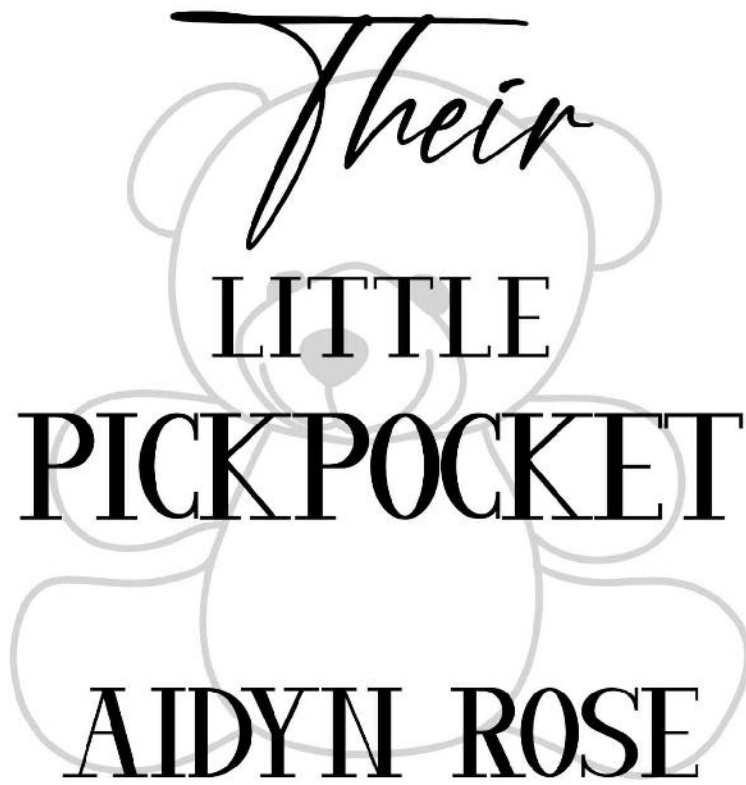


Their LITTLE
PICKPOCKET

AIDYN ROSE

ADVISED BY SULLYN SHAW



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Their Little Pickpocket is a dark book. There will be themes that may be triggering to some readers.

Content warnings include but are not limited to:

dub/consent, mentions of past rape, homelessness, abuse, murder, and violence.

Please know that I never want anyone to be triggered by my work. If any of the content warnings above trigger you, please, do not turn another page.

To my inner support circle.... You know who you are.

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CHAPTER ONE

Monty

I'M STANDING WITH BEN, in the frigid air, outside the French restaurant, La Table du Chef, surrounded by people lined up to get in, and waiting for Jer, or Jermaine, to slide the waitress's hands off his body so we can leave. That's when I feel it. The smallest swipe of a hand in my coat grabbing my wallet. Some ruffian has chosen *me* to pickpocket. Flying fleaping lizards. They chose the wrong man in this crowd. My jaw clenches at the realization of what's happening. I glance at Ben and see his eyes on me. He's obviously watching what's happening. I latch onto the wrist that's currently trying to slip

out of my coat without being caught. My fingers wrap around the slender appendage as I turn my body to face them.

Wow, they have to be at least a head shorter than me. They are dressed in bulky black clothes with a hood covering their hair.

“Ah, ah, ah... you could have at least bought me dinner before trying to take my important things. There are better ways to get my attention, Little Pickpocket,” I say with a chuckle, trying to keep the mood light. A need to protect them overwhelms me. I know Ben is glaring at the person whose arm I’m still holding. Ben has a big heart for the people he loves, but he thinks anyone else is worse than dirt. The world hasn’t been kind to him—to any of us, really—but we’ve come through it together.

“Give him back his wallet, and where the hell did you hide my fucking watch, you little shit?” he spits at the poor thief who has started to tremble in my grasp, and I cringe at the rage in his voice. So, he was just waiting to see if I’d catch the pickpocket taking my wallet before reacting.

“Please, just let go and I’ll give you the stuff back,” a soft feminine voice whispers back to us, a tremor in her tone. Well, running tigers, it’s a girl. I feel Jer stepping up next to me and Ben moving closer at the sound of the woman’s voice. At least, I think she’s a woman. She could very well be a teenager. The bulky clothes aren’t helping to discern her age, but I can tell by the way my fingers wrap completely around her wrist that she’s petite.

“What have you two found while I was getting that skanky waitress off of me?” Jer—A.K.A Gramps since he is the oldest of us—asks quietly. I can tell he’s assessing the situation, his keen eyes stalling on where I have a hold of the girl. His eyebrows scrunch together in concern since he can see Ben is pissed and ready to kill, and I’m sure he sees me diffusing the situation quietly.

“Well, we have a new friend here who couldn’t think of better ways to catch our attention. She was just about to tell us her name and why she felt the need to steal from us,” I say calmly, smiling toward the woman. I have this overwhelming need to see her eyes, my fingers twitching to push back her hood.

“Please, let me go. I’ll give you your stuff back and be on my way,” she repeats quietly as she tries to pull her slender wrist from my grasp. Her legs are spread in a prepared stance as if the second I let go, she’s going to run with my wallet and Ben’s watch.

“No, Little Pickpocket, I think we can take a walk and you can tell us all about yourself,” I say, pulling softly. Her jaw drops open, and a gasp of surprise leaves her lips. She must be used to anger when she gets caught. She stumbles into my side, and I switch her wrist to my right hand and wrap my left around her body. I don’t want to touch her without her permission, but I have to keep her close as we walk. With her body against mine, her petite frame slots so nicely against mine. Her hoodie is not only protecting her from the fall chill

in Minnesota, but she's wearing it like armor to hide her slenderness.

Jer and Ben step behind us as I steer her across the street from La Table du Chef. There's a small cafe that has a nice sitting area where we can learn all about our little pickpocket.

Ronni

Well, fuck. How did I get caught? I'm the best pickpocket in Rosen Springs since Kathi died in that snowstorm last year. The fucking idiot wasn't prepared for the winter since she was too focused on that fucker who promised to give her a room if she sucked his wrinkly dick. She did it, then he never came for her.

I keep my head down as the man leads me across the street to Meek's Cafe. Meek is the nicest old man around Rosen Springs. Every time he sees me slink into the warmth of his oasis, he slides me a scone and black coffee. The coffee tastes like tar, but I'm not going to complain. It's not really like I can afford much when there aren't any people to steal from some days.

The little bell dings as the door opens, and as the familiar smell of warm sugar fills my nose, I sigh. The inside of Meek's is such a stark contrast to the outside world. It's one of the reasons I come in here. The big, comfy La-Z-Boys and bean bag chairs in the corner make it homey and comfortable. At least I think so. I've never had a comfortable home to compare it to.

Meek—the grandpa I wish I could have had— comes out from the kitchen area, his old wrinkly eyes landing on mine, then they float over to the behemoth beside me. But what comes out of his mouth surprises me most of all.

“Well, it’s about time you all met. You’ve only been watching the door of the restaurant for years—” When he goes to say my name, I shake my head subtly, begging him silently not to share a personal detail with these men that I don’t know. He chuckles at my antics then moves to the coffee maker. “Especially with all y’all’s backgrounds. I’ll get your order going. Why don’t you take her over to the beanbag chair, Montgomery? It’s her favorite spot to get comfortable,” he says with a nod in that direction.

Hmmm, Montgomery. Now that’s a good name for this giant of a man. He’s tall, at least a foot and a half taller than my four feet nine inches. His nicely trimmed beard is bright natural red. The dark gray suit jacket fits his body perfectly, and I can tell he’s muscular against my side. I wonder if he is a weight monkey who spends hours in the gym.

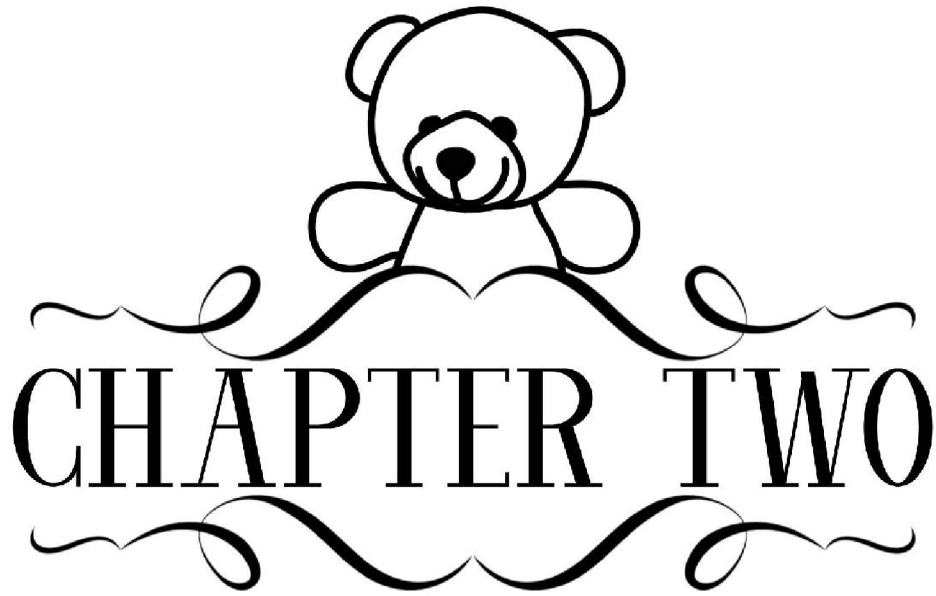
What the hell? I shouldn’t be thinking about his fucking body; I should be figuring a way out of his hold, so I can slip back to my place and prepare for the cold November night.

We get over to what I consider *my* area, and Montgomery pulls me into his lap while sitting down on one of the two La-Z-Boys. It’s the big, comfy kind that can usually fit two people side by side, but he takes up all of it.

My back straightens against him. He doesn’t even know me but he’s moving me around like he owns me. My eyes tighten at the thought. Nobody owns me, I’ve made sure of that.

“So, Little Pickpocket, you’ve been watching us, it seems? What stood out to you that we would be good targets? Was it

Ben's sweet smile? Or Jer's gray hair? I'm dying to know what about me made you think my jacket was the best one to slip your little hand into. Hmm, Sweetie?" he says, tilting his head so he can try to see my face. My eyes narrow as the condescension drips from his words.



CHAPTER TWO

Jer

I COME OUT OF La Table du Chef to see Monty grabbing the wrist of a black hoodie-covered arm that's slowly sliding out of his jacket. I glance at Ben and see the loathing he's sending the little pickpocket's way. He's had too much stolen from him to try and give the benefit of the doubt. No, that would be our Monty. He'll give anyone the benefit of the doubt and an inch to grow on.

I'm surprised when, instead of taking back his stuff and handing money over to the thief, he steers her over to our old

hang out. Back in the day, when we wanted to escape the boredom of the shelter, we'd find ourselves here, huddled at the booth in the back. Meek would bring us black coffee and a scone each, then leave us be. That's why, as soon as we made anything of ourselves, we came back and invested in him and his cafe. He didn't like it at first, but eventually, he gave in and did a full renovation, even adding in the cozy area that Monty is leading us to now. I'm not surprised Meek knows the girl. She looks like part of the homeless population. Meek tends to be a beacon for them with his kind soul and welcoming grandfatherly look.

Waiting for our order, I hear Monty asking why she chose us as I see Meek set our drinks on the counter. He knows us so well. I like it black. Monty likes coffee with cream and sugar, and Ben has a game with Meek that he'll try any new concoction the man can come up with that day. Today, it looks like a pink drink with sprinkles and whipped cream. I see a fourth drink and I'm surprised. Has she bought something from here before and Meek knows it instead of just getting the normal black coffee? I raise a brow and wait for an explanation.

"I get the feeling the girl is going to need something to help with the interrogation Ben is going to give her," he says with a shrug and turns away to grab four chocolate pastries for us. We might have just eaten but it's Monty's favorite so I oblige. Though, I'd much rather have something healthier. I look back at my companions as I pull out my wallet, but when I go to pay, Meek is nowhere to be found. He must be baking

something in the back. I take our treats over to the group and set them down before going back for the drinks Meek so kindly put in a cup carrier for me.

Passing them out, the girl finally pulls her hood down, and I'm blown away. She has the most stunning face with big brown eyes, a button nose, and a full bottom lip I could suck on. Her hair is dull brown and pulled back into a tight, low bun. I wonder what some good shampoo and a blowout would do to help it?

"So, I'm assuming she's said why she chose you two to steal from? What else are you ready to tell us, Little One?" I say, sitting on the other available chair and taking a sip of my coffee. Mmm, the taste of my soul.

She is staring at the drink in her hands in shock. It's sitting more in her lap than in her hands since she's sideways on Monty's lap. Yeah, that image makes my dick hard. I wonder how her ass would look flipped over his knees, raised in the air. Maybe with both Ben's and my handprints red on her skin. I have to cough to hold back the moan that wants to escape my lips. Now, hopefully, I can figure out if she's legal, so I don't have to be whipped for my filthy fucking thoughts.

Ben

What the fuck are we even doing? Why the hell is Jer handing me coffee and sitting down like we're going to have a hang out with the little bitch who tried to steal the only thing I have left of the grandfather I barely knew? The shock isn't as evident on my face as the anger, but it's there. Monty should have shoved some money at this thief, and then we should have been getting home. Jer was hinting at letting me plunge my dick into his tight pucker tonight while he gagged our Monty with his cock. Damn if I'm not still thinking hard about it.

Jer grins as he takes a sip and starts asking questions to the girl pressed on Monty's lap. He's keeping her there with the lightest touch of his hand to the small of her back, and that makes me chuckle. She is beautiful now that I can see her face. But fuck that because thieves are terrible human beings. I should know, I used to be one. Looking away from the girl in Monty's lap, I catch my reflection in the window. My dirty blond hair is completely windblown. The stubble along my jaw has grown longer than I usually wear it but that's my own fault for not waking up earlier and shaving. I turn back to the conversation as the pickpocket takes a sip of her coffee.

Ronni

Why the hell am I holding something that smells like fall in a cup? I've never actually ordered anything here. I just drink and appreciate the black coffee Meek gives me. This smells like heaven and is warming my hands. I'm sitting sideways on the behemoth's lap, and his dick is getting harder by the second. He hasn't pressed it against me though. I take that as him being polite and not a gross man, so I stay here. It almost feels good to be surrounded by this big protective body.

I can't remember the last time I felt protected by anyone. My father left us when I was two. My mother really tried but one night, she died walking back to the women's shelter that we were living in at the time. I was seventeen when I was left all alone in this world. I've gotten this far so I can't be doing too bad, I guess. I was going to take whatever was in Monty's wallet and use that for some food at the Dollar Store. But I guess that idea is out the window.

I take a sip of the frothy concoction that Meek must have sent over for me. I moan low in my throat. Shit, this is delicious. Is this pumpkin spice? Damn it, Meek. Now I'll have to make sure I get one of these at least once a year. I sense all the men freeze at the sound that's left me, and I shrug.

"What? This shit is good," I say, taking another drink. As I do, my body relaxes into Montgomery's with a sigh, and his shoulders fall as the tension in them relaxes. His hand settles

on my shoulder, rubbing up and down almost absentmindedly. I settle closer to him as I continue to relax into this stranger, which I don't normally do. This brings his red beard closer to my face. The neatly trimmed hair barely whispers across my cheek but it's enough to cause me to giggle.



CHAPTER THREE

Ronni

I'M MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED BY watching all the people coming into the cafe. I've never actually been here at this time. I found Meek's Cafe a week into being homeless, always coming in the mornings before getting the day started. Usually at this time, I'm at my busiest, depriving all the rich and ignorant bastards of their treasures at all the different restaurants around town. And then I'd head back to the I-94 overpass into Rosen Springs to hunker down and make sure my tent is secure for the night. I feel Montgomery's hand slide up my arm, and I'm drawn back to the moment.

“Oh, sorry, what was the question?” I ask, going to take a sip of my drink when I realize it’s all gone. I pout, sticking my bottom lip out. And that’s when I notice the one they called Jer has moved so close to me, I can feel the heat radiating from him.

“You keep that lip out and someone might bite it, Little One,” he says while tracing my bottom lip. I’m tempted to suck his finger into my mouth. Why the fuck does him calling me ‘Little One’ turn me on? My thighs press together and that’s when I realize that it’s time to leave. What the hell do I have to do to get out of here? I look around, refamiliarizing myself with the escape routes. I’ve started feeling safe at Meek’s, so I haven’t used them in a while.

“On that note, I need to use the little girls’ room. If you guys will excuse me for a second,” I say, trying to get out of Montgomery’s hold. I’m sad about that, but I really need to get away from these big honkin’ men and back to my tent before some rando thinks it’s theirs for the night. I’ve stolen and schlepped for that tent, it’s all mine. I even left my mom’s sweater in there today instead of wearing it under my hoodie like I usually do. She wore it every day, the purple fabric so frayed, there are holes throughout the sleeves. Ben chuckles in an evil villain type of way.

