn hotter. Girl-cum spills to mix with the edible oils between my thighs.

I'm pushed forward until my chest is flat on the bed and my ass is impossibly bare. Their words of encouragement from earlier have my lips sealed and my mind wanting to forget I have a safe word.

And this is where it all becomes a jumbled mess of sensations. Hands, lips, cocks. I can't tell anyone from the other and I don't want to. I fall into a bliss of pleasure.

Everything grows silent around me. I draw in a sharp breath when the tip of something smooth and chilled slides over my puckered hole.

The glass butt plug? Probably. My legs shake and the nerves in every part of my body tingle with pleasure and embarrassment. Forbidden pleasure. Filthy desires. Ass play has been on my never-to-do naughty list, but here I am doing exactly what I thought I never would.

I arch into the men's hands behind me. Both stroke and tease me until I am helpless under their command.

I'd do anything, give them anything to feel this turned on and desired for the rest of my life.

Harsh pants tear from my lips as the sides of my ass stretch wide over the bulbous tip of the butt plug Rush pushes into my virgin ass.

I draw in a sharp breath. "Oh," I cry out, shaking.

"Easy, baby girl, Rush coaxes. He strokes my clit with slow, steady motions until I relax again.

"Trust us?"

He pauses and I nod. I haven't known them for more than a couple of days and I know in my heart of hearts they only mean to see to my pleasure.

“Then I need you to relax for me. Give me what I want, beautiful, and we’ll make this the best night of your life.”

More oil is smeared over my back entrance and I do as Aziel instructs when his friend starts to sink the glass end of the butt plug between my cheeks.

I angle my head around for a better look. Aziel holds me open for Rush. He pushes and pulls, giving my body time to accept the intruding toy. Light glints off the faceted angles. The second it slips past the first ring of muscles there’s an audible gasp that works over the room. Including mine.

In front of me, Gage spreads his massive warrior’s body over the black velvet. Hard muscles, scars, and ridges make up a man I will never be able to resist.

Hooded lids dip over the darkest eyes. His thick, throbbing cock juts upward and he grips it until the head nearly turns purple.

Veins bulge and right when I think he can’t take it another second he pumps the tortured flesh, releasing rivulets of pre-cum I’m hungry to lick off him. He signals for me to come closer.

Stroke. More pre-cum.

Fuck that looks delicious. I like my lips feeling no shame for the dirty cravings pushing me over invisible boundaries.

“Go to him, beautiful, and show him your pretty new jewelry.” Aziel’s words give me a gentle push to follow his command.

On all fours, I prowl forward. Oil smears over Gage the higher I climb and Rush is off the bed, right there to gather my hair to the side so others in the room can see my swaying breasts.

I dip my head and drag my tongue over his cum-covered fingers and don’t stop until I’m deep-throating him. I suck and lave at him until hands beneath my arms pull me off his cock.

“I’m coming back to that later,” I promise him and he grins. “I’ll see to it you get all you want.”

My nipples drag over the light dusting of chest hair and I suck a harsh breath through clenched teeth when the head of his

cock strokes against the entrance to my pussy.

Everything, every last sensation to hit my senses seems triple in intensity. The cool air, the feel of skin on skin. The plug in my ass is making me notice the way my nerves are alive with raw flames spreading throughout my body.

“Did my brothers do something to you?”

I nod.

“Show me, sweetheart. What did my brothers do to that pretty, fuckable ass?”

TWELVE

BELLE

Entranced by his dark allure I let myself be drawn in. Pressing the palm of one hand over his chest, I take his with my other and guide him toward the butt plug nestled between my cheeks. I shudder the second his finger dances over the diamond tip.

His chuckle is wicked.

“Hold her open for me.”

I don’t know who he’s talking to. Don’t care. All I can think about is excruciating pleasure tearing through me.

Gage twists it, tugs it until I think he’s going to pull it out, and then he moves it right back into place. I cry out and fall over him, ass in the air, unable to continue holding myself up.

“Gage, God, it feels so good.” One last tug and my orgasm is instant. Throbbing pulses rip through me. The fire is harsh, unforgiving and steals every ounce of my sanity.

When I lift my head, two sets of eyes—one green and one dark as midnight—stare back at me with raw dominance.

I rake my nails over Gage’s chest catching the hard bead of his nipples. He hisses and bucks driving the head of his cock into my core. With the butt plug in place, I feel beyond stretched. Pleasure and pain both collide.

“I don’t know if I can...Oh, Gage. Rush. The pain.” Gage pulls out and begins to work my clit. Someone reaches for the plug and works the tortious toy in and out of my ass until I am screaming for a second release.

I am surrounded by all three men. Their heat mixes with mine.

“You’re going to be fully claimed tonight, baby. Pussy, ass, and mouth.” Gage forces my head down and he wastes no time in taking my mouth with his.

I clench around the intruding plug. A finger slips into my mouth and I am pulled from Gage’s kiss.

“My brother needs to learn how to share better.” Rush sinks his massive cock into my mouth and I willingly open. He’s thick, long, and impossibly hard. But he takes none of that into account as he forces my jaw to relax. Inch by inch he moves deeper into my waiting mouth. His pre-cum is hot, delicious, and all mine. I suck on him and from behind Azriel grips my hips.

Gage brushes my fanning hair aside, his fingers circling my neck. The deeper I take Rush the harder he tightens.

My focus zeroes in again on them. Us.

“Take me. Swallow and release. That’s it. Just like that. Now relax your muscles and let Azriel guide you over my brother’s cock. He’s been craving to feel you ever since he took your virgin blood.”

Between our bodies, Gage rims my entrance with the swollen head of his shaft. Every stroke and pass of his hot, throbbing cock has me wanting the special brand of pain and pleasure only these three have given me.

“Take me,” I say after releasing Rush’s cock.

My nails dig into Gage’s shoulders. Holding my eyes with his, he gives me what I want.

Only this time when he enters my tight pussy he’s slow. Muscles bulge and coil as he holds himself back from sinking into me with a hard thrust. I see the control he has over what his body wants versus protecting me as it wars inside him. The pull of his lips into a grimace is telling. So is the sheen layer of sweat draped over the expansive plains of his body. It is taking all of his willpower not to turn into my beast and demand his cravings sated. And I love him for it.

I shudder and let out a heavy sigh when he is fully seated inside me. “Gage, it’s impossible to take Aziel. I don’t know...”

“You can and you will. You’re going to reach back and guide him inside that virgin ass and take every last inch.

“After you give me that mouth.” Rush is back to demanding I suck him. My lashes fall against my cheeks. The edge of another climax grows closer.

Behind me, I feel the plug slip from my clenched ass and another drizzle of oil spreads over my cheeks. The warm liquid drips down my pussy to wet Gage’s dick, making his cock all the more slippery.

Between my thighs, he continues to thrust up into me with never-ending teasing strokes.

Panting around taking Rush in my mouth he coaxes me to follow his command. “Do as you were instructed, baby girl.”

I feel the head of Aziel’s cock nudge my ass but not enter.

Rush pulls from my mouth and presses his lips to my ear. He gathers my hair in hand and tugs on the lengths.

“Mm,” I groan.

“Reach back and guide Aziel’s cock so he can fuck that beautiful ass,” he commands and I obey, my body pulsing with dark desires.

My gaze locks with Aziel’s over my shoulder. He strokes a thumb over the head of his cock and then smears his pre-cum over my ass. I can’t help but think he’s just claimed me as his.

Wearing no more than wicked intent, he wraps his fingers around mine after I grip him tightly. Together we guide the head of his cock to my back entrance and from there I lose every last bit of thought capabilities.

I push back into Aziel the second the girth of his cock head enters me from behind. I look on as my body accepts an inch of him at a time.

Rush strokes a thumb over the line of my jaw and I find a simmering wonderment in his gaze when I turn to look at him.

Between my thighs, Gage continues his torture of my pussy. In and out. In and out.

The deeper Aziel slides into my oiled ass the faster Gage drives into me. I'm stretched and filled.

"That's it, beautiful," Aziel hisses. "Fuck, the way your ass takes me, grips me..."

His head falls back and his words trail off. Muscles coil and bunch as he controls his deep strokes.

As for me...I can't breathe. My mouth falls open and Rush is right there to take advantage of my sweet torture. I lift my lashes and our fiery gazes hold one another's as he swirls his salty-sweet pre-cum over my lips before feeding me his thick shaft again and again.

My orgasm builds but they stop fucking me just short of the explosive climax barreling me toward an end.

"No," I gasp and moan around Rush. I thump my closed fist on Gage's hard chest but he only laughs low.

"Not yet, but soon, sweetheart. Soon."

I try to shimmy my hips but they hold me between controlling the speed with which they take what they want from my body.

I inhale sharply when Aziel slides out of my ass and then thrusts back in.

He does it again, only this time instead of tunneling back in, I feel the burning pain of skin hitting flesh.

Smack!

I cry out and push into the palm of his hand. Relishing the fiery touch he leaves behind.

Smack!

"Aziel!" I scream around the girth of Rush's cock, my voice a gurgled moan. He aims for deep-throating me and with my defenses down, he slips in deep and then deeper still. Tears

wet my lashes and Gage is right there to wipe them away for his brother

Oh, God. Now I really can't breathe.

Aziel poises the head of his cock and slams home.

"Queen?" Gage asks in a pained tone as he drives into my relentlessly. My climax builds, and shoots up an impossible incline. So close. So fucking close.

I slip Rush from between my lips. "Never!" I grit out to the roar of Gage turning beastly. His touch is gentle yet punishing.

One brother withdraws and the other torturous bastard drives home. Low embers from my last release roar to life.

I pinch my nipples and tug hard on the ends. Electricity shoots straight to my core. "I need to come. Please don't make me wait. It's too much. Too much," I beg.

I take more of Rush's cock and swallow when he taps the back of my throat. I meet Gage's thrusts and reach for Aziel's punishing grip on my hips, begging for more. Bruises be damned. I want their mark.

Aziel hisses, bending down low over me. His arm wraps around my waist and his fingers dip between Gage and me. His lips press to my ear and he murmurs sweet words in my ear. What they are I have no clue, but the emotions behind them drive my hips back and into him, taking more of both men inside of me.

It is too much and not enough. Dirty and wrong. Yet not. They are perfect. Gage cradles me close, Rush takes my mouth like I'm his goddess and Aziel gives me the pain and pleasure I crave. He rolls my clit as his friend drives into my slick core.

"Come for us," Gage demands roughly, his cock buried so deep inside me it feels like our flesh is melded together. Just then Aziel thrusts into me and everything—all the pain of never knowing the touch of a man, the loneliness of my life—all of it fades to white noise and all I focus on is the sharp sensation of my climax as it hits, rolls over me and drowns me in all-consuming pleasure. Pulse after pulse of my release rocks through me.

My back arches, forcing my butt into Aziel's hands. He grunts and thrusts into me, his shaft swelling with the need to find release.

