



SWEET

Peach

A LITTLE TASTE OF SIN: BOOK 1

Lorrain Allen

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Sweet Peach

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Description

Beau, Emmett, and Shepard Wilder are dipped in sin.

Sexy, tall, and burly—the epitome of masculine beauty.

No woman with a pulse can resist their alluring steel-blue eyes
and wicked smiles, including me.

The gorgeous men are a hot commodity in our small Alaskan
town.

They've each played a starring role in my naughtiest fantasies.

The roughneck brothers and cousin live next door.

I take great pleasure in shamefully spying on them from the
safety of my house.

Too bad, they never pay attention to their lonely new
neighbor... or so I thought.

Chapter 1



I pound a fist into my pillow, sighing in frustration. I'm wide awake and it's nearly two in the morning. The midnight sun casts an ethereal glow into my bedroom, but that's not what's keeping me from falling asleep. It's the lack of adventure and sex in my life. Now that school is out for the summer, my dismal plight is more apparent. Being a kindergarten teacher is a rewarding career. I love each student as if they were my own flesh and blood. From August to May, my focus is solely on their academic development. That's what got me through my breakup last fall. Calvin completely blindsided me, ending our seven-year relationship. The asshole broke my heart right before the holidays. I thought he was my happily ever after. I even relocated across the country for him. He couldn't find work in his field, so when he was offered an environmental scientist position in Alaska, we packed up everything and made the move in less than two weeks.

That was three years ago. I should be planning our wedding, researching honeymoon destinations, and discussing the best time to start a family. What hurts the most is that he didn't give me a valid explanation, simply stating the relationship wasn't working for him anymore. I'm thirty-four

years old. Jumping back into the dating pool at my age seems daunting. I hear the water has pee in it, too. I may be unassuming and plain, but my other traits outweigh these minor shortcomings, like my impeccable character and stellar personality. I'm not just blowing hot air. I've been told this on countless occasions. And plain doesn't equal butt-ugly. I'm no beauty queen by any stretch of the imagination, but my silky-smooth, dark mahogany complexion and bountiful, accentuated curves turn more than a few heads—despite being average-looking in the face. Fuck him. No point in dwelling on the past.

I fell in love with the Great Land and decided to stay after the breakup. There's nothing for me back in Pennsylvania, anyway. My mother is too busy catering to her new husband, and I never knew my sperm donor. However, I wanted a change after the split and began searching for another teaching job. Several offers were on the table within three weeks. Eventually, I accepted the teaching position in Ridgemont, a small town located an hour and a half north of my old home. On the last day of school, I hopped in my car and put my old life in my rearview. It was a hard, but necessary, goodbye. I've been a resident for two months and one week and have no regrets. At first, I was worried small-town life wouldn't suit me, being a city girl since birth, but I fit right in. I spend the long summer days running errands, exploring, or sitting on my porch sipping ice-cold lemonade. The quaint community boasts spectacular scenery, and everyone is friendly. I haven't met a disagreeable person yet. By the time school starts, I'll be settled in and well-acquainted with my new surroundings.

I roll onto my side and pluck the remote control off the nightstand. Might as well find a movie to watch. Lulu, my orange tabby cat, lets out a long, disgruntled meow at having her beauty rest interrupted.

“Hey,” I admonish the spoiled feline. “Your furry butt isn't supposed to be sleeping on my bed in the first place. We've had this conversation several times before. Do you want me to put your bed downstairs again? Because I'll do it.”

It's an empty threat. I tried locking her out once, and she spent the entire night meowing at my bedroom door.

"Sass me one more time," I say in an authoritative tone. "I double dare you."

Lulu blinks her copper-colored eyes at me.

"Don't give me that look." I point to the plush, round cat bed in the corner. "That's where you're supposed to sleep, Ms. Sassy Pants."

She snuggles back into the comforter and closes her eyes, dismissing me.

"Well, I'll let you sleep in my bed for one more night, but that's it."

I click on the television and surf the channels but nothing catches my attention. I slide the remote control back onto the nightstand and climb out of bed. I'm careful not to disturb Her Highness. I grab the laundry basket of clean clothes next to my dresser. Washing is easy, folding is another story. I absolutely loathe folding clothes. I empty the basket onto my bed and begin the tedious task, hoping the monotonous chore will help tire me out.

I'm folding a pair of shorts when a familiar rumble stalls my breath. *They're home*. I race to the window, banging my foot against the front leg of my bed.

"Fuck," I hiss, rubbing the pain away. "That's what you get for being a thirsty bitch."

I take a few limping steps and latch onto the windowsill, desperate to see *them*. I watch the sleek, black pickup truck pull into the driveway, chewing on my bottom lip in anticipation. They climb out of the truck and retrieve their duffel bags from the cab. I moan, sliding a hand over my pulsating pussy. Beau, Emmett, and Shepard Wilder are my sexy neighbors and the town's most eligible bachelors. They're tall, powerfully built, and so fucking yummy—the finest male specimens to ever walk this earth. Beau and Shepard are brothers, and Emmett is their cousin. The formers are blond, while the latter has chestnut-brown colored hair, but

they all share the same captivating steel-blue eyes—soft gray mixed with darkish blue. Must be a family trait.

They work on an offshore oil rig in the Arctic Ocean, so aren't home very often—two weeks on and three weeks off. But when they're home, I spy on them like an obsessive ex-lover. Every single woman in Ridgemont wants to take a ride on the Wilder express. Rumor has it that they *share* their conquests. All three at the same fucking time! Fucking Christ! Those women must have super vaginas—I'd need to take an ice bath for a week straight. I don't have to worry, anyway. The trio never pays attention to me, except for a friendly greeting in passing. Maybe I'm not their type. It doesn't matter, though. I'm only open to emotionally available men seeking a long-term commitment, like me. Casual hookups don't interest me in the least but fantasizing never hurt anyone.

Beau glances at my bedroom window, his eyes clashing with mine. I quickly plaster myself against the wall, my cheeks flaming in embarrassment. Shit, caught red-handed being a creep. The way he looked at me... my thighs clench together. Is my imagination playing tricks on me, or was there longing in his piercing steel-blue gaze? Like he wanted to eat me alive. I wait for a few seconds, then risk peeking out of my window again, but they're already inside. *Damn.*

I delve a hand into my panties, sliding my fingers through my silken, wet folds.

“Oh God,” I murmur breathlessly.

Dick. I need a rock-hard dick pounding between my legs. I grab the vibrator from my nightstand drawer and pad down to the spare bedroom. It's not what I crave, but it's the next best thing. I climb on the full-sized bed and hastily push my panties to my ankles, then kick the cotton garment to the floor. Who will play the leading role in my fantasy tonight? Emmett, Beau, or Shepard? *Beau.* The way he looked at me... my greedy pussy flutters. He has me ready to risk it all and knock on his front door. I click the vibrator to the highest speed and let my thighs fall open, settling the rubber tip on my sensitive clit. Electricity instantly zings through my core, sparking my libido into a blazing inferno.

“Yes!” I shout, pinching a pebbled nipple. “Fuck me harder, Beau! I love being your nasty little slut!”

My eyes squeeze shut, imagining his mouth on my swollen bud. He licks, nips, and sucks. I scream his name over and over again, gyrating my hips in a circular motion until I’m panting through my first orgasm. Beau moves up my shaking body and impales my soaking passage to the hilt in one swift thrust. He pistons into me in a frenzy, grunting like a man possessed. Another orgasm rocks my core. I roll to my side, jerking my hips forward.

“Beau,” I croak, flying over the edge once more.

That’s just what the doctor ordered. I click the vibrator to zero and promptly fall asleep.



A loud thud startles me awake. I glance around the room and see the vibrator on the floor. I must’ve knocked it off the bed in my sleep. The digital clock on the dresser shows 3:02 in glowing red. I’ve only been asleep for about ten minutes, but I feel revitalized. Three orgasms will do that to a girl. My afterglow fizzles, recalling the unfolded laundry scattered on my bed.

“Adulging calls,” I grumble.

I plant my feet on the floor and spot the most magnificent sight my corneas ever beheld through the gap in my blackout curtains. I drop to all fours and crawl to the window, *Mission Impossible* style. Stealthily, I raise my head and peer into the bedroom window directly across from me. There, Beau hovers in all his naked glory, rapidly gliding a hand over his very well-endowed cock.

“Holy fucking shit.”

Taut muscles bunch with every stroke, housed in a body honed from manual labor. Even his muscles have muscles. I prefer a bare chest, but the smattering of hair covering his hard pectorals has me rethinking my stance, and that eight-pack

unicorn has my tongue itching to explore. I really shouldn't intrude on this private moment. Well, he's the one standing in front of the freaking window. I better keep watching, for research purposes.

His hand moves faster, his sharp features becoming slack with passion as he seeks release. My pulse increases, my gaze transfixed on the carnal scene unfolding. I spread my knees wide and ease two fingers into my moist center.

"Fuck, yes, Beau." I ride my fingers in unrestrained vigor, my clit grinding against my palm with each uncoordinated movement. "Tear this pussy up. It belongs to you. Fill me with your cum. Every. Single. Drop. Of. It. I want it all."

My teeth dig into my bottom lip, my limbs stiffening as my dripping pussy spasms uncontrollably. I'm spent. This makes orgasm number four in the last hour. Beau throws his head back at the same time, unleashing his thick, translucent load onto the glass. It sprays out like a never-ending geyser, coating the clear surface. What the hell? How can one man produce so much semen? Finally, it stops. He smirks, staring straight ahead. To my utter fascination, he begins writing letters in his cum. *I SEE YOU.*

I dive onto my belly, caught red-handed for the second time. How could he have seen me? I kept low. God, he's going to tell everyone about the weirdo neighbor who spies on him. *You stupid, stupid woman. You can't even try to avoid him because he lives right next door.* I army crawl out of the room, grabbing my discarded panties along the way. My only hope is that he has mercy on me and doesn't mention my voyeuristic behavior when we cross paths.

Chapter 2



I lean over my plush, purple sofa and peek through the small crack in the curtains for the millionth time, watching Beau go about his yard work duties. Yoga class starts in five minutes, but I can't leave with him out there. Not after he caught me being a creep. In my defense, I'm a sex-starved woman. I can't be held liable for my actions. Besides, he shouldn't have been *self-caring* in front of his window in the first place. Who does that? Doesn't he have a bed? That's where self-caring activities usually take place. The shower is another option. If anything, I should be upset with him. What is he doing up this early, anyway? He should be tired. And is mowing the lawn shirtless really necessary? I've never wanted to lick a man from head to toe so badly in my entire life. Specifically, the lion and geometric flower tattoo dominating his right pectoral and upper arm.

I moan, pulling my bottom lip between my teeth. Beau Wilder is a goddamn tease. Rivulets of sweat trickle down his corded muscles and disappear beneath the dark-blue jeans hanging low on his lean hips. V is my favorite letter of the alphabet because the one on this man's body could bring world peace. Gripping his golden mane while he ruthlessly fucks me

against a wall is number one on my imaginary bucket list. My cell phone chimes, interrupting my lustful musings. I pluck it off the side table and tap the text message icon.

Carla: Where are you?

Me: Leaving in a minute.

I hope.

Carla: Why the hell are you still home?

Me: Long story. Tell you later.

Carla: Tell me now. Is it juicy?

Me: Later

Carla: Bitch

I hit the middle finger emoji three times, then tap on the arrow. She immediately replies with two dozen fist emojis. I roll my eyes and toss my cell phone back onto the side table. Carla is super bossy. It's why she and Lulu don't get along—they're both high-maintenance divas. I'll never forget the day she came over for the first time and Lulu scratched her on the arm. Served her right for calling my baby a dirty little fleabag. The feline in question rubs herself against my leg.

I lightly scratch the top of her head. "Done with breakfast already?"

She meows in response.

"Well, no more food until lunch," I tell her. "The doc said you're getting too big."

She meows again.

"Hey, don't shoot the messenger."

I met Carla, Wren, and Pete when I started taking yoga class. They've been besties for a long time and welcomed me into their inner circle with open arms. Being a homebody made it difficult for me to build lasting friendships—I didn't have a single friend of my own. Calvin was the social butterfly in our relationship. The group we hung out with occasionally were his friends. I haven't heard from any of them since the

breakup, but that was expected. I decided to reinvent myself in Ridgmont—put myself out there, meet new people, and, most importantly, have fun. I even went on a shopping spree and updated my entire wardrobe. Bought some makeup, too, not that I know how to apply it correctly. I'm learning, though. I registered for yoga classes a week after settling in and the rest is history.

The lawn mower stops. I twist around and look out of the window. *He's gone.* This is my cue to vamoose. I grab my yoga mat, purse, cell phone, and keys, then haul ass to my car. I swing the door open and throw my stuff into the passenger seat. *Almost home free.*

“Where’s the fire, Sweet Peach?”

I shriek and whip around, placing a hand over my left breast. Beau leans against a pillar on the wraparound porch, his massive arms folded across his hard pectorals. That raspy voice could melt a chastity belt. He called me Sweet Peach. *Swoon.* My nether region flutters. *Hold your horses, girl.* Don't overthink it. Beau's probably one of those guys who calls every woman an endearment.

“Didn't mean to scare you, Sweet Peach,” he rumbles, his lips lifting in a lopsided smile.

There goes my pussy fluttering again. *Bring it down a notch, you shameless hussy.*

“I... um... you,” I babble like a freaking moron.

I will the ground to open up and swallow me but luck isn't on my side this morning. I'm still standing here, embarrassment burning my cheeks.

“We need to talk about earlier,” he states, his steel-blue gaze slowly roaming over me.

My stomach drops out of my asshole. Not literally, but it damn sure feels like it.

“I-I d-don't know what you mean,” I lie, squeezing my keys in a death grip.

He bestows me with another dazzling smile. “Sure you do, Sweet Peach.”

God, please kill me now.

“Aren’t you going to invite me *inside*?” Beau asks, straightening from his perch and ambling down the porch steps. “Or you’re welcome to *come* in my house if you prefer,” he offers, gesturing towards the front door.

I leap into the driver’s seat and slam the door shut, but drop my keys between the seat and the center console.

“Shit.” I burrow my hand between the narrow space, frantically feeling around the floorboard. *Got it!* I hook the key ring over my pinky finger, then quickly start the engine. I yelp when a loud knock on the driver’s side window startles me.

“Very unneighborly behavior, Sweet Peach,” Beau admonishes me.

I throw the gearshift into reverse and floor it, zooming through the residential neighborhood under screeching tires. Beau probably thinks I’m a perverted psycho. Welp, I’ll have to move now, though that means breaking my lease. I just have to figure out a way to avoid him until then. What the heck am I going to tell my landlord? Gene won’t be happy. Maybe I can still salvage this somehow. Talk to Beau and explain... what exactly? I haven’t the slightest idea. God, I hope he doesn’t tell anyone. The last thing I need is the townspeople gossiping behind my back. If my supervisor got wind of this little mishap... I shudder to think. No parent is going to want a nymphomaniac teaching their child.

“You put yourself in quite a pickle.” I sigh, parking across the street from the studio. I grab my things and head into the building. “Hey, Grace,” I greet the receptionist. “How are you doing this morning?”

“I can’t complain,” the older woman replies with a friendly smile. “I’m alive and healthy.”

“And that’s what counts,” I reply.

“Touché.” Grace nods. “Have a great class.”

“Thank you.”

I hurry down the hall, passing several packed rooms. Move Your Body, LLC is a booming small wellness business, offering various cardio classes. Pedro shoots me a look of disapproval when I tiptoe into the room.

Sorry, I mouth to him and store my purse in one of the empty cubbies along the back wall.

He’s a phenomenal yoga instructor, but obsessively fastidious. I’m for sure going to get a lecture on the importance of promptness and self-discipline after class. I unroll my yoga mat on the hardwood floor, then fold into the bow position, mimicking my classmates.

I replay the encounter with Beau over in my mind, recalling a detail that previously escaped my notice. I’m almost certain my sex-on-a-stick neighbor was throwing me sexual innuendos. I could be wrong... No, the way he said *inside* and *come*. That man was definitely projecting come-hither vibes. I’ll reexamine this tidbit more thoroughly a bit later.



“I’m divorcing Odette,” Carla suddenly announces, spreading strawberry jam onto her wheat toast. “I met with a lawyer yesterday.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” I say, my caramel latte forgotten.

Odette hung out with us a few times and she seems nice enough, but you never know what goes on behind closed doors.

“Knew that was coming,” Wren mumbles under her breath. “I hate to say I told you so, but—”

“Shut it,” Carla hisses.

“About damn time!” Pete shouts, dramatically waving his bagel around.

The café manager marches over to our table, glaring at him. “This is a family friendly establishment. Watch your language or I’ll have to ask you to leave.”

“Please excuse my faux pas, ma’am,” Pete apologizes, batting his jade-green eyes. “It won’t happen again.”

“You better see that it doesn’t.” She huffs, then storms back behind the corner.

“She was totally about to kick your ass,” Carla jokes, and we all burst out laughing.

“So, what prompted your decision to officially call it quits?” Wren asks, gathering her passion twists into a high ponytail. The trendy hairstyle suits her. It’s been the same boring press and curl for me for the past several years, but a change is in order.

“I’m sick of her bullshit,” Carla retorts angrily. “Nothing I ever do is good enough for her. She constantly belittles me because she earns more money. She even had the nerve to order me to find another job. Can you believe that?” she rages, her face flaming bright red. “I like being a bartender and besides, she never complained about it before we got married, but all of a sudden, it’s a fucking problem.”

“Wait a minute.” Pete holds up a hand. “Didn’t you meet her at work?”

“Yep!” Carla exclaims. “She sashayed her prissy ass right up to the bar and ordered a cosmopolitan, then spent the entire night eye fucking me.”

Carla and Odette tied the knot almost a year ago, give or take a few months. Theirs was a whirlwind romance, dating less than a month before eloping to Sin City. That was their first mistake. They barely knew each other and people who believe themselves in love turn a blind eye to red flags.

“What about counseling?” I query, resting my arms on the table. “I thought you said things were going great.”

“Not anymore,” she proclaims, tearing open a sugar packet and emptying the crystallized sweetener into her chamomile tea. “It’s time to start a new chapter in my life.”

“Amen to that,” Pete agrees, giving her a high five.

“Aren’t you throwing in the towel a bit prematurely?” I press further.