“Yeah, like we are just going to let you out of our eyesight while you have my fucking shit on you. Come on, I don’t believe you. I’ll take you. These guys will let you do whatever you want, it seems,” he says. I can tell he’s pissed. Like dude, it’s a fucking watch. How important can it be?

I'm not letting him watch me pee. Shaking my head, I slide my body off the behemoth's lap and head toward the back of the cafe where the bathrooms are. Meek is an open-minded old man and has it as an everyone welcome bathroom. No gender definition. He has a sign above both single bathrooms that says, "I don't care about your body parts, you can pee here." Yep, if anyone could adopt me and be my pop pop, I'd pick him.

Ben

I follow her toward the bathrooms. She's fucking insane if she thinks I'm seriously going to let her out of here with my watch. She's a little imp who thinks she's smart, but not that smart because she got caught. If I had my way, I would spank the brat right out of her. Damn it, why am I thinking like that? I'm pissed. I'm angry at Monty for bringing us over here, and I'm enraged that I didn't catch the little pickpocket before she had my watch off my wrist. My body is shaking with the anger inside of me. I hate to admit it, but she's good. I didn't even notice anything till she was already inside of Monty's jacket. That's really why I'm so mad. *I'm* the original pickpocket of Rosen Springs. *I'm* the one who used to supply our nightly snacks from the gas station after school so we could plan our futures.

I'm lost in thought when I hear Meek call my name, so I turn. Where the fuck did he go? *Oh, shit*. Why did I turn away when I know she can't be trusted? I feel something pressing into my hand as I'm searching for him. And then the back door alarm dings. Meek has it set up so that it goes off if opened from inside when he isn't aware. He's had dirty thieves steal shit.

I turn back to look at the girl but she's gone. In my hand is my watch and Monty's wallet. I open it to check everything is there. I know he always keeps five twenty-dollar bills in there, just in case. Yep, the little brat took his cash. But everything else seems to be here. Thank fuck. It's so hard to recoup

everything when your wallet is stolen. The cash isn't that big of a deal because he keeps most of his money safe in his many accounts, but damn, I'd like to tan her tight, little ass red for taking what isn't hers.

Monty

Star balls, Ben is coming back without my little pickpocket. He slams my wallet on the table in front of me and grunts something about the cash being gone. He said he'd watch her, but obviously, he's too angry to even do that. Fuck, I don't care about the cash. Hell, if I could have gotten anything out of her, I'd probably have given her more than the hundred that was in there. She was working tonight and left with what was most likely half of what she was expecting. I stand, finish my drink, grab my wallet, and head over to Meek at the counter. The smirk growing on his face tells me he had something to do with my missing new find.

"Meek, I need to know who she is and where she lives. Pronto," I say, leaning against the counter. I make eye contact with him, which as a businessman, I've learned to do, but in my personal life, it's not something I like to do unless I must. And Meek has known me long enough to understand that.

"Tell me something here, Mont. I know she must have stolen from one of ya. That's what she does. It's how she survives out there. If you're trying to get her in trouble or hurt her, I'll bury all her info and make sure none of ya three get within spitting distance of her." The smirk leaves his face as he grows protective of her, his back straightening and brows pulling together. His southern accent comes out harsher the sterner he gets. I feel my chest thrust out at his words, but my lips pull in a smile. Oh, barnacles. How has she wrapped me up so quickly? I've barely been around her an hour. Those

eyes have captured me, drawn me in. I want to know more about her. No, I *need* to know more about her.

He looks me up and down then stares into my eyes. He must find something he approves of because he starts spouting everything. “Her name is Veronnica, but she goes by Ronni. She’s the best damn pickpocket in Rosen Springs. Always has been since she was kicked from the RS shelter when her mom died. Yeah, thank fuck you guys shut that one down, the rat bastards,” he says, his nostrils flaring. My nose wrinkles at the memories of how that shelter was run. If we had found out sooner, maybe we would have found her then. Meek nods, seeing my reaction before continuing. “She’s currently living under the I-94 overpass into Rosen Springs. She’s got a nice tent that’s set up like a little house. I went by and tried to spruce it up and give it some coziness. If only the little shit would take more of my help, I’d have her working here and staying with me.” He shakes his head as he finishes. The genuine affection is easily seen in his eyes and heard in his words.

“Thanks, Meek. I think I’ll see if I can get the little brat to take some help. And don’t worry, I’ll keep angry Ben away from her... for now, at least.”



CHAPTER FOUR

Jer

AFTER MONTY TALKS TO Meek, he heads out the door, nodding at us to join him. I can't tell what he's feeling, and that pisses me off and makes me worry. I can normally gauge his moods, so I know how to care for him. If he needs to be tied up and whipped, I'm happy to oblige my sub. If he feels like a hot bath and snuggles on the couch are what he needs, then that's what we'll do.

Our relationship would change if we brought in a fourth, and it would be a very big adjustment this time since we've

been talking about taking on a Little. Is that what this is? Does Monty think he's found our Little? Well, I'm attracted to those eyes and that fucking pouty lip. I could suck on that lip while pounding into her slit.

Hmm, time to find out what he learned from Meek. I wave to the older man, then Ben and I follow Monty out of the cafe and over to our car that is still waiting outside of La Table du Chef. Kuebler, our driver and assistant, slides out of the driver's seat as he sees the three of us approach.

“Did you find what you were looking for, gents?” he asks, French accent thick on his tongue. Kuebler has been with us since we opened up our first shelter in Rosen Springs. His mom came in with him and his four younger siblings, all speaking French and barely understanding any English. Their father had brought them all over from France to Minnesota, just to leave them for his assistant. His mother barely knew English and was in a foreign country with no money and no way to work. Their landlord kicked them out without a care in the world. The rat bastard. She saw the flyers we had painstakingly stapled all over the place on poles, signs, and any other area that would allow us to share that we were opening A New Hope Women's Shelter, and all women and children were welcome. She had a stranger translate it as best he could and the rest is history.

Now, all of the kids work in our non-profit and their mom, Annette, has become our French momma. She “adopted” us and comes over on Sundays, making the whole family home-

cooked meals that last us a week, even though we tell her she doesn't have to.

“Yes, Kuebler, we did. Now, let's get home so we can get on with the festivities.” I grin at him. He's been around us long enough to know what kind of 'festivities' we get up to when we have free time to spend together. He winks at me and gets in his seat. I get in the back and face Ben and Monty who have chosen the seats that face toward the trunk.

Herby—Ben's grandfather who was the only male figure in any of our lives—left the car to us when he passed. There's no way we could let it sit in the garage to rust. If only he had had the space for us to live with him before then. He told our moms several times he would sleep on the couch and we could all figure out the one bedroom he had.

Ben

It's a quick trip back to our place just outside of Rosen Springs. Everyone is quiet, and Monty keeps giving me the side-eye. His submissive side keeps him from spitting fire at me, even though I know he wants to. But damn, we just had another talk about bringing a Little into our dynamic last night.

We saw a couple at The Debauchery, a high-end sex club, who live the Daddy/Little lifestyle twenty-four seven. Monty latched onto it like a bitch in heat. I don't know if I'm understanding it right, but the way it sounds, it's as if he wants to fuck a child and I thought better of him than that. I'll beat the shit out of him if he goes near one.

I must admit, though, the image of the Little obeying her Daddy at the club was hot. I checked that the woman with the man was over the age of consent. I would have gotten her out of there so fast if she wasn't. But why would we pick a filthy woman who tried to steal from us?

We'd have to bring the little shit into our home to fuck her. Hell no. I do not want her around my stuff.

He storms into our ranch-style home as soon as the car pulls up, and I let him. Jer looks at me and shakes his head. Like I'm the one in the shit house here. Sure, I lost the girl, but it's not that big of a deal. She gave us our shit back, aside from the cash, and now we can go on with our lives.

"You can't honestly think that pickpocket is going to end up in this house, do you? Not to mention this whole 'Little'

thing? What, is she gonna call him Daddy while he has his dick in her and he's picturing a seven-year-old?" It whips out of my mouth with disgust. I've been working up to talking to them about these thoughts that have been racing through my mind, but I didn't want to upset anyone. They must have struck a chord for Jer because I don't even see him move before I feel his fist connect with my jaw, forcing my head to the right as I fall to the floor. The breath rushes from my lungs as I hit the ground, my cheek throbbing.

"First of all, how fucking dare you think that of him. You've known him for most of his life. Yes, we've all got fucked up pasts and some of our thoughts are sick and twisted, but he would never want to fuck a child. He wants someone to hand over control without having to dominate them. Because we both know he is not a Dom. He wants to care for and love someone other than us. Someone who completely trusts him to make sure all their needs are met. That's what finding a Little means to him, you fucking bastard!" He seethes at me, coming to stand over my body. My submissive side is leaking into my mind, causing the anger and disgust to leach away from me. I can't make eye contact with him, my Dom, because that's what he is to me. I need him to control me and help me work through the remorse, confusion, and intrigue that's coursing through my body.

"Ahh... does my Doll need help with all his conflicting emotions?" Fuck, how does he read me so well? Of course, he's been fucking my body for the past ten years of our lives. We didn't start exploring our urges till we were out of the

dorms as sophomores in college. But damn, once we did, the fire that the three of us can achieve when together is explosive.

Jer

“On your knees,” I demand. I’m pissed at him for the things he spewed about Monty. Yes, age play and the Daddy/Little lifestyle is not for everyone and there are unsafe ways to do it because of the sick fuckers in the world. But that’s not what our Teddy Bear wants. He wants to nurture and love someone and be the big protective bear with someone smaller and softer than us. Fucking damn it, if this whole conversation hasn’t convinced me to let our Teddy Bear have his way but Ben and his ignorance needs to change first.

Watching my little fuck doll crawl onto his knees as his cheek reddens from my fist gets my dick throbbing. I pull it out of my pants as Ben finally gets his mouth in position. I step forward so my cock brushes against his lips, smearing a drop of precum on his pout.

“Stick your fucking tongue out,” I growl, barely able to contain the animal inside me that’s begging me to take his head in my palms and fuck his throat. I grip my cock in my hand, fisting the tip and squeezing to stop the rushing blood. I pump up and down, watching as my Doll’s eyes latch onto my fist.

Taking the head of my dick, I trace it down the center of his tongue. My eyes squeeze shut, my head falling back at the touch. His hot little mouth can always do it for me. I try to contain my lust, but he moans and as his tongue vibrates against me, I can’t stop it. Grabbing the sides of his head, I

push my cock as far into his throat as it'll go. He gags on me, his throat constricting but I don't retreat.

“Take it. Swallow me down, Doll,” I growl down at him. His eyes blink tears away before I feel his body swell for a breath, then he swallows, attempting to get his fucking tongue out of my way. My dick goes even further into his throat, but I want more.

“Again,” I demand, pushing his head closer to my hips. “I want to be balls deep in your fucking throat. I want you to feel them slapping against your chin every time I press in.” The moan that escapes him is guttural and then he swallows again and again until I feel the press of his chin against me.

“Now that's my good little fuck doll,” I say, brushing my fingers through his dirty blond hair. He's let it get longer recently. It's just enough to dig my fingers in and hold on to as I start to thrust into his throat. I don't give him a second of reprieve, pounding into his mouth until spit is leaking out around me and tears are coursing down his cheeks. I lock eyes with him and the love shining through them does it for me. One more thrust and my cum spills down his throat as he swallows it all. I slowly pull out then drag the last of my cum along his bottom lip.

“Good boy, now don't touch yourself for the rest of the night,” I growl.



CHAPTER FIVE

Ronni

I WAKE TO THE sound of a car door shutting near my tent. Fuck. That usually only means one thing. The cops have come to clear us out. They normally leave us alone in the winter months. Hell, where am I going to set up now? All the shelters must be full. And I don't really like going to those places. I figure if I stay away, that's one more bed for a woman and her children. I take a deep breath, stretching the ache that the cold air brings out of my muscles as much as possible. The stretch hurts so good. I take one last deep breath to prepare myself for whatever confrontation is going to happen then throw off my

sleeping bag and sit up fully to listen to what is happening around me

The thought of having someone take care of me flashes in my mind again. I've gone to bed every night this past week thinking about what it would be like if that bear of a man, Montgomery, found me and held me again. That's just not in my cards.

Monty

It's taken me a damn week, but I finally have plans for our little thief. Now, I just have to convince her that my plan is better than living in a tent beneath an underpass, especially during this really cold winter we are having. It's supposed to be the worst Minnesota has had in over ten years.

Jer steps out of the passenger side of the car as I practically slam the door in anticipation. I'm more nervous than I thought I'd be. I want her to want to be with us. I felt instant attraction when our eyes met. My gut has always been good about finding like-minded people, and it knows Veronnica will fit right in with us. Not to mention the overwhelming need to protect her and keep her safe. The thought of her being out in this weather, sleeping in a flipping tent for the past week, has made my skin crawl. I haven't stopped thinking about her.

We left Ben at home since she probably wouldn't want to go anywhere near him now. He's definitely coming around to the idea of a Little after the conversation he and Jer had. I don't know what happened, but I do know Ben woke up the next day with a nasty black eye.

Stepping toward a blue tent in the back of a village of ragtag tents and shelters or something like that, I see her again. At least twenty other tents are clustered around with her purple one being in the center. Fifty gallon drums hold fires mingled between them for warmth and it looks like someone started to

build a fence to block out some of the cold at the far end of the space.

She moves out with confidence like she's ready for a fight. She's got her fighting face on, clearly ready to defend this tent city. I guess I didn't think about driving up to them. They must be used to the cops coming. When everyone else zips their tents up tighter, realizing we aren't cops, she steps further out, ready to fight. She stumbles to a stop when she sees us.

"Hey, Pickpocket, how have you been?" I ask lamely. Baby Jesus, what did I just say to her? If I want to be her Daddy, I need to pull my shit together. The look on her face when she sees us is almost comical. We aren't what she was expecting.

"Wha-what are you guys doing here?" I can tell she's shocked and doesn't realize that we are there for her. But hot diggity, things are about to change.

Jer

Hell, there she is. Talking with Monty this past week has fully convinced me. Not only do I want a Little in our relationship, but I also want it to be one Veronnica Smith. With the information Meek gave Monty, I've been combing the system to find her. She hasn't stayed in one of our shelters, but she did come to a Thanksgiving outreach once. I've learned it was just after her mother's passing, and she was running away from the one foster home she was placed in. She had to have been hungry. I wish we had found her that day. We were there too, not fifty feet away, and we didn't see her. What would the past three years of our lives have been like if we'd only met her then?

"Hello, Veronnica, it's so nice to see you again," I say smoothly. I want to lure her in. I want her to want me. Her eyes flash to mine for a second before returning to Monty's.

"Pickpocket, don't be shy now. You did have your hand in my jacket a few days ago. We'd like to talk to you. Would you care to join us for breakfast? We can even go to Meek's so you know someone around," he says like he's talking to a timid animal. That gut feeling of sweeping her up in my arms, putting her in the car, and making her life better, overwhelms me.

She walks over to us slowly like she can't decide if she wants to come closer or run away as fast as she can. It takes her a second to get through the tents to us since they are placed

in a way to keep people out. She's pulled herself together by the time she reaches us, but I can tell she's still thrown by our arrival.

"I know this is random, and we are total strangers, but we only want to have a chat. What do you say?" I ask quickly. I don't want to make this any more awkward than it already is. Monty doesn't seem to agree and gives me a look like I'm insane.

"To Meek's to have a chat?" she asks like she doesn't understand the words coming from my mouth. It's adorable. *She's* adorable. She's currently in what looks like a faded rainbow onesie that has a heart over her belly. Why does that make me want to call her a Care Bear and rub the heart to give her powers? Hell, I'll give her all the powers she needs. That's when I hear her stomach grumble. She must be hungry. Hopefully, the idea of a scone from Meek's persuades her.

"Umm... that would be okay, I guess. Let me change real fast," she says before turning herself around and hightailing it back to her tent. I can feel the stares of the other tent occupants, and I wish I could convince them all to head to one of our shelters but most of them don't want to be told what to do. There are spots open for everyone. I hear a child somewhere to my left, and make a note to text Ben and have him come over here while we're at Meek's. He can convince anyone that our places are welcoming to all.



CHAPTER SIX

Ronni

WHAT THE HELL IS happening? I'm currently sitting on one of the beanbag chairs at Meek's with another one of those heavenly pumpkin spice drinks, a muffin in every flavor, and three bagels with cream cheese. I rode in the passenger seat with Monty driving, and I could tell he normally didn't go that slow. I was flabbergasted when Jer held the door for me then folded his body into the back seat. The care they are showing is shocking to me.

“Sooo...” I start as they are creaming their bagels, but I get shy as their eyes slam into mine. Well, that’s enough to make a woman weak. “What did you guys want to chat about?” I ask before taking as big of a bite as I can out of my triple chocolate muffin. Chocolate is my weakness. I don’t get to have it often, but when I do, I probably look like a fucking pig eating at the trough.