I scream in unrestricted pleasure.

All three don't let up. They pound into me, take me higher still and then when the first waves of Aziel's and Gage's releases hit I moan, shudder and marvel at the feel of their combined releases shooting into me. The waves of energy consume my senses as if their climaxes are mine as well.

I'm in the air and pinned under Rush before I have the chance to acknowledge the change.

I gasp in surprise and look down my body as he poises the head of his cock at my entrance. He smears his brother's hot dripping milk over the head of his cock and then plunges in. Before me is a man possessed with a need to claim. He drives in, pulls out and I have no control over what happens next. My body is his. Theirs. And it's letting me know.

Muscles deep inside me grip and glove his swollen shaft to the point I can feel every bulging vein. Strong hands hold either of my legs wide open so their brother can fuck me hard and deep.

I clutch the velvet beneath me, grabbing for anything to hold myself against his powerful thrusts. My eyes hold his and together we race toward another orgasm.

Smoldering green eyes meet mine.

Gage tilts my head toward him with a finger beneath my chin. He claims my mouth and I fall into the taste of cinnamon on his tongue.

Warm lips find my aching and swollen clit. I gasp into Gage's mouth on the first tug and then I'm soaring.

I drive my fingers into Aziel's hair and pull but his unrelenting mouth only sucks my nub with more vigor as his friend plunges into my slick, dripping-wet pussy one final time.

Hot cum splashes against the walls of my womb and I wrap my legs around him, anchoring us together. All three men

touch, caress and kiss me until I can find my senses enough to open my eyes.

“You are truly perfect in every way for us.” I don’t know who says it. All three or just one? Does it matter? The words are from the heart and felt deeply.

Lights dim and I’m being pulled into someone’s arms. Gage’s, I notice when I tuck into his strong arms. He holds me tighter when I wrap my arms around his neck and sigh.

His low rumble of laughter reaches into my soul like a hug.

Wait.

I look back over Aziel’s shoulder coming up behind us.

“What is it, beautiful?”

I shake my head. How do I go about saying I asked my cousin to come for moral support? Err. yeah, that might be awkward.

“A friend. She is here tonight. I hope she can find bliss with the three men I know who would be perfect for her.”

Rush flanks Aziel and Gage. He brushes my hair to the side and taps the end of my nose. “Like you?”

“I wish. To have this as my forever? Men seeking my happiness. Pleasuring me. Caring for me and treating me like I am their dream come true? Where do I sign up? Honestly, I know this is a fleeting kind of thing so only in my dreams, right?” I rest my head on Gage’s shoulder, but I don’t miss the visual exchange between the men. My words have hit home. For the good or the bad, is yet to be seen.

They walk us behind the curtain and head straight for the private showers. Each of them takes a body part. Hair, body and everything inbetween. I just stand there. When I go to take the soap and return the favor Gage takes my hands in his.

“Right now, this is about you.” He turns me slowly in the large shower built for exactly what we are doing. Sharing. I lean into Rush’s open arms and slowly spread my legs when Aziel taps the inside of my thighs.

His touch is gentle and caring. I sigh and just let the heat of the water and Rush's nearness sink into my bones. And possibly my soul, if I want to be honest with myself.

Finished, they take turns toweling me off and make sure there is not a part of my body they haven't given one hundred percent devotion to.

"Come home with us tonight." Rush's voice comes out strained. I hold onto him a moment longer before stepping back and looking into his eyes. I put my hands on his shoulders.

"Home?"

"You shouldn't be alone and I don't think I can take my hands off you if I tried."

His words tear through me, and in their wake, I am left with a seed of hope.

I latch onto the bottom of my lip and bite on it before saying, "I can't." I didn't exactly plan this whole sex club routine out. Until I can come up with an excuse to not show up at Club Genesis every night like clockwork, my brother will start asking questions. I'm not ready for him to know what I'm up to.

I drop my gaze to my neatly folded clothes. "Same time tomorrow night?"

Three sets of piercing eyes track my movements. They prowl across the dressing room and pull on gray sweats and T-shirts. The temperature in the room turns from sweltering to frigid. It's tempting to call in and say I'm heading out of town to visit a cousin or friend. Ha! Yeah, right. My overprotective brother will know something is up. I've never spent a day at anyone's house but my own. I'll have Santi and Cassius on my ass faster than my security detail. Whom I managed to leave behind once again.

Case in point, I turn my phone back on to find four missed calls from Harlon and a couple of text messages.

Check in. I need to know you're safe.

“Another man?” Gage is across the room with me pinned to the wall of the dressing room before I can answer. His hand is around my throat while another comes and plucks my phone from my hand. His leg slips between my legs and this is how I end up with a very possessive SEAL kissing me so hard I drop my phone.

When he lets me breathe again, I see Rush has my phone in hand. Instead of flicking it on and going through my messages, they toss it aside intent on driving me crazy.

Lips are back to claim mine. Fingers caress the ridges of my ribs and I’m back to feeling hot all over again. I don’t remember dragging my nails over the flesh of Gage’s back but when he hisses and presses his hardening cock into the V of my thighs, I realize what I’ve done.

I swallow and go for the first thing that pops into my head. Which is usually the truth. “My brother. He’s the worrier of the family. I need to answer him or he’ll send the hounds.”

A prowling beast paces just under the surface. Rush and Aziel flank him, looking just as possessive. Gage’s tight expression turns from jealous to understanding, but it’s Rush and Aziel who speak for him.

“Go to him,” Rush says, getting Gage to release my throat.

“Don’t leave him worried. Meet us here tomorrow.”

I am ushered toward the dressing room door and into a waiting private car waiting outside Club Sin.

“Take her where she needs to go.” Gage leans in and brushes his lips over mine. “You escaped us tonight, sweet baby girl. But tomorrow it won’t be so easy. Sleep tight.”

My fingers ghost over the feverish tingles of his touch lingering on my throat. Is it wrong to miss the claiming grip of his hand already? Or am I learning to love my darker side?

THIRTEEN

BELLE

I t's been four straight days of so much sex my body is ready to give out. Our show has been so successful, New York City's branch of Club Sin is wanting us to take our show on the road.

It's tempting. But I don't think the men are wanting to leave their gig as SEALs to travel the country screwing me in different locations. Talk about a mid-life crisis career change.

Now that I think about it like that, it doesn't sound too off of what Aziel would call perfection.

First, I just want to wrap up this little gig and *not* have my brother find out. New York can wait.

I enter Club Sin through the side entrance intended for the workers though Raja insisted I walk through the front doors. According to him, it draws the eye of the members which leads to more visitors to the Mirror Room. I can't bring myself to do it though. On stage, no one is paying attention to my face. I walk past them swaying my now familiar hips and dirty blonde hair, someone is bound to put two and two together.

The door closes behind me and I stash my things in the dressing room before heading out to the floor. Members are already gathering among the available lounge areas with waitresses moving through the crowd offering cocktails and cock rings all in the same breath.

It's dark enough in here, I don't have to worry about someone recognizing me.

Today I've come in early so I can catch up with my cousin. If I'm lucky she'll help me slip out after the show. I don't think I'll get away from the men four nights in a row. Every night this week they've tried to get me back at their lake house and every night I've had to fight my way out of this club. Not because they have held me here, but because I struggle in sticking to my guns and keeping this as strictly pleasure.

Besides, I need to talk to my cousin about a situation I overheard on my first night here. I haven't been able to get her alone long enough to share the hot news I picked up.

I spot the booth I reserved earlier complete with a pitcher of waiting margaritas and two cocktail glasses.

Sapphire enters with a hostess and I wave them over. I've worn my hair up and away from my face but I know the second my men see me they'll loosen the high-swept ponytail and not be happy until my hair hangs loose. The clinging white wrap-around dress I picked for tonight hugs my breasts and I've caught the eye of a few single men looking to hook up with someone willing to share their evening. They can look all they want, but these curves belong to three other men.

Sapphire's shimmery dress highlights her blue eyes and I swear she is a walking diamond who catches everyone's eye as she passes. Including the Southern Alliance's.

Sapphire and the hostess weave through the crowd and I swear with my hand over my heart the closer Sapphire gets the more irritated she seems.

"I'll leave you now, Ms. Constantine. Enjoy your stay with Club Sin."

"Thank you."

The hostess leaves. No sooner are we left alone do I throw my arms around my friend.

"What the heck was that about?" I ask when we break apart. Some major vibes are going on between her and the Southern Alliance sitting a few booths away.

I glance over her shoulder but she pulls me back around.

“Never mind. It was nothing. Probably mistaken identity.”

I can see her warring with herself. Being near the men she craves but can't have is killing her. I've known her since we were in pampers. She tries to school her expression but I see her desires flitter over her expression

“Liar. I'm not blind, Sapph. I see them every night, too. Harlon would keel over if he knew we were here with the Southern Alliance three tables over.”

Fucking mafia feuds and *though shalt nots* rule both our worlds.

Sapphire tsks. “What? You scared of your brother now?” Her tone is slightly mocking but I don't take offense.

I know she thinks I'm this perfect example of a spoiled member of Constantine royalty. But we both know the real me. I'm a little dirty under all my sweetness.

“Yeah right!” I scoff.

She gives a low laugh. “That's what I thought.”

“Good deflection. But, come on. I see that *fuck me* look on your face. You wanna do the nasty with those three.” I gesture behind her and she grabs my hand, holding onto it.

“Belle!” she hisses. “Can you try to be a little louder?”

We sink into the plush cushions of our booth and sigh. Thank God the high dividers between the booths block us from view when we sit down.

“What? Tell me I'm lying.” I know the true version of her. The one with the kinky desires and filthy dreams and she knows my darkest secrets.

“You're such a hussy. I can feel those *take me I'm yours* vibes rippling off you like waves in an ocean, girl.” I wrap my hand around my throat in a dramatic way as if I'm drowning.

She puts her phone on the table and runs her hands over the smooth buttery soft leather of the sofa we sit on. “You are too much sometimes, you know that?”

My glossed lips pull up into a mischievous grin and I bat my lashes. “But ya love me.” I serve us each a margarita and push one her way.

She takes it.

“You knew they were going to be here. Not just tonight but this whole week.”

I lean forward. Busted.

“That’s the real reason you wanted me here, isn’t it?”

The mood shifts from casual to tense. “You are always talking about wanting a family. I happen to know something and I’ve been waiting to see if the chemistry between you guys would work. And now I think I have my answer.”

I didn’t do any matching, despite appearances, but she doesn’t need to know that. While I believe in kismet, Sapphire is less inclined toward the magic and mystery of fate.

That’s okay. She has me.

She licks the salt from her lips contemplating me from under thick falsies and perfectly dolled-up eyes. “Like some cupid?” she quips.

“Not really, I just played the cards in front of me.” I lean across the table and lower my voice. “Hear me out, okay? A couple of the women who handle club contracts between members were talking in the dressing room and I overheard that all three men of the Southern Alliance are looking for a breeder.”