Granted, a short courtship and rushed drive-thru wedding doesn’t scream happily ever after, but all marriages have their ups and downs. No relationship is perfect. Sometimes patience, open communication, and a little tender love and care are all that’s needed.

“No, I’m done,” Carla states resolutely. “I’m single and ready to mingle.”

“Technically, you aren’t single until the divorce is finalized,” Wren remarks, effectively raining on her parade. She can’t help pointing out technicalities. It’s the criminal defense attorney in her.

Carla’s amber eyes narrow to tiny slits. “Don’t make me shove my foot up your bony ass.” She can’t help being temperamental. It’s the Irish in her. Wild fiery-red hair attests to her lineage, though she lacks the lilting brogue due to transplanting to the States at a young age.

“I’ve gained two pounds so far this month for your information,” Wren declares proudly, then retorts, “Thunder thighs.”

I smile, shaking my head at them. Their scathing barbs may seem over the top to strangers, but that’s just how they are. There’s no hate or discord between them. It’s their unique love language. Initially, their banter unnerved me, but I’ve grown used to their verbal battles.

“She’s got you there, thunder thighs.” Pete snickers.

“I love my thunder thighs.” Carla spears a pineapple with her fork. “Thank you very much.”

Wren is naturally thin, maybe a hundred pounds soaking wet, if that. A moment on the lips, a lifetime on the hips doesn’t apply to her. She hates her size, though, and does everything under the sun to put some meat on her bones. Everyone has something about themselves they don’t like. We’re our own worst critics.

“Did you tell her yet?” Pete asks, adjusting his prescription butterfly eyeglasses.

“She’ll put two and two together when I move out,” she quips.

He whistles low. “Remind me never to piss you off.”

“When are you moving?” I ask her.

“Wednesday,” she responds. “A coworker has a spare bedroom and needs a roommate to make ends meet. Will you be free to help? There’ll be pizza in it for you,” she adds, wagging her eyebrows.

“Sure, you know I can’t resist pizza.” I grin. “What time?”

“Eight good for you?”

“Yeah, I can manage that.”

Wren is busy lawyering it up during the day and Pete is a stay-at-home dad. He and Jamieson, his husband, have two little ones via artificial insemination. The same surrogate carried both children.

“And another thing, I’m pretty sure Odette is having an affair with her boss.”

Wren jerks her attention from her cell phone. “What makes you say that?”

“I saw her packing lingerie for her *work* trip,” she explains. “Not a regular nightgown to sleep in. The racy G-string and garter belt type. They left yesterday and will be gone for an entire week, just the two of them.”

“No,” Pete gasps, placing a hand over his mouth. “That bitch.”

“Tell me about it,” she grumbles. “But you know what? I’m not going to dwell on it. Let’s go to Chino’s tonight and celebrate my newfound freedom.”

“Count me out,” Pete says. “Jamieson’s parents are coming over for dinner.”

“I’m celebrating all summer long, so you can party with us next weekend,” Carla states, shaking salt onto her home fries. “I’m definitely getting laid tonight,” she boasts confidently, determination lacing her words. “Pussy or dick, I don’t care which. Just put whatever in my fucking face.”

I laugh so hard my drink shoots out of my nose. Carla identifies as pansexual, there are no restraints on attraction or love for her.

“And just why were you late for class, hmm?” she asks me.

“Oh, yeah,” I mumble, suddenly finding the décor in the café very interesting.

“Thought I forgot, huh?” She cocks an eyebrow. “Let’s hear it. Chop, chop.”

“I may have accidentally watched Beau,” I clear my throat, drawing invisible squiggly lines on the wooden table, “masturbate and he, umm... caught me.”

“Come again,” Pete draws out slowly, struggling not to laugh and failing miserably. “How do you *accidentally* watch someone masturbate?”

Carla and Wren aptly await my response, both sporting amused expressions.

“He was standing right in front of his window,” I snap defensively.

“Didn’t mean you had to watch,” Wren points out.

“I couldn’t help myself,” I whine. “His dick is cervix-bumping huge. You wouldn’t have been able to look away, either.”

“Okay, he has a big schlong.” Carla motions for me to continue. “So, what happened this morning?”

“I couldn’t leave the house because he was mowing his lawn.” Carla blinks several times. “I was too embarrassed to face him,” I explain, fidgeting in my seat. “Anyway, when he went inside, I made a run for my car, but he caught me and confronted me about watching him.”

“Then what happened?” Pete presses, wholly invested in my dramatic tale.

“I jumped in my car and got the hell out of there,” I say, wringing my hands. “What am I going to do?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Carla whispers, a serious edge in her voice. “You have to kill him.”

They all hoot in laughter, losing the battle to keep their mirth under control.

“Don’t bust a gut,” I deadpan.

I won’t be getting any sound advice from the three stooges.

Chapter 3



I push my cart down the aisle, leisurely perusing the cereal options available. I really should choose something healthy, but my self-control is zilch these days. Also, I crave sugar when my nerves are in overdrive. I've been in the grocery store for nearly thirty minutes. I'm usually in-and-out since it's just my spoiled fur baby and me, but going home means possibly bumping into *him*. After brunch, I got my car washed, then went to a few stores and bought unnecessary shit, all to avoid the inevitable. I'm going to have to face him eventually. Well, I could stay incognito until he goes back to work then move out. There's a thought. I already emailed Gene and inquired about breaking my lease. Seems extreme, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

I spot my favorite cereal on the top shelf and push to the balls of my feet, extending my short arm as far as possible. My fingertips brush the cereal box, but I can't get a grip. Someone reaches over me, snagging my chosen morning meal. I spin around and find Beau looming behind me, only a hairsbreadth between us. His clean laundry scent invades my senses, enveloping me like a warm blanket fresh from the dryer. It's

uniquely him—no cologne or other manufactured fragrances. I want to bury my nose in his neck and inhale his essence.

“Is this what you want, Sweet Peach?” he asks, his sexy lips twisting in a lopsided smile. “What are you willing to give me for it?”

I stand there like a deer in headlights, words escaping me. *Say something you idiot!* He drops the Cinnamon Toast Crunch into my cart.

“No charge this time, but we do need to finish our conversation,” he states, closing the distance between us. “Did you enjoy the show?”

The heat from his body seeps through my thin yoga top, hardening my nipples to stiff points.

“I-I d-don’t k-know—”

“Still playing innocent, huh?” Beau rasps, running his index finger down my cheek. “I’m dying to know something, Sweet Peach. Did that little pussy flutter and gush?” He dips his nose into the space where my neck and shoulder meet. “Just how wet did she get for my dick?”

His voice is like warm chocolate, smooth and decadent. It flows over me, lighting a fire in my belly.

“My name is Eve,” I mutter breathlessly.

He lifts his head, amusement glittering in his steel-blue gaze. “I know your name, but I like Sweet Peach better.”

“You were standing in front of your window,” I say, aiming for an accusing tone, but my words come out in a soft murmur.

“Tell you what. Let me watch *you*, then we can call it even.”

“Not on your life,” I snap, coming to my senses. “That’s just a ploy to get between my legs. I know all about your reputation... about *all* of your reputations.”

“And what exactly have you heard?”

“The Wilders share their women.” I lift my chin. “Everyone knows that. You fuck ‘em then dump ‘em. I will not be another notch on the family belt.”

“The women we fuck know exactly what they’re in for and leave our bed satisfied,” he rumbles, slowly trailing a finger over my collarbone. I hold in my moan, fighting the urge to lean into him. “No promises. No lies. No commitment. Just *hot, hard* fucking. All three holes stretched and used.”

I slap his hand away. “I’m not interested.”

“Climb down off that high horse before you fall and break your pretty little neck.” Beau roughly cups my pussy. “We hear you calling out for us when you play between these thighs. You’re loud as fuck, Sweet Peach. Let us take care of you.”

“Are you crazy?” I push against his chest, but he’s as immovable as a mountain. “Someone could walk down this aisle at any moment.”

He steps back. “I’ll let you think on it.”

“There’s nothing to think about.” I grab my cart and start down the aisle, but jerk to a stop, seeing Emmett.

“Wanna watch me next?” He smirks. “Better yet, you could participate. I bet that mouth works wonders.” I go to move past him, but he blocks my path. “You should really reconsider his offer.”

“Kiss my ass,” I hiss, swerving the cart around him.

“I’ll kiss it... eat it... lick it,” he calls after me. “Whatever you want. All you have to do is ask.”

I hurry to the front, pay for my groceries, then make a quick beeline to my car. My steps slow. *What the hell is going on?* The Wilder men loiter at the back of their souped-up 4x4, which is conveniently parked next to my tiny bucket. I narrow my eyes. Is this an intimidation tactic? Are they planning to blackmail me? Well, I won’t take being bullied lying down, no pun intended. If they think they can scare me, they have another thing coming. I don’t care who they tell.

“Stop it,” I demand, propping a hand on my hip.

“We’re not doing anything,” Beau replies innocently, faux confusion marring his rugged features. “Just standing here, enjoying the parking lot scenery.”

Parking lot scenery, my ass.

“Okay, I watched you.” I click the trunk symbol on my key fob and start unloading my groceries. “I’m sorry but this is needs to stop. Now.”

Shepard chuckles. “I hope you’re this feisty in the bedroom.”

Beau and Emmett sport five o’clock shadows and classic taper haircuts, but Shepard resembles a wild mountain man—albeit an extremely sexy one. His long, undercut style and full beard give serious outlaw energy. I bet he was a hellraiser as a teen.

“Ever hear of this little thing called stalking?” I growl. “Just because I fantasize about certain umm... things, doesn’t equal me wanting it in real life.”

“In most cases, sure, but not in yours,” Shepard counters in aggravatingly arrogant confidence. “You want us to worship every inch of your delectable body... make your cunt weep until you can’t think straight. Just say the word, *Sweet Peach*. We’ll fuck you to sleep.”

My mouth goes desert dry, the explicit images his words induce sending my mind into an erotic tailspin. Three powerfully built roughnecks fucking me into oblivion... Spasms rock my feminine opening, coating my bare lips in sticky desire. I’m tempted to accept their offer, to throw caution to the wind and give my body what it so desperately craves, but common sense rears its ugly head. Some fantasies are meant to remain in the imagination, never to see the light of day. What would happen afterwards? Do we pretend the orgy never took place? That won’t be easy with them living next door. Taking them on together would be sexual suicide for me, anyway. My vaginal canal is naturally narrow. *What a pleasurable death it’d be, though.*

“The answer is no,” I grit out with finality, slamming my trunk shut and rolling the cart into the metal corral.

I climb into my car and secure my seatbelt, feeling their eyes branding me. Outwardly, my demeanor is impassive, but it’s an act. I’m achy and needy, so wet my cotton panties cling to my labia. I crank the engine and blast the air conditioner to cool my tepid skin, then head towards home. Looks like my vibrator is getting another workout tonight with new batteries for maximum toe-curling orgasms. I do a double take in my rearview mirror, instantly recognizing the big black truck right on my tail. Beau is behind the wheel. My heart rate skyrockets.

“Relax, they’re just going home,” I mumble.

He rides my bumper the entire way to our neighborhood, only falling back to pull into his driveway. I park in my own then hurriedly retrieve today’s bounty. Why did the stupid springs on the garage door have to break? Beau, Emmett, and Shepard linger on their wraparound porch, their vulturous gazes on me. I watch them watching me, sexual tension reaching boiling point. Emmett bites into a plump peach and the juices trickle down his chin. He nips, sucks, and lashes the tart fruit with his nimble tongue.

“This could be you,” he taunts in a seductive timbre that turns my knees to jelly.

“Need any help?” Beau asks.

“Huh?” I pant, my muddled brain not comprehending the question.

“Need any help taking your bags inside.” He gestures between my hands. “We could all *help* you.”

His implication is blatantly clear.

“No!” I exclaim and barrel down the walkway.

One of the plastic bags tears and groceries scatter on the ground. I scramble after the items and stow them in other bags, then sprint to my front door. A whistle rends the air. I glance back, nerves stretched taut. Shepard stands in my yard, holding out a can of cat food.

“Missed one,” he says, flashing a crocodile smile at me. “You have to make sure your *pussy* eats. I’m pretty sure she’s famished.”

I unlock the door with a shaky hand and race into the small entryway. I quickly flick the top and bottom lock in place, then melt to the floor. Jesus, they’re fucking relentless. Truth be told, my resistance is waning already. Lulu pads from the kitchen, greeting me with a meow serenade.

“Hey, girl.” I settle her onto my lap and kiss her furry head. “I hope your day is going better than mine.”

What am I going to do about my roughneck neighbors?



I sit in my car, too tired and sore to move. It’s nearly six in the morning and I’m just getting my ass home. Carla insisted on staying at the bar until last call, then we went to breakfast and stuffed our guts with pancakes. I was supposed to take a nap before heading out for the evening, but three sexy men occupied my thoughts. I had a blast, though. We did karaoke, played pool, and met some really cool people. Carla was having way too much fun to focus on her one-night stand quest, but she did exchange numbers with a hot brunette. She drank to her heart’s content and barely got tipsy as usual. She must have a steel liver. I’m willing to bet my last dollar that she could drink anyone under the table. Wren and I are lightweights in comparison, but we ordered a few drinks. Margaritas are my personal favorite, apple in particular. We were celebrating our friend’s escape from matrimonial tyranny after all—Carla’s words, not mine.

I yawn, rubbing my gritty eyes. Shower first and then straight to bed. I’m looking forward to sleeping the day away. I force myself out of the car and hobble into the house. These stilettos are hell on my pinky toes. I kick those inhuman contraptions off and fling my purse onto the sofa before heading to the kitchen to feed my wayward cat, who follows

right on my heels. Lulu gingerly slides her springy body along my leg, meowing her hunger pains.

“Stop being dramatic,” I admonish, filling her bowl. “I gave you dinner *and* a snack before leaving.”

The doorbell rings followed by a resounding knock.

“Who could that be this early in the morning?”

There’s another resounding knock before the last word leaves my lips. Maybe someone needs help. I hurry into the living room and peer through the peephole. My heart stutters in my chest. *Beau*. Why is he knocking on my freaking door at six in the morning? Actually, I don’t want to know.

“Go away!”

“Do you have some sugar to spare?” Beau asks.

“What?” I respond flabbergasted.

Am I hearing him correctly? Did he just ask for sugar? He must be off his meds.

“Can’t drink my morning coffee without the white stuff,” he offers in explanation. “I didn’t realize we were out.”

“Are you fucking kidding me? You and your family members accosted me yesterday and now you’re at my door, asking for sugar at six in the morning!” My voice grows louder with each word. “Get away from my goddamn door!”

“We were out of line,” he admits. “Please accept my apology. We’ll be perfect gentlemen moving forward.”

My anger instantly dissipates. He’s extending an olive branch. I’d be stupid not to accept it. After all, I was in the wrong for watching him.

I crack the door open. “Where’s your cup?” I ask, nodding at his empty hands. “Unless you want me to pour the sugar into your pockets.”

He smiles at me. “Forgot to bring one.”

“I have one you can borrow.” I tentatively return his smile. “Wait here.”

I amble back into the kitchen and pluck the sugar out of the cabinet, then place it onto the counter. I scream, suddenly grabbed from behind.

“The sugar I want is between your thighs,” Beau rasps, roughly lifting my dress and barreling a hand into my thong. “So soft and warm,” he groans, sliding his fingers through my slit.

“What are you doing?” I gasp.

“Giving you what you’re too afraid to ask for,” he whispers into my ear.

“You have to stop,” I pant, widening my stance. “I don’t want this.”

“Liar.” He trails open-mouth kisses along the side of my neck. “I’m going to bend you like a fucking pretzel and pound your pussy sore.”

A needy whimper escapes my lips, imagining the many ways he could *bend me like a pretzel*. Beau sinks to his knees and tugs my thong to my ankles, then spreads my ass cheeks apart.

“Have you ever been fucked here?” he asks gruffly, his thumbs gently caressing my puckered opening.

“No,” I answer, my eyelids fluttering closed.

“This ass.” Beau plants his nose at my snug entrance and inhales. “I’ve wanted to taste it from the first moment I saw you.”

And that’s just what he does, pushing his tongue into my muscular ring. I throw my head back and release a low keening moan, my lower stomach digging into the counter. Beau delves his fingers between my moist folds, finding my clit. He strums my bud in a circular motion, propelling my nerve endings to inferno heights.

“Yes!” I shout, gyrating against his hand. “I need to come. Please, make me come.”

I grip the counter, swirling my hips like a woman possessed. He groans, sending vibrations through my sex. A

spark ignites in my belly and quickly gains momentum. My movements become uncoordinated, desperate. Beau alternates between lightly pinching and kneading my swollen clit while still greedily tonguing my rimmed opening.

“Oh my God,” I murmur breathlessly. “Yes, Beau, yes. Please.”

I feel my orgasm building, feel my pussy ripening, doubling in size.

“Beau!” I scream, my slick walls spasming violently.

I lurch forward, my jaw going slack, my legs trembling uncontrollably. Beau kisses his way up my quivering body and inserts two fingers into my wet heat.

“I can’t,” I slur, my head lolling against his chest.

“Bowing out already, Sweet Peach?” Beau rumbles, ruthlessly tunneling through my dripping passage. “I’m just getting started. What do you use to get this little pussy off?”

“Vibrator,” I respond, mindless with need.

“No more vibrator for you,” he orders, sucking my earlobe into his mouth. “Do you understand me?”

“Yes,” I whisper in agreement. “No more.”

“You come to us to take care of you.” In and out, he pumps into me, knuckles deep.

“Yes,” I murmur. “Take care of me, always.”

“That’s my good girl,” Beau praises, burrowing his hand beneath my bra.

I’m incandescently immersed in him. His ferociousness and wild dominance command my aching body. I’ll do anything, say anything, to prolong this savage pleasure. Consequences be damned. This point in time is all that matters. Fuck oxygen... fuck water... fuck food. He is my sustenance. The only nutrients my body needs.

“Is that all you got for me, Sweet Peach? I know you can fuck my fingers better than that,” Beau chides in a husky

undertone, tweaking a nipple to a granite peak. “Move that sweet ass, or do you want me to stop?”

“No, don’t stop,” I plead, rolling my hips downwards to meet his plundering fingers.