“Well, Little Pickpocket, we want to get to know the woman known as ‘the best pickpocket in Rosen Springs’ who so swiftly stole from not one but two previous thieves.” Monty smirks at me before licking cream cheese from his thumb then sucking it into his mouth. My thighs rub together in my jeans at the sight. I wonder if his tongue on me would feel as good. If only I had a good experience with the male form to compare.

“Oh, um... I don’t understand why you would want to, but here I go...” I say, taking a drink of the pumpkin goodness before setting it on the low coffee table in front of us. “I was born in Rosen Springs twenty years ago next month. My father ditched us before I even turned three. My momma tried her best but had a lot of mental health problems. My grandparents finally had enough when I was five years old. They didn’t want anything to do with her, so they kicked us out. We bounced around from shelters to my mom’s rando boyfriend’s houses. The men were never very nice to me, until I was about fifteen years old and my body filled out. Then they were too nice. So she got a job at one of the shelters. It was brand new, and we got to stay in a nice two-bedroom cabin. Then, she was

run over on her way home one night. Did you know it's not good to walk on a busy road in the middle of the night without something bright on?" I ask sadly. I'm rambling, but the care in their eyes keeps me going. The way they are intently staring tells me they're listening to every word that spews from my lips

"That's when I was placed in foster care at the age of seventeen. Why are people so fucked up in this world? The one and only placement I had abused me in some of the worst ways. I tried to go to the cops, but my foster father was the District Attorney and helped them close cases. Anyways, I couldn't stay there, and the system had already fucked me over once, so I ran away. I found the tent village and have been making my way, teaching myself how to pickpocket ever since." I feel extremely vulnerable, and at the end of my rambling, I realize my eyes have gone to my tattered, black tennis shoes. Thirty seconds later, I feel a body sit on the bean bag beside me and a hand under my chin. I'm shocked that it's Jer and not the big, sweet Monty but not in a bad way.

"Don't get shy on us now, Pretty Girl. Thank you for sharing all of that with us. I know it couldn't have been easy and you probably word-vomited much more than you wanted to. If it's okay, I'd like to hug you now." I know he's asking but the firm tone makes my body warm. He wants to care for me. How sweet is he?

Jer

She nods at me hesitantly, and I don't wait a breath longer. I scoop her into my arms, wrapping my body around her and tucking her head into my neck. I'm so proud of her for sharing all of herself just now. I want to know the words she didn't say, but I have a feeling we'll get there. Before coming to Meek's, I wasn't sure if we'd even get this far.

I feel Monty kneel beside us and brush his hand over her hair. God, this needs to work. She fits against my body perfectly.

"Thank you," she murmurs. I hug her closer to me with my right arm as I sweep my left up her back to warm her. I feel her sigh as her body tries not to fall asleep, but she starts to relax into me. I think her subconscious is ready to trust us, but her conscious mind is fighting it.

"Pretty Girl, we would like to take you somewhere we can care for you, would you like that?" I whisper in her ear. I feel a soft nod and hear a groggy yeah before her body fully goes limp on me. Monty's smile is growing on his face, and damn, if that doesn't make me happy. Standing, I look over at Meek who has been cleaning the same glass for the last twenty minutes, watching us with the girl he'd do anything to take care of. I nod at him, trying to convey that I know he's watching, and we won't do anything untoward.

"Let's get our Little home," he whispers at me, and I could kiss his lips. That sounds so perfect.

Ben

I'm pacing the living room when I get Jer's text to get my ass to the underpass of I-94 and work my magic to get those people somewhere warm with food. And thank fuck, I can't stay in this house by myself any longer. Am I convinced Veronnica is the perfect fit to be our Little? Hell no. But after talking to the guys and learning as much as I can about Daddy/Little and Caregiver/Little relationships, I know it's exactly what we need. But I wasn't allowed to go talk to her with them because of how I treated her at Meek's. How does that bode well for a relationship to start? Yeah, not good.

I grab my keys from the island and head out to my car. It's an old red Jeep Wrangler and is built for mudding, which Monty takes complete advantage of. I type the mile marker Jer sent me into the navigation system on my phone then hit the gas. Cranking "Tears Don't Fall" by Bullet For My Valentine, I get lost in my thoughts on the drive there. I think about everything I've seen and researched this week. I run through a Mcdonald's drive-thru and grab ten Happy Meals and thirty breakfast sandwiches. I may be a stranger, but I know the way to get people to listen to me is to bring food. I'm shocked as I pull up to the underpass and see a legit village. It could be one of the cabin centers that we have built for our homeless moms and their children.

I turn off the Jeep and hop out. I'm in comfy jeans, tennis shoes, and a holey hoodie—nothing like Jer who left the house in slacks and a button-down. He probably intimidated all these

people. People sit outside of their tents on camp chairs, talking to each other. At least they were before I pulled up. Now, all eyes are on me. Which is what I'm used to since I'm the spokesperson for A New Hope. I try to find and help as many homeless people as I can.

“Hello, everyone. I'm sure you are all thinking why the hell another random person is pulling up to your area, but I come with information and food for all of you,” I say, projecting my voice so that even the people still hiding in their tents can hear. I'm not here to hurt them; I want to help them. At one point, it was Monty, Jer, and I going around to the homeless, talking to them about our story and how we aren't just out here to profit from them but to actually help. We've made it our life mission to help as many people like us as we can.

I throw my voice higher and step more toward the dark purple tent in the middle. There hasn't been movement from it so maybe no one is inside? It's the biggest one and is covered in probably four black tarps. Heads start to peak out from the other tents as I walk further into their area.

“My brothers and I own a non-profit that not only has shelters, but we work with you to find you jobs and build you housing. You've done well with what you have here, but please, from someone who used to be in your exact situation, let us help you.” My words trail off as several adults step from their tents. Several of them step closer, willing to talk about the options we have to offer.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Ronni

I WAKE UP FEELING warm and cozy. The couch I'm on is soft and fluffy. I haven't felt this warm in a while. My eyes are heavy to open, but when they do, I see a fireplace in front of me, crackling merrily in the dim lighting of the room. The sight of it stops me short. Where am I? I try to remember what happened today. I woke up to the sound of a car. My God, Monty and Jer found where I was living? And I went with them to Meek's? Fuck, I told them my horror story, and now, I'm here. Did they drug me? I hit myself on the forehead for being so stupid.

“Well, that looked painful. Don’t hurt yourself, Little Pickpocket. I don’t like it very much.” I hear Monty’s voice not far away, so I sit up on what looks like one of three couches in this huge living area. A fluffy purple blanket falls away from me. As it does, I shiver at the instant chill. Grabbing it from where it fell, I rub it against my face to feel the softness.

“I’m glad you like your gift,” he chuckles at me. The smile on his face is genuine, and it makes me smile back at him. He’s such a teddy bear; I can already tell.

“My gift?” I ask, my voice raspy from sleep. I follow the sound of his voice to his body. He’s on the couch beside mine, his body as close to my head as it can be. He’s only in a tight green V-neck shirt and gray sweatpants, and that is possibly the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. Why do guys wear those damn things if they don’t want women to see every inch of their dick outline? He’s got a glass of something amber in his hand. Hell, the firelight makes the natural red in his beard shine, and I get the urge to run my fingers through it. It’s trimmed nicely and still enough to drag my fingers through.

“Where are we, Monty?” I ask quietly. Knowing he sat here with me while I slept has calmed the nerves in my body. There’s so much he could have already done if he wanted to hurt me. And I don’t get that vibe from him at all.

He smirks then downs the rest of his drink. “Well, you’re in our home. You don’t seem to remember it, but Jer did ask you if we could take you somewhere warmer and you nodded.

You've been asleep for about six hours now. Your body must have needed the extra sleep. It's almost five p.m. Are you hungry?" he asks, and I'm dumbfounded. Did I really sleep for six hours? Wow, I can't remember my body relaxing that long since my mother died. It's at this moment that my tummy growls, and I sigh. Monty chuckles while setting his glass on the table beside the couch.

"I think we need to get some good food in that belly, huh? Ben is cooking some stuffed chicken and mashed potatoes. The perfect comfort food on a winter night." He stands and holds his hand out to me. I shouldn't take it. I've known this man for no time at all, but I feel safe with him. The look in his eyes makes me want to let him care for me.

Ben

Monty steps into the kitchen area holding Veronnica's hand, and I have to turn around so they don't see my jaw drop. How does she trust him so quickly? When I got home not long ago, Jer explained everything that happened. And it solidifies the draw I feel to have her look at me the way she's looking at Monty. Even in only a friend capacity. No one should have to go through what she has.

"Hey, guys, dinner is just about done. How about something to drink? We have water, chocolate milk, or strawberry lemonade. Monty, want a beer?" I ask with my back turned. I'm sure he's having to pull her into the room now that she's seen me. I hear Monty grunt that he wants a beer as the chair legs at the table scrape on the floor.

"I've had alcohol before, you know. I'm not a child," she says in a bratty tone that makes me chuckle. She's got a sassy side, I see.

"Well, Kitten, I won't be giving you any with that tone, not to mention that you are underage. You can have water, chocolate milk, or strawberry lemonade. I'd prefer you have the water since I'm not sure how much you've drunk today since your nap was so long, but I want to treat you a little."

She scoffs at me but doesn't say anything, and the glow in Monty's eyes makes me smile. He's going to make a great Caregiver. I walk over to them, and I set his beer in front of

him before kissing his forehead. She gasps and sags against the chair beside him.

“I’m happy to see the smiling Monty,” I say before turning to the oven that’s dinging in the background. The chicken is done. “Can you text Jer that dinner is ready? I think he was deep in paperwork when I checked on him last,” I ask him as I grab the four plates we keep in the cupboard. Hmm, we should get some more dishes. The only reason we have more than three now is that the set came with four. We always wash our plates after we eat so there’s never a reason for more. Maybe Veronnica would like to go shopping for some new ones. I’m lost in the daydream of her flitting around HomeGoods, picking out cutlery, when I feel Jer behind me. I know he doesn’t have to, but he presses his body against mine while grabbing the green beans from the stovetop. It’s the little things in our relationship that make me feel loved. And that’s something I’ll have to make sure I’m good at with Veronnica. If I ever get the chance.

Jer

I've spent the better half of the day watching our Pretty Girl nap on one of our couches with the guys. I had Kimberly send me the paperwork for two new cabins for a couple of the families that Ben convinced to go to our main site shelter today. Monty is going to start building the cabins through our non-profit for them since our shelters are full. Ben had offered the adults jobs in the business, and some of them took the opportunity, so we are going to do everything we can to help them provide for their families. Starting with solid roofs over their heads and food in their bellies.

Dinner is quiet with Veronnica nodding along and drinking two glasses of water. She eats some of the dinner but sets her fork down before less than half of the food is gone.

"I'm sorry, but I'm full. I'm not used to eating so much at once," she whispers, looking at her fingers. She's twisting them in such a way I think it might hurt her.

"That's okay, Pretty Girl. We'll save it for you in case you get hungry later," I say as calmly as I can. God fucking shit. Why does her hesitance piss me off so much? Our girl should be eating as much as she wants, whenever she wants. Ben and Monty nod along to what I say, but I can tell her words have angered them as well.

"How about we get you a shower and into a big comfy bed, Little Pickpocket?" Monty says to her. He migrated his chair closer to her during dinner. And subconsciously, her body has

leaned into him. I would be lying if I said I don't love the look of it.

“Even though that sounds nice, I barely know you guys. Maybe you can take me back to my tent?” she asks quietly. The thought enrages me, my body stiffening at the thought, and I have a hard time containing the anger. I'm not mad at her, I'm mad that the safest place for her to go to is a tent.

“No... no, that won't do. I understand not wanting to stay here, but I won't take you back to that tent,” I say firmly. We might not have an agreement about anything yet, but I damn well won't allow someone I'm very quickly coming to care for to live in someplace like that. Her body stiffens at my words, the brat bringing my Dom side out. I can't help but shiver at the idea of putting her over my knee right now.

She starts to say something that we can all tell is going to be bratty, but Monty interrupts her.

“What if, instead of staying here, we get you a room at a hotel? You don't have to worry about the cost. We'll cover it and it will put you somewhere safe and warm, at least for the night?” he asks her sweetly. I can tell he's trying to calm the situation. After a minute, she nods and agrees.

“Yeah, that would be okay, I guess. I won't be giving you anything in return if that's what you are hoping.” She stands and looks at us. “Can we go now? I'm tired.” Monty stands and grabs her hand.

“Yes, Little Pickpocket. Let's get you some of the clothes that we had delivered and get you to the hotel. I want you to

get a good night's sleep. There is a lot to talk about tomorrow." He leads her from the room, nodding to us both. He knows we'll be right behind him. There's no way that we'll let her be far from us now that we've got her.

"Well, that went better than I expected," Ben says, taking a drink of his second beer. I nod while clearing the table of the dishes and leftovers. I put them in containers and set them in the fridge. Ben went overboard, so we'll have leftovers for lunch tomorrow if we come back to the house. I'm hoping to spend as much time with her as I can before the craziness of the workweek starts on Monday.

"It did. I hope it continues in this fashion. I know Monty is already attached, and if I'm being honest, so am I. What do you think?" I say, finally looking him in the eyes. He takes another sip before answering.

"Well, I think I need to do something to convince her I'm not the biggest asshole in the world. I'm also feeling protective of her already. I would like to get to know her better before I can comment on any type of attachment," he says softly, his eyes turned down with his words. I nod and move to kiss his head.

"I understand. This is a big thing we are asking of you. But I love you for trying and being open to talking about it." He melts into my kiss and sighs. My sweet Benjamin. Yes, he may like switching and trying his hand at dominating Monty and, on occasion for his birthday, me, but he'll always be my sub. "Let's pack our bags and get one for Monty. I want a

connecting suite or one next door at the very least,” I say, and he nods.



We got to the hotel a few hours ago. It's late now, but I've been at the desk in our suite, dotting all the i's and crossing the t's. The Jennings and the Brahams will be moving into the hotel across from our main site tomorrow. Then come Monday, their new log cabins will start being built. I'm pouring a glass of cognac when I hear a scream that terrifies me, sending shivers down my spine. It's Veronnica, but what could be frightening her? I drop the glass, hearing it shatter on the floor as I go running out of the office space and toward the door to Veronnica's suite. It's connected to our sitting room. Monty must have left it open when he came through. I get there just as he does. The door is wide open. It takes a second for my eyes to adjust, but when they do, I see Veronnica in Ben's arms being rocked back to sleep.



CHAPTER EIGHT



Ben

AFTER JER AND I got to the hotel, I went to our suite that's beside Ronni's. I made sure Monty got the rooms that are connected so she has her space but we are still close. I needed to shower and relax. Having her so close has put me on edge, in a good way. My mind keeps racing as to how I can make her forgive me for my asshole ways and make her trust me in the same easy way she does with Monty. Hell, even Jer is working his way into her trust. I need to at least try. Not just for Monty and Jer but because I feel drawn to her and the more

I learn about the lifestyle, the more I want to live it and my gut tells me she's who we want to live it with.

After showering, I put on comfortable gray sweats and a black V-neck shirt. I like to be comfortable at night. Jer sleeps naked, and I can never understand that. What if there is a fire in the middle of the night? Is he going to run out of the building with his dick swinging in the wind? The thought makes me chuckle as I crawl onto my bed and turn the TV on. It's mounted on the wall above a dark wooden dresser. The suites are kind of fancy at the Sheridan. It's the only nice hotel around.

Since it's the beginning of November, Christmas movies have started playing, and I'd be lying if I said they weren't one of my guilty pleasures. I start up the movie, *Snowglobe*, and get comfortable when I hear a soft whimper through the wall behind me. I'm wondering what kind of whimper it is when it's followed by a blood-curdling scream. I'm off the bed in no time, pushing into her room as fast as I can. She's clutching the bedspread for dear life.

"Kitten, are you okay? What happened? What scared you?" I ask as I move into the room. But she doesn't make a sound. The light from the window shines on her face, and I see a terrified look etched there. I reach out a hand to hers. "Kitten?" I ask again. When our hands connect, another scream rips from her lips, and her body bows off the bed. Fuck, she's having a nightmare. I don't hesitate. I know the only thing that helped my nightmares was Jer wrapping his body around mine and whispering anything and everything.

So, I do just that. I fling back the soft purple blanket Monty must have tucked her in with, and I scoop her into my arms. Her waist is so fragile in my grip. I could probably touch my fingers together if I wrapped them around her. I feel like I could break her.

Sitting on her bed and criss-crossing my legs, I pull her into my lap and rock her back and forth.

“You’re okay, sweet Kitten. You’re okay. Nothing is going to hurt you ever again. We’ll make sure of it. We’ve got you. We’ve got you. It’s okay.” I repeat those words against her damp, mussed hair. She wakes in my arms, and I’m scared she’ll push me away. *Please don’t push me away.* That thought flies through my head, and I realize I’m already committed to our sweet Little. If only she’ll let us take care of her the way we want to. The guys must have heard her scream too because the door between the suits swings open. I nod at them when she nestles into my body instead of pushing away, and goddamn, that warms my heart.