Sapphire’s face blanches. I can practically see images of cribs, bottles, and onesies flashing across her mind. But her words say she’s lost. “Come again?”

I gesture with my hands over my belly. “You know.” I make a baby bump gesture. “A breeder. Someone to have their baby under contract.”

Her face says: ‘Yep. That’s what I thought you said’.

“You are not serious. You didn’t talk to them about me, did you?”

Her face reddens and I can tell she's worried. I grab her hand and squeeze it.

"No, silly."

She sighs and in goes a healthy gulp of her margarita.

"Let's start over. Hi, I'm Sapphire. Have you seen my cousin? She's about this tall, cute, plump ass in a skin-tight white strapless dress. Love in her eyes and is always happy. It's annoying really. I've seemed to have lost her and found a nosy blonde trying to get me killed instead."

I roll my eyes dramatically. "Cute ass, huh? Okay, I'll take that." I tap my phone. "I can give them your number if you like. Walk over, drop it on their table." I know my smile turns devilish while her expression is closer to a sheet of paper—completely blank.

"Belle, please don't get me killed. Your brother is sweet and all but I don't want to get on his bad side."

"Okay, okay. I get it. I know how miserable you are about thinking you owe Harlon. I just wanted to help. Tell me I didn't see what I obviously saw between you and those men just a minute ago and I'll drop it."

"It was nothing."

"Did I mention it's a paying job?"

Her brows shoot up. "Paid to get knocked up?"

I wiggle my brows. "Yep."

She gulps her margarita, tossing the whole thing back letting her cheeks bulge with the liquid.

All the movement of her throat draws my eyes to my cousin's throat. I suck in a harsh breath out of surprise.

There's not enough concealer in the world to hide the black and blue marks marring her skin, but she definitely tried.

"Oh my God, Sapphire! What the holy hell happened?" My voice climbs and I can't stop looking at her throat, bare shoulders, and fingers. "Were you in an accident? Here I was flooding your phone all day with silly selfies and talking

babies when you were in trouble and obviously traumatized.” I must have sent her a dozen selfies of me with the men. We’d met over lunch to talk about the show tonight. We’d been happy but there was tension there too. Something was up between Gage and Aziel. Rush filled me in when they went to pay the check. He shared they were at odds about Aziel wanting to leave the military. I wanted to press for more answers but those two had no plans of opening up to me on that front.

I sigh and shove the men from my mind, turning my attention back on Sapphire. I weave the fingers of her hand through mine over the table’s polished top. “Tell me. What the hell happened?”

I turn her chin left, noticing the thumbprint on one side and the four fingers on the other.

“Damn, Sapph, is that a cut, too? Who did this to you?”

“It’s nothing. A misunderstanding at work. It’s all sorted out. Honestly. How about another margarita?”

“Here, take my drink. I’ll get us more. Lots more. Should I cancel my show? Oh, crap.” I glance at my watch. “It’s almost time.”

I scoot my chilled margarita into Sapphire’s hands.

A little wide-eyed, I watch as she takes a small sip and then a second and third. Yeah, we’re going to need more liquid courage.

I stop a passing waiter dressed in Club Sin’s attire. Black dress slacks and crisp white shirt. No name tag.

“Hey, sweetie, will you bring a pitcher and an ice pack please?” I move into momma hen mode. “Now tell me everything.”

I don’t take my eyes off Sapphire’s face as she spills her guts for the next half hour. She fills me in on the trouble with work and a runner named Snake Eye who ended up going to the basement with Harlon.

Ouch.

“Whoever this Snake Eyes is, I hope Harlon cuts his nuts off and feeds it to him in front of those two asshole security men who were supposed to protect you from douches like him.” I take in her bruises and I’m close to picking up the phone to make a few calls when she plucks it out of my hands.

“I got this, okay?”

“Okay.”

We clink glasses. Around a mouthful of tequila and salty margarita mix, Sapphire concurs with my throat-cutty take on what should happen with the man who attacked her.

“I don’t doubt Snaky is wishing for a career change right about now.”

“Speaking of careers, how long before you tell my brother to stick it and you run away with me to New York?” Or some other place the mafia life can’t touch us. The moon maybe.

“As soon as you tell him you’re screwing three guys in the middle of a sex club.”

Her face scrunches at the sight of mine doing the same.

In a low voice I say, “Would you seriously pass up the chance to have something with those three if you had a chance? C’mon. You can tell me.”

“The problem with that is I owe Harlon. You know that. It doesn’t matter what I want.”

Her words reverberate through me like a ton of truth hitting me all at once.

It doesn’t matter what I want. Gage, Rush, and Aziel can never be more than a fleeting time for me. All that matters is what is best for the Constantine family. Worse yet, Sapphire and I are trapped under the rules of a dark world we don’t want any part of anymore.

Around us, the room is starting to fill with members and my mind turns to the show. I feel the energy shift in the room and look up to see my three alphas prowl toward us.

“More later, okay?” Sapphire and I both stand. She turns, following my line of sight, and comes face to face with all three of my SEALs.

“Hey, sweetheart,” drawls Gage, reaching for me. He slips a thick arm around my waist while the other two come up on the other side.

“Ready for tonight, baby girl?” Rush places a slow kiss over my exposed collarbone. You know what I’m talking about. The kind of kiss that says I know what we are about to do and it’s going to be hella kinky.

The third comes up behind me. Aziel. An arm winds tightly around my middle right above Gage’s. This isn’t for the show either. There’s possession in their touches and Sapphire notices big time.

“Mind if we take Belle for a little while? We promise to bring her back safe and sound.” Rush winks at Sapphire, all innocent and sweet.

“Gentlemen,” she says with a knowing smile.

“Just a minute guys, please.” I place my hands on either of Sapphire’s shoulders.

Blue eyes hook mine. “Belle. I don’t know how you do it.”

I know what she means, but I don’t try to correct her. I can see in her eyes she thinks I’ve found some happily ever after when in reality I’ve done nothing but give myself heartache in the end.

I smile softly and keep all the coming dread in my life under wraps for now. There will be plenty of long nights of crying and ice cream in my future.

But not tonight.

“It’s simple. Once we get going, their hands on me, their mouths doing wicked things...down there, it’s like magic. The audience fades to dull noise and it stops being about the show. It’s me with my men. I enjoy giving others pleasure and if I can help others find their balance in some way, how can I not explore that?”

I place a hand over my cousin's heart. "You should do the same."

I smooth out a few stray strands of hair near her cheek and give her a quick hug. "Go with your men, sweetie. I'll be fine. Promise." Lifting my gaze, I find hope in what I see. "It looks like tonight might hold something good for the both of us."

Sapphire's brows draw together when I pull back from her.

"Why?"

In a low voice, I say, "Don't look now but you have visitors coming your way. Now *you* seek out those bold new adventures and maybe lose that V card to a crew of handsome Bratva."

"Belle," she starts.

I slip across the small distance to join my waiting lovers. In a louder voice, I say, "Gentlemen, be careful with her."

"Do we need to do something? They don't look like the nicest men." Rush looks over his shoulder as we walk away.

"Actually, I think that is what my cousin likes about them. Just how rough and tough they are."

Gage swings me up into his arms and pins me to his chest. "Enough talk about other men. After tonight's show, I want to take you out on our boat. Get you alone under the stars."

"Not tonight, boys. I need to head home. I have some work I need to take care of." I'm half teasing and half itching to get my hands on my paints. I want to put the image of our time here in the Mirror Room on canvas while it's fresh in my memory. Not like I'll be forgetting any of this in this lifetime.

"Bothers, did you pack the rope tonight?" Now Gage is the one who looks like he's only half kidding.

"Oh," I ask, my brows arching high in question.

He shrugs with a rueful grin taking hold of his lips. "I'll resort to low-handed tactics to get what I want, sweetheart."

That is what I am afraid of most. If they get me alone at their house I'll cave and tell them everything. They are SEALs and

I represent everything they are fighting against in the world. It would be the end of us.

FOURTEEN

BELLE

Three weeks later and I don't know if I can do this anymore. Performing with three gorgeous men is zapping my energy. We wrapped up our last show last night and they want me to come out to the lake house for a celebratory dinner. A little cake, some wine. And I suspect none of us will be sleeping. They've respected my wishes to head home after each show so far, but this one time seems hard to avoid.

I wanted more experience in my life and man did I do that in spades.

I go straight to the third floor. It's nearly nine in the morning. I left early this morning so I could get some errands done and just breathe a little and think about what comes next.

Honestly, I don't have a clue.

Every time I start to think about my art or heading to Europe for a few weeks my heart seizes and I feel like I'm going to black out. At least I don't have to wonder how I'm going to sneak out anymore. After tonight, I can come clean. My brother thinks I've been at art lessons in the evenings these past weeks and frankly I'm tired of lying to him.

My finger hovers over the button to the top floor, but I just don't have the energy it will take to talk with him right now. I want to and I will, but later. Now that it's come to an end, there's nothing he can do about my summer adventure.

Nausea swirls through my stomach and grips me so hard I have to pause. I lean my cheek against the cool metal and let

the sensation ground me. I had no idea my time with the men would make me feel so sick. I breathe in and out until I feel I can walk without losing my coffee and cake breakfast.

I grab my water bottle and swish the contents around my mouth.

“Hey, Lexi, Sapphire in?” The dark floor receptionist raises her eyes to mine when I step off the elevator. She takes in my messy bun and dark glasses but wisely says nothing.

“You’re in luck, Ms. Constantine. She’s in early and in the back. You okay?”

I nod. “Just a little tired.” From being shared, screwed, pampered, and screwed again. Who knew sex was so exhausting?

The floor is empty which isn’t surprising at this hour. The runners usually don’t come in until about noon. Lucky me.

I find Sapphire in the back huddled over her computer system. It ties her in with all the runners Club Genesis has out on the streets fulfilling all the contract work.

“Hey, babe. Busy planning mob hits I see?” I don’t feel nearly as chirpy as I sound. My stomach gurgles at the scent of Sapphire’s coffee. One minute I am upright and the next my head is in her paper wastebasket.

When I’m done revisiting my breakfast a napkin and a fresh water bottle are shoved into my hands.

I sit back feeling more embarrassed than sick. “Thanks. That was harsh.”

“Are you okay?”

I straighten my bun and her attentive gaze tracks my every move. “I don’t think last night’s sushi settled well, is all,” I lie, not ready to acknowledge I won’t be seeing the men after tonight and I think my body is rioting against the truth.

I clean my mouth. “I think I need to lie down.”

Her eyes turn pensive which is never a good thing. “They don’t know, do they? And you’re sick over telling them you’ve

been lying to them this whole time.” She leans back in her chair, arms crossed over her chest.

I will admit, it’s freaky that she knows me so well. “Damn you’re good.”

Her lip quirks up in a half smile. “I know my cousin. Now spill it. Why haven’t you told them?”