I turn my head, molding my lips to his in a hungry kiss. Beau swiftly takes the lead, widening his jaw over my mouth. We’re virtually strangers, but this man is devouring my entire being, calling to me on a cellular level as if we were specifically made for each other. I moan into his mouth and he answers with his tongue, rolling the textured organ against my own in lustful urgency. I reach back, curling an arm around his nape. He thrusts his fingers impossibly deeper, bumping against my G-spot. I latch onto his wrist, digging sharp fingernails into his sun-kissed skin.

“I feel it coming,” I whisper against his lips.

“What do you feel?” he rasps, his intense steel-blue eyes boring into mine. “Describe it to me.”

“Pressure... tingling... I’m on fire.” I shout my pleasure, unadulterated rapture consuming me as a flood pours from my convulsing sex.

“You dirty whore.” Beau seizes my hair and forces me to my knees. “Look at the mess you’ve made.” He kneels beside me and shoves my face into the milky liquid. “Lick up every last drop.”

“You’re insane!” I shriek, straining to break free.

“Lick,” he demands.

I purse my lips together and vehemently shake my head.

“The hard way it is then,” he states cryptically.

“What do you mean? You better let me go right now,” I demand with false bravado.

I hear a noise then something hard lands on my bottom.

“Ouch!” I yell, clenching my butt cheeks. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“Spanking you.” He delivers another brutal hit. “There are consequences for disobedience.”

“Stop that!” I demand, my eyes watering from the stinging pain. “What are you hitting me with?”

Whatever it is hurts worse than a Brazilian wax.

“Spatula,” he replies nonchalantly, like he has every right to spank me with my own goddamn cooking utensil. “Obey and the punishment stops.”

“That’s for cooking, damn you!”

Beau ignores me and lashes out in quick succession, brutalizing my backside with zealous fervency. Sounds of my *discipline* echo through the kitchen. My body jerks forward with each jarring blow. He’s definitely using the metal spatula because my ass is on fire. I reluctantly give in, stubbornness faltering under his firm hand. I begin tentatively licking my orgasmic juices. My tastebuds flare to life. *Sweet and tangy*. Not at all what I expected. I moan, eagerly slurping up my feminine elixir.

“Fuck, Sweet Peach,” Beau growls. “Such an obedient little whore,” he proclaims, pushing the handle of the spatula into my yielding warmth. “And obedient whores get rewarded.”

He fondles my breasts, paying extra attention to my rigid nipples while slowly sliding the wooden handle through my wetness in long torturous strokes.

“That pussy crying, Sweet Peach,” he coos. “You like getting fucked with the spatula?” His palm cracks across my inflamed bottom. “Answer.”

“Yes!” I rush out, bucking in pain. “I like getting fucked with the spatula.”

At this rate, I won’t be able to sit down for an entire month.

“Dirty slut. Let’s see how you like getting this tight ass fucked.” Beau positions the handle at my muscular ring and gradually drives it in to the hilt. “Fucking beautiful,” he utters

appreciatively, moving the burnished wood faster, stretching my virgin muscles. “Good?”

“Mmm,” I hum, overcome by the unbridled sensations he stirs in me.

He lies on the floor and settles between my spread thighs. “Put it on my face.”

I promptly comply with his bidding, undulating on his mouth in rhythmic movements. He snakes a hand over my thigh and rigorously circles my clit while continuing to bludgeon my rectum. It’s too much and not enough at the same time. I squeeze my heavy breasts together and tug my sensitive peaks, wildly swinging my hips to meet his pillaging tongue. Total unrestrained euphoria strikes me with thunderbolt force, and I dissolve into liquid fire, every molecule in my body imploding.

When I regain my senses, Beau is standing in front of me, stroking his thick cock. It’s a masterpiece; long, curved, and covered in swollen, pulsating veins. I lap the desire leaking from his bulbous head. Beau grunts his approval, palming my cheek in a feather-soft caress. Then he pries my jaw open and stuffs himself down my throat. I retch, the unfamiliar intrusion too much for me to handle.

“Don’t struggle,” he murmurs, winding his fingers into my silken mane. “You’ll only make it harder on yourself. Relax.”

He holds me steady and pistons into my mouth, his golden pubic hairs tickling my nostrils with each jolting thrust. I fasten onto his jean-clad thighs and spread my legs wider, bracing myself against his primitive onslaught. I struggle for purchase, my sore knees scraping on the linoleum floor.

“Your throat is sensational, Sweet Peach,” Beau remarks adoringly. “You deserve a special treat.”

Beau slips his cock free with a wet pop and dips it into the sugar. The crystalized sweetener clings to his saliva-drenched length.

“Dick dessert just for you,” he says, pushing his erection past my lips. “The best thing you’ll ever taste.”

And it is. I bob up and down his silk steel, savoring every rigid inch.

“You’re doing amazing,” Beau mutters huskily, his hands fisted at his sides. “Such a good filthy whore.”

I tenderly knead his turgid ball sac and coast my other hand along his cock in tandem with my mouth, my gaze boring into his.

“Fuck.” Beau grasps my head and pummels my tonsils, coming in thick copious spurts down my throat. How is it possible to produce so much semen? “That’s right, drink your protein. Does a whore good.”

I greedily lap at his slit, seeking more salty deliciousness. He hauls me to my feet, a guttural sound rattling in his burly chest.

“I’m going to fuck your cervix into your throat,” he growls, pushing me facedown onto the counter.

“Wait! Condom!”

“I’m not using a condom.” He nudges my legs apart. “I want to feel you.”

“Not using protection is completely irresponsible!” I protest.

“I’m disease free and I trust that you are too,” he states, pulling the spatula from my ass and tossing it onto the counter. “Are you on birth control?”

I shake my head. “No, I’m not.”

“Ovulating?”

“No, but—”

“Then shut the fuck up and take my dick,” Beau orders, working his cock into my snug pussy. “Impossible,” he mumbles disbelievingly. “Don’t tell me you’re a virgin.”

“I’m not,” I reply breathlessly.

“How the fuck are you so tight?” he grits out, snapping his hips forward in jerky motions.

“I don’t know,” I answer with a whimper. “I’m naturally narrow down there.”

“Don’t worry.” Beau brands his hard fingers into my waist and rocks into my sweltering channel inch by agonizing inch. “I’ll make it fit.”

My body trembles, struggling to accommodate his wide girth.

“Be a good girl and let daddy in,” he growls, surging balls deep into my depths.

“Take it out!” I wail, trying to twist from under him. “You’re too big!”

One wrong move and my pussy will be split open.

“Shhh.” He presses a hand between my shoulder blades, foiling my escape attempt. “I’ll give you three strokes to adjust, but after that...”

“After that what?”

“Cervix in your throat.” Beau carefully pulls back, and holy fucking shit, it feels like my vulva is being detached. “Goddamn, that pussy clingy,” he rasps, sheathing himself to the hilt again.

One.

“Fuck, Sweet Peach, this pussy molds to my dick just right.” Another torturous, soul-shattering stroke. “Emmett and Shepard are going to love it.”

Two.

I moan, my teeth sinking into my bottom lip. My saturated walls flex and stretch, adapting to his methodical invasion.

“Squeeze,” he orders, stilling inside me.

I readily accede to his command, clenching and unclenching my feminine core around his arousal.

“Fuck, yes,” Beau clips in a voice thick with passion. “You feel fucking amazing.” He withdraws halfway then sinks into my throbbing passage again.

Three.

I widen my stance and place my palms flat on the counter, bracing for him. He doesn't disappoint. He jackhammers into me and it's the sweetest, most pleasurable agony I've ever experienced in my life. It's barbaric, lacking care or tenderness and I love every second, every merciless thrust. Fuck my cervix. I don't need it. Soon the pain dulls, replaced with raw ecstasy. I'm overcome with sensations, feeling everything tenfold; the sweat beading on my heated skin... the wetness trickling down my inner thighs... the sensual melody produced by our colliding bodies.

"Is this how I fuck you in your fantasies?" Beau grates out, bucking and shuddering behind me.

"No, this is so much better," I murmur, completely drunk on him. "So much fucking better."

He plunges into my sloshing depths over and over, stoking the raging vortex churning within me.

"Oh God!" I scream, translucent fluid gushing from my urethra.

Beau lies flush against my back. "Sweet Peach, that peach is so fucking sweet."

My legs turn to jelly, his enormous body keeping me upright as he continues to ravish me. Fast stroke, slow stroke, side stroke. Repeat.

"I'm about to come," Beau whispers, kissing and nipping the space just below my ear.

"Pull out," I pant.

"I can't do that." He runs his nose along my cheek. "That would be a disservice to your pussy," Beau shouts, wildly battering into my quivering channel.

I climax again, my pussy walls clamping down hard on his pillaging cock. He comes and comes and comes, filling me to overflowing. Rich, creamy semen seeps from where our bodies meet and drips onto the linoleum tile. Beau slips out of me and heaves my listless body over a broad shoulder then

makes his way to my bedroom. I'm too tired and sated to protest or notice that he knows exactly where my bedroom is. He deposits me on the bed. The cool, crisp sheets are heaven on my hot flesh. Beau undresses us then angles himself above me.

"I'm going to tear this pussy up all fucking day," he proclaims, easing into my sore passage.



Soft purring penetrates my muddled brain, though it takes a few minutes to become fully alert. *Jesus, it feels like a gang of tap dancers used my body for practice.* Everything hurts. I blink open my gritty eyes and there's the orange devil lounging on my chest, blinking those soulful, amber orbs at me. She releases a long, drawn-out meow. Translation: About damn time you're awake hooman. I'm fluent in cat talk.

"Yeah, yeah," I gripe, placing her beside me. "Give me some breathing room, you infernal feline."

I jackknife into a sitting position and Her Highness scurries off the bed, startled by the sudden movement.

Beau.

Where is he? I spot my clothing strewn across the dark cream-colored carpet, interspersed between the sheets, comforter, and pillows, but his are noticeably missing. We fucked the mattress bare. Flashbacks filter through my mind and though my pussy aches, my libido doesn't give a fuck. Beau said he was going to bend me into a pretzel and bend me he did. That man had me in positions I didn't even know were humanly possible. My sex and inner thighs are covered in dry cum. I moan, lightly skimming my fingertips along my throbbing slit. *What if he's still here?* I hold my breath and listen. I don't hear any telltale sounds or movements.

"Beau?" I yell, my heart beating erratically beneath my breastbone. "Are you still here?"

No answer. My womanly pride crumbles a bit. Okay, more than a bit, but it's better this way. What happened was a colossal mistake that can't be repeated. I scan every surface in my room, searching for my cell phone.

"Where the heck is it?" I sigh impatiently.

Must've left it downstairs somewhere. I'm anxious to check my emails. Gene seems to be a kind and understanding individual. There's a good chance he'll let me break the lease. I throw on a T-shirt and panties then head downstairs. I spot my purse on the sofa.

"Lulu? Where are you?" I call out, retrieving my mobile from the faux-fur handbag. "Come on, don't be a big baby. I didn't mean to scare you. Punk," I mutter under my breath.

My eyes bulge at the time.

7a.m.!

What. In. The. Actual. Fuck?!

We were banging for twenty-four hours straight. Well, of course we slept and took bathroom breaks between fuck sessions. I remember Beau cleaning me up and bringing me water several times. He even fed Lulu for me. I was too depleted to do much of anything. Needing coffee, I pad into the kitchen and my gaze immediately lands on the spatula a.k.a. impromptu dildo. I cringe, embarrassment scorching my cheeks.

"I really allowed myself to get railed in the ass with a cooking utensil." I toss it into the garbage can. "I'll never look at spatulas the same way again."

But hell, it felt goddamn wonderful.

"I went to Jasper's and got us some breakfast," Beau announces, striding into the kitchen. "Wasn't sure what you liked, so I ordered a variety—pancakes, waffles, bacon, sausage, scrapple, home fries, grits, and scrambled eggs with cheese." He drops two overstuffed brown paper bags on the island. "Forgot to grab something to drink, though. Do you have orange juice? Apple juice is good too."

I stand there, dumbstruck, while he unloads the bags. He's freshly showered. And, my goodness, that fitted tank top does his muscular physique justice. The fabric molds to every hard curve. My enamored gaze zeroes in on the thick veins running in rivulets down his ripped arms. I never considered veins sexy before him. The vessels ebbed and flowed as he held himself above me, pounding between my thighs.

Stop it! You have to get him out of here.

I straighten my spine and clear my throat. "You need to leave."

Beau's whole demeanor instantly changes, his countenance becoming dark and frightening. I shiver and take a step back, prepared to run. His steel-blue gaze connects with mine, holding me in a trance. Something dangerous lurks beneath the glossy depths. This man could break every bone in my body if he wanted to. He places his hands flat on the island and leans forward.

"We're not doing this." Beau's demanding, vibrating tone clenches my pussy.

"I completely agree." I cross my arms. "So go."

"No." He crosses his arms, mimicking my action. "Sit your ass down and eat."

"You're trespassing—"

"Either eat this food or I eat your pussy."

"Look, what happened was obviously a mistake." I lick my lips and take another step back. "You're a manwhore, and you... you coerced me."

He flies from around the island and crowds me against the refrigerator. "You let a manwhore fuck and come inside you at least a dozen times, so what does that make you?"

Stupid. Easy. Desperate.

"Leave."

"I bet she's ready for me again." Beau shoves a hand into my panties and pushes into my tender passage.

I whimper, clasping onto his arm. He pulls free and shows me his glistening fingers.

“Yeah, she’s ready,” he states, then sucks both digits clean.

“I thought you fucked ‘em then dumped ‘em,” I murmur.

“I’m not getting any younger,” Beau says, shrugging his shoulders. “It’s time for me to find someone to settle down with.”

“Yeah, and I’m a long-lost billionaire heiress twice removed.” I scoff.

He chuckles. “I like you. We *all* do.”

I narrow my eyes, not buying his “new age, new me” spiel for one second. “None of you know the first thing about me.”

My pussy may be stupid, but I’m not.

“Well, for starters, you’re gorgeous, independent, strong-willed, and sassy as hell,” Beau says, kissing the corner of my mouth. “You’re passionate about volunteering and helping people. You like to sit on your porch and watch the midnight sun, and two little creases form right here”—he touches between my eyebrows—“when you’re thinking too hard. See, you haven’t been the only one watching and listening.”

“It would never work,” I state, steeling my resolve. “Please leave.”

Beau brushes his thumb across my bottom lip. “We aren’t patient men.”

With that, he saunters from the kitchen then out of the front door. I can read between the lines. Beau is only granting me a temporary reprieve. The Wilder men have me in their sights and they won’t stop until they divide and conquer.

Chapter 4



Beau came banging on my front door two days in a row and I hid like the coward that I am. The man is freaking relentless in his pursuit, but he's being patient for now. If you can call banging on my door for fifteen minutes straight being patient. I'm surprised the cops didn't show up. He could've kicked down my door if he wanted to. Thank goodness he didn't because I would've happily spread my legs for him. I'm in way over my head. The Wilder men are intimidating as hell and their sex appeal is off the charts. Beau is a force to be reckoned with all on his own. I can't handle them together, even if they are telling the truth about wanting me. I'm not ready to date one man, let alone three. I'm still jilted from my ex dumping me without an explanation.

I turn into the parking lot of my destination and back into the first available space. *New Beginnings Memorial Church*. I'm not an official member of the congregation, but I've been to Sunday service a few times. Since school is out for the summer, I volunteer here a couple days a week, serving lunch to the town's displaced residents. Beau was right about my penchant for community service. In fact, all of his

observations about me were spot on. I exit my car and head towards the entrance.

“Eve.” Vickie, a weekly regular, waves at me in greeting.

“How are you?” We kiss on the cheek and embrace each other in a quick hug.

“I’m good.” She beams. “We’re moving into our new apartment next month.”

“Congratulations, I’m so happy for you.”

“Thank you. It’s been a rough road.”

Vickie was in an abusive relationship for nearly five years and barely escaped with her life. She and her two young daughters are staying at a shelter.

“Are you going to have a housewarming party?”

Her eyebrows furrow. “I haven’t thought about it.”

“You definitely should,” I encourage her. “I can help you create a registry.”

Vickie smiles, nodding her head. “I’d like that.”

“Great.” I redirect my attention to her girls. “And how are you little chipmunks doing? Having a fun summer?”

They protest, not at all pleased with being likened to a cute furry animal.

“I’m so sorry, girls. What was I thinking?” I smack myself on the forehead, looking heavenward. “You’re both beautiful princesses.”

They giggle bashfully, appeased by my compliment. I wink at Vickie and we share a smile. I can’t wait to be a mother.

“Ready for lunch?” I ask them.

“Yes!” Kenzie yells, jumping up and down. “I’m hungry.”

“Me too!” Misty exclaims excitedly. She’s the youngest of the two.

We enter the building and make our way to the reception hall. A crowd of people trail in behind us. It's going to be busy, but that's the usual. People from different walks of life come here seeking good food, laughter, and resources. Some linger for conversation, while others take their lunch to go.

"We're going to find somewhere to sit," Vickie states, grasping her girls around the shoulders.

"Okay," I reply. "We'll catch up later."

I go into the kitchen and wash my hands at the sink. I notice there aren't many volunteers today, which means cleanup is going to take a while. The few that are here scurry to-and-fro, prepping food and going about other tasks. My gaze alights on the stainless-steel chafer pans lining the countertop. *Baked chicken, mac and cheese, green beans, dinner rolls, and chocolate cake.* It all looks and smells so amazing.

"Hello, Eve." Martha's jovial voice reaches my ears before she appears beside me. "Glad you could make it."

She's quite springy for a woman beyond her golden years. I aspire to have the same energy at her age.

"Oh, it's no problem," I respond, tearing off a paper towel to dry my hands. "I love helping out."

Martha is the church secretary and organizes these lunches. She's the unofficial mother hen to everyone.

"I'll start setting up," I tell her.

"Thanks, dear."

"You're welcome."

I bustle back and forth between the kitchen and reception hall, first arranging the frames and water pans across several tables then lighting the fuel under each one so the food stays warm. Another volunteer helps me. Next, we bring out the food, placing the laden pans inside the water pans.

Suddenly, a tantalizing aroma assails my nostrils. It reminds me of cardamom and warm leather. I angle my head

to the left, seeking the source of the alluring scent and inhale a sharp breath.

“W-what a-are y-you d-doing h-here?” I stammer.

Shepard flashes his teeth in a wicked grin. “You’re not the only one who likes giving back to the community.”

He slides the chocolate cake onto the table.

“But I’ve never seen you here before,” I snap, squinting my eyes at him. “Are you following me?”