They nod back and head down the hallway, leaving the door wide so the light streams into the room.

Ronni

I wake to the feeling of rocking and my heart racing. I must have had a nightmare again. Normally, I'm in the tent village and the wind of the chilled night steals my screams but not this night. Tonight, I must have woken or disturbed the three men who are showing me care. Opening my eyes, I quickly realize that I'm in the arms of the last person I would have expected to comfort and be here for me... Ben. He's holding and rocking me, and is he whispering about taking care of me? God, why does that sound so perfect. My mind races with the possibilities. Can I let these three men take care of me? I don't want to be a slave to them, cooking and cleaning or just a hole to fuck.

That's not the life I want. Hell, I don't want to be homeless and living in a tent, but I'd take that over the other option. My eyes grow heavy as he continues to rock, then I hear him humming, his lips against my scalp. I can't help but snuggle into his warm body. He smells clean, and I love it. He must have showered recently. I fall asleep to the thoughts of letting them take care of me and being Ben's Kitten. Instead of nightmares, sweet dreams of these big caregivers take over.

Monty

It's happening. I can feel it. I'm not going to be able to let her go. So, either Ben gets his ass on board or I'll have to challenge him in the ring. He's much more lethal than I am since he had to be growing up, but I've trained my ass off and my size alone could allow me to take him down.

The image of him rocking Ronni gives me some assurance. I'm hoping he's had a change of heart now that he's been around her. Especially since he's got his own trauma and nightmares about his past.

I head to the common area of our suite and wait for Jer. He stopped in the kitchenette to grab beers.

I sit on the couch and have Alexa start up a smooth jazz song in the background. The guys give me shit for it, but I don't care. I like what I like. And I like Veronnica Smith, a.k.a. my Little Pickpocket. Hopefully, soon to be *our* Little.

I'm thinking of all the things I want to buy her when Jer comes in, hands me a beer, and sits across from me in one of the fluffy, faux fur chairs in the room.

"I want to keep her, Jer. I want to make her feel safe and have her in our lives. Something is plaguing her mind, and I can't send her back to that tent to fight her demons alone," I say almost desperately to him. I don't think I have to convince him as much as I do Ben, but I know he still has some reservations.

“I know, Monty. I feel the same. I’m going to have a look into the foster family she talked about today and see if I can get any information. Whether she chooses to be with us and be our Little or not, I’ll bleed any fucking person out who’s hurt her. No nineteen-year-old woman should scream like that in their sleep. The trauma that torments her mind must be huge,” he says before taking a drink. I feel my body relax at his words. He wants her. And he has no problem adding to his ‘lights out’ list for her. Thank the tiny baby goblins. One down, two to go.



CHAPTER NINE

Ronni

I'M WARM. TOO WARM. Ahhh, that's right, I'm at the hotel with the guys. The guys I've barely known for a solid thirty-six hours, but who have taken better care of me than anyone in my life ever has. It hurts my heart to think, but even more than my momma ever did. Thoughts of her flash in my mind, and tears burn my eyes. The anniversary of losing her is coming soon. It's always the toughest time of the year.

I shake it from my thoughts and freeze when I feel a body move next to me in the bed. What the hell? I reach down to

make sure there are still clothes on my body. It would be just my luck to trust these men only to be touched in my sleep. Like it hasn't happened before. But I feel the extra soft pajama pants that I picked out of the bag Monty had packed for me last night, and the warm long sleeve sleep shirt. It's a V-neck but doesn't show much of anything. Not like I have anything to show.

“Good morning, Kitten. I hope I didn't wake you, but my arm was about to fall off from pins and needles,” I hear Ben say. That's right, he came in and rocked me back to sleep. Wow, *Ben* did that. Maybe he isn't as bad as I had thought. “I smell food and coffee next door. I'm going to go get my slippers so my feet don't get cold. Yours are here beside the bed. Please wear them. The tile floors can give you a chill this time of year,” he says as I feel the bed jostle, and his steps leave the room. I don't turn around to face him because I'm embarrassed. Of course, I would have nightmares near them. But wait, I'm at a hotel. Ben showing up after we went to bed is a bit strange. I'm still not sure why exactly he is here, but after the way he held me last night, I don't question it too much.

I toss the super-soft purple blanket off my body and sit up. Hmm, he said something about slippers. I walk around the bed to find black and white slippers with a stuffed kitten on the toes. Oh my gosh, I love them! I squeal, stepping into their warm comfort. How thoughtful of him to make sure I had a pair. Him calling me Kitten brings a smile to my face as I make my way through the door Ben had used. I hadn't seen it

last night, but it leads into a suite just like mine. Well, that's convenient. Breathing deeply, the scents of bacon and coffee waft through the room, allowing my nose to lead the way as my body does a happy dance. Breakfast is my favorite meal, even if I don't get to have it often.

Stepping into the kitchenette, I see all three of them huddled around one side of the small table whispering something to each other. I don't want to intrude on their conversation, so I clear my throat.

“Oh hey, guys. What the hell are you all doing here?” I ask awkwardly, wrapping my arms around my stomach. I feel extremely vulnerable when all of their eyes land on mine.

Jer

Holy fucking shit, my dick is hard. I was listening to Ben fill us in on what happened last night when I heard her sweet voice, and my eyes flew to her. She's stunning. The clothes she's wearing fit her so much better than the baggy black sweats she had on before. It's a long sleeve purple V-neck that hugs her perfect little tits and flares out with some extra soft, pink fuzzy pants. Then my eyes land on the slippers. How did Ben sneak those in with our purchases without me knowing? They are perfect for protecting her tiny toes from the chilly floors.

“Good morning, Pretty Girl. You look nice and cozy in your new pajamas. I hope you slept well?” I say. I don't want to say anything about the nightmares unless she brings them up. I'm hoping she'll share more with us, then I can end those motherfuckers' lives. Any and everyone that's ever caused her harm is going to get their fucking throats slit and then their fucking bodies melted in their own bathtub with lye. But I'll start by finding the foster fucks first.

I clear my throat and step near her, holding out my hand. I yearn for her to take it, but if not, I won't be upset, as this is such a new situation. I can't help the smile that spreads across my face when she reaches for it, wrapping both her hands around mine like she needs as much connection as possible. And so it begins.

“Our resident Teddy Bear has got a whole spread for us. Would you like to sit and I’ll make you a plate?” I lead her over to the chair between mine and Monty’s. She’s across from Ben, and I’m hoping it’ll encourage them to talk.

“Thank you,” she says shyly, the sweet tone in her voice almost doing me in. I head over and fix her a plate of bacon, pancakes, sausage links, and hashbrowns. Ben gets her a glass of water and orange juice. He won’t give her the coffee until she drinks at least one of them. We went with the non-pulp one because we haven’t learned her tastes yet, but I know Ben agonized over what to order from room service. I can tell he wants to do his best so that she likes him. Setting the plate in front of her, I head back over and make my own plate. Monty and Ben fill their plates with as much as they can, then move to sit around the table.

“So, Teddy Bear, huh? That’s a perfect name for you, Monty. I think I’ll use it too,” Veronnica says, looking at Monty with a big smile on her face. The slight pang of jealousy that she already trusts him so openly hits, but it’s gone in a flash. He doesn’t want to care for her on his own. He wants to share her, and that responsibility, with us.

“Yes, he’s our Teddy Bear. We love him for his big burly body and loving soul,” I say while taking a sip of my black coffee. She’s looking at me, but I can tell there hasn’t been a bite taken from her plate. “Pretty Girl, we have some gifts for you, but you can’t have them until you’ve eaten your fill,” I say, then dig into my plate.

“Gifts? For me? You have more gifts for me?” I hear her astonished words. I can’t help narrowing my eyes as the anger inside me swells with the realization that no one has spoiled our sweet girl before. “Can one of those gifts be coffee?” she asks with a little smirk in her tone. And that’s when Ben’s grump shows.

“Now, Kitten, we have to get some water in your body before we start dehydrating it further. Be a good girl, and drink what’s in front of you before asking for more,” he says, raising his eyebrow at her and then looking down at his plate. I can tell it’s instinctual for him already, not even thinking about how much that would make him sound like an asshole.



CHAPTER TEN

Ben

I'M A FUCKING IDIOT. I can't believe I just said that to her. She barely even knows me and I'm trying to take control. I look down at my plate and start shoveling food in so I can't say any more stupid shit.

"Yes, Sir," I hear with a chuckle from her. Holy hell, my dick jumps. She can call me Sir and listen to what I say all the fucking time. An image of her on her knees calling me Sir pops into my mind. Luckily, I have a mouth full of food, so the moan that escapes just comes across as appreciating the food.

But the smirk on both the guys' faces tell me that they know exactly what I'm thinking. When I look back at Ronni, I see her juice is gone and she's eating the sausage links. A smile stretches my cheeks.

Monty

This is going so much better than I expected. She's allowing us to care for her with more ease already. Now, hopefully, we don't scare her away with everything Jer is going to talk about. She finishes her water and the last of her bacon when she sets her fork down.

"I'm sorry. I can't eat anymore." She seems almost ashamed, but I'm proud of her for eating her fill.

"That's okay. I hope you enjoyed your breakfast," I say, standing and clearing both our plates. The guys finish up theirs, which I grab too, then come back to the table with a cup of coffee, cream, and sugar. "Here's your reward for listening to Ben."

"Thank you, Teddy Bear." She giggles, adding a lot of both cream and sugar to the coffee.

"Just as sweet and milky as you," Ben says with a chuckle while taking a drink of his coffee. She smirks and takes a drink.

"Veronnica," Jer says, bringing everyone's eyes to him. He's good at that. "We would like to give you your gifts now. Does that sound like a good idea?" he asks softly. I can tell he's nervous about this next part, but we all agreed to give her these before asking if she knows what a Caregiver even is and if she'd like us to be hers. She nods her head and bounces a little in her chair. Jer chuckles.

“So, we each have a gift for you, and we want you to know that these are just to make you smile. There is nothing attached to them, and we don’t expect anything in return.” Her head tilts to the side. *Oh, sweet baby mongoose. How darling you are.*

Ronni

My excitement is almost too much to contain. I'm confused why these amazing men would want to give me anything more than they already have. I mean, hell, the first time we met, I tried to steal from them. No one has ever really given me a gift. Our family was poor my whole childhood. The volunteers at the shelters tried, but the powers that be just wanted to keep the money for themselves. Not give it to the women and children living in them at the time. They all started to change about four years ago. Sara, a girl that lived in the tent village, chose to go to one after her baby was born. When she brought him to visit me, she told me how the sheets are now washed instead of being disgusting and gross and the food no longer resembles baby puke.

“Okay... Thank you, Jer. I mean, all of you. You've been extremely kind to someone you hardly know,” I respond shyly, ducking my head. Monty's paw-sized hand slides under my chin, tilting it up so he can see my eyes.

“That's the thing, we want to get to know you so much better.” He smiles at me as he says it, and butterflies erupt in my belly. *They do?*

“Pretty Girl, we want to get to know you better, but we especially want to start taking care of you. Essentially, we'd be entering into a relationship where we would be your Caregivers and you would be our Little,” Jer says with such

confidence. Caregiver? Little? All of them? What is he even talking about?

“I see you’re confused. Let me start with yes, it would be the three of us caring for you. I’m sure you’ve seen our little touches and heard our nicknames. The three of us are in a relationship together, and we have been looking to add a fourth. We’ve been looking for someone that we can take care of, love, and help nurture. And we think that someone could be you.” My eyes widen at his words. This is not what I thought was going to happen. Hell, I don’t even know what I thought would happen.

“So, you guys want to be my Caregivers? Is that like boyfriends? You’d share me? And I’d be your Little?” I say, trying to catch up on everything he’s saying. Both Monty and Ben are nodding along to my words. So, I might be on the right track. “What does Little mean?” I ask the question that makes me feel vulnerable.

“Being our Little would mean allowing yourself to act in age and maturity that you are feeling whenever you are feeling it. Some might think that the pajamas you are wearing now are actually for little girls. When you’re with us, you are allowed to wear whatever you want and act in such a way that you can emotionally regress to whatever age feels comfortable and safest for you. And we will take care of you while you do it,” he says with a growing smile on his face. I can tell the idea of me being their Little makes him happy. That sounds really amazing. I’ve had to be the grown-up in my life for so long, even before Momma passed away.

“You don’t have to decide now, Pretty Girl. We still have our gifts to give you which are yours no matter what you decide in the end,” Jer says, and the fact that he is giving me the time to think about it makes me trust him more. I nod and hold out my hands for my presents in a gimme motion. I’m so excited.

“This first one is from me,” Ben says almost shyly, handing a sparkly purple gift bag toward me. I pull out the white tissue paper and find a black dress that has a short poodle skirt shape on the bottom. So, if I spin while wearing it, it would fly around me. It has a kitten face on the chest area, and I smile. “I hope you like it, Kitten,” Ben says sweetly. I don’t have any words to describe the way it’s making me feel.

“This one is from me. I hope you enjoy it, Little Pickpocket,” Monty says, handing me a big rectangular box. I lift the lid to find a thick burgundy peacoat with a matching hat and glove set. It’s stunning and like nothing I’ve ever had before.

“Last one, Pretty Girl, then we’ll give you some time alone to think through our proposal,” Jer says, handing me a shoebox. Tears spring to my eyes. I’ve never had a brand new pair of shoes. It’s always been hand-me-downs from kids at shelters. And since escaping my own personal hell, I’ve always chosen to spend my money on other things rather than shoes.

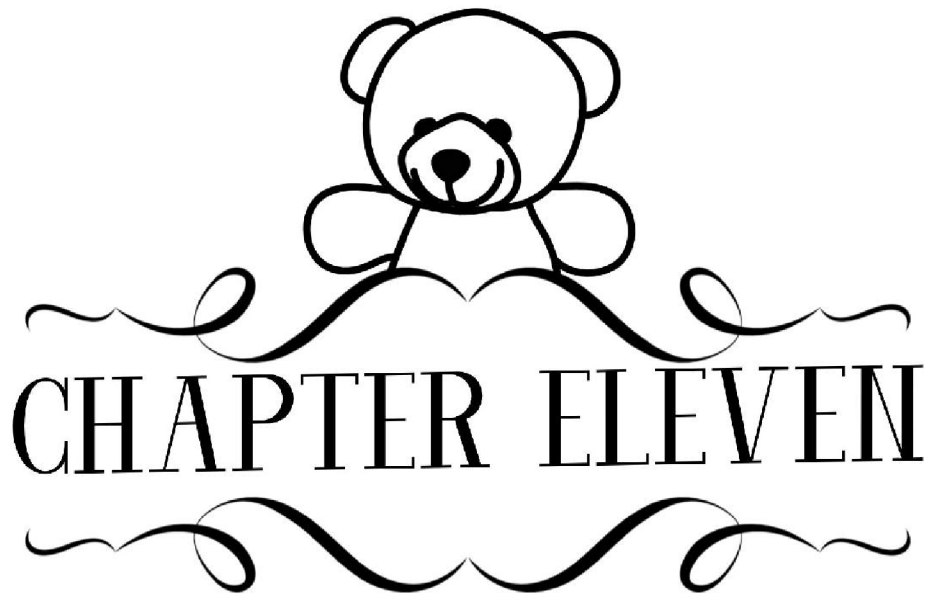
I pull the top off and gasp. It’s a beautiful pair of mid-calf, black Ugg boots. My feet won’t feel the winter snow this year.

I sniffle as the tears start flowing.

“Thank you... thank you all so much. I’ve never received anything like this,” I whisper at them. And on impulse, I feel the urge to rush them all. Jer is closest, so I practically jump in his lap. It makes him laugh a big hearty laugh, the sound making me so happy.

“You are more than welcome, Pretty Girl. We just want to care for you,” he says against my neck, breathing me in before I let go and head for Ben. I can tell he’s shocked at receiving a hug, but he thought of me too. I squeeze him quickly because I’m still warming up to him and race over to Monty last, all but crawling into his lap and wrapping my arms as tightly as I can around his neck.

“Thank you for catching me, Bear. Even if this is it, it’s been the forty-two hours of my life,” I say against his neck.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

Ronni

SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED in such a little time. Everything blazes across my mind as I pace around my suite. So much was said, and I don't even know how to start thinking through it.

Monty brought me back to my side of the suite I was staying in and said I could have some time to think in a nice warm bath if I wanted. I agreed, and he filled the tub with amazing smelling bubbles that almost overflowed. It made me

giggle, and Monty kissed my head. Hell, that is an amazing feeling.

I'm currently soaking in the best bath I've ever had. I mean, I can't think of the last bath I've had. Normally, I just shower in a shelter's locker room or have a sponge bath in a sink at Meek's. It's not the best solution, but when you're homeless, you do what you gotta do.