I rub at my chest. “My heart hurts, Sapph. They want to see me tonight as a farewell party kind of thing and then it’s over.” I can’t stop the tears from falling.

I stand, my knees feeling weaker than wet paper. “If they find out I am mafia blood now it will only ruin the memory of me. I don’t want that, ya know. I’m going to cancel tonight and just leave it as is. Let our time together end with no chance of my secret identity coming out.”

She nods and studies me for a minute and I can tell she understands my reasoning.

I excuse myself and push the up button on the elevator. “Harlon will come looking for me sooner or later today. Will you cover for me? Just say I am out helping a friend or something.”

She leans a shoulder against the marble wall outside the elevator. “You know he’s getting curious as to where you are going when you ditch your security detail almost every night. He’s not buying the whole evening art classes lie.”

Figures. He’s too fucking smart.

The elevator dings and speak of the devil. My detail walks off looking as exasperated with me as I feel toward them. It’s getting harder and harder to give them the slip.

I throw a hand up. “Not going anywhere today. You can rest for once.” They eyeball me for a moment and then continue on their way. Probably to go report to my brother. Fuckers.

“Are you going to at least let him know what you’ve been up to?”

There’s no judgment in her tone, only curiosity.

“Yes, but after I can stop feeling like the worst person in the world for keeping my identity a secret all this time.”

Sapphire wraps an arm around my shoulder and I forget about the men in suits paid to make my life hell. “I get your upset, but you seriously do not look well.”

I shrug. “I’m fine. I’m going to head to bed.”

I got to step on the elevator but she won’t let go.

“Sapph,” I say, wanting my bed.

“I think I know what is wrong. I think I know why your cheeks have been so red and why you are feeling nauseous. Wait here.”

Now she has me curious. Sapphire grabs a bag from beneath her desk and shuffles me into the elevator.

Five minutes later I’m peeing on three different pregnancy sticks.

“Why did you have these?”

“You know why, Little Miss Cupid.”

Now that I think about it I’ve seen her nibbling on salty things and drinking lots of water.

Stupid me. I’ve been so tied up with Aziel, Gage, and Rush I kind of let the Southern Alliance and my cousin’s sexcapades slip off my radar.

“Do you think...” I don’t know how to finish the glaring question we both know is a high possibility.

“I didn’t have a chance to tell you but the breeder contract... I signed it.”

My hands fly to my mouth when I gasp so hard I gnarly choke. “Holy *shit!*”

Instinctively, my hand drops to her stomach and my other to mine. “Sapph. What the fuck have we done? Do you think you are carrying their baby?”

“I know I am. I’m late. I just haven’t had the balls to, you know...” she gestures to the three tests lined up on the edge of

the countertop.

The timer goes off and we both shoot forward.

I stand over the sticks and my world blurs behind a sheen wall of water.

I grab her shoulders. "I have to go. Cover for me, okay?"

FIFTEEN

BELLE

I'm pregnant.

Those two words play on repeat the whole drive over to their lake house.

How in the hell am I going to tell them I'm carrying their child? I can't even bring myself to tell them my real name.

They're going to have a child with a mafia princess.

A shit storm inside of a shitstorm

Fuck.

I grabbed Santi's keys to his low-key BMW. The one he uses when he wants to blend in with the other drivers on Chicago's roads.

I have news for him. That man stands out like he's bathed in neon paint in a rave no matter what he drives.

I point the car east and don't stop until I am outside their home.

It's late afternoon and the lights are off. It looks like no one is home.

I kill the engine and walk the outside perimeter of the cabin before coming up to the door. I thought maybe they were outback, but nope.

I pull my phone out and almost hit up our shared chat when I see a piece of paper tucked between the door frame and the door.

Key is above the door. We will be back from training by nightfall. Our home is yours. -G

Home. The word strikes me with a thousand volts of electricity. I read that last line again and the effect is the same. I've never had a home of my own. What the family owns and what I call mine are two different things.

I find the key and slip inside, closing the door behind me.

I haven't been back since that first night I stayed. The night I gave them my virginity.

This time I have a moment to take everything in. The polished floors, the clean kitchen. Unlike a normal bachelor pad that would have clothes over the back of chairs or dirty dishes stacked in the dishwasher, their place is immaculate.

Every room I step into is the same. Tidy and well-planned out.

Soft hues of brown mixed with dark browns and various shades of blue are used in every room.

I walk the halls and take in all the pictures of those who look to be military friends. Some are dressed in fatigues with their arms slung over my men's shoulders.

In other frames, Gage, Aziel, and Rush are dressed in their military blues.

What does change in any of the pictures is Gage's serious, straight-faced expression. Hardcore, deadly. Rush is more laid back in every snap of him. He either has a smile or looks comfortable where he is at that particular moment.

Aziel on the other hand has a wide variety of emotions coming through. Some show his fun side. Holding up peace signs and flashing silly grins but in the more recent ones, he seems more stressed. Almost like he's on edge wearing all his tactical gear.

I return to the living room. There are plenty of drawers I could comb through to get a better sense of who I've spent the last few weeks taking into my body—and heart. But that's just not me. If I want my boundaries respected, I am a firm believer one needs to offer it first.

I continue to take in the photos on the walls and end tables. A few are scattered in various cubbies on the back wall. Their entertainment center is loaded with the obvious large-screen TV. But there are tons of books on various topics and even more photos.

In contrast, the Constantine compound has nothing that can be used as leverage against the family. No photos, no clue as to who the Constantines are and who we hold dear.

I pick one frame up. It's of Aziel in the hospital with Rush on one side and Gage on the other posing with their brother. Aziel appears to have lost weight in the photo compared to him now. Dark circles ring the underside of his eyes and the other two look worried sick. It had to have been a serious injury.

I squeeze my eyes closed and try to imagine the world without his cocky grin and humor and it hurts just thinking about it.

It's almost dinner time. The news I have will settle better with food. I drag out some steaks I think they have planned for the evening.

To grill or broil?

Opposite the kitchen is a huge balcony overlooking the lake. It's late summer and the weather is gorgeous. Sunset, good food, and some wine. At least for them. I will need all the props in my favor for what I have to share tonight. "Grill it is."

I set the steaks to marinate, pull out some veggies to roast, and prepare some iced tea a college friend from Georgia taught me how to make—a squeeze of fresh lemon and just a bit more sugar than you are used to.

I head to shower, taking my time in the hot water. Smelling like them and wrapped in their towel, I find a message from Gage waiting for me.

I pick up my phone and can't help but smile. The fluttering of anticipation is a real struggle.

Glad you stopped by, the plane has landed. We won't be long. All safe with you?

They must have cameras. Good thing I didn't snoop. And where did they go to train? It doesn't matter. What does is that it won't be long before they roll up. Should I just blurt it all out over a text message? My hands shake at the thought.

No. I can't do that to them. They deserve the truth from me. Face to face.

I thumb out a quick reply.

Yes. I know we don't have a show tonight but I thought I could give you one.

A few days ago, Aziel bragged that he kept a few unused items from our first show. If I know him he will have stored them in the nearest drawer to the bed.

Wicked delight zings through me. I turn my phone in selfie mode and hit record.

I pull out the large, thick dildo none of the men had a chance to use on me given they were too busy feeding me theirs. With the video recording, I stare right at the camera and kiss the fat head, passing my tongue over the tip.

I hit send and wait with my heart thumping wildly.

My phone pings immediately with: *Do that again, only take as much as you can into that perfect mouth*

Rush loves me sucking cock.

I set the phone on the nightstand and hit video call. Rush picks up and from what I can tell all three are looking at his phone.

"Baby girl, what the fuck did we do to you to have you torture us like this?"

"I'm only giving you a preview of what's to come, my love. Watch."

I flick on the soft overheads and lose my towel. I move to the center of the large bed and kneel, knees spread so they can see the proof of my arousal dripping from my core.

"This is just for you. All of you."

I part my lips and slowly take an inch and then another of the plastic cock into my mouth. I work it in and out just like I do them. Between my legs, I tease a finger over my clit until I'm moaning through my first orgasm.

Panting, I slip the dildo out of my mouth, and trail it over my chin and down until it's dragging through my spilled juices.

With my knees this far apart they can see me take the toy in a slow glide until it's fully seated inside me.

"Oh, that's what I needed," I tease and ride the toy like it's one of them. "You better hurry before my new boyfriend takes your place."

I continue to move up and down on the fake cock, riding it to completion. I scream through my release for effect, but it's no comparison to the way *they* make me orgasm.

I hear muffled growls and a few curses come over the speaker. The roar of a motor. More swearing. Hear concern in Aziel's voice and Rush's. Rustling of the phone being passed between the men causes crackling on my end. And there's no mistaking the growls.

"Let me see, asshole."

That's Rush.

"Fuck me...stop driving like an old man, motherfucker, and get us home."

I laugh and let them watch me slip the head into my core once again.

"Hurry boys, don't let me finish again without you." I hit the end button thanking the heavens I don't feel sick to my stomach anymore. But I don't feel nearly as brave as I need to be either.

SIXTEEN

RUSH

I don't know how we are supposed to walk away from a treasure like Belle. The very idea of tonight being our last night as a unit has me white-knuckling the steering wheel. Admittedly, I'm way more attached to the feel of her warm body in my arms than I care to admit.

I grunt. Fuck that. "I don't want to let her go," I say flatly. "She's not going anywhere. You two dickheads can have your whole no relationships rule, but she's it for me."

Looking a little worse for wear, Gage finds my gaze in the rearview and says, "What do you think tonight is about, brother?" The hour-long flight back to Chicago was a silent one with all of us locked away in our thoughts. I can't be the only one who sees we can't go on living like all we can be are killing machines for the military.

"I know our plan. But asking her to visit us when we are in town is not what I want. I'm tired and I want more." It's the first time I've admitted what I've been feeling for a while now.

Gage is in the back seat wearing a cloak of silence like body armor again. He has a hard time with change. We all do after over a decade in the service.

"I'm letting my contract expire. I'm out." The lead weight pressing on the center of my chest lifts.

"Aziel?"

He's beside me nodding. "Agreed."

“I know we haven’t talked about it, but I don’t want any more blood on my hands, brothers. We do this, we do it as a unit. If she’ll have us.” There’s always the chance she’ll walk away after one final goodbye, but I’ll put money on her feeling the way we do. Or at least how I do.

“We have talked. You were otherwise occupied at the time,” Gage says. Before I can ask when the hell they had that conversation, Gage pushes on. “That first morning with Belle. I couldn’t sleep. Aziel and I talked.”

“I told him I wanted out, too.”

That explains why they’ve been at odds lately. “And I’m just now hearing about this shit.”

“Sorry. We’ve been a little tied up.”

“In Belle, yeah I know.” The impossibly tight grip wrapped around my insides releases some of the tension. We’ve been through hell and back a few times together. Leaving without them feels like quitting on the men I depend on for life. I’m glad I’m not faced with the decision to pick between her and my brothers. I would have died before I gave up either.