“That’s because I have work,” he explains, shifting closer to me. “And, yes, I’m following you,” he whispers in my ear.

Shepard’s husky baritone lights a fire between my thighs, conjuring salacious images in my mind’s eye. *Yep, I’m going straight to Hell.* I deserve to burst into flames for tainting these holy walls with my impure thoughts.

“Can I have everyone’s attention please?” Martha announces, dispersing my dirty musings. “Lunch is ready. Please bow your heads for the blessing of the food.”

Pray for my whore soul while you’re at it.

I force my eyes shut, trying my best to focus on Martha’s words, but fail miserably. The man next to me has my libido going haywire. Hard fingers knead my butt cheek then quickly disappear. I turn towards Shepard, already knowing he’s the culprit. His eyes are closed, but his innocent act isn’t fooling me.

“Stop it,” I hiss at him.

He shushes me. “You’re being rude.”

The nerve! If we weren’t in a room full of witnesses, I’d sock him square in the nose. Per usual, once the prayer is done, diners are directed to the buffet line, one table at a time. Shepard, two others, and I are the designated servers. Why does he have to stand so close to me? *Ugh!* It’s going to be a long two hours. I pull on a pair of plastic gloves and prepare for the throng. We work diligently to load paper plates, getting everyone through the line as quickly as possible. I almost forget about the mountain man towering beside me. *Almost*

being the operative word. I can't help but eyeball the abstract tattoos covering his muscular arms and peeking above his neckline. No man should look that damn sexy, let alone three.

A half an hour later, everyone is back at their table, enjoying their meal. Shepard and I remain at the makeshift buffet station for those who may want seconds while the other volunteers take a break. He moves even closer to me, invading my personal space with his spicy scent.

"Beau said that pussy was exquisite," he rumbles in a low voice. "When can I have a taste?"

"You can't use that word," I chastise him. "We're at church."

"Pussy?" he asks, his steel-blue gaze twinkling in merriment.

"Yes, that word," I reply between clenched teeth. "Which you already knew."

"Okay." He nods his head once in the affirmative. "I won't use that *word* while in church again. Is vagina off-limits too?"

"Yes!" I whisper-yell at him. "And the answer is never."

He grins. "Challenge accepted, Sweet Peach."

I sigh, rolling my eyes. Does this man ever not show his damn teeth?

"You need to listen very carefully," I say slowly. "What happened with Beau was a mistake that will not be repeated."

"Beau will be truly heartbroken," Shepard states. "So back to you and me—"

"There is no you and me!" I exclaim.

"It's so good to see you, Shepard," Martha chirps, interrupting our conversation. "It's been a while. How are Emmett and Beau?"

Oh, she's personally acquainted with this hooligan.

"They're great," Shepard responds, wrapping his huge arms around her plump figure. "We've been busy with work

and remodeling the house.”

“I hope everything’s coming along good.”

“It is,” he remarks. “We just have to refinish the floors and then we’re done.”

“I’m happy to hear that,” Martha says, regarding us speculatively. “Do you two know each other?”

If she heard our hushed conversation, she isn’t showing it.

“Yes, ma’am,” Shepard answers her. “We’re neighbors.”

Her eyes light up. “You’re both single and aren’t getting any younger. How about you two go on a date?”

“No, I’m... it’s not like—”

“What a great idea,” Shepard cuts me off. “I’ll plan something for tomorrow night.”

“I’m not avail—”

“Perfect!” Martha clasps her hands excitedly. “I expect you to be on your best behavior the entire time, Shepard Wilder. I remember what a naughty little boy you were.”

That naughty little boy turned into a naughty grown man.

“Excuse me,” I say. “I have to use the little girls’ room.”

“Okay, dear.”

I practically run to the bathroom and ensconce myself in the first unoccupied stall. Shepard is driving me up the wall. I’ve never met a more aggravating person in my thirty-four years. He’s beyond arrogant and commanding.

“The man just won’t take no for an answer,” I gripe.

I relieve myself and then wash my hands, taking longer than necessary.

“Only a few hours left to go,” I mumble, checking my reflection in the mirror.

I blow out a breath and leave the bathroom, determined to ignore the tatted tree trunk for the next sixty plus minutes. I veer around the corner and slam into a hard chest.

“Got you,” Shepard gloats and throws me over his broad shoulder, knocking the air from my lungs.

“Are you crazy?” I wheeze. “Put me down right now!”

“No can do.” He does an about-face and strides down the hall, away from witnesses.

I pound my fists against his back. “You’re taking this too far!”

His hand whips across my unprotected derriere in rapid succession.

“What do you think you’re doing?” I exclaim, squeezing my stinging butt cheeks together. “You can’t do that!”

Are all the Wilder men obsessed with spanking? Someone should spank them and see how they like it.

“Behave,” Shepard growls, taking the stairs up to the chapel.

“You need to put me down, Shepard!” I demand in my most stern voice. “I mean it!”

He saunters to the pulpit and positions me on my feet.

“Why did you bring me in here?”

“For this,” Shepard rasps, cupping between my thighs.

“No.” I adamantly shake my head.

“Yes,” he counters, sinking to his knees.

“Not here,” I beg him. “Come to my house later.”

Shepard laughs. “And give you the chance to hide from me? I don’t think so.”

“I won’t hide,” I say in desperation.

“Lie again and I’ll bend that sexy ass over my knee,” he threatens, deftly unfastening my belt buckle and jeans.

I gnaw on my bottom lip, watching as he slowly bares my lower half. Next, he lifts one leg and then the other, pulling the denim and boy shorts over my feet.

“So fucking hot,” he praises, guiding me into the pastor’s chair. “Spread your legs for me.”

“Shepard, we can’t—”

“Spread your legs,” he repeats, his hungry steel-blue gaze boring into me. “Now.”

I lean back and expose my throbbing center to him. Now he knows the undeniable truth. *I want him.*

“I need to feed her,” Shepard murmurs huskily, sliding his fingers through my sopping folds. “She’s starving for my cock.”

“I’m just horny. My being wet has nothing to do with you.”

He strikes out lightning fast, seizing my slender neck in a vise hold. “What did I say about lying?”

“I’m sorry,” I pant.

Shepard’s dominance skyrockets my temperature, making my slick walls even slicker. He squeezes my throat a little harder, exerting his power over me and I fucking love it. His large hand almost wraps completely around my nape. Everything about this man is super-sized. I should be ranting and raving, but my feminism has left the building.

“You’ll get your spanking later,” he declares. “Right now, I have to anoint this pussy.”

Shepard plucks the anointing oil off the small circular table next to me and pours a few drops onto his index finger.

“What are you—”

My words end on a soft moan as he rubs the amber liquid onto my engorged clit.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No!” I thrash my head side to side. “Please, don’t stop.”

“Tell me that you belong to me,” Shepard whispers gutturally, languidly stroking my pulsating clit. “Tell me that you’re my good girl.”

“I belong to you,” I say breathlessly, gyrating my hips in tandem with his fingers. “I’m your good girl.”

Sizzling tension violently clenches my belly and spreads to my needy pussy. I shake uncontrollably, unable to handle the sensations bombarding me.

Shepard bows his head, his soft beard teasing my inner thighs. “God, thank you for this bounty I’m about to receive. I’m eternally grateful that you saw fit to bless me with this delectable woman. I will thoroughly cherish her with my tongue, lips, and cock until she creams and squirts all over me. Amen.”

A second later, his mouth is on my clit, sucking and nipping me to completion. I cry out in pure rapture, my back arching and legs quivering but he doesn’t stop. His tongue traces every dip and curve of my swollen bud.

“I can’t,” I whimper, twisting away from him. “It’s too much.”

He growls and digs his unyielding fingers into my thighs, holding me immobile. The strong vibrations shoot through my feminine nerve endings, catapulting me over the precipice once again. Translucent liquid gushes from my convulsing womanhood. I fasten my hands into his silky strands and throw my head back, yelling my pleasure.

Shepard positions his mouth over my mound and greedily drinks me until I’m depleted. I melt against the chair, completely boneless and sated.

“Beau was right,” he states in awe. “She’s sweet as a peach.”

Shepard unzips his fly and pulls his steel length through the opening before pushing into my special warm place. He’s long and thick, just like his big brother. My walls stretch taut, adjusting to his mammoth girth. We both groan at the exquisite feel of him filling me to overflowing. It burns so deliciously.

“We can’t,” I protest weakly.

We’re going to Hell for this. I’m pretty sure fucking in the pastor’s chair classifies as a mortal sin.

“I can’t stop now, Sweet Peach,” Shepard rasps, hooking his muscular arms under my knees. “It’s too fucking good.”

He begins driving into me, fast and hard, stroking every single pressure point inside my hungry pussy. I watch where our bodies meet, captivated by the sight of his marauding erection covered in my white nectar.

“Mesmerizing, isn’t it?” he murmurs, his fervent gaze fixated on the same spot. “I’m going to pump this pretty pussy full of my seed.”

“Don’t,” I moan. “You have to pull out.”

“Not a chance in hell,” Shepard growls, hoisting my legs over his shoulders.

“I’m not on birth control,” I warn him. “I could get pregnant.”

“I know, but don’t worry. I’d make an excellent father.”

Thrust. Thrust. Thrust.

My eyes roll to the back of my head. Shepard fucks me with ravenous precision. In and out, his fat dick batters my creamy hole. He captures my lips in an explosive kiss, his tongue rolling and twirling against mine. I clasp his face with both hands and pull him closer, greedily exploring his strong silken mouth. My body and mind scream for release, for this man to finally fuck me into oblivion and beyond. His hands latch onto my bottom, lifting me to meet his wild thrusts. I mewl softly as he surges deeper into my moist passage, rousing the hot pulse beating in my depths.

“We’re going to keep you forever, Sweet Peach,” Shepard declares against my lips. “Take turns spoiling you. Provide for your every want and need. Just give us the same in return.”

I want to believe him, but my heart won’t let me. It’s best to focus on the here and now. No expectations.

Shepard showers lingering kisses along my neck and down my shoulder, then moves lower, sucking a pebbled nipple into his mouth through my blouse. He teases, licks, and nips,

skyrocketing my desire. I thread my fingers into his hair, holding him tight against me.

“Oh God,” I moan, arching into him. “I feel it coming, Shepard.”

“Let go, baby girl,” he rasps. “Come all over my cock.”

“Shepard!” I scream, my pussy fluttering and gushing. “Oh God, Shepard!” I thrash below him, my feminine river soaking his jeans.

“Sweet Jesus, the cup runneth over,” Shepard murmurs, pinning my ankles on either side of my head.

He frantically pounds into my body harder. The torrent continues nonstop, flowing onto the chair and carpeted floor.

“Please come inside me,” I beg him, high on pleasure. “I want my pussy dripping with your cum.”

My proclamation sends him into a frenzy. The chair creaks under his crushing thrusts. I’ve never been fucked so savagely in my entire life—except for when his brother fucked me, that is.

“Take every last drop,” he groans, spilling his seed inside my satin walls.

Shepard’s big body melts on top of me, his rough breaths fanning my sweaty neck. Reality quickly intrudes on my sexual afterglow, clearing my foggy brain. What have I done? He shoves to his feet and pushes his semi-hard cock back into his jeans. I sit up in the chair, processing the possible consequences of my actions.

“Come on,” Shepard says, offering me his hand. “We have to get back.”

“You go. I need a few minutes.”

He squints his eyes at me. “I’ll wait with you.”

“No!” I yell angrily. “Please go.” I wave a hand between us. “The front of your jeans are wet and I’m sure I look a hot mess. We can’t be seen together like this. People will talk.”

“Fine, but after we’re done here, we’re going to have a very long conversation.”

“Okay,” I readily agree. “I’ll meet you at your truck.”

Shepard turns on his heel and stomps out of the chapel. I slump against the chair and drop my face into my palms.

“You stupid, stupid woman.”

Chapter 5



“Whoa, hold your horses,” Carla says, amusement clear in her voice. “Let me get this straight. You had sex with Shepard in your pastor’s chair?”

She’s sitting beside me in the backseat of Pete and Jamieson’s SUV. No one makes a peep, awaiting my response.

“Technically, he isn’t my pastor,” I reply sheepishly. “I haven’t officially joined the church.”

“I knew it! I knew it!” she exclaims. “You’re a big giant ho bag, girl. Welcome to the sisterhood. I’ve been a proud member since I was sixteen years old.”

Wren, Pete, and Jamieson erupt in laughter.

“It’s not my fault he tossed me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and carted me off to the chapel,” I gripe defensively, pleading my case. “He forced me into the pastor’s chair and told me to spread my legs.”

“You could’ve said no,” Wren states matter-of-factly.

“I did!” I throw my hands up. “He wouldn’t take no for an answer. I’m telling you, the man is a certifiable alpha asshole.”

“Did the certifiable alpha asshole give you multiple orgasms?” Carla asks, wagging her perfectly waxed eyebrows.

“That’s not the point, Carla,” I snap.

“Yeah, he did.” She grins, answering her own question. “How many?”

“Why didn’t you yell for help?” Wren chimes in again, a frown wrinkling her forehead. “There were plenty of people around.”

Carla folds her arms under her perky breasts, a smug expression on her oval face. “Yeah, why didn’t you?”

“I... because...” I don’t have an answer that makes sense. *Because you wanted him to fuck you*, my subconsciousness whispers.

“Two Wilders down, one more to go.” Carla whistles low, nudging her shoulder against mine. “Damn girl, you work fast.”

Pete peers back at me from the front passenger seat. “You’re lucky you weren’t caught.”

“God, I know.” I blow out a breath. “That would’ve been disastrous on so many levels.”

“I don’t think you should be using *his* name right now,” Carla remarks. “He’s probably really pissed at you.”

I roll my eyes. “Shut up, Carla.”

“Why not date them all?” Jamieson queries, turning left at the light. “This is the twenty-first century. Polyamory is in.”

“I can’t date two brothers and a cousin,” I shriek, my voice rising a few octaves. “It’s just not right and they’re my next-door neighbors. It’ll be awkward if things go south.”

I could still move, which was my initial plan, but Ridgemont is a small town. I’m bound to run into them on occasion.

“I say let your hair down and have a little fun,” Wren comments, surprising me. She’s supposed to be the

levelheaded friend. “You’re already fucking them, anyway.”

“I haven’t fucked Emmett and I’m not going to,” I announce with conviction. “I’m staying away from those roughnecks.”

“Uh-huh,” Carla grunts. “Whatever you say.”

I release a long sigh and stare out of the window. Conversation resumes, but I don’t hear what’s being said. My mind is on yesterday’s events, specifically Shepard’s proclamation.

We’re going to keep you forever, Sweet Peach... Take turns spoiling you...

I squeeze my eyes shut and shake my head. I can’t take his promises to heart. It was just sex talk, words spoken in the heat of the moment. I’m a sensible woman. *Sometimes*. Nonetheless, the Wilder men live rent free in my head now, but I know it’s just the love hormone playing tricks on me.

After sullyng the chapel, I told Martha I wasn’t feeling well and got the hell out of dodge. I caught a glimpse of Shepard as I was leaving the church and he was spitting mad. Fortunately, he was busy serving and couldn’t follow me out. I raced home, washed the sin from my body, then spent the evening in front of the television with my fur baby. Shepard didn’t come kicking down my door like I feared he would. At least my garage door is working now, making hiding from them easier.

“Look at the line!” Wren exclaims, drawing my attention. “It’s wrapped around the corner!”

“Great,” Carla grumbles. “It’s going to take us forever to get inside.”

We’re in Brightwood, the bustling city I fled a little over two months ago. It’s an hour and a half drive from our small slice of heaven. I’m nervous about being back here, though the chances of running into my ex-fiancé are slim. Carla is still celebrating her newfound freedom and persuaded us to make the trip to Twilight, a popular nightclub located downtown. Lounges are more my speed so I’ve never been.

“Hopefully, it’s moving fast,” I say.

“Doesn’t look like it,” Carla whines. “I’m ready to shake a tail feather and get my drink on.”

“Well, that’s not going to happen for at least another hour,” Wren remarks.

“Okay, everyone,” Pete announces, peering out of the window. “Look for parking.”

We scout the immediate area, but Twilight doesn’t have a parking lot and all the spots on the street are already taken.

“I’m going to try a couple blocks down,” Jamieson says.

“Just find a parking garage, babe,” Pete tells him. “I don’t want to have to walk far.”

Fifteen minutes later, the SUV is parked and we’re standing in line. I took extra care with my appearance, styling my hair in loose curls, applying a little makeup, and then donning a short backless dress. The brown satin material is beautiful against my skin tone. It was an impulse buy, but I’m happy with the purchase. The split going up my right thigh makes me feel especially naughty. A pair of sparkly black stilettos completes the racy ensemble.

“About damn time,” Carla gripes when the line begins moving quickly.

“You look stunning, Sweet Peach.”

I whip around at the rumbled compliment and find Emmett standing directly behind us. How the heck did we not see him? Why is he just making his presence known? I have an inkling he was observing me, plotting his next move. He exchanges greetings with everyone but his eyes stay trained on me, particularly my plunging neckline. I stand there with my mouth hanging wide open. I’m flabbergasted that this man followed me for ninety whole minutes. I hate that he’s so goddamn mouthwatering. A black, long-sleeve button-up shirt clings to ripped arms and torso and dark gray chinos encase long, powerfully built legs. I’m actually jealous of his clothes. How fucking pathetic is that?

“He’s eyeballing you like you’re a medium rare steak with all the fixings,” Wren whispers for my ears only.

A mischievous smile curves Carla’s lips. “Eve was just telling us how much she wants to jump your bones.”

Pete clasps a hand over his mouth, hiding his chuckle while Jamieson’s gaze darts between us with avid curiosity.

“Carla!” I shout, causing a few people to glance my way. “That’s not true and you damn well know it.” Sometimes I just want to throttle her.

“She can jump my bones whenever she wants,” Emmett rasps softly.

“I have zero interest in *jumping your bones*,” I snap, clamping my hands on my hips. “I mean it and don’t you dare follow me around once we’re inside. What you and your cousins are doing is considered stalking. I swear, I’ll file a restraining order if it doesn’t stop.”

I turn back around, my spine straight and my head held high. I’m done allowing these men to take over my life.

“Save all your dances for me,” Emmett demands in a deep baritone, ignoring everything I just said.

I stiffen, but don’t offer a response. I’m determined to pretend he doesn’t exist. Once inside, I’ll be sure not to venture off alone so he doesn’t catch me by surprise. I made that grave error with Shepard.