I lean my head back on the bath pillow Monty had pulled out from under the sink with a blush on his face saying he had randomly grabbed it hoping I'd like to take baths. I feel spoiled, like, who thinks of a damn bath pillow? Jer's words flash in my head again, making me smile. They want me to be their Little. They'd be my Caregivers, and I could act whatever maturity I want. I'll have to ask what they mean by that exactly. I saw a porno once that had a woman getting her diaper changed. I don't want to do that. Is that something they'd want? But they haven't given me any diapers, so maybe I'm off on that thought. It kind of sounds nice to be a kid again without the trauma of my childhood. And three Caregivers? The idea is sounding pretty good, to be honest. I can't help but smile when I think about being in Monty's arms. He makes me feel safe. I can't remember the last time I've felt safe.

I like him. If I'm honest, I like all three of them. They've been nothing but kind—except for Ben when we first met, but I guess I can't hold that against him. I *was* stealing from him and his boyfriend. The image of Jer kissing Monty's head pops behind my now closed eyes, and I shiver. I wonder what it would be like to see them kiss. Or maybe go further. My

thighs press together in the hot water, and my pussy throbs. I slide my hand down my belly to my clit and softly brush against it. Oh fuck, that feels good. I press harder, and a moan slips from my throat. Ben enters my daydream and pushes against Monty's back as Jer licks his way into his mouth. Ben kisses Monty's neck, and I see Monty sag slightly in Jer's arms. Oh, fuck.

“Monty... Yesss,” I whisper-moan. Fuck, yes. Jer's hands slide under Monty's shirt scraping his nails against his back. I picture Monty's back. It felt so fucking muscular when I hugged him earlier. Holy hell. I shove two fingers into my hot slit. “Jer, please fuck him,” I gasp. Daydream Jer winks at me and pushes Monty's gray sweats down his bulging muscular thighs. Oh hell, I want to be between those thighs. I can't see Monty's dick, but Jer drops to his knees in front of him. Ben's arms wrap around him while digging his fingers into Jer's hair to direct him on how to suck Monty's dick.

Ben

“Ben!” I hear Ronni gasp from the room next door. I don’t even hesitate. I’m in her room and opening the bathroom door before I can second guess myself. Oh, she’s naked. In the tub. And her head is thrown back. Yep, those sweet little fingers must be plunging into her pussy.

“Well, Kitten, this is not what I expected when I heard you call my name,” I chuckle, leaning against the door frame. She’s fucking beautiful. Even if I didn’t want to be her Caregiver, I’d want to fuck her. Her hair is thrown in a messy bun on top of her head. The steam in the room makes the tendrils that have fallen out stick to the sides of her face and neck. I want to fucking lick her.

She jolts at my words, and water flings onto the floor as her hand flies out of her slit.

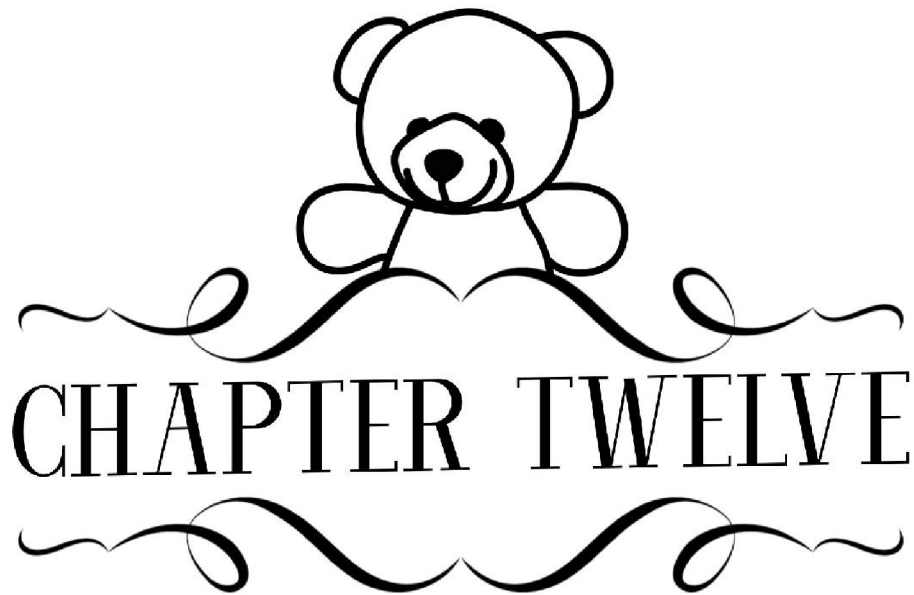
“Ben... Umm... Hi... What?” She’s gasping for breath. Holy shit, she just came saying my name. Yeah, my dick’s rock hard now.

“How were you picturing me while fucking yourself, Kitten?” That thought almost makes me moan. If only she’d have said the other guys’ names too. Maybe she did and I missed it? The flush on her cheeks deepens, and her eyes shutter with embarrassment. “Don’t be embarrassed, Sweet Kitten. I like it,” I can’t help but say. She nods at my words like that’s all the encouragement she needs. I crouch down to her eye level to help her feel more comfortable

“Well, you and Jer... oh, and Monty,” she says, covering her face with her hands. I don’t like that. I step into the room, being careful not to slip on the wet floor.

“Now, now, my little Kitten, I’ve just found this beautiful face, I don’t want you hiding it from me. About what you’ve just told me, I’d be lying if I said I haven’t also daydreamed about you in the middle of our sandwich, so don’t even think that you should hide it. Also, I find it very hot that you were.” I can’t help but reach down and push on my dick through my pants. It needs to calm down, her face is getting redder by the second.

“I think Jer wanted to save this part of the talk for when you’ve processed everything a little bit, but after what I’ve just found, I think you should know. As your Caregivers, taking care of you in and out of the bedroom is what we want. We want to make sure all your needs are met,” I say with emphasis and a wink so she knows what I mean without being a creepy fucker. “Now, even though I want to rip these clothes off and join you, I think I need to give you time. We want to do this with you, but we want you to want to do this with us too,” I say before giving her a once over. I can tell she’s been in there a while now because the bubbles are non-existent, her naked body flushing with the realization that I can now see most of her through the clear water.



CHAPTER TWELVE

Ronni

I DON'T STAY IN the tub for long after Ben leaves the room. I'm so embarrassed, but holy hell, that was hot. So, this thing would be all of the time. I think I need to get to the library and do some research on Caregivers and Littles. I head to the closet in the hotel suite that has been dubbed mine, at least for now. I can see myself staying with them, living in their beautiful home with them and having a room to myself. God, that's my dream right now. Having somewhere safe to lay my head. *Maybe I could even get a job and do something with my life?* I think, sliding the mirrored closet door over. Before

Monty had left me to take a bath, he said there would be something clean to put on in the closet when I got out, but fuck, I did not expect this!

“Teddy Bear!!” I shout as loud as I can. This is just too much. Monty barges into the room with both Ben and Jer behind him.

“Yes, Little naked Pickpocket?” He smirks at me once he sees my mouth hanging wide and my finger pointing toward the closet full of bags of clothes. All three of them are now looking me up and down. That’s when I realize that I called them all in here while only wearing a towel. Hot damn. Ben’s sweaty like Jer, both shirtless and wearing only sweats. There must be some gym equipment nestled away in the suite.

“You said there would be something clean to put on, not a full fucking closet of clothes,” I nearly screech. Jer’s smirk turns into a frown when I swear, but I don’t care; this is all so much and a little too fast. “And you, Benjamin! Did you mean you would all take care of my needs? Like *all* of my needs?” My voice is getting higher and higher, and I feel my heart pumping faster.

“You said that to her?” Jer turns his face to Ben in an annoyed snarl.

“Yeah, he said it. What the hell does that mean?” I ask, clutching at the towel to keep it from falling off my breasts as my chest rises quicker. Jer takes a step closer to me when the word ‘hell’ slips from my lips.

“Pretty Girl, you keep up the swearing and we’ll have to wash your mouth out with soap. As for your question—which Ben shouldn’t have mentioned until we were all together—it means that we would take care of your every need outside of the bedroom, but also sate any and every need your delectable body desires.

“Shall I show you what I would do first? I’ll use Ben to demonstrate since he got us in this position.” Jer beckons to Ben. “Come here, Pet. Show Veronnica how we would start.”

He walks over and kneels in front of Jer. Ben’s hands land on the waistband of his pants and start to pull them down. Jer’s eyes are still on me, but mine are glued to Ben’s fingers as they dip inside Jer’s pants.

“I would start by removing that towel off your body... and kneeling before you.” The words are a rasp from his lips. He continues, “Pulling your gorgeous thigh over my shoulder, and then feasting on your...” I don’t hear any more with the rushing sound in my ears. My palms are getting so clammy with the heaviness on my chest. The world starts to spin around me before going black.

Jer

Well, I'm an idiot. Why did I let that go so far? She simply asked a question and I lost control. Her still wet body, only in a towel, had my vision tunneling. How could I forget that one of the biggest things when starting any type of relationship is asking about sexual preferences, experiences, and consent to being in the room? Monty grabs her—luckily, he was right behind her—before she falls to the ground, giving me a scathing look.

“Yeah, I know I fucked that up, but she'll be okay. Ben, go get some juice and a lollipop for her to suck on. I'll grab a wet cloth, and Monty, she trusts you most, so you hold her tight,” I say, heading into her bathroom. It's stocked up with big fluffy towels and smelly things. Hopefully, she likes it. I wet the hand towel beside the sink with lukewarm water and head back to the room. I can tell she's starting to come to since she snuggles her face into Monty's shirt. He does smell amazing. He works in the woods so much, it's like the scent of pine is embedded in his skin.

Ben comes back with a tray of juice, cookies, and a lot of candy. *Well, fucker, that's a whole lot more than I said.* But I don't question him. I'm sure he feels this is somewhat his fault for bringing up sexy times before she was ready.

“Monty?” I hear her whisper. “Are they still doing stuff?” Ben's shoulders droop, his head bowing at her words.

“No, they aren’t, but they are still in the room. I think we need to all talk some things out. Especially the fact that as much as I want you to be a part of our relationship and become our Little, they are a part of me, and important conversations about any type of relationship will happen together,” Monty urges, kissing her head, then sits up in the bed further and turning her so her back is to his front. Her legs spread press against his straightened ones, so they are now in a ‘V’ shape . Now he’s just trying to torture us. The towel barely covering her pussy isn’t fair.

“Yes, Pretty Girl, we need to discuss some things. But why don’t you have a drink of juice and something sweet to eat? I’m worried about you fainting again,” I say, taking a seat on the trunk at the edge of her bed. Ben hands her a glass, and she immediately drinks it down.

“Thanks.” The shy word barely comes from her mouth. I nod, and Ben sits down beside me.

“So, back to what we were talking about, without a demonstration. And some important questions. The first being, are you even attracted to the three of us?” As I ask the question, Ben snorts. Ronni’s cheeks flush, but she nods.

“Okay, very good. The next questions are, how experienced are you and what do you like?” Now Monty is blushing at my words, and it makes me smile. Ooh, that’ll be good to bring up later.

Ronni

Oh my god. Why do I have to be naked for this conversation? Good thing they aren't dogs, or they'd be smelling how aroused they're making me. That thought makes me realize how quickly I've become comfortable with these men that I barely know. There's something in my gut telling me I can trust them.

"Yes, I am attracted to all three of you, but now I have so many questions. You would all share me? I wouldn't be with just one of you, but all three, sexually?" The words squeak from my lips, and Monty's bear paws of hands slide up and down my arms.

"Breathe, Kitten. Nothing would happen until you give your full consent. If that's what you want," Ben comforts me, taking a bite of a cookie. It looks good. So I ask for one by holding my hand out. I don't want to have to ask out loud.

"Ah, ah, ah. Use your words, Little Kitten. And ask very nicely," he jests. His eyes light up with the sneaky words, making him almost look like a fox.

"Can I please have a cookie? You know, if Monty is Bear, then I'll call you Fox. You're conniving like one," I say playfully. A smirk spreads across my face as I turn it up to him. He steps closer to me, his fingers wiggling in a tickling motion.

"No way," I squeal, standing and running to hide behind Jer. He isn't as big as my Bear but he can still protect me.

“No tickle monsters right now, Benjamin. It’s time for our conversation,” Jer admonishes, then turns and kisses my forehead before going to sit down on one of the couches, patting the seat for Ben to sit beside him.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Ronni

I CAN SEE THE firelight in Ben's eyes even further when I call him Fox, but I can't tell if he likes it before Jer brings me back to the conversation. Monty calls out to come back out and I won't get tickled. I head back to Monty's lap; this is becoming one of my favorite spots.

“Okay, Pretty Girl, so you are attracted to us all. Yes, we could and would want to eventually share you together and separately but depending on your sexual experiences and level of comfort, we would move slowly,” Jer says softly. I can tell

he's picking up on something. This is a hard topic for me. Am I a virgin? Physically... no, I am not. But the foster fucks can never take that from me.

“Well, that’s a complicated answer. For all intents and purposes, I have no sexual experience. Because it wasn’t given freely, so in my mind, I am a virgin. Now, physically...” I sigh and push my body back into my Teddy Bear’s. “I told you guys about the foster family I was with for a short time, right? Well, I ran away from them, and I did that because for the two months I was with them, all three of them, the mom, the dad, and the son used me as their sex slave. They stole my physical virginity in a gangbang my first night there.” Tears gather on my cheeks. I hadn’t even realized I was crying, my chest tightening at each word. The memories flash behind my eyes. Encounters that I’ve pushed to the back of my mind are being recalled. I can’t hold in the intense sob that leaves my lips. I haven’t even let myself think about those months since I escaped from them. I’m lost in my thoughts when I hear a loud thunk against the wall.

“Foxy?” I say as I see Ben holding his hand to his chest and a hole in the beautiful hotel wall.

My cheeks burn with the shame of my admission. They’ve been nothing but kind to me, and I just laid my burdens on them. I crawl out of Monty’s lap and stumble over to Ben. My legs feel like Jell-O from sitting like that for so long.

I wrap my arms around him. I think we both need a little comfort right now. Behind me, I hear Monty cussing up a

storm—something about finding the fuckers sooner than later.

“It’s okay, Foxy. I escaped, and you’re all taking such good care of me now,” I say, my voice slipping into a child-like one. “Please, don’t stop taking care of me...” I say before I can think about it. At this point, I can’t get over how safe they are making me feel which makes me want to decide to be their Little and to have them take care of me. Maybe they can help me heal.

Ben

I wrap my arms around her, pulling her as close to my body as I can. My hand is throbbing from punching the wall, but I couldn't fucking help it. I had to hit something. I wish it had been those fuckers' faces. Luckily, we've made quite a few connections while starting our nonprofit, both good and bad. Jer and I have had to handle a lot of unsavory situations. It's not to my taste so much but I'll always be there to help him add to his 'lights out' list. Yeah, he actually calls it that. I would just say the people he's killed.

"Oh, my Little Kitten, I never plan to stop taking care of you," I say, kissing her head and relishing the moment. I hear Jer on his phone near the window. He's already calling our PI to get more information on these fuckers. He and I will take care of them, or we'll call Rax—our well known hitman friend—to fucking do it. Either way, they won't be alive to haunt our sweet Little for much longer.

"How about we head to the other room and watch some cartoons? Get these thoughts out of your head for a little while?" I ask against her hair. She nods, but I lead her to her closet first. I pick out a soft kitten onesie I had ordered and kneel before her. Her breath hitches, but I just smile up at her.

"No worries, Kitten. We're gonna take this slow. For now, just let me take care of you in other ways," I say, tapping her left foot to step into it.

“Aren’t these PJs? Should I put on normal clothes?” she asks sweetly.

“No, we want you to be comfortable. When we’re together, you may dress however you wish. I think footy pajamas are a great option,” Monty says, coming up behind her and helping put her arms into it. As I stand, I pull the zipper up her body. Monty pulls the towel off as I zip it over her chest. We do our best to keep her modesty, but the flash of her perfect tits makes my dick throb. She nods and looks around the room.

“Can I take my blankie? I wish I had a stuffy to hold,” she says sweetly, and I melt. I look down at her feet so she doesn’t think I’m laughing at her.

“Well, maybe I’ll give you a present when you get over here,” Jer says from the doorway. I can tell he’s headed toward the kitchenette, probably to start some hot chocolate and make popcorn—the perfect cartoon accompaniments. Ronni chuckles then tilts her head like she has a thought.

“What is it, Kitten?” I ask, stepping closer and turning her chin to look up at me. She’s so short. I’ve never realized how tiny she is until this very moment.

“Well, could my big Bear maybe... um... carry me?” she asks so softly, her face turning down and her body swaying side to side. I’m so proud; she’s allowing herself to ask for what she wants.


“Of course, he can carry you, Kitten. I think he’d like nothing more than to have your arms wrapped around him,” I say, turning her toward him. He reaches for her as her hands

go up. He wraps his arms around her back, and her body looks like an octopus suctioning herself to him. I can't help but smirk.