I lock eyes with Gage. “And what about you? What is your decision?”

He’s silent a little longer, his eyes tracking the passing buildings as we head farther outside city limits.

“I don’t know. What do we do after?”

Aziel throws down his sun visor and nails our brother with a hard look. “You have less than ten miles to come up with an answer.”

I lay on the horn and swerve through Chicago’s evening traffic.

I rub at my chest and hope today is not the day I find out I have the same heart defect as my father. This girl has put us through hell these past few weeks.

Aziel clutches my shoulder when we take a seriously steep bend in the road at top speed. “What’s the matter? You forget we are on civilian roads, bro? Take it easy. We kill someone

getting to her and we might as well sign up to be shower bitch buddies in prison.”

“Fuck you. If anyone is a bitch buddy, it’s you.”

The pain in my chest doesn’t ease. Nah, this feeling of not being able to breathe is something else.

“Something’s wrong.” Spears drive through my heart with every mile we cover. I didn’t feel like this when we were air-dropped in the middle of the South American jungle last year or having a shootout with that fucking Mexican cartel.

“You’re in love, dipshit.”

Silence. No one speaks for the rest of the ride home. What the hell are we doing falling in love? We signed our lives over to the Navy. We have no business signing up for happily ever afters.

Aziel and Gage are out of the doors before I can get our SUV in park. We take the stairs to the porch and storm inside. We all head to the main bedroom only to find the bed empty. There’s nothing but the dildo she used to torture us with and her phone.

“What is this?” I pick up a note tucked under the edge of her phone.

Find me if you want me.

Gage stalks over to the window and his face turns ghost white. “Son of a bitch, she’s going to go swimming.” The sliding door is open and he’s dashing across the backyard, his clothes hitting the ground like grenades.

Aziel and I are right behind him.

“Belle, stop!” Gage’s warning carries away on the evening wind. A storm is rolling in which will only make the waters stronger.

God, no! We can’t lose her. Death claws closer. I’ve had enough brushes with the dark lord of the underworld to know what it looks like. Chills erupt over my arms and the steel spikes driving into my heart sink deeper.

Just last week a woman drowned not twenty feet down the beach. Undercurrents are tricky beasts and can kill men like us trained to swim in the deadliest of waters.

The idea of them tearing her from us puts fire in my legs.

We strip off anything that can weigh us down just as she turns and waves.

She's a siren with her flowing hair and beautiful body on full display.

"Stop, Belle!" Aziel hits the dock at full speed, the boards rattling and shaking as he pounds them getting to her.

Fear grips her face and the smile drops from her lips. She backtracks and gets dangerously close to the edge. "What? What's wrong?"

Aziel reaches her first and narrowly misses her hand as she starts to fall back into the swirling waters.

Fuck! My heart is ready to burst. My brother pins her to his chest. Aziel's red eyes meet mine over the top of her head.

"Thank God. You got her brother. Loosen your hold, man. She can't breathe."

"Yes, she can't breathe," Belle mutters into Aziel's chest.

"Fuck, that was close."

Gage takes her from Aziel and then I gather her in my arms next. We all take turns reassuring ourselves she's safe. A few inches at a time we start to huddle together until there's not much space between the three of us and her.

"My God, do you know how close you were to being taken from us?"

I pin her to my bare chest.

Her startled eyes meet ours. "What are you guys talking about? I wasn't going for a swim. I'm not suicidal. Those waters look sketchy as fuck. And that storm..." She raises her finger to motion toward the dark clouds riding in over the horizon. "...it's not safe. You think I didn't know that?"

The fire in her eyes glimmers with irritation. She's stunning even looking like she wants to kick us all in the balls for going caveman protector over her. She'll just have to get used to it. Protecting her just became our number one priority.

"What are you doing out here with no clothes?"

The way her lips twitch has my cock jerking. Her eyes dart from Gage's to his very naked body and then to mine and Aziel's. I've gone from flat-out scared out of my skin to turned on just as quickly.

"Ditto. But you first."

"Saving your ass if you'd jumped in."

Her smile falls and I tuck her into me a little more earning a flash of irritation from Gage. "You'd risk yourselves to rescue me?"

"That you even have to ask is insulting."

I spot a familiar look of irritation and hurt on Aziel's face. If she's not careful she'll find herself on her knees, ass in the air, and him spanking her again.

"I'm sorry," she says softly, dropping her eyes to his chest. Interesting. What is our little mix hiding? I've never seen Belle unable to hold our gazes. But tonight, she can't seem to look the three of us in the eye.

I debate pushing her for answers, but time will do it for me. She's not one to stay quiet for long, I've learned.

"I, um, have something to show you." She takes my hand, then Aziel's. "Coming?" she asks Gage, who follows behind us.

She leads us off the dock and closer to the back porch where a large blanket is set out in the short grass. There are small lanterns I didn't know we had dotting the perimeter of her makeshift bed with a few candles spread out.

I stop her with a pull and gather her in my arms. "Did you do this for us?"

That corner of her lips tilts up and she looks every bit as shy as she did the first day she walked into our lives. "I wanted you

to come home to something pretty. I know you don't have a lot of that in your lives with everything you handle with your jobs."

I can't live with the love I hear in her voice and not kiss her.

A crackle of energy pops and hisses between us. It's as tangible as the heat of her skin and the feel of her lips on mine.

"Share, brother. I need to soothe my beast, too."

Aziel gently takes our Belle and cradles the back of her head in the palm of his hand. He lays her down and spreads out beside her on the large blanket.

"I missed you," she whispers to me as I take up the length of her other side. I want to breathe her life force in and hold it inside my chest. Carrying her with me everywhere I go would be a priceless gift. I turn her chin to face me. "Stay with us tonight."

"I want to, but Gage doesn't look happy."

She holds a hand out and he takes it, pulls her off the blanket, and into his arms.

"Are you mad at me for something?"

"You scared me." Gage drives his fingers into her hair and tilts her face to his. Holding her against his chest, our brother falls to his knees and joins Aziel and me on the blanket. He spreads our beautiful Belle out between us.

He takes either of her calves and places one in my care and the other in Aziel's. "If something were to happen to you, the world might as well stop spinning."

"You scared us all."

Her lower lip trembles.

I take her hands and wrap one around Gage's length and instantly see him relax into her powerful touch.

Wide eyes flick to me and I move my lips to her ear, my words for only her. "Ease his pain, baby girl. Stroke him just like that. Make him feel how real you are. How safe you are between the three of us."

Teeth sink into the plumpness of her lower lips and I ease the tortured flesh free, kissing her until she's breathing in my essence and only mine. To her side, Aziel whispers his own words that have her panting one second and moaning the next.

Kneeling above us, Gage is in his own world with her. "Fuck, that's all I need. Your heat, Belle. The feel of your skin on mine."

My brother's head falls back and I see the shine of heaven in his eyes when his gaze falls back on Belle's.

"You have no idea how perfect you are." Aziel grips her hold on him and pumps his hips into their joined hands. Watching her pleasure my brother makes my cock impossibly harder.

We might be physically stronger than the woman we love, but I'm witness to the power she has over the three of us. And my brothers. They've fallen for her even if they have a hard time admitting it.

"You care that much about me?"

"You have no idea," I answer.

Consciously or not her other hand seeks Gage's and he gives her what she wants. I smile and take her mouth in a slow kiss before pressing my forehead to hers. Sweet, irresistible, hot. "Ours," I growl and mean it with all of my soul.

Reading my silent cues, Gage sheathes his length, driving in and taking what belongs to us with one fluid motion.

For the next hour, we share our love, taking and giving in equal parts. Her pleasure, her wants, her desires are our only worries.

Her gasps of desire and need turn to moans of pleasure.

She's not going anywhere. She can run, she can deny the pull of lust and love between us, but she'll never escape the truth Room Two revealed—she's ours and only ours.

SEVENTEEN

BELLE

Sex under the stars just became the highlight of my life. All twenty-three years of them.

Electrifying pleasure is the only way I can describe the hum of energy vibrating under my skin. I tuck into Gage as he carries me inside with the other two following right behind. More than once all three murmured words of possession. And with each one, I fell a little deeper in love.

And I think they love me, too. Gage settles me in a chair at the table. For a rough man who looks battle ready at a moment's notice, he takes his time to make sure I am comfortable. Still naked from our little outdoor adventure, he pulls a throw blanket off a nearby chair and tucks it around me.

I came here tonight to talk, but that went out the window the second I got out of the shower. And then the whole dock incident. I should have tried harder, but there's always later.

My phone pings from where someone left it on the table on the way out the back door. From this angle, it looks like Sapphire is calling.

Aziel and Rush start prepping the meal I started. "The grill should be nice and hot by now," I offer with a cringe. "I might have started it thinking I would cook for you. Then I got sidetracked." Gage presses a kiss to my forehead before heading to the kitchen for the steaks I assume since he has a set of prongs in his hand.

A million different ways to start the conversation we need to have scatters through my mind as I watch them set to work on

making us all dinner. I can't seem to pick one so I sit there like a useless idiot.

The house is quiet as they work together. One man shifts and the other perceives the move a second before and makes way for what the other needs. It's a beautiful thing to watch and a treasure to be a part of.

These men have invited me into their homes and their lives and here I am unable to tell them the truth.

The ring of my phone cuts through the house and three sets of eyes fall on my phone's screen when Harlon's name pops up.

The call ends and then immediately starts up again. Santi tries and then Sapphire and then Santi again.

I pick up the phone and hit the end button.

"Who is this Santi guy?" Gage points at the phone.

Time to come clean. "My brother's partner." I stand and grip the blanket to me. Saying what I need to say is much easier with clothes on, but I left mine in their bedroom. So the blanket it is.

"There's something I need to tell you but I need you to know my blood doesn't determine who I am. Okay?"

"Okay," all three say in unison.

I get up and walk around their house and try to find it in me to tell them I am mafia blood when I see picture after picture of men standing up for what is right, fighting the good fight when my family made their money by doing nothing but wrong. I can paint it in any light. Like we don't sell drugs and we don't traffic, but we do own illegal gambling and we do deal in death. If they run away then I know I am going to be raising our child solo and I am okay with that. I at least got to feel something and I will show our child endless amounts of love and devotion.

I turn.

My name is Belle Constantine. Sinclair is my mother's maiden name. I'm sorry I gave that name rather than my real name when we first met at Club Sin.

I have all three men's attention.

The blanket turns into a shield and I use it between me and the arrows of pain shooting my direction. Aziel's aims straight for my heart. "You only need to turn on the nightly news to know who my family is, but I don't think you need a crash course into what my family does for a living. Something tells me you all already know."

"We know the name." Aziel looks hurt while the other two have slipped their expressions into an unreadable mask.

"Talk to me." All three leave the kitchen and head toward the living room where the light isn't as harsh but their silence is cutting.