“Ooh, he’s going to get you,” Carla teases.

“You are an absolute ass,” I deadpan, rolling my eyes at her.

She grins. “I’m good at it, though.”

I feel Emmett’s blistering gaze burning a hole in my back. I try to act indifferent to his presence, but my sweaty palms and racing heart contradicts my facade. We finally make it into the building a short time later. I glance over my shoulder, but my stalker has seemingly disappeared into thin air.

“Where are you?” I mumble under my breath.

“Look for your boyfriend later,” Carla yells back at me. “Let’s grab some drinks.”

“He’s not my boyfriend,” I hiss at her.

“I need to use the bathroom,” Wren informs us. “I’ll meet y’all at the bar.”

We veer right, skirting the dance floor towards the bar. The club is jam-packed. Laser lights wash the two-level structure in a kaleidoscope of bright colors. The DJ plays the latest hits in the far left-hand corner. The music isn’t blaringly loud, allowing for conversation. Roped-off sections for VIP guests line the adjacent wall.

Pete squeezes into an open spot at the crowded bar and orders tequila shots for everyone. We’re a few shots in when Wren finds us. He gifts her with two full glasses which she gulps down in quick succession.

“Next round’s on me,” Carla announces.

“No more for me,” I decline, already feeling a little buzz. “You know I’m a lightweight.”

“Boo.” She pouts. “You’re no fun.”

She waves down one of several bartenders and secures more drinks. I scan every face within my sight, searching for Emmett, but it’s impossible to pinpoint him in the throng. He’s here somewhere, lying in wait for the perfect opportunity to pounce on me. I know that for a fact. The Wilder men are persistent if nothing else.

“Come on, babe,” Jamieson shouts, grabbing his husband’s hand. “I’m ready to dance.”

We join the gyrating bodies on the dance floor. After a few songs, my inhibitions are nonexistent and my stalker problem is put on the back burner. I’m bumping and grinding, my arms raised high above my head and my hips swaying. I can’t believe how much fun I’m having. I usually hate clubs and hide in a corner until it’s time to go.

Sudden awareness bombards me, raising the fine hairs on my nape and scattering goosebumps across my skin. *It’s him.*

He's watching me. I break away from the group and scour the crowd again, finding my stalker leaning against a pillar, his hands tucked inside his pockets. His face is a granite mask, but there's no mistaking the unchecked desire brimming in his smoldering irises. He eye-fucks me, lighting me on fire wherever his glittering steel-blue orbs touch. I bet at this very moment he's rock hard. My pussy throbs at the thought.

The tiny devil perched on my shoulder orders me to tease him and I happily oblige, slowly sucking an index finger into my mouth. Emmett straightens to his full height, his thirsty gaze tracking the action. I feel sexy, emboldened, and in charge. He takes a step forward and I take a step back, maintaining the several feet separating us. I slide my hands over my breasts and began dancing, seductively swinging my hips from side to side.

Everyone else fades away, leaving just the two of us. His mental caress is tangible on my flesh. There's no plausible explanation for this. My mind must be playing tricks on me. That's the only reasonable conclusion unless our passion is so strong, it's become a living organism, invisible to the naked eye. I burrow a hand into my thong, finding my vulva wet and swollen. Emmett clenches his jaw and takes another step forward. Again, I retreat, thoroughly reveling in our impromptu cat-and-mouse game. I widen my legs and briskly stroke my inflated clit in circular motions, watching him watch me. My pussy clenches, spilling a desperate cry from my parted lips. I'm almost there. The rise and fall of his chest increases exponentially, signaling his waning control. *Good*. He's getting a taste of his own medicine.

"Eve." I go ramrod straight, instantly recognizing the familiar voice. "Is that you?"

I jerk my hand out of my thong and pivot on my heel, coming face-to-face with my ex. He has the audacity to smile at me as if we're long-lost friends. As if he didn't shatter my heart into a million pieces just a few short months ago.

"Wow, you look amazing," he shouts over the music, gathering me in a tight hug. "It's so good to see you." I shake

in anger, balling my hands into fists at my sides. “Don’t be like that,” Calvin coos in my ear. “I still have love for you.”

“You still have love for me?” I fume, tearing away from him. “Calvin, you abruptly ended our seven-year relationship without an explanation. I thought we were happy.”

I don’t give a shit who hears our shouted conversation, this confrontation is long overdue.

“We were.” He drags a hand through his jet-black mane, courtesy of his Native American genes. “It’s complicated, okay?”

“I deserve closure,” I snap at him. “Was there someone else?”

“Of course not,” Calvin denies. “Jesus, Eve, how could you think that? I never cheated on you.”

“I don’t know what to think.” I shake my head, the pain of the breakup rushing back to me. “I need to understand why. Please.”

I look over my shoulder and see Emmett watching our interaction, a thunderous expression on his face. I hope he stays right where he is. He’ll make this awkward situation twenty times worse.

“You’re the only girlfriend I’ve ever had.” He sighs, snaking a hand into his hair again. “Getting through college and building a career were my top priorities in my early twenties. I didn’t have time for fun or playing the field. I want to experience that before tying the knot.”

I can’t believe my ears. He broke up with me to become a manwhore. But in all honesty, it could’ve been a whole lot worse. He could’ve just started cheating on me. In a convoluted way, I guess I should be grateful he ended things, though it still hurts.

“Well, I hope the single life suits you,” I retort, stepping around him. “Oh, and thank you so very much for wasting seven years of my life.”

“Wait.” Calvin grasps my wrist. “How about a dance? For old times’ sake.”

“I’ll pass but thanks,” I quip sarcastically.

“Come on.” He seizes my hips and pulls me against him. “Just one dance.”

“I said no!” I hiss, shoving against his chest.

Emmett swoops in and yanks me into his arms, his lips crashing down onto mine while his velvet tongue plunders my mouth. I twist my fingers into his shirt and instantly soften into his powerful embrace. Large hands slide over my ass, drawing me tightly against his vast erection. I moan into his silken mouth, both exhilarated and frightened by his girth. Emmett tunnels a hand into my curly strands and tugs, angling my head. The kiss turns feral. We cling to each other, our tongues dueling and teeth clanking. I bite his bottom lip, dizzy with lust.

“Vixen,” Emmett growls, blood trickling down his chin.

He spins me around, molding his chest to my back. Calvin isn’t even a blip on my radar. I don’t give a damn if he’s watching us. In fact, I hope that he is.

“Please, Emmett,” I pant, pushing my ass against his straining cock like a cat in heat. “I didn’t finish.”

“Ah, is the naughty vixen horny?” he rumbles, delving both hands into my thong. “Does she want me to play with her pretty pussy?”

Emmett positions his thumbs on either side of my clit and languidly massages the distended flesh while his other thick digits explore my wet folds.

“Yes,” I moan, digging sharp fingernails into his wrists. “Oh God, yes.”

“Say thank you,” he rasps in my ear.

“What?” I pant, carnal overload fogging my brain.

“I gave you a compliment earlier, and you didn’t say thank you.”

“Thank you, thank you, thank you...” I repeat over and over again.

Emmett trails feather-soft kisses down my neck and along my shoulder. I frantically undulate against his hands, my passion reaching scorching levels.

“I feel it,” I gasp. “I feel it coming. Oh God, Emmett.”

“Such a good girl, Sweet Peach,” he praises, kneading my sensitive bud faster. “So hot and responsive.”

An explosion of pleasure clenches my slick core, making my legs go weak. “Emmett,” I cry softly, bone-jarring convulsions tilting me on my axis. I sag against him, barely able to stand on my own two feet.

“We’re not done yet, Sweet Peach,” Emmett murmurs, lifting me in his hulking arms.

I slip my hands over his broad shoulders and lock my ankles at the small of his back. “What are you doing?”

“Taking my pussy,” he answers, his tone daring me to challenge him.

“We can’t.” My gaze sweeps the overcrowded dance floor. “We’ll be seen.”

“We’re just dancing, Sweet Peach.” Emmett frees his intimidating length. “No one is paying attention to us.”

He pulls my thong to the side and enters my yielding body, awakening every nerve ending to blazing life.

“Better than Beau and Shepard said it would be,” Emmett groans, latching onto my bottom.

He thrusts in short erratic strokes until he’s fully seated inside my wet haven. A silent cry parts my lips. There’s something about that first stroke, the feeling is fucking magical. There’s no other way to describe it. I clasp his face and bring his lips to mine, sucking his tongue into my mouth. I’m being fucked in the middle of a busy nightclub and I don’t give a damn. I’m ravenous, completely famished for him and he’s the same for me. His steel fingers squeeze my ass in an iron grip, guiding me back and forth over his massive

manhood. The special place between my thighs rubs against him, bringing me closer to climactic fulfillment. I break the kiss and stare into his eyes, running an index finger over his plump lips.

“Fuck, Sweet Peach,” he says huskily, pressing his sweaty forehead to mine. “You’re amazing.”

I want to tell him that he’s amazing too. That he and his cousins have given me pleasure beyond my wildest imagination, but speaking those words would give him too much power over me. I can’t risk it. I fist my hands into his reddish-brown mane and urgently meet his thrusts, showing him instead.

“You’re already ours,” Emmet whispers, his passion-filled gaze holding me prisoner. “Stop fighting it. Your pussy only gets this wet for us.”

“I’m afraid...” *to love again.*

“You can trust us, Sweet Peach. We just want to eat your pussy and make you happy.”

I seek his mouth again, innately drawn to him. We pull and push against each other, oblivious to the happenings around us. In this moment, my mind, body, and soul are lost to this man. A national disaster couldn’t pry me from him.

“Emmett, I’m coming,” I breathe, my sopping channel clamping down on his cock, inviting him to spill his essence into my body. “It’s so fucking good.”

“Milk my cock,” Emmett rasps against my lips, joining me in orgasmic absolution. “That’s it, Sweet Peach,” he groans, burying his face into my neck. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

I cling to him, my heart pounding in my chest.

I’ve given myself to three men in the last week—*three family members*—unprotected, each one filling me with their cum. Maybe that makes me a bad person, but I’m only human. Being bad is easy when it feels so good.

“Let’s get some food,” Emmett says, lowering me on shaky legs. “I’m starving.”

“I can’t just leave,” I tell him. “I’m here with friends.”

“I know a place just a few blocks from here,” he states, stowing his semi-hard cock in his pants. “We’ll be back in an hour.”

“I can’t,” I state with finality. “Let’s not make this more than what it was.”

“And what was it?” Emmett questions softly, shooting daggers at me.

I clear my throat. “Meaningless sex.”

“You can either walk your sexy ass out of here or I can carry you.” He takes a step forward, closing the small gap separating us. “What’s it gonna be?”

“I need to use the bathroom first,” I say, my mind racing with ways to bail on our spur-of-the-moment date.

“Good choice.” Emmett grabs my hand and shoves through the horde of club goers, leading me into the bathroom.

The occupants gape at us, astonished looks on their faces.

“What the hell are you doing?” I hiss at him. “You can’t be in here.”

“Pardon my intrusion, ladies.” Emmett dips his head, acknowledging the startled women. “My girlfriend isn’t feeling well.”

He tugs me into the last stall and locks us inside.

“Get out.” I push at his chest. “I can’t use the bathroom with you hovering over me.”

In a flash, he pins me against the stall wall, my arms high above my head. “I’m going to be seeing a lot more of you, so get used to it.”

“I have to, umm... clean myself,” I explain, embarrassment burning my cheeks. “I can’t do that with you in here.”

“I’ll help you.” Emmett shifts my wrists to one hand and drags my thong to my knees with the other.

“Are you going to fuck me?” I pant, my aching pussy ready to receive him again.

“Yes.” He hooks two fingers deep inside my sluicing wetness. “But first, I’m going to feed you.”

“Oh God.”

Emmett scissors my tight walls, stretching me wide. “Does the naughty little vixen like that?”

“Yes,” I whimper, dropping my head onto his shoulder. “Yes, yes, yes.”

He pulls free of my weeping body, leaving me bereft.

“No!” I shout in desperation. “Please, don’t stop!”

“We can’t let this go to waste,” Emmett mutters, pushing the glistening digits into my mouth. “Open wide.”

I greedily lap our combined essence from his fingers, savoring the tangy saltiness exploding on my tongue.

“Good?” he rumbles.

I moan, nodding my head in answer.

“There’s more.” Emmett rips the thong from my body then holds the semen-drenched gusset to my lips. “Lick,” he orders me.

I submit to his will without a second thought.

“Your obedience gets me so fucking hard,” he growls, spinning me around.

“Hurry,” I beg him, bracing my hands on the stall wall. “I want you inside me.”

Moments later, he fills me to the hilt and it’s paradise in every sense of the word. He grunts and snarls, relentlessly propelling in and out of my silken sheath. I cry out, my eyes rolling to the back of my head. The symphony of our colliding bodies echoes in the bathroom, leaving little doubt to what’s taking place inside the last stall. I hear the jokes, laughter, and snide remarks, but I’m too far gone to feel ashamed.

“You can deny it all you want, Sweet Peach,” Emmett rasps in my ear. “But you belong to us now.”

“I don’t deny it,” I breathe, delirious with passion.

“You spoke the words,” he comments in a low rough baritone. “No retracting them later.”

Emmett snakes a hand beneath the top of my satin dress and kneads my nipple to a pebbled peak while expertly fondling my plump clit. His carnal touches send my emotions into a tailspin, amplifying all five of my senses tenfold. Time seems to stand still. I can actually taste our sexual fever on my tongue. It permeates the air, addictive and saccharine sweet. Suddenly, the floodgates open, expelling a gushing stream from my convulsing body.

“Oh God!” I scream as a stray tear escapes down my cheek.

Emmett shouts his own release, recklessly charging between my thighs at breakneck speed until he’s completely spent. He slumps against me, his galloping heartbeat vibrating through my trembling body. We stay ensconced in our blissful utopia for long minutes, neither of us uttering a word.



Emmett keeps a manacle hold on my hand like he doesn’t trust me not to take off down the street. Truth be told, making a break for it did cross my mind for a fleeting moment, but common sense reared its ugly head. I wouldn’t have gotten very far in these shoes without falling flat on my ass. I’m really caught in a pickle now. I should’ve told Emmett to stick it where the sun don’t shine when he demanded I go with him. The Wilder men are macho assholes and I’m sick of their caveman bullshit. To make matters a trillion times worse, I bumped into Pete on the way out and he made it abundantly clear that he and the others saw my live-action porno. *They’re never going to let me live this down.* That’s what I get for letting he-man fuck my brains out in the middle of a crowded

nightclub. I glare at said he-man. I should kick him right in the shin.

“I thought you said it was close?” I gripe accusingly.

I need to sit down, my feet are beginning to chafe.

Emmett whirls around and seizes my mouth in a hard kiss, all tongue. “One more block, Sweet Peach.”

I lick my lips. Damn, that man could melt an iceberg in Antarctica. Ugh! He’s so freaking annoying. They all are.

“I can’t stay long.” *Twenty minutes and then I’m gone.*

“Who was that man you were talking to?” Emmett inquires, lugging me down the street once again. “We don’t share.”

“None of your damn business,” I quip haughtily. “Who do you think—”

He turns around and roughly seizes me between the thighs.

“Who. Is. He?” Emmett growls in my face.

“My ex-fiancé,” I yelp, quickly answering him.

His eyes dip to paper-thin slits. “Does he want you back?”

“No,” I respond. “He broke up with me.”

“Why?” Emmett asks somberly, his anger swiftly dissipating.

I laugh derisively. “He wanted to *experience* other women.”

“His loss, our gain,” Emmett states, placing a chaste kiss on my forehead.

We continue on our way, my head filled with a thousand and one thoughts. He seems so genuine, they all do. But I can’t risk another heartbreak—it would crush me. I already wasted seven years of my life banking on a happily ever after with Calvin and look where that’s gotten me. My biological clock is ticking double time. I want to be a wife and mother sooner rather than later. I have to do what’s best for me, bottom line.

“Here we are,” Emmett announces, pulling me into a quaint pizzeria. “They have the best deep-dish pizza in Brightwood.”

My steps falter, spotting Shepard and Beau sitting at a circular booth in the back corner. Both stand, shit-eating grins on their faces.

“What is this?” I hiss, trying unsuccessfully to twist my hand from his grip. “You didn’t say they would be here.”

“We’re just going to have a meal together,” he replies, hauling me forward. “No big deal.”

“It is a big deal,” I snap, dragging my feet. “You tricked me.”

“There’s our girl.” Beau gathers me in his arms and places a lingering kiss on my cheek. “You look good enough to eat.”

I gasp, feeling his thick erection prod my lower belly.

“I’m not staying,” I say, jerking away from him. “Emmett failed to mention that you two would be here.”

“Have a heart, Sweet Peach.” Shepard chuckles, moving in for his own hug. “We just want to spend some time with you too.”

I quickly dodge him and pivot on my heel. “Adios.”

“Not so fast.” Beau latches onto my arm and promptly forces me into the booth. “Sit and be good.”

“What do you think you’re doing?” I shriek as he scoots in beside me.

His cohorts pile in on the opposite side, blocking all escape routes. The table is already laden with several pizzas, chicken wings, and pitchers of beer. My mouth waters, but I’m too pissed to even consider eating.

“You better let me out of this booth right now,” I demand through clenched teeth.

“Sorry, Sweet Peach,” Beau says, liberally shaking red pepper flakes onto a huge slice of pepperoni pizza. “That’s not going to happen.”

“You’re not going to eat?” Shepard asks, nodding at my empty plate.

“I’m not hungry,” I snarl at him.

He shrugs. “Suit yourself.”

“How’s your week going so far?” Emmett asks, sliding closer to me.

He can’t be serious. I purse my lips, refusing to engage in redundant small talk with the buffoon trio.

Beau sighs. “Look, we want to get to know you. The longer you sit there and act like a brat, the longer we’re going to be here.”

“I’m the brat?” I scoff, narrowing my eyes at him. “Says the man who turns into a brainless caveman whenever he doesn’t get his way. And why not just ask me on a date? That’s how normal people get to know each other.”

Emmett cocks a skeptical eyebrow. “You would’ve agreed to go on a date with us?”

“Well, no,” I answer truthfully. “I can’t date three men at the same time. It’s just wrong.”

“We’re consenting adults,” Shepard states, thoughtfully stroking his sexy-as-fuck beard. “How is it wrong?”