“Last one there is a rotten egg!” I say, racing from the room.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN



Monty

SHE SAID IT. SHE wants to be our Little. I don't think she fully understands what she has agreed to, but fuck it, I don't care as long as she's safe right now. I'll answer any questions she has and hopefully convince her this is the best place for her. In our home and our hearts. In our beds is just a bonus.

“Hmm, I'll carry you like this any time, Pickpocket,” I say, nuzzling her hair as I head out of her bedroom. I can hear Ben already in the other room setting up the TV. But I take my time, enjoying having our Little in my arms. “I want you to

know that I will protect you. I will never let anything happen to you again. I may be a teddy bear to those I love, but I can be a grizzly bear to those who hurt what is mine,” I say, and I feel her sigh of contentment against me.

I slowly walk into the room where Ben has cartoons pulled up on Disney+, and Jer is sitting comfortably on one of the couches. The coffee table is littered with what looks like every snack they could pull out of the kitchenette.

“Well, I didn’t think we were that far away from the bedroom. I wonder what took you so long, Montgomery?” Ben snarks at me, but I don’t care. I’m the first one to hold our Little, and she asked me. Screw his cucumber. He’ll be lucky if I let her go any time soon.

“So, it looks like Ben has a selection of cartoons. What’s your favorite movie?” I ask softly. She shakes her head but doesn’t say anything. “Come on, Little Pickpocket, you don’t want us to pick. It’ll have explosives and all kinds of bull tuckey.” I chuckle, trying to bring her voice out. She shakes her head again. And I shrug at the guys.

“Do you have a favorite cartoon, Ronni?” I ask, her name feeling wrong on my lips, but I feel like this is a serious moment. She shakes her head and buries her face into my neck, breathing in. I can feel a slickness against my skin. Oh no, she’s crying. “Have you ever watched a movie, Sweet Girl?” I ask, my voice as soft as I can make it. She shakes her head again, and it makes me so sad. But it makes sense. The guys and I didn’t get to watch movies till we were in college.

Luckily, we each got full scholarships, and could afford a Netflix subscription on our hand-me-down TV from Ben's grandfather.

“Okay, Ben, pick a happy cartoon movie for our sweet Little while I get her comfortable,” Jer says. He grabbed her blankie and has a stuffed teddy bear sitting beside him. I take the spot opposite him and pull Ronni down with me so she is sitting sideways and can see the TV.

“Jer, why don't you give that to her while you cover her up?” I ask, sliding my hips down so I'm comfortable. I have a feeling I won't be moving from this spot for a while.

Jer

The sight of our sweet little one in Monty's lap makes a sigh leave my lips. This past week, I've spent a lot of time talking to our friends who live the lifestyle twenty-four seven, and I have to say, I want this badly.

I stand and grab the stuffy I had Insta-shopped to the hotel this morning after breakfast.

Ronni has warmed to Monty the fastest, which gives me a nice feeling in my chest. He deserves that. He was the one who realized this is what we all needed and that it was Ronni that needed to be our Little.

"I got you this teddy bear, Pretty Girl. So whenever your protector Bear can't be around, you'll have this one to remember him by," I say. She's laid out over Monty and turns her face to me, and I see her eyes well with tears. *Oh, Sweet Girl. We are going to protect you.* I offer it out, and she lifts an arm from his neck to take the teddy bear from me, tucking it near her face to feel the softness.

"Are you going to turn forward and watch this movie or just snuggle your teddies?" I ask, grabbing the purple blanket and tucking it around her legs.

"Umm, I can turn, but this is comfortable," she whispers. And it's so damn sweet.

"If you're comfortable, Pretty Girl, you stay there till you want to move," I say, tucking the blanket around her and

Monty. He has the biggest smile on his face.

My phone pings from where I set it down, and I head back to my seat. There's a text from Jaque. He's found the foster parents. The Carmines live ten minutes from us in Rosen Springs but are on vacation in Pittsburgh for a week. *Hmm, I think Ben and I will visit their home before they return.* Thoughts of what we have to do to learn more about them fly through my mind as a musical cartoon plays on the TV.

Ronni

I don't know how long I've been sitting wrapped around my Teddy Bear, but my legs are starting to cramp. I move my hips to try and relieve the buzz that's starting to slip up from my toes when I hear a big sigh.

"What's wrong, Teddy Bear?" I ask sweetly. I don't want anything to be wrong with him.

"Nothing, you just keep moving those tiny hips of yours," he says with a chuckle, and that's when I feel it. He's trying to keep his hips from mine, but his dick is hard against my crotch. Oh my god, the poor man. I've been sitting on him like this for so long. How the hell has he kept it from me all this time?

"It's okay. Why don't you sit beside me now?" he suggests, but I don't like that. I decide to be daring, pushing down as I squirm a little, and he lets out a soft moan.

"Pickpocket, I'm a patient man, but damn, I only have so much control when the person I want is rubbing their little kitty on me," he says. His voice is more of a growl than I've ever heard it. It scares me for a second, but this is my Teddy Bear. He's been nothing but kind and caring. Maybe I should care for him a little too.

"Well, if we were to start slowly, what would you do with someone you wanted?" Oh my gosh, did I just say that out loud? I feel my cheeks flame. I'm so embarrassed, but I can

tell Monty likes it because of the pulsing of his dick beneath me.

“Tell me if any of this triggers you, but if I were to act on my feelings, I’d start by laying you down on this couch and unzipping that onesie so I could see all of your delicious body. I’d kiss your lips then work my way down your body to your little pink nipples. I’d suck on them both, then kiss down your tiny little tummy to your kitty. I’d lap at your nub, then lick all your juices until you came on my face,” he says against my cheek. His breath comes faster as he describes exactly what he would do to me. Holy hell, I want that. Nobody has ever given me pleasure like that.

“Well... umm... if you want to,” I say so quietly, I can barely hear it. “But first, maybe we should have our first kiss? Huh, Teddy Bear?” I murmur in a tiny whisper. My heart races at my wanton words. I’ve never talked like this before. A throat clears from behind me.

“Oh, Pretty Girl. I’m positive he would like to do just that. The question I have is, would you like us to leave the room as he pleases your delectable body, or can we stay and learn the face you make as you shatter?” Jer asks in a growl behind me. I can’t bring myself to face them, but hell, it turns me on to even think about them watching Monty and me.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Ronni

OH MY GOD. OH my god. Oh my god. If my face could catch fire from embarrassment, it'd be getting the fire extinguisher. Monty chuckles under me, doing his best to not rub his hard cock against my now aching pussy.

“You want to answer the man, Sweetie. He doesn't like to be kept waiting,” he says.

“Umm, you guys can stay, but I don't think I'm ready for anything more than what Monty said. Is that okay?” I ask

softly. I need to be honest with them. If I had lied and freaked out, what would they have thought of me?

“Pretty Girl, that is more than okay. And thank you for trusting us with that boundary. I’m so proud of you for listening to your limits. Can I direct you? Show you how this would play out if you weren’t a part of it?” His praise makes a blush flush against my cheeks. I nod at his question. I trust him enough to know he will listen if I say stop. “Now, kiss our Teddy Bear. I want to see his tongue licking those pretty little lips,” Jer demands, and I hear him sit back down. I peek over at where Ben is sitting and his eyes are glued on me. His hand presses on his crotch through his pants. I really don’t want to give him blue balls twice in one day but I’m just not ready for more right now.

“Come here,” Monty asks, moving his hands to either side of my face and lifting it to his and rubbing his nose against mine in a nose kiss. Oh my gosh, nobody has ever done that to me. I can’t help the sweet smile that stretches over my lips.

“Let me take that ghost of a sad memory away from you, Sweetie,” he mumbles before caressing his luscious pink lips against mine. His natural red beard tickles against my face. It’s neatly trimmed but still feels funny. I try not to laugh when his beard tickles my face as he kisses me.

I trust him to lead this kiss. He sucks my bottom lip into his mouth, biting softly before tracing it with his tongue. I gasp at the love bite, and my lips fall open, allowing him to lap at my tongue, and silently beg him to taste every part of me starting

with it. Fuck, this man can kiss. A moan escapes my lips, and I grind down on his dick from pure instinct.

“What a good girl you are. Now, why don’t you lie down?”
Jer growls at me. The praise lights something in me. I’ll do anything to be his good girl.

Monty

Oh, cucumber, this is happening. Why do I suddenly feel so nervous? Ronni's eyes are latched on Jer's as she lies back on the couch. Dang it, we must get her better onesies. This cheap one from the local Walmart isn't going to cut it. I want her in soft button-ups.

I kneel between her legs and reach to where the zipper is at her throat. "Oh, Little Pickpocket, look at you being so good for us. Such a good little girl. I'm so proud of you," I drawl, slowly releasing the zipper. I remember she's not wearing anything under it. My dick jumps at the sight of her perky chest popping out of the now open zipper. Her pink nipples look like they'd be so sweet against my tongue.

I pull the zipper down to her waist then coax one foot out and then the other, revealing her soft white skin to me. I stroke down her leg with my coarse fingers eliciting a delicious shiver from her.

"Look at this tasty treat just for me. I can't wait to dive in. Is that okay, Ronni? Can I taste you?" I want nothing else more than this. I want to lick every inch of her. If she tells me no, then later. I'll have to wait until later to crawl in front of Jer and suck his monster cock.

"Please, Bear, I want to start slowly with you. I trust you. Please?" she asks so softly, the need leaking from her words, and finally catching my eyes. I barely have it in me to hold back. I don't dive at her kitty at first. I want to tease her, make

her need it before I get there. So, I bend to where her ankle is and suck just enough that there will be a mark left on her skin tomorrow. To remind her what I did to her tonight.

I lick my way up to her knee, tracing my tongue on the underside. Goosebumps spread over her thigh, and I can't help but chuckle. She's so responsive.

"Oh, that's a good girl," I say against her skin, then lean up toward her neck, leaving sucking kisses along it. Then I make my way down her body. I suck one nipple into my mouth causing her body to bow into me. My hand slips beneath her, drawing her closer to me. I release my mouth with a pop and move down, skipping over her kitty. I press back to sucking at the skin on her thigh. I make my way back up with biting kisses, but stop at the juncture of her thighs. I lick at her until she pushes her hips up toward my mouth.

"Bear, please. Please. I'm aching. Make it better, please," she begs. And that's it, the permission I need. I dive in, sucking her clit into my mouth and flicking it with my tongue. She tastes so darn good. I press the flat of my tongue under the hood of her mound and flick upwards which causes the deepest moan I've ever heard from her. I want to do everything in my power to make sure she always makes that sound.

I reach down and spread her cheeks before releasing her clit and swipe my tongue from her sweet little pucker over her taint, sucking her juices from her kitty lips, and ending at her clit.

“Sweet Girl, you are the tastiest treat I have ever had on my tongue,” I say before repeating the action several times. She’s shaking, and I can tell she’s close to shattering against my tongue.

“Now I want you to coat my tongue with your juices. I want you to come all over my face. You can do it. Be my good girl one more time,” I beg, sliding my hands up and down her legs in encouragement.

I can tell our girl is turned on by the praise, so I’m determined to keep it up. She grinds her kitty in my face. Holy smokes, for someone without a lot of experience enjoying herself, she knows exactly how to get what she wants.

“Use your words, Pretty Girl. I see you moving those sweet hips against our Bear’s face. But tell him where you want him to lick you. Do you want him to lick your pink little pucker? Or suck on your fucking clit?” Jer growls. I don’t know when he moved closer, but he’s basically beside her head.

“Can I kiss you as you come on his beard?” His voice softens as he asks, and I can tell he doesn’t want to ask. He wants to take her lips and make her his.



CHAPTER SIXTEEN



Ben

THIS IS TORTURE. I'M sitting here, pushing my palm down on my dick so I don't come from the sight of Monty licking Ronni from her ass to her clit. Fuck, that's so hot. I'm lucky she even agreed to have me in here. When Jer asked her if we should leave, the fear I felt that she would exclude me was overwhelming. It stems back to never being the one picked at the shelter. I was always the small kid nobody wanted to play with or be around with until I met the guys.

Ronni whimpers but whispers, “Please,” and Jer dives in, tasting her delicious pink pout while she grinds her pussy up into Monty’s face. It doesn’t take long before she’s shattering against both men. Her body convulses with the sensation of her orgasm crashing over her.

“That’s our good girl,” Jer praises against her lips, and the little smirk that pops out from her makes me chuckle.

“Thank you, Kitten, for allowing me to stay,” I say quietly. The trio looks over at me like they forgot I was here. And that’s okay. Just being in the room is enough of a connection for me. I enjoyed seeing my two lovers pleasure our girl.

“Foxy? Come here, please.” She shies away from Monty and Jer. Like they weren’t just tasting her body. My feet move faster than I expected, and a small squeal leaves her lips. Her arms come up like she wants to be picked up, and I can’t resist. My arms go down around her naked body, and I lift her onto me. The way her body wraps around me makes butterflies jump in my stomach. “Thank you. I needed them, but I don’t want you to feel left out,” she whispers, her lips trailing against my neck.

“Oh, Kitten, more and more, you are making me think that this is exactly what we need,” I say before sitting back down on the couch. My dick is still slightly hard, but I’m not a teenager. I can wait till I’m in the shower. She needs a snuggle from her Foxy, and that’s what I’m going to fucking do.

Monty drapes her blanket over us before kissing Ronni’s cheek.

“You’re amazing. Thank you for trusting us,” he says softly then heads to the kitchen and opens the fridge. Jer also leaves the room. Probably to handle his raging hard dick. The privacy and trust to take care of our girl makes me hum happily.

“Do you want to watch a movie or anything, Kitten?” I keep my voice low. I know all about aftercare. Jer is normally the one doing it for me, but I can do this for her. I feel her head shake against my shoulder as she just breathes deeply against my skin.

“Are you sleepy? Do you wanna put your onesie back on and lie down and take a nap?” Her body freezes against me. She must have realized she’s still naked.

“Do you not want me to be naked anymore?” she whispers as her body pulls into itself. Oh, Sweet Kitten. I tighten my arms around her back and shake my head hard enough so she can feel it.

“I want you to be comfortable, and warm, and to not catch a cold. I also want to hold your deliciously naked body against me forever, but I don’t think that’s the right choice as your Dadd—I mean Caregiver.” She looks up at me when I stumble over my words but doesn’t say anything for a couple of seconds. Her eyes round out and her head tilts.

“Were you going to say Daddy?” The look she makes isn’t of disgust but of genuine curiosity. “Hmm, I could call you Daddy Fox!” Her voice becomes almost childlike as she giggles, then her cheeks blush and she hides her head back in my neck.

“Oh, Sweet Kitten, I think that might be a conversation for after our nap. Let’s lie down together, hmm?” I ask as I stand up and set her on her feet. I pull the blanket off of her and keep my eyes on her face.

“You can look if you want to, Foxy. I think, maybe, I trust you,” she mumbles sweetly, bringing her shoulders up in a shrug.

“Mhmm, next time, Kitten. For now, let’s get you warm, and I think Monty is heating up some leftovers. We’ll eat those then take a nap. I think we need a Christmas movie. How does that sound, Kitten?” I say, helping her step into her purple onesie. This is cute, but we must get her softer ones. She nods, putting her arms into the sleeves and watching as I zip her up.

I was trying to be a gentleman but I can’t stop my eyes from following my fingers, starting at her ankle up to her collar bone. Her skin is so fucking milky, I want to drink her up.

Monty comes in with a tray of hash browns and sausages that were left from this morning and sets it on the coffee table.

“Are you feeling okay, Sweet Girl?” he asks. Our Bear is such a caring soul, he probably spent the last fifteen minutes questioning if he should have done that. Especially after everything she’s told us.

“Oh, Teddy Bear, I asked you to do it. I feel better than I have in as long as I can remember.” The words cheerfully bounce from her lips.

“So, Daddy Fox,” she quips nonchalantly. “Can I sit on your lap while I eat or is that a no-no?” Oh, she’s got a playful side, does she?

Jer had been stepping into the room as the word ‘Daddy’ popped from her lips, but he comes to a hard halt.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN



Jer

I WALK BACK INTO the room after tugging one out in the shower. I wanted to cover our Little in my cum, claiming her as mine, but she's not ready for that. Hopefully, someday soon, she will be. Upon entering, I hear Ronni call Benjamin 'Daddy Fox,' and holy hellfire, my dick is so rock hard again.

"Do you like using the term Daddy, Pretty Girl?" I ask, stalking into the room. Ben's eyes have been locked on me since I slammed to a stop so abruptly. But my eyes don't leave her. I need her to answer like I need to breathe. I want to be

her Daddy. Yeah, I like being her Caregiver, but being her Daddy is something I *need*. I'm Ben and Monty's Caregiver as well as their Dom. But I want to be more than that with Ronni. Our relationship is already so different from what the guys and I share. She blanches at my words and jumps in Ben's lap, hiding her face, which elicits a laugh from him that I haven't heard in a long time. Oh, Benjamin likes playful Ronni.

"Mhmm," I hear muffled against Ben's neck.