"Please, someone say something." I go to them and fall on my knees. The pain in me is unbearable and I can't manage the weight of my lie.

Gage is the first to reach out to me. He takes my hand and pulls me into his lap. I expected Rush to do that, not Gage so I am a little off balance.

Rush leans forward and puts his elbows on his knees and clamps his hands together under his chin. A move I've seen him do when he's in deep thought.

"Why didn't you tell us?"

"Have you ever not wanted to be shunned because of who your family is?"

I look between both of them.

"I didn't think so." I climb out of Gage's lap and pace the living room, my blanket trailing behind me.

I stop and face the lake unable to say this next part easily. "I'm not proud of who my family is. I don't want what my father did and all the court crap and him being behind bars to follow me. I didn't want you to judge me for who I share blood with. I wanted you to like me for who I am."

I turn to find Aziel gone and my heart sinks to the floor bleeding.

Tears spill down the sides of my cheeks.

“Will he come back?”

Gage sets his jaw, his gaze narrowed out over the water. Great. He won't even look at me.

“He nearly lost this life to the cartel a short time ago. Now he's in love with a mafia member. It's going to take him a minute to digest how fucked up that is.”

Love? Not only is my heart bleeding, but it's taking its final thumps. “I didn't mean to hurt you. It was a little fun at first.”

“And now?”

Rush's question burns and I frown in turn. “And now there's nothing fun or funny about hurting any of you. That is the last thing I want.”

Gage is up and tucking me beneath his chin before pushing me toward the back of the house. “Go find him. Make it right and everything will be okay, sweetheart.”

Gage's words give me hope. A flickering light at the end of a long hall pulls me in.

“Aziel?”

I crack the door open and find my lover sipping whiskey in the den. He's sitting in a large armchair facing the window and watching the storm roll in.

“Aziel?” I ask again with fear lodged in my throat.

Haunted blue eyes turn to meet mine. He holds a hand out and I go to him, slipping my palm over his.

“Come here, beautiful.”

He drags me and my blanket into his lap and he settles his arm over my thighs. Sitting like this feels right, but my heart hangs low.

“Aziel, I'm sorry. Please forgive me.”

He looks straight ahead like he's captured in the past.

“When I took the blunt force of that IED I thought I was dead. I've seen what those bombs can do. They are nasty. In fact, I

did flatline. Three times. But I survived somehow. I still don't understand it."

I cup his face and lure his gaze to mine. "You did survive and I will say a prayer of gratitude every day of my life that you are still here. Please forgive me."

"Did you know the cartel uses civilian drones to drop bombs on their targets?"

I shake my head. "No." I have a sinking feeling I know where this is going and it's exactly what I feared. "Not all crime families are the same, Azriel. My family has lines we don't cross."

He gives a predatory smile. "I've seen the bombs kill children. Whole families. Villages. And for what? Territory? All because the good guys refused to sell their drugs?"

"Did you stop them?"

"The cartel leader we were after? Gage and Rush did. I was fighting for my life after tackling a kid to the ground when one of those drones flew over."

My hands fly to cover my gaping mouth. "My God, Azriel."

"The child survived." The relief of reminding himself of that chases a few of the demons I see lurking in the shadows of his past.

I slip from his lap and fall to my knees, shame holding me to the ground under its impressive, unforgiving weight.

"I have no right to ask for your forgiveness. Please, you have to believe me. I have no part in the crimes my family commits. But I am their blood. And I would die for them." I raise my gaze to his and let my love for those who love me shine fiery hot.

"Just like I would die for you. For Gage and Rush. I never dreamed of hurting you, any of you. I never thought this between us would be something...special." I finish strongly, holding his eyes with mine.

He takes my chin in hand. "No man ever deserves to see you on your knees, especially me."

He pulls me to my feet and I shudder in a deep breath at the feel of his lips on my bare shoulder. His arms lock me to his side. He roams his kisses up my neck and finally takes my mouth in a slow-burn kind of claim.

When I think I'm about to pass out he breaks away, both of us breathing heavily.

“Let's talk about it in the morning when we've all had a few hours to sleep.”

My phone goes off again and this time a text comes in. Leaving it unread, I shut the phone off and let them lead me off to bed. Tomorrow, I can tell them the rest of my news. For right now I think one secret at a time is all I can handle.

Later that night I wake with a terrible feeling in my gut I recognize immediately. Guilt and fear. I don't feel right lying to my brother and lying to my men. This will never work if there are secrets between us and this one comes with a ticking clock.

Thunder rumbles over the lake with lightning trailing close behind.

“Guys?” I call out only to find silence in return. I walk through the dark house, flicking the lights on one-by-one finding no one.

Dread weighs my feet to the floor. The men are gone. And so is my phone.

EIGHTEEN

AZIEL

I've never been afraid of a gun shoved into my face. Tonight is no different. Only this time I'm not getting paid to take out the trash. I'm doing it for free.

"Well, it seems we have their attention," I say over my shoulder.

Gage is at my back alongside Rush. Neither of them finds my offhand comment funny.

We've formed a triangle in the middle of Chicago's Club of crime, Genesis. Men in matching suits come out of the woodwork, their guns drawn and their faces puckered like they've sucked each other's ass all day. Chandeliers, leather and expensive liquor are the main attraction from what I can see. It didn't take much to be led to the third floor and told to wait after dropping Belle's name and demanding to see her brother.

Gage flicks the deadly end of Dude Number One's gun. "Should I start or do you want to do the talking?"

"Frankly, I'm surprised we made it this far. The rest of the plan is more of a wait-and-see kind of deal."

Rush goes to move but gets a gun shoved into the side of his face.

Dude Number Three out of...I count them quickly...seven...is lucky Rush is in a neutral mood tonight. Otherwise, that gun would be shoved up Number Three's ass already.

“Stop toying with the hired help, they can’t help that they look like idiots in designer suits.” I blow air kisses to one of them and he looks ready to pop me in the nose with the butt of his weapon. I hope he tries.

“I’m thinking we should have come armed,” Rush adds like it’s an afterthought. “Balance the scales a little. I feel naked.”

“Stop whining. We are here for Belle, not to measure dicks.”

“Gentlemen.”

A man about my height walks out of the same elevator we rode up to the third floor. His suit is worth probably more than my SUV. Cocky and arrogant make up the aura wafting off him. Typical mafia type. He thinks he’s untouchable. I’m dying to teach him otherwise.

“What the fuck do you want and do you have my sister’s name on your lips? Talk fast before your ghosts find out where I hide all the bodies.”

Funny, fast talker. Sharp tongue. We’d probably be friends if it were not for the whole mafia blood shit. Too bad.

The hired help with guns peel off and leave space for their boss to enter our little circle of friendship.

Never one to take my eyes off a loaded weapon, I rock stare the asshole with a Glock aimed between my eyes.

“I take it you’re Harlon. You always welcome your sister’s lovers with such warm hospitality?”

Belle’s brother dismisses the help with a flick of his wrist. A familiar fire ignites in the darkness of the other man’s eyes at the mention of his sister. Why the fuck do all big brothers think their sisters are saints? Men are fucking clueless sometimes.

I see the same flash of ire in Belle’s eyes when she’s aroused or pissed off.

Without the gun in my face, I am free to slide my hard glare to him, the other man takes the weight of my energy. Taking him on will hurt like a motherfucker. The hard set of his jaw and the calluses I see on his fingers all point to this man building

his empire with his own hands. Which means he can take and give in equal portions.

Two more men step off the elevator and now I don't feel so bad about outnumbering the bad guys.

"My partners," Harlon offers offhand.

If tonight turns to blows it might be a fair fight, but I sure the fuck won't be paying their dry-cleaning bills when we soak their clothes in their own blood.

Dark brows flatline. "So you came here to throw in my face that you three are doing my sister? Is this blackmail? Are you wanting money, a favor, or both?" The suit coats start to come off.

"Keep your fucking filthy blood money. We want nothing but your sister."

The elevator dings again.

"For fucks sake, how many of you are there?"

Wild eyes swing to mine and my stomach drops out. Fuck she's a beautiful hell's angel raging mad and ready to commit murder.

"Now you've done it," I hear her brother mutter.

Belle rages forward, her teeth clenched and chest heaving. Water drips from every part of her body. I see she found my secret stash of Baby Yoda T-shirts. This one clings to every inch of her upper body with the help of rainwater.

A sharp-tipped finger jabs into my chest.

"I'd like to do my own talking, thank you!"

"You're not looking good."

"Of course I don't! I just drove thirty miles in a downpour thinking the worst while hoping I didn't kill us both by driving off the side of the road. Of course I'm not well."

All six of us stand silently.

"*Two* of you?" I ask, pronouncing my words slowly.

NINETEEN

BELLE

I freeze with my hand halfway to poking Aziel in the chest again. Shit. This day started out miserable and now it's going to end that way.

The stab of pain between my eyes returns. "That is not how I wanted that news to come out."

"Kill us both? What is that supposed to mean?"

I drop my hand to my flat stomach. In the months to come, it will grow with their child. Our child. "Both," I say again a little slower. I look to my men. "I'm pregnant."

Harlon roars with anger and I throw my arm out to stop him from burying his fist into Gage's face. "Tell me why I shouldn't kill you for violating my sister!" The rage in his eyes rises to lethal levels. If he mentions the basement this will turn into an all-out brawl with me in the middle.

"Stop your dick measuring and posturing," I yell right back. "No one did anything to me that I didn't want. And you don't get to kill them because I'm going to kill them." I whirl on my men. "What the fucking hell? You leave me at your home to come and confront my brother? Why?"

"Confront? No. Talk to, yes."

Gage's expression is as flat as his tone.

"Do I look like a damsel in distress? Do I need you coming here to ask permission for me to see you three? Do I look like I need the three assholes taking my problems on their shoulders for me? And why the fuck are you all smirking."

Aziel answers first. “You’re pregnant?”

I nod. Damn them. My anger slips when they all smile.

“I never thought it could happen.” I’ve never spoken those words aloud. Hearing them from my own mouth makes my heart cry and quiver with hope.

Blue eyes hold me captive. “What? That we would have a family? The three of us? Or that you would find love?”

“That I would find men strong enough to take a mafia princess on and win her heart.”

My men surround me and anyone else in the room is forgotten.

“And have we?” Rush catches my chin with a finger. “Won your heart?”

“Yes” I take all their hands and settle them over my belly. “I didn’t want you to find out like this.”

“It doesn’t matter. What matters is that you know you are our life now. Our world. Our everything, We will not let anything happen to you.” Gage’s words have a ring of finality.

“Damn straight.”

We all turn to look at my brother and his two friends. All three of them have peculiar looks on their faces. “Care for her and you’ll have our support in anything you need. Hurt her and the walls of God’s heavens will not keep me from finding you.”

“There’s not a being or force in this world who will harm your sister, Harlon.”

“You have all of our promises on that.”

“All three of ours.”