“It just is!” I exclaim in exasperation. “Anyway, how would marriage work? Having children too?”

I’m jumping the gun talking marriage and children, but I’m thirty-four years old goddamn it. I’m dating with a purpose.

“You’ll have our devotion and fidelity and any children conceived would be well loved,” Beau responds, tucking an errant curl behind my ear. “That’s what matters.”

I unconsciously lean into his touch, seeking his warmth.

“What’s ours would be yours,” Emmett adds with conviction. “A marriage certificate isn’t needed to make that happen.”

Shepard reaches across the table and grasps my hand. “You’ll be given everything you desire times three.”

“Three times the love. Three times the attention. Three times the orgasms,” Emmett remarks gruffly. “What woman wouldn’t want that?”

A woman who values her self-preservation. They talk a good game, but words don’t necessarily equate to actions.

“I just don’t know.” I sigh, rubbing my temples. “I need to think.”

“You agreed to be ours,” he reminds me.

“I can’t be held liable for what’s said during sex,” I nearly shout. “And *sex* is all there is between us.

“We’re obsessed with your unicorn pussy,” Beau admits to me. “It’s tight and warm and you squirt like a geyser, but it’s about more than sex for us. All we’re asking for is the opportunity to show you.”

“You made the first move, Sweet Peach,” Shepard retorts irritably. “Now you want to play coy.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” I snap defensively, my eyebrows furrowing in confusion. “I didn’t make the first move.”

“We’ve heard you cry out for us on multiple occasions,” he explains. “You were driving us crazy. How long did you expect us to ignore those sweet little cries? To deny you what you so desperately crave?”

“What I do in the privacy of my own home is no one’s business,” I reply breathlessly.

“You begged us to fuck you... begged us to come inside your pretty little pussy,” Emmett rasps, his steel-blue gaze daring me to deny it. “You made it our business.”

“It was just a fantasy,” I whisper, his vulgar words having a visceral effect on me. “It was never meant to become reality.”

“But it did,” Emmett rumbles, slipping a hand under my dress. “And you liked that reality and you want more of it,” he states matter-of-factly, languidly strumming my sensitive bud. “Stop fighting it.”

I moan softly, wanting so badly to give in to them.

“Let us take you home right now and fuck you to sleep,” Beau murmurs, trailing kisses along the curve of my neck. “Then we’ll cook you breakfast in the morning.”

I gather every ounce of my willpower and push away from them.

“No!” I yell, shoving to my knees. “Move out of my way or I swear to God I’ll climb over this goddamn table.”

Beau glowers at me, but begrudgingly does what I ask. Thank goodness he fell for my bluff. Hopping on the table would’ve exposed my private bits to the entire restaurant. I jet out of the booth and make a quick beeline towards the exit.

“You can’t run forever,” Shepard calls after me. “We live next door.”

Chapter 6



I can't sleep and it has nothing to do with the uncomfortable mattress in Pete and Jamieson's guest bedroom. I'm supposed to be at home in my own bed but their babysitter canceled on them at the last minute. I didn't mind stepping in, though. I love children, hence my profession, and their little minions are a riot. There wasn't a dull moment all evening.

Pete and Jamieson are due to arrive back from their weekend getaway this afternoon. I'm on babysitting duties until then, which means I need to get some sleep. I have to be up in a few hours to feed the little minions, but my brain refuses to shut off. *Those damn Wilder men.* I lay the blame solely at their feet. It's been twenty-four hours of radio silence. I should be happy, not conflicted. What if they decided to cut their losses and move on? The mere thought fills me with dread. *It's for the best.* A future with them isn't possible.

My cell phone dings three times back-to-back.

"Who could that be texting me this late?" I grumble irritably, grabbing my phone from beside me on the bed and unlocking it.

I frown, seeing a group text with three unfamiliar numbers.

+1 (907) 302-6861: Where the fuck are you?

+1 (907) 553-6128: Get your ass home now!

+1 (907) 580-8116: Don't make us come find you!

Me: Introductions would be nice.

Of course, I know exactly who the angry asshats are at this point, but I need to put a name to a cell phone number. They reply instantly and I quickly save each number in my contacts. I'm not at all surprised they managed to get my cell number with anyone's personal information readily available for purchase on the internet. Privacy is an unattainable luxury nowadays.

Beau: Well

I text back, feigning ignorance.

Me: Well what?

Beau: WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?

"Whoa, somebody's upset." I chuckle. "Poor baby."

Me: Out

"Score one for me you smug bastards," I quip, feeling extra saucy since I'm out of their reach.

Emmett: Bad girls get spankings.

Shepard: And no orgasms.

Me: That's okay. I met someone last night, and he gave me enough orgasms to last a lifetime. I'm actually still with him.

I bet they're roaring mad. Serves them right for being overbearing jackasses.

Shepard: You wouldn't give our pussy away.

I scoff. "I swear the absolute gall of these men."

My fingers fly over the screen, stabbing the virtual letter keys harder than necessary. Bantering with them is invigorating. It's been the highlight of my summer thus far.

Me: I don't remember giving the Wilder men ownership of my pussy.

I'm so lying and they know it. I've given each of them *ownership* of my feminine tidbits while being fucked senseless. They can't hold that against me, though. As I stated before, sex talk means absolutely zilch.

Beau: You don't?

A millisecond later, Beau calls my cell phone. I promptly decline the call, but the man is tenacious if nothing else. He calls two more times.

"Give it a rest already," I grumble, rolling my eyes.

I wait on bated breath for more text messages or phone calls to come, but minutes pass and nothing.

"I guess that's it," I say, feeling a twinge of disappointment.

Everything about them is no-holds-barred. They make me feel less alone in this world, but it's all a ruse. Despite their claims, I'm just another notch in the family belt. My happily ever after isn't going to be with them. I need to move on, put my foot down where they're concerned, but my defenses crumble against their magical touches.

My phone dings, sending my pulse into overdrive. I hurriedly check the group text and see that Beau sent a video. The miniature thumbnail is a distorted blob, making it impossible to discern what I'm looking at.

"What do we have here?" I grin, pressing the play icon.

Recognition instantly hits me. The cream marble footboard, the matching dresser, the abstract canvas hanging on the wall... that's my bedroom, and that's my ass in the air. I had no idea he was recording our intimate moment. *Sneaky bastard*. Nonetheless, my riveted gaze is fixated on the screen.

"Your pussy good as fuck, Sweet Peach," Beau rasps, pounding into me from behind. "Every velvet curve clings to my cock like a second skin."

“I want you to fill me up,” I whimper desperately. “Please, Beau. I want my body overflowing with your cum.”

“Then show me,” he demands, his hand whipping across my bottom. “Throw that ass back on my dick and promise me you’ll be my forever slut.”

“Forever and always,” I moan, meeting his feral thrusts. “I promise to only be a slut for you.”

“For all of us,” Beau growls, connecting with my backside again. “We own you. No other man will ever touch you again. Do you understand me?”

“Yes!” I wail, my fingers gripping the damp sheets in a vise hold. “I belong to you... all of you.”

“Fuck, Sweet Peach,” he groans. “Good girl. Take my seed deep inside your wet paradise.”

Beau slips out of my body and zooms the camera on my dripping center. I lick my lips, enamored by the sight of his thick cum trickling from my raw opening. The clip ends, leaving me a breathless mess. His cock stretched my pussy impossibly wide. It was the most beautiful sight I’ve ever seen in my life. I could barely accommodate his oversized erection. Still, recording me without my knowledge was a shitty thing to do. I quickly type out a condemning text.

Me: You’re a disgusting pig! How dare you record me without my permission!!!

Beau: Is your pussy wet right now?

Shepard: You know it is lol

“Grr!” I exclaim. “How is it possible to be this damn cocky?”

Me: I’m dryer than the Sahara Desert.

Emmett: Liar

Shepard: Prove it. Send us a pic.

I roll my eyes. “So not happening, buddy.”

Me: I don’t sext. Sorry

Beau: I'm tired of this game. Today we claim you.

Excitement pumps through my veins, but in true fashion, my defiance reigns supreme.

Me: I am not a possession to be owned.

Shepard: Get some rest. You're going to need it.

Emmett: See you soon.

Me: Keep harassing me and I'm going straight to the cops.

No reply is given after my threat. I lie awake for hours, wondering what the Wilder men have in store for me.



My eyes must be deceiving me. I blink hard, hoping it's just a weird hallucination but no such luck.

“What does he want?” I gripe, turning into my driveway.

My ex-fiancé is the last person I expected to see standing on my porch. The Wilders are a completely different story. I was prepared to go toe-to-toe with them. This is an unwelcome curve ball. I'm not in the mood to deal with him today, or any other day, for that matter. My monthly visitor decided to come a few days early, and I'm achy and irritable. I need a hot shower, my bed, and snuggles with Princess Lulu. I grab my purse and charge out of my car.

“What are you doing here, Calvin?” I snap, stomping right up to him.

“I was hoping we could talk,” he answers me, rubbing the back of his neck. Something he does whenever he's nervous.

My eyebrows dip low on my forehead. “About what?”

“It was really good seeing you Friday night,” he says, shuffling on his feet. “It brought back a lot of memories.”

“I don't understand,” I state slowly. “What's the point of you telling me this?”

“I think we should give us another chance,” Calvin blurts out. “We were great together.”

“Excuse me?” I laugh humorlessly. “Am I supposed to be grateful that you want me back? Go straight to Hell, Calvin. You wanted your freedom and now you have it. Have a nice life.”

I move to step around him, but he latches onto my arm.

“I made a mistake, okay? Come on, let’s go inside and talk.”

“It’s too late,” I retort, snatching my arm away from him. “You need to leave. I’ve moved on.”

“I’m not going anywhere!” he barks, remaining rooted to the spot. “Not until we talk.”

“You are not coming inside my house, Calvin,” I growl between clenched teeth. “There’s nothing for us to talk about. It’s over.”

“I saw you with that guy,” he spits, an ugly sneer twisting his lips. “I watched the entire time. How could you let him fuck you for everyone to see?”

“Oh, I get it now,” I say, narrowing my eyes. “You’re jealous. You don’t want me, but you don’t want anyone else to have me. Did you think I was going to stay celibate for the rest of my life?”

“No, but I didn’t think you were going to become a whore either,” he snarls in my face.

“Fuck you, Calvin!” I try to push past him, but he stops me again, this time roughly seizing my shoulders. “Let me go!” I yell, struggling against his steel hold. “You’re hurting me!”

“You heard her.” Shepard’s clipped baritone reaches my ears, effectively stilling me. “Hands off, motherfucker.”

Calvin instantly releases me and jumps back, putting several inches between us. I whip around and the breath stalls in my lungs. My roughneck neighbors are standing front and center in my yard, murder brimming in their steel-blue orbs. Their body language says it all—coiled stance, firm jaws, and

clenched fists. They're ready to pounce at the drop of a dime. I fear for my ex-fiancé, though he doesn't deserve my concern. He better tread very carefully or he'll be leaving here with a black eye or two.

"Touch our woman again and you're a dead man," Beau growls, taking a threatening step towards the porch.

"O-ours?" Calvin stammers, his gaze cutting to mine for confirmation. "She's with all of you?"

"That's right," Emmett answers him. "Leave and never come back or it won't end well for you."

Calvin clears the porch steps and is speeding down the street under screeching tires in sixty seconds flat. Seven years together and I've never seen him move so fast. One problem solved, three more to go. My other three problems are staring me right in the face, hungry expectation shining in their beautiful blue irises. They can join my ex-fiancé in the fiery place where bad people go.

"I had it under control," I snap, fishing my keys out of my purse. "I didn't need three crazed knights in shining armor coming to my rescue."

"That's not what it looked like to us," Shepard counters, folding his arms across his chest. "He was manhandling you."

"It's our job to protect you," Beau states, mimicking his brother's actions. "We're not going to apologize for that."

"No, it's not!" I shout in exasperation. "And who protects me from you three, huh? You've all been *manhandling* me."

"You like when we manhandle you, though," Emmett quips self-assuredly, a smirk gracing his sexy lips.

I blow out a long breath. "Look, I just started my period and can't be around testosterone right now."

I hurry inside and slam the door behind me, quickly turning the top and bottom lock in place. My cell phone begins ringing, scaring the crap out of me.

"Jesus Christ," I gripe, digging it out from my purse.

I shake my head, seeing it's my mother calling.

"I'm not answering that." I throw my cell phone and purse onto the sofa.

I'm a million percent certain Calvin called and told her about my three boyfriends. I refuse to listen to her lecture me for the next hour.

"Lulu," I call out, padding towards the kitchen.

That's strange. She always greets me at the door. I enter the kitchen and my gaze immediately zooms in on the island. I slowly walk up to the bowl of plump peaches and a small white box that wasn't there yesterday.

"Those bastards broke into my goddamn house," I mumble, cautiously opening the box.

I find my ruined thong, crusted with semen, from the other night along with a note. *We have your pussy. If you want her back, come and get her.* I see red. How dare they catnap my poor fur baby? I storm over to their house and bang on the front door.

"Where's my fur baby you catnapping assholes?!" I shout.

The door swings open, revealing a grinning Shepard. "May I help you?"

Emmett lounges in a plush recliner, a beer bottle hanging loosely from his fingertips. He, too, is sporting a grin at my expense.

"You know good and well why I'm here!" I yell at him. "Give me back my cat!"

"Come inside," he says, stepping back to grant me entry. "We won't bite... too hard."

"Absolutely not," I clip out. "Bring her to me, now."

Beau saunters from the back of the house with Lulu cradled in his arms. He lightly scratches the top of her head and she purrs like a motorboat, burrowing into his touch which is surprising. Generally, the volatile feline isn't friendly towards strangers.

I hold out my arms. “Give her to me.”

“I tell you what,” Beau starts, a confident gleam brightening his gaze. “I’ll put her down and if she goes to you, you’re welcome to leave. If not, you spend the day with us.”

I scoff. “Of course she’ll come to me. I’m her owner.”

He deposits Lulu on all fours and the traitor slides her fluffy body along his legs, meowing her displeasure.

I bend forward, placing my hands on my thighs. “Lulu, come here. It’s time to go home.”

She looks at me for a split second then lies down at Beau’s feet. It seems my cat is a whore for the Wilder men just like her mommy.

“I can’t believe you.” I stomp inside and scoop her up in my arms. “These are very bad men.”

I hear the door slam and spin around to find Shepard blocking my escape route, his hands planted low on his hips.

I narrow my eyes at him. “What are you doing?”

“You lost, so you stay,” he states matter-of-factly.

I lift my chin defiantly. “I didn’t agree to a damn thing.”

Beau snatches Lulu out of my arms and Shepard descends on me, hefting me over his shoulder.

“Put me down, goddamn you!” I shout, kicking my legs.

He climbs the stairs two at a time and takes me into a spacious bathroom before plopping me on my feet.

“I ran a bubble bath for you,” he says, unbuttoning my denim jeans.

I glance at the bathtub and sure enough, it’s filled nearly to the top. Regardless, I’m not taking a bath here. I slap his hand when he pulls on the zipper.

“You’re crazy if you think I’m getting into that tub.”

Shepard sighs. “Look, Sweet Peach, we can do this the easy way or we can do it the hard way. The bottom line is you’re getting in that tub.”

He means it. There's determination in his steel-blue depths.

"Get out," I demand, pointing into the hallway. "I can undress myself."

"Nah." Shepard shakes his head. "That's my job."

"I'm on my period for God's sake," I say in desperation. "Give me a little privacy."

"Don't worry, Sweet Peach," he rasps, lifting my shirt over my head and then tossing it onto the tile floor. "I'm going to take real good care of you."

My bra goes next, then he's on his knees, pulling my jeans and panties to my ankles. He slips both along with my socks and sneakers over my feet. I wait with bated breath, chewing on my bottom lip. Shepard stares into my eyes and slowly reaches for the string of my tampon.

I grab his wrist. "Please don't."

He captures the string with his other hand and pulls the tampon from my body. My flow isn't heavy, it never is on the first day. Shepard stands and flushes it down the toilet, then leads me into the warm soapy water. I go without a fuss. It's not like I have much of a choice. I'm buck naked and I'd be caught before making it to the front door, anyway.

I moan, my body becoming soft and pliant.

"Good?" Shepard asks, pulling bodywash from the sink cabinet.

"Mm-hmm. It feels amazing."

He smiles triumphantly and plucks a bath sponge out of the shower caddy then kneels beside the bathtub.

"Wait a minute." I squint my eyes at the bright purple bottle in his hand. "Whose bodywash is that?"

Shepard better not wash me with the family booty call stash. I will literally karate chop him in the balls.

"My sister's," he replies, generously squeezing the creamy liquid onto the bath sponge. "Forgot it the last time she was

here.”

“Oh,” I mumble, breathing in the fruity fragrance.

“We’re all yours, Sweet Peach,” Shepard assures me. “No need to be jealous.”

A soft gasp escapes my lips as he glides the sponge over my breasts, paying special attention to my nipples until both become steel peaks, then he slurps one into his strong mouth. I tunnel my hands into his long strands, holding him tightly to me.

“Shepard,” I pant, arching into him. “Please.”

He responds to my unfinished plea, seeking the needy spot between my thighs. His light caress strikes a match in the heart of me, unleashing an all-consuming desire. His fingers stroke and pinch my clit while my other nipple receives the pleasure of his teeth and tongue. Every touch brings me closer to blissful fulfillment.

“What are you doing to me?” I whisper, awed by the passion he invokes within me. “How is this feeling possible?”

“No, Sweet Peach,” he rasps against my flesh. “What are *you* doing to us?”

“Oh God,” I breathe as he pushes long fingers into my body. “I’m hungry for you. For all of you.”

I’m feverish with want, every nerve ending overly heightened during my time of the month.

“Then let us feed you,” he murmurs, seizing my lips in a searing kiss.

Our tongues duel in a sensual tango. I want to fill up on him, drink his essence into my very soul. He nimbly moves in and out of my pussy, his rough palm hitting against my swollen clit. I widen my legs and meet his plundering fingers, prisoner to the carnal unrest surging through my veins. Water splashes over the edge of the bathtub in my desperation to reach climax. Nothing could’ve ever prepared me for these virile men. I’m completely under their spell. Truthfully, it’s where I’ve longed to be since first laying eyes on them. My

body suddenly implodes, creating a white-hot maelstrom in the depths of my feminine core.