"Ah, ah, ah, Pretty Girl, you're going to have to use your words for us. Can you be brave and do that please?" I say, coming to stand behind the couch where they are sitting, and slide my finger under her chin. "Did you like calling him Daddy?" I ask, my head tilting. *Come on, Pretty Girl, you can do it.*

Ronni

And that's the question. Did I like calling Ben Daddy? Yes. Yes, I did. But is that weird? What does that say about me...? I never really had a dad. I never had someone to fully trust and to love me like they are supposed to. But I don't want to dive into this now. I'm having my first ever post-orgasmic glow.

“Do you know you look like a wolf when you stalk into the room like that?” I ask in a sweet voice. “Like a wolfie! Oh, I have a Bear, a Fox, and now a Wolf.” I smile sweetly at him, and the smile that returns is so happy, I can't help but push up on Ben's shoulders to kiss Jer's smiling lips. I can tell he's shocked for a second, but then his dominating nature comes out and his hand winds into my hair, pulling me closer. His tongue licks at my lips, begging for entrance, and I gasp.

And hot diggity, it's sexy! My hips move on their own on top of Ben, and he moans. His arms clamp tightly around me to hold me in place. Uh oh. My Foxy is still in need. Maybe? I'm pulled back into the kiss with Jer when he lets go of my hair and nips at my lips.

“Well, Pretty Girl, aren't you sweet? Just like you taste,” he says against my lips.

“Oh, um... maybe. But hold on, Wolfie.” Now that I've picked names for them, I just can't stop using them. I like it because they feel right to me. I push back down into a sitting position on Ben's lap and smile at him. I can feel his hard cock pushing up into me. “Foxy? Did I do that?” I ask, casting my

eyes toward his crotch, and the laugh that pops from his lips is contagious. I can't help but giggle along.

“Yes, Kitten. You most certainly did do that. But don't worry about it. I'm a big Fox and can handle it myself. I think you need to eat and take a nap. Don't worry, if you want to and feel comfortable to do something about it later, you definitely can,” he smiles, and I feel rejected. I can't help the hard swallow that travels down my throat. I move off his lap quickly, my chin trembling. They all turn to me, so maybe they are figuring me out quickly.

Ben moves closer so his chest is to my shoulder, and he moves the hair away from my ear. “Now, Kitten, don't take that as I don't want you to touch and lick my dick, because I most certainly do. But what I want more right now is to take care of you. Now, let your Daddy Fox do that,” he says before sucking my earlobe into his mouth and flicking it back and forth. Oh my gosh, does that give me goosebumps and bring a moan to my lips.

Monty

I survey the room, my heart beating fast in my chest. This is turning into everything I've been wanting. Thank turkeys I trusted my gut and held onto her wrist that day.

“Right. Now that we have established it's time to eat and nap, Sweet Girl, I have some leftovers. Why don't you eat, and I'll go grab a couple of pillows? We can all take a nice Sunday nap together. How does that sound?” I say, standing from the couch and moving closer to the lit fireplace. It's one of those gas ones that has a glass panel covering it. She called Ben Daddy. I like the different animal nicknames she has given us. It's distinctive. She hasn't known us long, but the animals she picked are perfect. She's perfect. Oh biscuits! I can't wait till the words 'Daddy Bear' escape her pretty lips.



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN



Ronni

WE ALL TOOK A nap together on Sunday, and it was so nice and comfortable. I ended up spending the rest of the night on my side of the suite, thinking about all the information they had given me. Each of them checked on me several times and made sure the room service they had ordered had been eaten. Ben went as far as saying I'd be over his knees if I didn't eat my fill. Hmmm, that thought doesn't sound so bad.

I wake up to Foxy knocking on my door. He looks clean-shaven and is wearing nice pants and a button-down shirt. My

eyes widen at the sight of him. They trail down his body and then slowly make their way back to his face. There's a smirk pulling at the side of his lips that tells me I've been caught.

“Good morning, Kitten. I'm sad to say it, but Jer and I have to go into the office. Monty is showering but will be over after. There are more clothes in your closet. Wear whatever you feel beautiful in,” he says, swiping the hair from my face. It must have fallen out of the French braids I put in before I fell asleep. There is nothing worse than waking up with a rat's nest. I may be homeless, but I try not to look it.

“Oh, okay. I'll... ummm. I'm gonna miss you guys.” The words pop from my lips, and I don't know where they came from. The idea of any of them leaving me makes me feel sad. But I've only just met them.

“Oh, Little Kitten, we will miss you too. Maybe Monty will bring you to the office, and we'll order lunch. How does that sound?” he asks before leaning in and kissing my forehead. My eyes close at his touch, and I feel so comforted.

“Yes, I think I'd like that very much, Foxy,” I whisper, stepping back but leaving the door open. The feeling of wanting to stay close to them is almost overwhelming. In good and bad ways. I've never had anyone, let alone three people, care for me like this. I'm a little worried about how quickly I've settled into this relationship with them. The thought troubles my mind as I hear the connecting door to the suite to the left close and realize Wolfie and Foxy have left.

I head back to my bed and snuggle with the bear stuffy Wolfie gave me. It's super soft and makes me giggle when I brush my nose against its fur.

"Now, that's a sound I like to hear," Bear says from behind me. He must have followed behind me. He only has on black jeans with a shirt draped on his arm. His hand brushes against his abs. The man is built in a way that I can tell is from physical labor and not hours in the gym.

"So, Little Pickpocket, would you like to go out and about with me today? I'd like to spend time with you, and I have some things I need to buy," he says, waiting for my eyes to reach his own. I was trapped on his abs for so long, but it's his fault since his hand was there in the first place. He chuckles when I finally meet his eyes, and the sound makes me smile.

"Yes, that sounds like fun. And then maybe we can visit Wolfie... I mean Jer and Ben for lunch? Ben said something about getting lunch," I ask softly. I feel like a burden, asking him for something I want, but the smile that stretches over his teeth washes the feeling away.

"Oh, since you asked so nicely, I think we can make that work. Why don't you get dressed while I order a car? Wolf and Fox took ours. We'll swing by a drive-through for breakfast." When he says their nicknames, he smirks at me but doesn't make fun, which makes me feel even more content with him.

Monty

She dresses in a pair of jeans and a nice sweater that Jer must have picked out when we ordered clothes. It's a soft purple color but has pink hearts all over it. I can't help but smile at how sweet it makes her look. The jacket she received yesterday layers over her sweater. She pulls her hair into braided pigtails, and they swing down to her shoulder blades. She looks so carefree staring out the window, I hope I can keep that look on her face as long as possible.

We arrive at the mall in Rosen Springs, and I help her out of the car, tucking her hand into my arm. I lead her into the building and head toward the store that I know has all things soft and fuzzy.

I watch as her eyes catch on items, and when she isn't watching, I put them in a basket I grabbed when we entered.

"I love how big this place is! I've never been here to shop before." The excitement drips from her words. *Oh, Ronni, I wish I could change the past for you.* I have an overwhelming wish to hug her. I move slowly, turning her body toward me and setting the basket down.

"Can I hug you, Little Pickpocket?" I ask softly, catching her questioning eyes.

"Of course you can, silly. Thank you for asking, but I would like to make the statement that you may hug me whenever you want... Daddy Bear." She says the last words mischievously, and I want to bend her over my knee and spank her for saying

them in the middle of a mall. Not because I'm embarrassed, but because I don't want to shame her with any of my reactions to her words.

Jer

I have to make this quick even though I don't want to. I'm sitting in my car outside of the restaurant *they* picked for family breakfast, just watching them. I want to walk up and slit all of their fucking throats. But striding into a Denny's and killing the entire Carmine family doesn't bode well for spending lunch with my Pretty Girl. Tristan is beside his mom, Gloria, laughing at something she said. Randy, Tristan's father, is ordering something and leaning into the waitress who keeps trying to back away from him. It didn't take long to find the fuckers with the help of my PI friend, but now we need to be patient. Ben wanted to come with me—he got stuck at work—but I can't wait till the day I can finally watch the life leave their eyes.



CHAPTER NINETEEN

Ronni

MONTY AND I SPENT the morning walking through stores at the mall. It was my first-time window shopping and I loved it. Mom was careful not to let me do it so I didn't fall in love with something that I couldn't have. When we got to the registers, Monty had a basket full of stuffed animals, a big Hello Kitty doll, a couple of big coloring books, crayons, other dolls, and more cute clothing for me, that I didn't even see him grab. They were all of the things I had stopped to look at as we walked around. The number of bags he stuffed into the trunk of our car was more than I'd ever seen. We then went to a

beautiful old-timey house on the outskirts of Rosen Springs. It's surrounded by woods, and there is a long road that leads back into the trees.

As we pull up, Ben steps off the front stairs of the porch.

“Hello, Kitten, how was your morning shopping?” he asks, stepping close to me and opening his arms. He doesn't force a hug, but he's asking and offering with his body. I don't hesitate. My arms come around his middle, and I rest my head on his chest. I fit perfectly against him, and my body relaxes completely. His sigh of contentment makes me smile.

“Come on, you don't have a coat on, Ben. Let's show our girl the office,” Monty says from behind us. I laugh when Foxy doesn't let go of me. He just picks me up against him and climbs the stairs into the house.

“This is your office?” I ask once I'm set down in the foyer with the door shut tightly behind me. My head whips around taking it all in. It's an old Victorian home with a parlor at the front and each individual room is separated by bright white walls.

There's what looks to be a living room with seating and a television. The stand has a couple of gaming consoles and wires almost fully hidden. I try to hide my giggle as Monty leads me through the room. Ben is behind me with his hands on my hips, and he pinches my side when he sees what I'm giggling at.

“Hey now, Little One. Sometimes we work late and like to have something to help us blow off steam,” he says, leaning in

close to my ear so I feel his breath against my skin. Maybe
I could blow off steam with them too.

Ben

We show Ronni every room in our office. No one else is here since Jer gave them all the afternoon off. He wanted to make sure our Little felt as comfortable as possible, and I couldn't have agreed more.

“Where's Wolfie?” Ronni asks in a soft voice, sitting on the gray couch in our sitting area. I can tell by her face that the question makes her vulnerable, so instead of the joke I want to make about how Montgomery and I aren't enough for her, I decide here and now to never be an ass to her again.

“He had some work he needed to finish out of the office, but he should be back with lunch any second, Kitten. Would you like something warm to drink while you wait? Maybe some hot chocolate for being such a good girl?” I ask, tilting my head when her thighs squeeze together as I call her a good girl. Huh, my Kitten likes to be praised, does she? She nods her head at the mention of hot chocolate. I don't correct her to use her words since I'm so distracted by that thought.

I head to the kitchen at the back of the building and mix up the cocoa. *Hmm, I wonder if there are any marshmallows or whipped cream to top it with?* I find whipped cream in the small fridge and dollop some into the mug. I think I need to find some cat mugs just for my Kitten. I smile at the thought.

I head back into the living room to see Ronni now sitting comfortably in Monty's lap, and I can't help the smile that spreads across my face. She fits so effortlessly. I hand her the

cup, but the way she takes it causes some whipped cream to get on my finger. I'm a man who knows to never waste any cream, so I swipe it on her nose then lean in and lick it off. This elicits the sweetest giggle I've ever heard.

“Now I like the sound of that,” I hear Jer say from behind me. The door shuts, and the smell of pizza wafts into the room. “Who's ready for some lunch?”



CHAPTER TWENTY

Monty

I CAN'T STOP THINKING about how much pizza Ronni ate at our lunch last week. It made all three of us so happy. We've had it three more times since then, and every time, she eats more than any other food. Is it the healthiest thing she could be putting into her body? No. But she's eating, and right now, that is what's healthy for her.

We've spent the last week getting to know her and her us. Each of us has spent alone time with her. Ben had a special date with her at our house making homemade pizza. They both

came back to the hotel with flour in their hair. Jer took her on a walk through our cabin grounds, showing her everything he's made with his hands. I made sure to spoil her with a nice dinner and dancing, going so far as wearing a suit and getting her a fancier dress than what we had already got her. Nothing has moved on sexually yet, but it will get there when she is ready. Caring for her right now is just as good.

Ronni

If you had told me a year ago, hell, even a month ago, getting caught pickpocketing would be the best thing to happen to me, I'd have laughed at you. Meeting these three men and being cared for by them is the best part of my life so far. Maybe that's sad, but I don't care.

I've gone on separate dates with all three of them, and I've never felt more special. Today, we've decided to have a group date and go roller skating. I saw the cutest overall dress in the closet in my suite yesterday and I just had to wear it. I've paired it with white knit stockings and a white long sleeve shirt. My hair is braided into pigtails, and I feel so cute. Hopefully, my guys think so too.

I step through our connecting door to the sitting area in their suite, and all three of their eyes land on me, making me blush.

"Well, don't you look adorable," Monty says, standing and coming to kiss my cheek. "Let's get your coat on before the ideas in all our heads come out of our mouths," he says with a smirk, picking up my coat and helping me into it.

We head to the roller rink that's attached to the mall. I can tell it's old 'cause you can't even access it from outside; you have to walk through the big food court to get to it. We're almost to the door, Jer's hand on the small of my back with my coat slung over his other arm, when I hear my name.

"Oh, Veronnica! Look at that sexy little body. My, how you've grown." The words ring against my ears, and my body

freezes. I can't move. My eyes fly around trying to find the face of my torturer. Jer's body immediately turns as he steps behind me. Oh my god, oh my god. *No. No, no, no! This is why I stayed in my tent. I can't.* My head is shaking, but nothing else will move.

"Tristan, awful to meet you. You need to back away from us, now," my Wolfie growls at my childhood tormentor. He's tense against my back. I see a body move in front of me, and by the size, I can tell it's my Bear... my Daddy Bear.

"Daddy... Daddy Bear, please, help me," I whisper the words strangled by the knot in my throat. I can hear my heart beating really loudly in my ears as I struggle for my next breath. The skin on my wrists tingle as if I can feel them being held down again. I fought but nothing I did made them stop ripping my clothes from my body. A prick along my inner calf starts up my leg as if Tristan's nails are scraping up them like they did that first night. He always did like scratching at my skin and leaving his mark on me. Their laughs echo in my mind as my Bear turns me and cradles me in his arms.

Ben

He's dead. I'm going to fucking kill him. Jer may have been the only one who has seen fucking Tristan in person, but I've seen pictures. I hear words coming from Jermaine's mouth, but all I see is my Kitten cowering into Monty's arms and hearing her pleas of help. All I want to do is wrap my arms around her and help her heal, but right now, I think Monty is who she needs.

"Monty, get our girl out of here. We'll handle this and meet you at the car," I say as calmly as I can before turning and stepping beside Jermaine to help block Ronni from this sick fuck's vision. I never want him to lay eyes on her again. Maybe I'll start by using a spoon to gouge his eyes from their sockets. How pretty would his face look with blood spewing from it?

"Like I said, Tristan, either you remove yourself from Veronnica's space or we will do it for you. So what's it going to be, the easy way or the fun way?" Jermaine says. To any of the onlookers, you'd think he was calm with the way the words spill from his lips. But I can feel it. The rage is brimming at the surface. Tristan scoffs, not believing him. Jer might be able to control his anger, but fuck that.

I check that Monty took our girl out of here, and when I see she is out of my sight, my fist swings before another word can pass his repulsive lips. He collapses on the floor with the force of the punch. No more filth can come from his mouth now.

Good. Thoughts of what he did to my Kitten surface, and I can't help it, I kick at his exposed stomach. His hands fly to protect himself. I crouch down so he can hear the venom I spit at him.

“The punch was for not listening when you were told to do something. The kick is for what you did to Veronnica. You will stay away from her, you won't even think of her name again. Because if you do, this will be just the beginning of what happens to you.” I want to keep beating on him, but I see security coming, and nobody needs the cops called. I feel Jer's hand on my shoulder.

“Come on, let's get out of here,” he voices my thoughts, and I stand, turning away from the piece of shit lying on the floor in the fetal position.

“Let's go find our girl,” I practically growl at him, and he nods, leading the way through the people that have gathered around us. They make a path, not wanting to get in my way. I'm not a violent person unless you hurt the ones I love... Oh, fuck. Yeah, I love my Kitten. Now I just need to get her in my arms.



CHAPTER TWENTY ONE



Ronni

MY BEAR CARRIES ME out of the mall and into the back of the car. He doesn't put me in a seat, though. I'm encased in his big strong arms as I come back to myself, and that realization allows the dam of tears to burst. Everything Tristan and his parents did to me flies in front of my eyes again. Being chained, made to crawl, touch things no girl should have to touch. I try to hide the tears that are coursing down my cheeks with my hands, and Bear's arms tighten around me more.

“It’s okay, Sweet Girl. Let it out. I’m right here. You can cry. I’ve got you. Your Daddy Bear has you,” he says softly, and the rightness of those words calms me, but I can’t make myself stop crying.