All three swear their devotion to me and with each promise, I feel the ties binding us strengthen around my heart.

“Harlon, I’m sorry. I owe you an explanation. Reasons why I did what I did. Hell, I haven’t even told you what I did.”

He holds a hand up. “This family is really good at keeping secrets. Keep yours. You don’t owe me anything but your

happiness. I'm only sorry you thought you had to lie to me. I thought we trusted each other."

I go to him. "You controlled me. The walls only drew closer the older I became. I couldn't live like that anymore."

His eyes narrow on me, his tone curt. Cold even. "Only out of love."

I'm already shaking my head. "You loved too much, Harlon. You suffocated me." I hate the weakness in my voice. The tears and emotions bombarding me.

I'm crushed to his chest. "Do you dare fucking cry, woman. I didn't want to lose you, Belle. You're the one good thing left in this world."

I kiss my brother's cheek. "You haven't lost me, Harlon. I'm here. I'm still here."

He chuckles softly, looking down at me with not an ounce of humor in his eyes. I see pain, loss and hurt there. Plenty of all three, but not humor. My heart breaks for the man. "I won't admit this outside this room, but I was wrong. You deserve happiness. Go with them."

"I don't mean to leave you carrying the family burden." I have been so busy thinking of what I want I forgot to think of him.

"You're not, kiddo. He has us." Cassius and Santi each kiss me on the cheek and tap the end of my nose. They lean their weight against a nearby lounge seat. They cross their arms, arrogance written all over their faces.

"Yes, he does." I turn. "And I have them."

Harlon pushes me toward Gage and my alpha man pulls me into his arms. My weakness for the dimples in his smile is never-ending. He wraps my arms around his neck and I cling to him willingly. "Let's go home," he growls possessively. I tremble under his caring touch. The way his hand settles over my womb.

Home. My heart swells so large I have a hard time breathing for a moment.

Home.

Not a suite in the underground's tower of secrets full of betrayal, hidden enemies and death. But a real home. Where a family can be raised, loved, and live freely.

A home where my filthy seals can do anything they like to me.

Rush and Aziel take the place of Santi and Cassius. I swivel my head and catch Harlon's gaze over Aziel's shoulder. I silently mouth *I love you*. He does the same and for the first time in my life I feel like my life is complete. In my heart of hearts, I know he will find happiness again. I only hope he lives long enough to enjoy it. Death is a constant companion in our world of crime and bloodshed. His world, I correct. While I'll always be blood and die for my family, I have a new one to protect now.

Gage swings me into his arms as we head for the elevator. "I think we need to call New York and tell them we can't come after all."

"You sure about that, sweetheart? You round and plump with our baby would be sexy as hell to show off."

I turn to make sure we are out of earshot from my brother. "We'll see," I say and let them lead the way to the rest of our lives.

EPILOGUE

BELLE

“Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Now or never. Another few months and I’ll need a crane to lift all this.” I gesture toward my growing baby bump.

I’m sitting across the table from Nyx. She’s lost the pigtails and is in full supermodel glamor mode with her long tresses of hair and painted-on body suit.

Like for real. Actually painted on. I’m wholly green with envy.

“Will you stop staring at my nipples? You’re going to make them hard and then my little pasties will pop off.”

I giggle uncontrollably catching the eye of a few Club Sin members.

“I know three someones willing to lick those seashells to stick them back on.” Her three partners are coming in behind mine looking confident and eyes only for their woman.

“Your daddies are looking for you.” Nyx tracks my gaze to her three fine silver foxes. She hasn’t told me much about them, but I can see well enough they are powerful men with deep pockets. It’s evident in their diamond-studded cufflinks and thousand-dollar suits. I know what it takes to get that kind of money. It takes ruthless power and undeterred focus. They’re slightly older than my guys but hot as hell. When she finds her men coming closer the sultry desire in her eyes glitter.

“So are yours,” she quips back and I don’t try to hide my silly smile.

“Yeah, and mine,” I agree. She is too occupied to see the heat on my face. It’s been five months since I walked out of my brother’s office as a free mafia princess. No more crown, no more prisons for my own protection.

Aziel leads the pack of alphas through the crowd toward our table. Rush is shoulder to shoulder with Gage who is scanning the crowd for what I assume are possible threats. Ever since he learned I’m underground royalty he sees everyone as a potential threat to our small unit.

The second my gaze connects with theirs, the world no longer exists. Their energy reaches for me and mine for them.

Love. Fuck. It’s beautiful.

To my left Nyx isn’t faring any better. She has the look of a woman torn between loving her men and wanting to run. I wonder if she knows just how hooked on them she really is? There’s no way that woman is running. Not and get far. Those men don’t look the type to let their property get far and make no mistake. They are the possessive type.

The lights dim, signaling us it’s almost time.

Room Two has turned into quite the attraction. It’s been a few months since Aziel, Rush, Gage and I have been on stage, but we’ve promised one last show before we all head to New York. The men have military friends who live on a lake with a cabin rental business. They’re forming a security team for the elite as a way to use their honed skills for good.

All it took was one phone call with my men and they jumped at the idea now that they are all retired.

Woods, beautiful sunsets, and all the space the men and I will need to raise a family. Sign me up. I’m dying to start painting again. I’m a city girl to my core, but home is where they are at. Besides, they’ve promised me regular trips to the city which I will need when it comes time to start showing my art. I already have a few shows lined up next spring. After sending my portfolio into a few galleries it didn’t take long to get callbacks. Now I’m on the road to getting recognized. Fingers crossed. Who knows, but it’s exciting.

What there won't be in my life is mafia wars, bloodshed, and undertakers. I love my cousin but her former job is not something I want to raise a family around. That's right, you don't know. Yeah, Sapphire is knocked up as I am and currently living with her Bratva men. But that's her story to tell. It all started in Room Eight in this very club.

I stand and bump into everything. The booth's tabletop, the chair behind me, and a woman passing with little butterflies dangling from her bare breasts.

Hands come around me to settle on my round belly.

"You need a license for this," Rush murmurs in my ear. Warm strokes to my stomach are my current weakness. I melt into his embrace.

I turn in his arm. "You could just carry me for the next four months."

He sweeps me into his arms. "My pleasure." He presses his forehead to mine and this small connection is all I need to feel grounded.

"Are you ready for this?"

My head falls to his shoulder. "Nyx just asked me that."

"And?"

Aziel and Gage leave Nyx with her men to join me and Rush.

"Let's make something memorable, but first I brought a gift for you. It's in my changing room."

All three follow me to where it all started. Stepping through the door to the small room feels like coming full circle. I pull out a large canvas making sure to keep the painted side toward me.

The three of them have given me their full attention, curiosity pulling their brows into arches. God, they are beautiful. Perfect for me. And mine. Chiseled, grooved and deliciously huge. I know what they have hidden behind their black robes and I can't wait to have my hands all over them and theirs on me.

But first... I swallow down my nerves.

“For as long as I can remember I’ve loved painting the beauty I’ve seen in this world. With all the destruction my family has caused before my brother stepped into the role as head of the Constantine empire, I felt the need to find beauty. Or create it.”

I pause to force down the tears wanting to ruin my whole speech.

Gage reaches out and trails a finger along my jaw. “It’s ok, sweetheart. Go on. We’re listening.”

“Then I found you. Or you found me, really. Not until you three did I truly learn what beauty really is.”

“And what’s that, baby girl?”

“Love,” I answer with a mountain of confidence. “Love shared between four hearts.”

Piercing eyes find mine and I see the truth of their devotion and love shining back at me.

With trembling fingers, I turn the canvas around. “What do you think?”

All three fall back. “Fuck, baby girl. Did you paint that?”

“I want to know how you remembered so much detail?”

Six hands stroke my arms, my face—anything they can reach with the painting between us. Gage takes the large canvas and props it up on the dressing table. With my hands free, he pulls me around, turning me into them. I captured the night they all took me under the stars down by the lake. While the skies glittered above, they showed me the true meaning of living in heaven that night.

“Ladies and gentlemen of Club Sin...”

The announcer’s nightly introduction of performers breaks our private moment.

Gage reaches for the knot holding my robe closed and reverently lowers the sides over my shoulders and off my growing baby bump.

They all step back and drop their robes next to mine. We walk to the stage, the spotlight fading the room to no more than shadows and silhouettes. The three cocoon me in this protective bubble of muscle and grit as we make it to the center of the stage.

When my men step away to reveal me there are audible gasps throughout the room. Cheers and love pour out from the crowd, but there are two people I hear the most.

“You go, you beautiful queen.” Whistles and more cheers follow.

That’s Nyx. Love that girl. She’s a wild one and is about to be in the same position as me.

“Someone get her a crown!”

My heart grows and fills with so much love it overwhelms me. Sapphire. I can’t see her, but I’m glad she finally made it here. My heart settles and I take both Aziel’s and Rush’s offered hands to help me onto the bed.

Kneeling in the center with the spotlight fully focused on me, I spread my knees and wait to be claimed.

“What are you doing,” I whisper when I see a tray wheeled out and my men all on bended knees at the foot of the bed.

A rumbled gasp of awe works through the crowd.

“Your love is as beautiful as the glimmer of stars in the sky, Belle. You captured it so perfectly. But there’s one thing you got wrong. We’ve been unworthy of you from the day you walked into our lives.”

Oh my god. I shake my hands to stop the tremble but it’s too late. It has taken hold and I can’t stop the quakes of excitement, fear, love, and everything in between from wreaking havoc on my body.

“Aziel?”

“Shh, beautiful,” he coos gently. “Let Gage finish.”

“As unworthy as we are, none of us can walk away.” Gage reaches for a ring off the tray and holds up a gold band with a

single diamond stud in the middle.

“We’ve hurt for a love like yours for so long. Now that we have finally found you, please take us as we are.”

That is Aziel. He reaches for another ring, this one similar to Gage’s.

Rush takes the third ring and stands, sliding into bed with me. Holding it up to me like an offering he turns red eyes to meet mine.

“Marry us. Heal our hearts of old wounds and let us love you until the end of our days.”

Gage and Aziel join us under the spotlight. Around us the crowd is so silent I can hear the loud thumping of my heart.

I reach for them and fall into their arms. Three sets of arms cradle me and our unborn child to them. “I wish I was a poet instead of an artist. I would weave such a beautiful answer for such a beautiful proposal but all I have is yes. Yes, I will marry you. All three of you.”

Cheers erupt and loud whistles ring out throughout the room. Each man takes a turn sliding their band over my finger and once I am wearing all three, I see they interlock. Three diamonds for three hearts.

Gage kisses me and then Aziel. Rush is the one who takes my face in his hands and devours my very essence. I go back and forth, falling into the bed with my men around me. We make love that night in what is to us Room Two. The mirrors around us shine back the force of love we radiate out.

I have my three SEAL daddies for a baby who will know so much love they’ll wear it as a shield against this ugly, yet beautiful world.