“Yes,” I whimper softly as debilitating spasms rock me to the marrow. “Keep going. Yes, just like that.”

“Your moans are sexy as fuck,” he says gruffly, driving his fingers into me until my convulsions subside.

“Sleepy,” I mumble, my eyelids drifting shut.

Shepard chuckles. “Sleep later. Right now, it’s time to get you all clean.”

My self-appointed caregiver gives me the royal treatment, thoroughly washing my upper body from neck to waistline. He gives my feet the same attention, even scrubbing between my toes. I’m on cloud nine. This bath is just what my achy body needed.

Shepard pushes to his feet and then helps me to mine. “We’re almost done, Sweet Peach.”

“I don’t want it to be over,” I whine.

“How about another bath tomorrow?” he offers, coasting the bath sponge down my leg. “I’ll have candles, rose petals, soft music playing, and give you a full-body massage afterwards.” He moves to my other leg. “The whole nine yards. Deal?”

“Okay,” I reply with a smile.

“Now, for the most important parts,” Shepard announces, tossing the sponge into the water and liberally lathering his hands with bodywash.

“What are—”

My question dies on a whimpering moan when he delves one hand through my pussy lips and slips the other between my ass cheeks. I latch onto his forearm with both hands.

“Shepard,” I mewl softly, resting my head on his shoulder.

Gentle fingers scour the contours of my folds and rimmed opening. His touch is a thunderbolt to my sexual psyche, rousing my libido to soaring heights once again. My knees

buckle when his exploration shifts to my throbbing clit. I would've plunged into the water if it weren't for my iron grip on him. A blazing firestorm spreads through my feminine heart. This man knows just how to take me to the brink in seconds.

Shepard abruptly pulls away and my rising orgasm immediately fizzles.

"Rinse off," he instructs me, lightly patting my bottom.

"Why did you stop?" I snap, not at all pleased that my happy ending was sidetracked. "I was about to come, damn you."

"Patience." He chuckles, ambling over to the sink and washing his hands. "There are dozens of orgasms in store for you today." He winks at me. "Is your front door unlocked?"

"Yes," I answer begrudgingly. "Not that it would matter since you managed to get into my house and take my cat."

"I'll grab you something to wear," Shepard says, starting for the door. "Be right back."

"You don't know where anything is," I protest. Him going through my belongings doesn't sit right with me.

"I'll figure it out."

He's gone before I can voice a second protest. The Wilder men are the most domineering assholes to ever draw breath. Is this what I have to look forward to? To be ignored and expected to obey without question? The hell with that. This is the twenty-first century, goddamn it. I yank the drain stopper up, pissed that my wishes are repeatedly disregarded.

"I'm no one's lapdog," I declare, using the handheld showerhead to rinse the suds from my body.

Shepard enters the bathroom, my small duffel bag and a towel in tow. He places the former onto the sink and hands me the latter.

"You're in luck," he states, his gaze lingering on my wet body. "It was the only clean one left. We don't do laundry often."

“We need to talk,” I state, snatching it from him. “I don’t appreciate—”

He lifts a finger to my lips. “You can air out your grievances downstairs.”

Shepard plants a chaste kiss on my cheek and then he’s gone again.

“You can bet your ass I will,” I yell, stepping onto the chenille rug.

I wrap the towel around me and pad over to my bag.

Tampons, toothbrush, deodorant, face wash, lotion, etcetera, etcetera. At least he had the common sense to bring my essentials.

“What the hell?” The creep packed my white sheer negligee and no panties. “I’ll grab you something to wear my ass.” I slam the risqué garment back into the bag. “Idiot.”

Chapter 7



I inhale a deep breath and head downstairs, ready to give my sexy roughneck neighbors a piece of my mind, but the living room is empty. My fluffy companion is the only reason I'm not running out the front door. I won't leave without her and they know that. Muffled voices and laughter draw my attention towards the back of the house. They're in the kitchen cooking, based on the tantalizing smells invading my nostrils. Instead of marching straight there, I opt to do a little reconnaissance first. I glance around, inspecting their humble abode. The living room boasts scuffed but gleaming hardwood floors, auburn-brown leather furnishings, a black wooden coffee table with matching end tables, and a beautiful oriental-style area rug. The rustic décor suits them. Overall, cozy and well-kept for three bachelors who aren't home often.

I eye the fish and game magazines scattered haphazardly on the coffee table. "Well, that's not surprising." They seem like the outdoorsy types.

I pad to the mantle on soft feet for a better view of the framed photographs there. In several, they stand posed with

other people at various functions. I gather some are relatives based on resemblance.

“What a life they live,” I say, perusing the remaining photos.

Those detail their thrill-seeking exploits—rock climbing, snowboarding, white water rafting, windsurfing, and mountaineering. The Wilder men are serious adrenaline junkies.

“Wait a second,” I mumble, studying the last picture. “That’s Mount Everest.” I’m thoroughly impressed and so is my pussy. *Stop being a horny bitch and put your foot down.*

I straighten my spine and storm into the kitchen. “Where’s my Lulu?”

Beau and Shepard are playing a card game at the table while Emmett hovers over a large stockpot on the stove. Three sets of steel-blue eyes sweep my body from head to toe. I swallow hard, almost losing my nerve. No man has ever looked at me like they do—like starving lions spotting a gazelle.

“Have a seat,” Beau says, nodding at the chair beside him. “Lunch is almost done.”

“Not until you tell me where my cat is,” I snap.

“Relax, Sweet Peach,” Shepard coos. “She’s sound asleep on my bed.”

“You call this something to wear,” I retort, jabbing a finger at myself. “The hell with panties, too, right? I might as well be buck naked.”

Thanks to him, I’m walking around with a tampon string hanging between my legs.

“I agree.” He grins, mischief sparkling in his seductive gaze. “So why don’t you just take it off?”

I purse my lips, not finding him the least bit funny.

“You’re going to love my spaghetti,” Emmett boasts proudly, pulling a glass bowl filled with leafy greens and a

bottle of salad dressing from the refrigerator which he places on the table. "It's my specialty."

"I'm not hungry," I lie.

Beau charges from his chair and scoops me into his arms. He moves lightning fast for a man his size.

"Put me down, Beau!" I demand, shoving at his hard chest.

I'm just about sick of these men carrying me around like a sack of potatoes.

"We're going to fuck that stubbornness right out of you, Sweet Peach," he promises, settling back into his chair with me on his lap.

"I'm not a child," I protest, trying to push to my feet but his hold on me tightens. "I'm fully capable of sitting on my own."

"I know, but I like you right where you are."

"And what about what I like?" I exclaim, at my wits end with these men. "I can't take any more of this macho bullshit. I'm packing up and moving clear across town. Far away from you three."

Gene still hasn't replied to my email. I'll give him a call tomorrow.

"You're not going anywhere," Beau states confidently. "You have ten months and some change left on your lease."

I glower at him. "How do you know the particulars of my lease agreement?" Has my landlord been discussing my business with them? If so, we're going to have words.

"Because the house you're living in belongs to us," Shepard supplies, giving the cards a quick shuffle before placing them in a neat stack to the side.

"You're lying." I scoff, rolling my eyes. "Gene owns the house."

I'm not sure if they're personally acquainted with Gene, but more than likely they know of him.

“No, Gene is an employee who manages our properties,” Emmett states, depositing two laden plates of spaghetti and garlic knots onto the table. “We flip houses on the side and then rent them out. Sometimes we sell. It depends.”

My mouth salivates. It looks absolutely amazing, plated expertly with parmesan cheese and parsley lightly sprinkled on top.

Shepard immediately digs in. “Thanks, cuz.”

“No problem,” Emmett responds and then looks at me. “Give it a try,” he says, gesturing towards the other plate.

“I said I wasn’t hungry,” I grind out between clenched teeth.

His face becomes crestfallen and I instantly regret my bitchiness.

“We’ll share,” Beau says, biting into a garlic knot.

Emmett nods and walks back to the stove.

I turn my wrath on Shepard, ignoring the behemoth man who has a death grip on my hip for the moment. “Why did you ask if my front door was unlocked?”

The sly bastard already had a key. I’m sure they all do. That’s why I didn’t see any signs of forced entry. Why the pretense?

He shrugs, swallowing down a mouthful of spaghetti. “I didn’t know my big bro was going to spill the beans today.”

Beau grunts. “Technically, you spilled the beans.”

Shepard shrugs again. “Potato, potahto.”

“Why not mention this before?” I ask.

“Well, for starters, we learned long ago giving tenants easy access to us isn’t the best idea,” Beau answers me. “We want to unwind and relax when we’re home. We can’t do that responding to service requests and complaints at all hours of the day and night.” He buries his nose in the crook of my neck and inhales. “Of course, you’re the exception to the rule. We

didn't tell you because you would've used that as a reason to push us away even more."

He's right about that.

"So you're going to hold my lease hostage?" I pant, trying my best to feign nonchalance as my thighs clamp together.

"Yep, that's the plan."

"We've had our eye on you for a while, Sweet Peach," Emmett says, settling into the chair beside us, his own plate and two canned sodas in hand. "Before you ever moved next door," he continues, sliding a can over to me.

I frown. "What do you mean?"

"We saw you the day you came to see the house," Shepard explains, peering at me from across the table.

"I didn't see any of you."

And I would remember seeing them. They're too damn huge and sexy to miss. I actually recall that day very clearly. Gene gave me a tour and afterwards, I expressed my interest in leasing the house. Later that evening, he called and gave me the good news.

"We were home," Emmett answers me. "We watched you from the living room window."

"It was lust at first sight," Beau announces, trailing his fingers down my arm.

The implication is clear. I've been used. They wanted me and to keep me close, they gave their employee the green light to approve my application. The hurt and betrayal is worse than when Calvin broke up with me.

"Make a habit out of fucking all your tenants?" I snap accusingly.

"Not in the least," Beau denies, spanning his large hand across my belly. "You're the first."

I want to be mad at him, but it's hard to maintain my outrage with him touching me like this.

“Why me?” I ask, needing to understand their determination to possess me.

“That’s a loaded question.” Emmett chuckles, shaking his head. “We were going to be cordial but keep our distance. Offer a neighborly hello and wave whenever we saw you.”

“But the more we watched you, the more we wanted you,” Shepard comments. “Then we heard you using this and calling out for us,” he adds, digging my vibrator out of his jeans pocket and breaking it with his bare hands. “Then it was game over.”

Beau bands an arm around my waist, preventing me from punching his brother square in the nose.

“Have you lost your mind?” I shout at him instead. “That’s my property!”

“Relax, Sweet Peach,” Beau murmurs, fingering my tampon string. “It’s no longer needed. You have three cocks at your disposal.”

I reply with a sardonic, “No thanks.”

“I was the first to see you,” he states, disregarding my snarky comment. “You were gazing at the house with stars in your eyes, the biggest smile on your face. God, you looked so damn beautiful. I wanted to fuck you right then and there.” His lips tilt upwards at the memory. “Hell, I felt like a teenager all over again. You had me completely awestruck.”

“So, you just wanted to have sex with me.” I cluck my tongue, less than impressed with his revelation. “Got it.”

“In the beginning, yes,” Beau admits to me. “But that changed. As we’ve mentioned, we got to know you on the surface from a distance. The town matchmakers filled us in on the rest.”

“Namely, Mrs. Keller,” Emmett remarks fondly. “She sings your praises every chance she gets.”

Martha, Mrs. Keller, speaks wonderfully about them too. It’s how I came to know the nuances of their lives, but not the

sharing women part. If she's privy to that little tidbit, she chose not to disclose it.

"You have killer dance moves too, which is a plus." Shepard grins, filling his plate with more salad.

"You've never seen me dance," I retort.

"I did on the day you moved in," he replies, regarding me with laughing eyes. "You danced from your car all the way to the front door. You're uninhibited when you think no one's watching."

I can't help but to crack a smile at the memory. I was excited to be starting a new chapter in my life. Little did I know a pair of steel-blue eyes were observing my silly antics.

"You seem demure to the outside world, but you're wild and passionate at heart," Emmett states, leaning back in his chair. "You just need a little guidance to master your full potential."

They should've seen me from elementary school through college. I was an introvert and perpetual wallflower. I've come into my own since then, though I'm still a hermit in a lot of ways. It's true that sometimes old habits die hard.

"You need to eat," Beau says, pressing a garlic knot to my lips. "The food is getting cold."

I jerk my head sideways. "Is it too much to ask to feed myself?"

"Yes, now open up," he orders me.

I wave my internal white flag and begrudgingly comply with his command. This battle is his, but the next one will be mine. My taste buds explode with pleasure as the flavors melt on my tongue. I hum in pure delight. This definitely didn't come from the frozen section.

"Did you make this from scratch?" I ask Emmett.

"I did," he answers proudly. "I started cooking at a young age."

“Why didn’t you become a chef? You certainly have the skills for it.”

Beau gifts my palate with the main entrée next, which is equally savory and packed with flavor.

“I enjoy cooking for family and friends, but that’s it,” Emmett replies. “I never wanted to make it a career. I’m doing what I love. Being a roughneck is in my blood,” he adds with heartfelt conviction. “What about you? Can you cook?”

“Me?” I laugh out loud. “Absolutely not. Cooking isn’t my forte, but I can do the basics. Nothing homemade, ever.”

“No worries,” he says and winks at me. “I’ll keep you fed.”

I’m actually having a great time, despite the dirty tactics used to lure me here. It’s like I’ve known them forever. Sitting in my own chair and having clothes on would be ideal, but one must take baby steps where these men are concerned. Beau twirls spaghetti onto the fork for himself before offering me more.

I shake my head. “I want salad.”

“Then salad you shall have,” he drawls, making room on our plate.

“What did you mean by being a roughneck is in your blood?” I inquire, seeking to appease my curiosity.

“Our fathers were roughnecks,” Emmett replies. “We followed in their footsteps.”

“None of you ever wanted to do anything else? Create your own paths?”

“No,” they answer simultaneously.

“Roughnecking is rewarding work,” Shepard remarks, propping his elbows on the table. “Challenging too. It’s a dangerous profession with long, grueling days, but there was no other path for us.”

“What type of work do you all do on the rig?”

“Well, I’m a tool pusher,” Beau comments. “Among other things, I supervise the drilling crews and make sure the rig has all the necessary equipment to operate. Shepard and Emmett are drillers.”

“Have any of you ever gotten hurt before?”

“Hell yeah,” Emmett states grimly, tossing a crumpled napkin onto his empty plate. “We’ve had our fair share of concussions and broken bones, but not for a long time now. Safety is a priority on the rig but sometimes accidents happen. It’s the nature of the business.”

Being with them means worrying every second of every day when they’re away. I can’t handle that type of anxiety on a daily basis, especially while teaching young impressionable minds. Eventually, the constant stressing would drive me over the edge. And if one of them died... My stomach roils, the mere thought making me physically ill.

“Hey.” Beau runs an index finger over the worry crease between my eyebrows. “I know what you’re thinking. Don’t. We’re more likely to die in a car crash than on the rig.” He places a feather-soft kiss on my forehead. “There are a lot more dangerous jobs in the world.”

“Easier said than done,” I say, laying my head on his shoulder. “If anything ever happened—”

“Shh.” Beau hooks a finger under my chin and lifts my face to his. “We’re going to live to be a ripe old age.”

“Beau’s right, Sweet Peach,” Shepard chimes in. “We’re too hot and stubborn to die young,” he jokes, grinning from ear to ear.

Young my ass. More like middle-aged. The hot and stubborn part, well, that’s one hundred percent accurate.

“What are your ages, anyway?”

They know mine. I’m pretty sure they’ve seen my rental application and all the documents provided with it. After all, they are my landlords.

“Thirty-two.”

“Forty-one.”

“Thirty-five.”

Emmett, Beau, and then Shepard rattle off one after the other.

“Emmett, you’re just a baby,” I tease, though he’s just two years younger than me.

“I’m a full-grown man, with a full-grown cock.” He plucks me from his cousin’s lap and deposits me on the table in front of him. “I’d be more than happy to refresh your memory.”

He takes a firm hold of my knees and spreads my legs open.

“The perfect dessert to satisfy my sweet tooth,” Emmett states gruffly, his gaze fixated on my pussy.

He lowers his head and plants a kiss just above my clit, sending an electric pulse straight to my throbbing core. Calvin had never touched me during my period, not once, but these men have no reservations about it. They want to devour my entire being. To own me, to use my body while feeding my soul. And against my better judgment, I’m going to lay myself bare to them. Consequences be damned.

“Lie back,” Emmett orders, pressing a hand against my belly.

I push his plate aside and settle back onto the smooth wooden surface. He pulls my legs over his shoulders, his tongue dipping into my slit and then gliding over my labia. My breathing accelerates as blood rushes between my thighs.

“I want to come,” I moan, threading my fingers into his hair. “Please, Emmett.”

“Soon,” he promises and resumes his sexual torture.

His tongue probes and explores, teasing my swollen sex, but never quite venturing where I need him the most. I fist my fingers into his soft strands and thrust against his face, trying desperately to force his mouth over my engorged clit.

Shepard appears at my side.

“Patience,” he murmurs, seizing my wrist and pinning it to the table.

“Let me go,” I beg him. “I can’t take it anymore. I need to come.”

“You come when we say,” Beau rumbles, swiftly restraining my other wrist. “Your orgasms belong to us now.”

“Where were you last night?” Emmett asks me.

“What?” I pant, lifting my head to look at him. “What are you talking about? Why did you stop?”

“You wanna come, right?” Shepard murmurs, kissing along my jaw. “Then tell us where you were last night.”

They’re toying with me, withholding my release in an effort to force compliance. I won’t stand for it.

“Fuck all of you!” I shout, fruitlessly attempting to free my arms. “I’m not saying a fucking word.”

“We’ll see about that,” Emmett growls and then sucks my clit into his mouth.

“Oh God!” I scream, my head thumping back against the table. “Bastard!”

Beau tugs my negligee over my breasts. “One for you, little brother, and one for me.”

Shepard goes straight for my nipple, his tongue swirling around the supple flesh until it becomes an erect point. Beau cups my other breast, painting wet trails along my heated skin. All the while, Emmett voraciously feasts between my velvet folds, his teeth nipping and his tongue lashing my aching clit. Throbbing pressure spreads through my taut belly. I release a throaty scream, my back arching and my legs shaking uncontrollably.

Emmett abruptly pulls back and my orgasm dissipates. “Tell us.”

“Damn you to Hell, Emmett Wilder!” I shout at him, struggling against my human shackles.