Gage takes one leg and Aziel the other as Rush comes between my spread thighs. I reach for him and together we guide his throbbing shaft to my entrance.

“Claim me,” I say quietly.

Holding me between them I fall captive to their burning touches and possessive kisses.

I am theirs, now, tomorrow, and beyond. And they are all mine.



You meet a lot of characters in this book. For Sapphire's story read Room Eight. Read on for the first chapter or tap [here](#).



Thank you for coming to Club Sin: Chicago and visiting Room Two. I hope you enjoyed your stay. See what fantasies are being fulfilled next in Room Four by Ember Davis by tapping the [here](#).



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ROOM EIGHT - CHAPTER
ONE

ELYAH



The game of kings and queens of the underground realm is a deadly one. And I am not sure we should bring Sapphire into our world. I know she's not new to our way of life, but having our child and mixing our blood, is a crime in the eyes of too many with loaded weapons.

But I can't move forward in fear. If I want our men willing to follow our rules, I have to be willing to step out of the shadows and show my face despite the danger.

The cost of our way of life is sometimes blood and most times that is not even enough.

I toss my jacket on a nearby chair as I make my way through the house. I roll up my sleeves. Scars stare back at me. I see them in the mirror every fucking morning and they are a

strong reminder I've given blood for the Southern Alliance. For my family. And those under me. As have my best friends.

I let myself into my father's room and find him asleep. His chest rises and falls evenly. The doctor says a few months at best before the sickness takes him from us.

The nurse is resting in a nearby chair. I quietly move to the window and stare out over our city.

People below move about unaware of the shift of power coming to the streets.

People out there would have you believe the price is too high to have it all. There are days I believe them. But I know our way of life offers more riches to a man than any white-collar worker will ever earn.

I watched as the man who raised me built a criminal empire in the shadows of Chicago. From my youth through my adult years, I learned from his strengths and his weaknesses. My reward for my full devotion and loyalty to my family is not only my life but the crown. I rule the Southern Alliance now and the change has made people nervous. I don't share the same beliefs my father has and it's going to cost me.

Some understand change happens. Others will be unlucky to be on the receiving end of my wrath until they see it my way. They'll either fall in line with my orders. Or not. The only rule the game of crowns requires is respect.

Step over that line and pawns became expendable. And that is where we are now. Power has shifted and the changes we are making have our men untrusting of our decisions.

Our crew will have to learn to be okay with a lot of things real fast if they want to continue having a place to belong. You don't get to the top without dropping a few bodies and burying a few secrets. Nothing to brag about. It's an ugly truth I live with every day of my life. One that has given me the reputation of being cut-throat.

"You've been standing there for an hour. It won't be long now."

I shake my head in anger. My father's warm, raspy words draw my attention away from the streets below. I know he only speaks the truth, but that doesn't make it any less painful to hear.

And it sure as hell doesn't mean I have to like it.

Anger soaks into my tone and I barely contain the wrath penetrating my soul. "You keep saying that like I can't wait for you to be dead. You should know better or I would have killed you a long time ago, old man." I find my father's gaze in the mellow darkness. Only a couple of lamps chase away the shadows of death. His face is flushed and I note the glassy emptiness that fills his eyes.

Normally, anyone who spoke to the Southern Alliance's king as I did would have his balls handed to him right after his tongue was placed on a silver platter and I would be the one to do it.

My father cracks a grin. "Always the smart ass."

"You keep chasing death by inviting him in, he's going to hear you."

My father pushes to sit up and the nurse jumps up to fluff his pillow.

He slips into his native tongue with the woman who clicks her tongue at my father's irritation with accepting help. "Thank you, now. Can you leave me and my son for a while? I promise I won't run off."

"*Da.*" She mumbles under her breath the whole time she's heading for the door. I don't get a cursory glance as she shuts it behind her.

"Did you find someone suitable to share the crown with you and your men?"

I lower myself onto the edge of the bed and offer the ailing man a drink of water. Cancer has stolen his strength so I lend mine.

His weathered hand comes over mine. "Silence cannot be your answer forever, boy. As head of the Alliance, your voice will

need to be louder than everyone else's."

I replace the water as I hear Lev and Gregor stepping into the room. They are like sons to the man who fathered and raised me. They come closer and get the same treatment as I did.

"Well? Will I meet your soon-to-be-wife anytime soon? I don't have forever, you know."

I don't think I am the only one shocked into silence. Around me, we all three exchange looks.

"It wasn't me so don't look at me." Lev raises both hands.

"Don't act so shocked. Walls have ears. I might be dying but I am not dead. I know what you three have been up to. A wife to share." he nods and goes silent a moment before continuing. A habit I've picked up over the years. "Good. Keeping up with one each would be a terrible waste of time. Word to the wise, I know you will fail if you do not have the right reasons backing your action. But you seem to know what you want."

Yes. But in the end, will she want us is the question.

I shrug ready to dance off the topic until I have firmer details.

Gregor has other ideas.

"Yes. She will be moving in with us in two weeks."

Fuck. The words are out of Gregor's mouth before I have time to think up an answer that won't give him hope for something that might not come to be.

I shake my head at him. "Don't be arrogant, brother. And don't think our plan will work just because we snap our fingers"

"You have little faith in our ability to charm."

We look at each other and he pushes on with more detail. Except giving over the woman's name. Not once does Lev or Gregor offer up that juicy bit of information as they talk about the blue-eyed beauty.

"You'll meet her soon, Father." I cut in when Lev starts veering onto the topic of family bloodlines, heirs, and names.

“We’ll be back in a little while, Father. You should rest before dinner.”

“I was growing tired of your sour face anyway.” I lean over the man who taught me patience and a firm hand with family and a swift kill for anyone who means them or our empire harm.

He pats me on the cheek and we leave my father resting with the nurse watching over him.

“I need a fucking drink.” Lev leads the way to the office on the other side of my penthouse.

“We only have a short time to prepare for Sapphire. The men will not be happy she is with us. We will need to be prepared for retaliation.”

Gregor clamps a heavy hand on my shoulder and I pivot on him with a snarl. “Easy, brother. Fuck. Could you sound any more like a fucking robot?”

He passes me and moves to the bar. With practiced motions, he fills three tumblers with vodka. I take mine as does Lev when Gregor passes them around.

“I won’t tolerate anyone standing against Sapphire. If they can’t respect our decision then they don’t belong with us.”

“You can’t just cut the men who have been with us from the start out of their own fucking territory.”

Lev always takes the direct approach but his tactic will start a civil war among our men.

“Both of you are not wrong, but you are not right either. It’s never going to be so cut and dry.”

Lev and I both wave Gregor’s thoughts away. “Better to be prepared than hope everything will pan out. The Southern Alliance has fought for every single inch of ground we have. Men have sided with us. Some of them have lost family to the Constantines. If we bring one in, we will have bloodshed. It will be as cut and dry as we make it. Our way or no way. There are three heads of the Southern Alliance. Everyone else takes orders.”

Lev takes a seat and I move to the window. The city below is growing more congested with evening traffic.

“Elyah,” Gregor starts and I hold a hand up.

“They will see we are right. Do not forget what we are doing here,” I remind them both.

Both of my brothers push their heavy weights up and start pacing the office.

“My father did his best to rule over the Southern Alliance. As did yours. But after what happened to us they all lost parts of themselves. And now mine only has weeks left on his ticket. We have a lot to fix and he wants to know the empire will be here long after he is gone. Sapphire is two birds with one stone.”

Lev drops into a chair and throws an ankle over his knee. “*Da*, get her pregnant and forge ties with the men of Genesis. Easy.” He swirls the liquid of his drink as if it will tell his future.

“Not only will our men fight us,” I remind them, “but the Northern Alliance will not just let us take from them. They will come for blood.”

“You just have to make sure to get her pregnant with your child and then we will have the controlling hand.” Gregor throws me a smug look.

We both swallow a mouthful of vodka and consider the weight of what we are about to do.

“Our child, Gregor. Ours,” I correct him moments later. We knew from a young age we would go through this hard life together. Use each other’s strengths. I’ve had time to think about this. The suffering we survived was only possible because of the strength of our bond.

“We suffered together. We survived together. We will get through this, too.”

All three of us were kidnapped and tortured in retaliation against our fathers for killing the son of a rival mafia family. Now sleep is a fleeting bitch and Lev thinks I have trust issues.

I do. But I trust the plan we have made.

“I miss him.” Lev refills our glasses. “I think he would like Sapphire.”

“*Do, moy droog. Da.*” Yes, my friend. Yes.

Gregor is quiet. Broody. Fucker gets lost in his mind too often. He won't say much on the topic but I know he is worried I'll scare Sapphire away before we have a chance to connect.

Maybe he's right. But it doesn't matter. There's a contract and if there is one thing no one does to the Southern Alliance that is to bail on a contract.

They could have run far away from this life when their fathers died, but Lev and Gregor both opted to stay. Family doesn't always have to be blood. Even though we were tortured for our fathers' sins, we all still love each other and respect what has been passed on to us.

Almost every fucker we deal with thinks they know our story. Spoiled brats who have everything handed to them.

They don't know a damn thing. No one can ever understand the hell we went through for our fathers. We bore the torture and carry the scars because all three of us know the only reason our fathers killed the rival's son was to save our sisters. Their daughters.

For them and anyone else in our family, I would take that torture again and again. As would Lev and Gregor.

The only way they stayed sane through the torture was by being together and supporting each other through the brutal, ugly aftermath. Lev still wakes with cold sweats and Gregor paces the halls most nights

Lev must be treading on the same thoughts as I am. He falls into a nearby chair and his knee bounces uncontrollably. It's hard to forget the scars of our past when they are slashed into our flesh.

Two years later and we are still fighting back the demons chasing us into our dreams.

We were lucky. We didn't all make out the day Gregor got the upper hand with a guard and we fought tooth and nail to free

ourselves. Axel died giving us time to get out when tens of more men filled the dank cellar, we were locked away in. We owe it to him to try and live. Hard as it might be some days.

“If we do this there is no going back,” I warn them. “Father is growing weaker by the day. The doctors say we don’t have much time.”

Gregor stands, empties his glass, and rolls his wrist around to check his watch. “It’s time.”

Continue reading Room Eight by tapping [here](#).

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HAREM OF THREE:

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Her Savage Mountain Man

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Belonging to Her Soldier

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Penelope Wylde loves playing on the dark side of romance, making her characters work for their happily-ever-after. Join her for a twisted ride through the gritty shadows before reaching the light. That is, if you dare to be WYLDE.

She writes overly possessive heroes and anti-heroes who are pure sinners at heart who bring enough heat to the pages to melt your hearts...and your panties. Billionaires, mafia, reverse harem, and bikers...the more forbidden the romance the more she loves to peel back the layers and discover what makes her characters tick.

She makes a wicked margarita mix, owns two hundred shades of red nail polish and is always found reading one forbidden romance or another when she's not writing.

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