I'm going to knee him in the balls the moment I'm free. His tongue dives into my folds once again, relentlessly pummeling my turgid bud. I cry out, screaming so loud my ears ring. This must be what it feels like to lose one's mind. My mental decline isn't psychological, though. It's carnal. Complete carnal annihilation.

"You're being a very bad girl, Sweet Peach." Shepard's words sound far away, as if I'm several feet under water. "This could all be over."

"Just give us what we want," Beau rasps, his warm breath fanning across my wet nipple.

"Please..." I choke out.

They're cunning, calculating, willing to attain my complete surrender by any means necessary and I'm powerless to stop them.

Emmett grasps my inner thighs, opening my slit wider for his hungry mouth. I moan, tossing my head side to side, my hair clinging to my sweat-drenched face.

"I was babysitting for a friend," I slur breathlessly. "Please... I need to come."

Emmett hums his approval and slides his hands under my bottom, digging hard fingers into my soft skin. I lock my ankles around his back, frantically riding his face.

"Yes," I breathe, convulsions clenching my greedy pussy. "Oh God, yes."

My orgasm goes on for long seconds, leaving me lax and sated. Food and orgasms, just what a girl needs. The Wilder men obviously know the way to a woman's heart is through her stomach *and* her pussy. My human shackles release me, but I'm content to lie there for the moment.

"Lie to us again and the punishment will be much more severe," Emmett growls, giving my pussy a hard smack.

"Roughneck asshole!" I shriek, jackknifing into a sitting position, my hand flying towards his face.

From orgasm to anger in five seconds flat.

He smirks, catching my wrist midair and yanking me onto his lap. “You were right, Beau. Our Sweet Peach has claws. She’s going to keep us on our toes.”

Beau chuckles. “I’m always right.”

“I’ll show you claws,” I seethe, sending my free hand barreling towards his smug face but he grabs that one too.

“I’m going to suffocate you in your sleep,” I threaten, fighting against his manacle hold.

“I say she needs a good pounding, cuz,” Shepard drawls, rolling one of my errant curls between his thumb and forefinger.

“I think you’re right,” Emmett replies gruffly, deftly securing both wrists with one large hand. “Do you want my cock inside your *sweet peach*, Sweet Peach?” he asks, dragging his nose down my cheek. “Just say the word.”

I moan, remembering how he felt deep inside me. How he fucked me so thoroughly I instantly became addicted to his dick. “I rather drag my bare pussy across broken glass on hot asphalt.”

“Is that right?” he whispers in my ear, slowly pulling the tampon from my body and dropping it on the floor.

“Yes,” I pant in answer.

I should tell him to stop, that we shouldn’t be doing this while I’m bleeding but I remain silent. I say nothing as he frees his thick veiny length and settles me reverse cowgirl on his muscular thighs. He begins pushing into my quivering channel, his strong arms banding around my waist. I instantly succumb to his invasion, melting like warm butter over his perfect cock, the blood expelling from my cervix easing his penetration. My fingernails dig into his forearm and we work in sync, him thrusting and me bouncing until his meaty erection is fully embedded in my sheath. I gasp, my mind going blank, lost to the exquisite burn of being wholly stretched by him.

“Where’s your attitude now?” he murmurs, his lips brushing against my earlobe.

“Gone,” Beau rasps, descending to his knees and gripping my thighs. “She just needed some Wilder dick.”

His tongue sinks into my folds, sweeping over my clit at the same time Emmett begins moving inside me. My pleased scream resonates through the kitchen, my hips undulating against their double onslaught.

“You have a phenomenal pussy, Sweet Peach,” Emmet rasps, trailing kisses along my neck and shoulder. “It belongs on the highest pedestal.”

I snake an arm around his nape and angle my head, seeking his soft lips. He responds to my silent plea, thrusting his tongue into my mouth, the same way his dick thrusts into my body. I breathe him into my lungs, rolling my tongue against his as our lips mesh together in synchronized passion. I’m ravenous for him... *Ravenous for all my Wilder men.* Every fiber of my being is ablaze with primal desire. I feel it pumping through my veins, spreading like wildfire to my raw nerve endings.

Suddenly, rough fingers knot into my loose curls and yank my head around.

“What about me?” Shepard growls, nudging his stiff arousal against my lips. “I need some lovin’, too.”

Satin over steel is a fitting description for his proud cock. My tongue darts out, lapping the precum seeping from his slit. I moan, my eyes fluttering closed as his salty essence explodes on my tongue. *Musk, man, and sex.* A flavor that’s uniquely him.

“Fuck, Sweet Peach,” he groans, tangling his other hand into my messy strands. “Open those pretty lips for me.”

Shepard guides his cock past my kiss-swollen lips and down my tight throat. I choke on him, my eyes burning with unshed tears as I struggle for breath. I’m dangerously close to losing my lunch, his endowed size too much for me to handle. They all have impressive man parts, but his is the thickest.

“Relax your throat and breathe through your nose,” he grits out between clenched teeth, holding steady until my gag

reflexes adapt to his straining erection. “Good girl,” Shepard coos, withdrawing until only the tip of his hardness remains in my mouth. “Brace yourself.”

That’s his only warning before going full throttle, fucking my face hard and fast. I clasp onto his jean-clad thighs to soften the impact as tears stream down my cheeks, combining with the saliva dripping from my chin. I should feel ashamed, but I don’t. My body hums with sensual excitement. I like everything being done to me. *No, that’s not true.* I don’t like it. I fucking love it. This is “leave me and I’ll kill you” sex. The type of sex that’ll fuck with your head and have you doing crazy shit.

“Goddamn,” he murmurs, his grip tightening in my hair. “Your mouth is a fucking dream.”

Exactly my sentiments. Is this a dream? If so, never wake me. Let me sleep forever in suspended reality where pleasure and orgasms are endless.

“I’m almost there, Sweet Peach,” Emmett groans, coasting his hand up my torso and cupping a breast, the other remaining clutched at my waist.

So am I. I fasten a hand in Beau’s beautiful blond mane as his tongue lashes my clit. The pulse in my pussy intensifies tenfold, swiftly growing into a pounding staccato.

Yes! Yes! Yes!

My orgasm bowls me over, hitting with lightning bolt force. For a split second, every muscle in my body seizes, my feminine core hungrily milking Emmett’s cock.

“Fuck!” Shepard shouts, creamy seed filling my mouth at the same time his cousin roars his own release.

Beau pushes to his feet, lifting me in his arms. I wrap my legs around his torso, crossing my ankles at his back. His hands slide to my bottom as our lips meet in a fiery kiss. He moves with long, urgent strides, taking me into the living room and sitting on the edge of the giant leather sectional.

“Ride my dick,” he says, his tone gruff and demanding. “Show me what a perfect whore you can be.”

I hurriedly undo his jeans and free his heavy erection. He rips my negligee in two and then his warm lips are all over my breasts. I position his length at my entrance and fill myself with him.

“I won’t fight anymore,” I whisper, resting my cheek on the top of his head. “Just don’t hurt me.”

“We won’t,” Beau promises, his lips brushing against my pebbled nipple. “Trust us.”

I nod and hold on to him tightly, slowly grinding my pussy back and forth on his dick. He groans, grasping my ass and thrusting into me. I throw my head back and cry out, rolling my hips to match his pace. The friction of my clit rubbing against his pubic bone creates a roaring fire in my belly.

I gasp, feeling a wet nudge between my ass cheeks. I glance over my shoulder, finding Shepard kneeling behind me.

“No.” I frantically shake my head. “I can’t take you both.”

“You can,” he says, placing a lingering kiss on my nape. “I used plenty of lube and I promise to be gentle.” He begins slowly easing into my snug entrance. “If it hurts too much, I’ll stop. You have my word.”

Beau stills as his brother pushes into me inch after slow inch, his lips and tongue feasting on my breasts. The burn is too much. I can’t take it.

“I can’t,” I whimper, curling my fingers over Beau’s broad shoulders. “Please.”

“A little more,” Shepard grunts, driving the last inch into me.

I shake uncontrollably, pleasure and pain merging.

“You’re okay,” Beau rasps, clasp my face. “We’re going to start moving now.”

They thrust in and out of my body ever so gently, taking me to heights I never thought possible. There’s no more pain. The tantalizing aroma of sex rends the air, intoxicating my senses. It’s all around me, caressing my sweat-soaked skin.

“How does it feel having two cocks inside you?” Shepard asks, sucking my earlobe into his mouth.

“Absolutely amazing,” I moan.

“Imagine having three inside you,” Emmett remarks.

I turn my head and see him striding towards me in all his naked glory, his freshly washed cock bouncing with each step he takes. His body is chiseled perfection—smooth, golden skin over solid muscle. I eagerly part my lips, waiting to receive him. He slides into my mouth and then stills, giving me complete control. The smell of masculine soap teases my nostrils as I bob up and down on his growing dick. In seconds, he’s steel on my tongue.

All three holes stretched and used.

Those words were said to me not long ago. Since then, I’ve pictured this moment in my mind a thousand times, wondering how it would be to have them all inside me at once. My imagination is nothing compared to reality. I close my eyes, losing myself to the building sensations rushing through my body. I’ve never felt more alive than right now, being thoroughly ravished by them.

“We’re going to move faster, Sweet Peach,” Beau rumbles, slipping a hand between my thighs and masterfully stroking my clit.

I suck and they fuck, pounding into me with coordinated thrusts. Within minutes, a torrential stream pours from my body. My mind goes totally blank, overcome with unadulterated bliss.

“I love when you make it rain on me,” he murmurs, coming inside my gushing pussy.

Shepard and Emmett quickly follow suit, filling me with their semen.

“I can’t move,” I say, a smile curving my lips.

“I can help with that.” Beau slings me over his shoulder. “Shower first and then nap time.”

“Nap time?” I question, my face pulling into a frown. “I’m not a baby, ya know.”

“Well, you are our baby,” Emmett states, flopping onto the recliner. “Hell, I might take a nap myself. You wore me out.”

“Besides, you need to rest,” Shepard chimes in. “You have a full day of orgasms ahead of you.”

“Actually, you have a lifetime of orgasms ahead of you,” Beau announces, lightly smacking me on the butt.

God, I hope so.

Epilogue



30 years later

“You took like fifty pictures already,” Sienna complains, rolling her eyes. “We need to go.”

“Just a few more,” I say, clicking away on my cell phone. “This is an important day.”

She sighs dramatically and crosses her arms. “Everybody’s waiting and Julian’s going to be here any minute.”

“Humor your poor mother please,” I lightly scold her, propping a hand on my hip.

Teenagers and their attitudes.

“Fine,” she gripes, begrudgingly dropping her arms and posing for the camera.

I can’t believe my baby is going to prom. Her teal mermaid-style dress is truly stunning. It’s backless with a thigh-high split, much to her fathers’ dismay. A designer she found on social media made the glittering gown at a hefty price tag, but my girl is worth every penny. She’s an amazing young woman with beauty and brains, attributes acquired from

me, of course. In just a few days' time, she'll be graduating high school and then heading off to college at the end of summer.

Sienna was an unexpected but welcomed pregnancy. I had given up on having a daughter, but after birthing five rambunctious boys, my baby girl finally made her debut into the world. I was a whopping forty-six years old at the time. It was a tough nine months, but my men took really good care of me and the boys helped out too. I wanted for nothing.

"You're all grown up." I swipe at the errant tears slipping down my cheeks. "Where has the time gone?"

"Yep," Carla drawls, lounging comfortably on Sienna's bed. "You're getting old."

"You're three years older than me," I retort, looking back at her.

"Biologically speaking, sure, but in awesomeness, I'm at least three decades your junior."

Wren chuckles. "Some things never change."

She's right about that. Carla is going to be the life of the party at her own funeral.

"Carla has a point, Mom," Sienna remarks. "She's so fun and you're so... not."

"See, that's why you're my favorite goddaughter." Carla blows her a kiss. "Love you."

Sienna bursts out laughing. "I'm your only goddaughter."

"Oh, yeah, that's right," Carla replies, smacking herself on the forehead. "I completely forgot."

I swear these two have been ganging up on me ever since Sienna was an infant.

"I'm fun," I grumble defensively. "Wren, back me up."

"You're totally fun," she says, her eyes glued on the magazine in her hands. "When I want to have a wild time, you're the first person I think about calling."

Carla and my daughter scream in laughter.

“Your sarcasm isn’t necessary,” I retort, thrusting my cell phone in her direction. “Here, make yourself useful and take some pictures.”

Wren pushes away from Sienna’s worktable and grabs the phone.

“Backstabber,” I mutter under my breath.

I stand beside my baby and loop my arm around hers. The next ten minutes are spent with all of us posing for pictures and selfies until a long chiming ring interrupts us.

“That’s Julian,” Sienna says, her eyes widening in alarm. “We have to hurry. You know how intimidating they are.”

By “they,” she means her fathers and brothers. Luckily for Julian, only two of her brothers are here. The rest flew the nest and settled in other states, but they’re still going to see Sienna’s big reveal via video along with everyone else who couldn’t come in person.

“I’ll tell everyone to get their cameras ready,” Wren announces and leaves the room.

“You’re not planning on having sex tonight, are you?” I blurt out.

“Mom!” Sienna exclaims, rolling her eyes at me.

“I know that on prom night some boys expect certain privileges,” I say and then pause for a second to gather my thoughts. “I just don’t want you to feel pressured into having sex. Besides, staying a virgin is all the rage nowadays. Right, Carla?”

“Hell yeah,” she answers. “I’m still a virgin at sixty-seven years old. All you have to do is clap your hands in a circle five times afterwards and yell abracadabra! Then voilà, your hymen magically grows back.”

I shake my head. “Can you please be serious for once in your life?”

“I am being serious,” Carla states innocently, batting her eyelashes. “A friend of a friend told me about it and it really works.”

“Shut up, Carla,” I deadpan.

“Mom, I’m not a little girl anymore.”

“I know, sweetheart. The decision to have sex is solely yours, but it’s my job as a parent to caution you.” I grasp her hand and squeeze reassuringly. “Sex is an important milestone and shouldn’t be rushed. Giving the wrong person access to your body can leave emotional scars. Just take your time. That’s all I’m asking.”

“All jokes aside, your mom is spot on,” Carla interjects, finally adulting with me. “Don’t give up the goods to just anybody.”

“I only want what’s best for you.”

“Okay.” Sienna nods and wraps her arms around me in a tight hug. “I love you, Mom.”

“I love you, too.” I smile and more tears spill from my eyes. “Let’s go rescue Julian before he runs for the hills.”

Roaring cheers reverberate through the house as Sienna traipses down the stairs in her shiny teal stilettos. Carla and I wait at the top, not wanting to intrude on her movie star moment. We follow once she reaches the bottom. I went all out, decorating the porch and living room in teal and gold. There are even refreshments in the kitchen. My men helped, making sure everything was done to my exact specifications.

“We did good.” Beau grins, gathering me in his arms. “She’s perfect.”

“She is, isn’t she?” I beam, planting a loud kiss on his lips.

The living room is packed with family and friends. A lot more pictures are taken—to my daughter’s annoyance—but she’s a good sport about it. Twenty minutes later, she and her date are on the way to the prom and our guests have gone.

Shepard embraces me from behind, wrapping strong arms around my abdomen. “Movie night?”

“Sure,” I respond, leaning into his warmth.

“I’ll get the popcorn,” Axel volunteers and heads towards the kitchen.

“Extra butter,” Silas calls out to him, dropping into the loveseat. “And salt, too.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he grumbles. “I know.”

Silas, being the oldest, is used to bossing his brothers around. Axel is our third born, so he isn’t too far down in the pecking order. They’re the only two who followed in their fathers’ footsteps and became roughnecks. There was never a dull moment raising five boys and then a girl. Fights and arguments were the norm. Nonetheless, I wouldn’t change anything. My life is perfect. The tears, headaches, and long nights were all worth it.

It’ll be strange with just us four in the house again after all these years. I’m looking forward to alone time with my men, though. We’re retired now, but still own properties.

“What do you have in mind, Sweet Peach?” Emmett asks, browsing through movies on the television.

“Something with blood and guts.”

He chuckles. “You got it.”

I’m happily cocooned between my men on the sectional when the movie starts. I begin to doze after an hour but perk up, feeling Emmett’s hand creep under my skirt. I know what that means.

“My dick is rock hard all of a sudden,” he whispers in my ear.

“Really?” I reply teasingly, removing his hand from my thigh. “Sounds like a personal problem to me.”

“You know I like when you play hard to get.” He places his hand back on my thigh and trails kisses along my neck.

I giggle. “Will you stop it and watch the movie?”

“I rather watch you,” he rumbles in between kisses. “We should cut this movie night short and head upstairs.”

“I agree,” Beau murmurs, lavishing kisses on the other side of my neck.

“Get a room,” Silas grumbles.

I cock an eyebrow at him. “When are you going to settle down and give us grandbabies?”

“Not this again,” he complains. “I’m only twenty-eight for Christ’s sake.”

“You two should get going,” Shepard announces, standing and turning off the television. “Your mother’s tired. We have to put her to bed.”

Silas and Axel exchange knowing looks.

The latter scoffs. “Whatever you say.”

“The movie is almost over,” I hiss at him. “Show a little tact.”

“We’ve all seen this movie.” Shepard lifts me in his arms and starts for the stairs. “We know how it ends.”

“Goodnight, boys,” Beau says, falling in step behind him. “Lock up for us.”

Shepard clears the stairs and enters his bedroom.

“Way to behave in front of our sons,” I admonish.

“They’re grown men,” Shepard reasons, tossing me on the bed. “They know all about the horizontal tango.”

“Thirty years later and you’re all still horny brutes.”

“Don’t be mad at us, Sweet Peach,” Beau says, sitting on the bed. “You’re just so irresistible.”

I smile as he begins undressing me. “Ten orgasms then you’re all forgiven.”

He grins. “We can manage that.”

Thank You for Reading

I hope you enjoyed Eve, Beau, Shepard, and Emmett's happily ever after! Don't forget to leave a review and follow me on [Goodreads](#), [Bookbub](#), and [Facebook](#).

About the Author

Lorrain Allen currently resides on the East Coast. She has one amazing, albeit spoiled, son. She loves to get away from the world by losing herself in a book. Her long-term goal is to pen dark, erotic, paranormal, contemporary, new adult, and young adult romances. The subject matters of her books are controversial, but what's life without a little controversy?

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