“Daddy Bear...” is all I can say as I throw my arms around his neck. He’s rubbing my back and making *shh* sounds as the door opens. I see Daddy Fox clutching his fist while climbing in the front seat and Daddy Wolf right behind him.

“Are you okay, Kitten?” Daddy Fox asks, and all I can do is shake my head. I’m not okay. I don’t know if I’ll ever be okay. I’ve stayed as hidden as I could these past years so I’d never have to see those people again.

Jer moves me from Monty’s lap and buckles me in.

“Buckle for safety. We’ll go have a cuddle party. How does that sound?” he asks, but I don’t even know what I want. I can’t speak, so I just hide my face in my hands. The ride to the hotel feels like it takes forever, and once we get back, I don’t think I can even walk. I can’t get the words out to ask to be carried. I just raise my arms to my Daddy Bear and look at him.

He knows exactly what I need and swoops down to get me. I wrap my legs around him and snuggle into his smell. His woodsy aroma is intoxicating and calms my system immediately.

“Grab the bags and meet us on Ronni’s side. I’m gonna get her in the bath,” I hear Daddy Bear say to my Wolf and Fox. There’s a grunt of disapproval, but Monty doesn’t even wait to

hear the rest. “Come on, Little Pickpocket. I think a warm bath will help you settle,” he says, striding into the hotel with me still wrapped around him.

I don't want to see the faces of people who are, no doubt, staring at us as he steps into the elevator, so I keep my eyes squeezed closed against his skin.

Monty

Jer has kept me updated on all the information he's found out about the shit stains that are Ronni's old foster family. I know who he is and what he's done to my girl, and if I was a more violent man, I'd have killed him there and then. Do I think he needs to be removed from this plane of existence? Yes. Yes, I do. I'll trust Jer and Ben to handle that for me while I take extra care of our little girl.

She's wrapped herself around me so tight, I know the outline of her skin will be on my body when I set her down. But I'm not mad. I want her to feel safe. I want her to feel like I'll protect her and give her everything she needs. I open the door to her side of the suite with the key card that works for both of our rooms. I head straight into the bathroom, bypassing the sitting area and bed. My girl needs a nice bubble bath to help her relax. It's a fancy room with a big comfy seat, which is the perfect spot for her to rest while I find bubbles.

"Sweet Girl, sit here while I get the bath going." I try to dislodge her arms from my neck. She doesn't speak, but I feel her arms tighten and her head shake against me. "Okay, Sweet Girl, let's sit here and wait for your other Daddies to help us," I say as calmly as I can. I feel her nod, and her arms loosen their grip slightly.

I move a step, feeling my broad back hit the hard cold wall and slide down so I'm sitting with my legs stretched out in

front of me. Ronni's body is still wrapped tightly around mine.
We sit like that till Jer and Ben step into the room.

Jer

The blood in my veins is still pumping hard. The car ride back to the hotel did nothing to staunch the adrenaline. If we hadn't been in the middle of a crowded mall, I'd have beaten that little shit to a pulp. I'm suddenly craving his crimson blood coating my fingers. Rax would be so proud of his childhood friend for that thought.

Ben and I don't hesitate. We head straight for the bathroom on Ronni's side, expecting to hear water running, but it's silent. Shit, what happened? We look at each other. Ben's eyebrows raise in question. I know our girl asked her Daddy Bear to take her away from that fucking idiot, and then she wouldn't stand or talk when we got out of the car. Is she releasing herself to regression? She's shown the signs of wanting to. Her brain wants to regress and protect her from the trauma. I hope she'll allow it.



CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

Ronni

I CAN'T TALK... I can't move. I'm wrapped around my Daddy Bear. He wants to put me down on the cold bathroom tile, but I can't do it. I can't let go of my safety. The thought makes my body tremble, my eyes blinking rapidly. The fear is almost overtaking me. What would happen if Tristan had found me without my Daddies there? My breath catches at the thought. Memories from my time in that house flash across my mind. I can't stop the way my body shakes against Monty; I'm vibrating against his skin. I want to run and hide. A small nibble of anger tries to wrap itself around me. If they had left

me alone, Tristian wouldn't have found me. But it's gone just as quickly. Without them, I'd still be out in my tent stealing to eat. They've taken care of me.

Moving my face into the crook of Daddy Bear's neck, I inhale his woody scent. It brings a sense of peace to my overstimulated system. I kind of want to do what Jer was talking about. But can I just relax into it? I don't want to talk anymore or think. I just want to be cared for the way they said I could. But can I trust them? I trust them when I'm fully aware and capable. But can I let go and be their Little? Trust them to take care of me when I'm not aware and capable?

Ben

The image of Ronni collapsing into Monty's arms replays in my mind. I'm on edge, my hands twitching at the rage still consuming my body. Tristan ruined a good day—a date that we were going to use to pamper our Little, treat her to everything she deserves. Or at least as much as we could in a couple of hours. We were going to do everything in our power to see that beautiful smile stretch across her stunning face.

But now, Jer and I are walking into a somber bathroom. No laughter, no water running. My chest tightens as the feeling of guilt takes over. If we hadn't taken her there, she never would have seen that nasty little fucker. Did she leave? Take her things and go before we could get up here?

Monty

I feel her body relax into my hold. The pride that rides me, knowing just a sniff of me can bring her peace, makes my lungs swell. I did that. And if I can bring her any sense of peace in this fucked up world, I'll continue to do everything in my power to do so.

Ben and Jer come in just as my hands move to slide down Ronni's back. Their heads bow, showing the relief that must be hitting them at seeing Ronni here safe in my arms.

"Look, Sweet Girl, your Daddies are all here now. Let's get you clean and into something comfy, and maybe we can do something that makes you happy? Does that sound nice?" I ask softly, not wanting to disturb the calm Little in my lap.

Her head lazily looks up at Ben and Jer, and she nods against me but makes no move to get up. I hear Jer hum behind me.

"Now, Pretty Girl, do you not want to move? Do you want your Daddies to do this for you? Get you a nice bubble bath then wash you up? Would that make you feel good? To have us care for you?" he asks. Not waiting for an answer, Jer turns on the tub and adds the lavender and vanilla scented bubbles that I had put beside it. Ben hesitantly steps closer to us which shocks me. Normally, he's so confident in his steps. He kneels beside us and leans in, kissing Ronni's head.

"Hey, Kitten, you're safe. Let's wash today off so we can show you a couple of surprises we got," he says softly,

pushing his hands under her shoulders and moving to stand with her. She holds on at first, then gives a nod before letting him pull her to her feet. He pulls her clothes from her body in a caring, tentative way, not looking at her with lust at all. That's not what she needs right now. She needs to be protected.

“That's a good girl. Step into the tub now, hold onto me so you don't slip.” The words quietly fall from Jer's mouth while taking her hands. She listens so well, sinking into the heat of the water. A soft gasp leaves her lips, and her eyes close as the bubbles engulf her.

Jer

A slow smile spreads across my face, no doubt showing my laugh lines around my eyes. She's doing what she needs, listening to the Little inside her and trusting us. We let her soak, and when she finally opens her eyes, she smiles at us.

"Thank you, Daddies, this is so nice," she says sweetly. I lean in to kiss her head and show that I am proud of her.

"You are more than welcome, Little Girl. Now, Daddy Fox is going to get you cleaned up. Daddy Bear will have your clothes ready for you when you are done. Once you're dressed, I'll dry your hair, and then we can do something fun," I say matter-of-factly. I may not be her Dom, but I am one at heart, and giving orders allows me to feel in control.

"I can clean myself, Daddy Wolfie," she says to Ben with a cheeky smile. My heart almost skips a beat at the glint in her eyes. Oh, Little Girl, you are a lucky one.

"Now, Kitten, let's not be a brat. I want to help you. Don't take that from me," Ben says, kneeling next to the tub with a purple washcloth in hand. Her head tilts for a second, looking at him then the cloth. She finally nods, allowing Ben to wipe away everything from today. Once she's all washed, he pulls the plug. I hear her protest, but he just *tsks*.

"Wolfie gave you an order, Kitten. Let's follow it for now, hmm?" Ben says, helping her out of the tub. I grab one of the fluffy towels hanging on the door and dry the water from her skin. It's so big, I can pretty much wrap it around her twice. I

lead her to her bed where Monty has a footie set picked out. It's purple with unicorns all over it. I'm happy we finally have a suitable soft one for her, unlike the scratchy ones from Walmart. The giggle that escapes her lips tells us it was a good pick.

“Lie down, Pretty Girl. Let's get you dressed,” I say, unwrapping her while staring into her creamy brown eyes. She looks at me like she doesn't understand the words coming from my lips. I pat the bed. “Climb up there and lie down. I'll help you get dressed.” She's still confused but does what I ask, lying on top of the pajamas.

I carefully reach for her right arm, working it into the soft sleeve. She giggles at my antics, but that's fine. I want to do this. I want to take care of our Little.

Once she's completely buttoned into her footies, I help her up and lead her to the vanity in her room. Monty had pulled out a brush and blow dryer while I was getting her dressed. I take the time to work out any knots in her long chocolate-colored hair before blowing the roots dry—we don't need her catching a cold. Then, I braid it back into two pigtails. My mom always wanted a girl, so when I was little, she convinced me to keep my hair long so she could braid it every night before bed. I learned how to do it and would do it every night after she passed.

“There we go, Pretty Girl. You're all clean and comfy,” I say, kissing her forehead then taking her hand and leading her into our side of the suite. Ben and Monty must have called

room service because there are cookies on the coffee table next to a few books.

“Ah, it seems your Daddies think you need a snack and storytime. How does that sound?” I ask, looking into her sparkling brown eyes.

“Yes, please, Daddy Wolfie. That sounds amazing,” she squeals. We’ll add this to the list of things we must do every day.



CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

Ronni

ONE MONTH LATER

We spent the rest of that evening eating cookies and reading Dr. Seuss's books. I bounced from each of my Daddy's laps, depending on who was reading to me at the time. It was one of the best times of my life. I can't remember if I've ever laughed so much.

I've regressed a couple of times since that day. Not because of a traumatic event like that first time—thank goodness, I don't think my mind could handle the torment of seeing...

them... ever again. Every time I settle into the Little space, all three of my Daddies take care of me. Monty has suggested going to a therapist to talk to a professional about my past, but I'm not sure I'm ready for that. Maybe if we find someone I'm comfortable talking to, I would.

Today, Monty has brought me to where he works. He said some families from the tent village who accepted jobs are moving into their newly built cabins. I've been learning about their nonprofit. They build log cabins for homeless mothers and their children and offer as many jobs as they can or help them find employment elsewhere. It's really an amazing feat, and I've been awed by them many times over this last month. So much so that I've decided I feel comfortable enough to stay at their home with them now.

Jer has been asking subtly while still trying to be kind and understanding. Ben doesn't understand why I would say no, and Monty just hugs me whenever it's brought up.

So, after we help the four different families move into their new homes—which are far nicer than the log cabins I was expecting—we get into Monty's truck to head to the hotel. He buckles me in before kissing me softly on the lips.

“Are you ready to head back, Little Pickpocket?” Monty asks, looking at me with a yearning in his eyes. My head jerks in a nod as I bite my lip. I was so sure of this answer, but now, I'm a nervous wreck. I can't meet his eyes when I speak.

“Yeah, umm... let's go home... to your house.” The words tumble from my lips in a babble, but I can tell he caught them

when his voice shakes.

“You want to go to our house? Like the house that the guys and I live in? Where we want you to also live? *That* house?” If his eyebrows could go past his hairline, they would. I nod at his returned babble before he leans in and kisses me harder than he ever has. It steals the breath from my lungs. Wow, this man is everything. He kisses me one more time before shutting my door and racing to his side. Once in, he turns the truck on and hits Jer’s picture that’s on his console. It must be a touch screen. I hear the phone ring through the speakers.

“Monty, when will you guys be here? I need my Pretty Girl. It’s been too long since I’ve had her in my arms,” I hear Jer say across the line, probably not realizing the phone is on speaker.

“Hi, Wolfie,” I sing with a big sappy grin across my face. The giggle that leaves my lips must be contagious because Bear bursts out laughing, too. Oh, I love that sound.

“Oh! Hi, Pretty Girl. Well, the cat’s out of the bag. I miss you. When will you get here?” Jer clears his throat.

“Well, change of plan. Our Little asked me to take her home. As in *our* home. So, you and Ben pack up the suites and meet us there. I’ll cook,” Monty says quickly before hanging up the phone with another touch to the console which earns another giggle from my lips

It feels like the fastest drive ever as we pull up to our beautiful home. It’s an old Victorian with large windows and a wraparound porch.

Monty parks the truck then circles to let me out. I've learned to not even try and open my own door when one of them is around. He unbuckles me then wraps his giant hands around my hips, lifting me out of the truck with ease. He doesn't step back far, making it so my body slides down his. I feel every dip of his muscles under his hunter green hoodie that makes his red hair pop. I'm in my coat that Jer got for me, but I can still feel Monty. My hands land on his biceps, and I can't help but squeeze them lightly. He really is a stunning man. Kisses have been the furthest any of them have tried to go with me since that first demonstration. It's been exactly what I've needed, but now that we are moving forward, I want to take whatever this is forward, too.

“Come on, Little Pickpocket. Let's get you inside before they get here. Want to make a bet on who arrives first? Whoever wins gets the first kiss?” Monty asks with a gravelly voice. Hopefully, I'm having the same effect on him as he is on me.

My feet touch the ground finally, and I smile up at him.

“Yes, Bear. I think Ben will get here first, and when he does, I'll kiss him. And if Jer gets here first, then you kiss him.” I giggle, stepping out of his grasp and heading toward the front door. I hear the chuckle that falls from his lips before his footsteps catch up to me.

“Hold on, Little Pickpocket. We still need to get you a key so you can come and go as you please,” he says, reaching to unlock the door and letting me step through first.

It's just as beautiful as I remember. My Bear doesn't hesitate, shutting the door and leading me to the kitchen.

"How does stuffed chicken and green beans sound to you, Love?" he asks after setting me on a stool and turning toward the fridge. Love? Did he call me 'Love'?

"Umm, Bear...?" I question softly, my eyes no doubt huge at the shock. He turns around with food in his hands and smiles.

"Yes, Love?" His voice is firm and unwavering. His smile tells me he knows exactly what's shocking me right now.

"You called me Love? Please, don't call me that if you don't... if you don't love me." The words wistfully leave my throat. *Oh, please, let him love me.* I yearn to be loved by them all. I realized today that I do love them. My pulse races when I'm near them, and I feel empty when any of them are away from me.

"Yes, my Little Love. I love you very much." The words softly leave his beard-encased lips. I don't even realize I'm moving until I'm pushing against him. I need to kiss him. To feel the man who says he loves me.

"I love you, Bear. I am thankful that you stopped me in that street when I was trying to pickpocket you," I say before pressing my lips to his. His arms come around me and engulf me in his large frame. His tongue trails along my bottom lip, making me gasp. He takes that as an invitation to lick into my mouth, tasting every part of me. I'm so consumed by him that I don't hear the footsteps behind me.

“Hmm, now that is a lovely sight to come home to,” Jer growls out at us. The lust is evident in them. I feel his finger trail up my back, and I can’t help but shiver at the contact. Monty releases my lips but not my body.

“I win.” He smirks then reaches past my face to press his lips against Jer’s. The smaller man is shocked at first, but I can tell he’s missed kissing his Teddy Bear. I know all the guys have been holding themselves back from intimacy for my sake.



CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR



Jer

WHAT IN THE HELL did I just walk into? I mean, it's not a bad thing Monty has our girl fused to his body, kissing the hell out of her, but then in the next second, he's kissing me. I've missed the taste of my Teddy Bear. I lick his bottom lip, sucking it into my mouth before biting it. "Please, Sir. I couldn't help it." His voice is so low I can barely hear his plea. I hum at him as the door to the playroom cracks open.

"Oh, Teddy, I have missed the taste of you," I growl, reaching my hand up to grab the back of his red hair. Pulling

him closer, I lick the side of his face, causing both of them to giggle at my antics.

“Ew, eww, Wolfie... that’s gross,” Ronni says, pushing out of our grip to go sit back down on the pulled-out stool at the kitchen island. When we renovated this place, we chose the biggest island available, so now, we get to watch her walk around it, and damn, I think she puts an extra swing in her step.

She’s filled out a little since staying with us. We always make sure there are snacks and at least three meals a day.

“Nothing gross about liking the taste of what’s mine, Pretty Girl.” The words growl from my lips before I take a softer kiss from Monty’s lips. “What’s for dinner, Teddy?”



Dinner tasted so delicious. Ronni asked to sit in Monty’s lap during dinner, and of course, he couldn’t deny her. Ben and I agreed it was okay as long as he fed her while she was there. She finished more of this meal than any other.

We make a big deal about bathing her and putting her to bed in her very own room. She's speechless when we tell her that this is her room, and she can do with it as she pleases. She wriggles deep under her covers but then raises her arms to Ben in a silent plea for snuggles. I haven't seen him move that fast in a while.

Monty and I kiss her goodnight then step from the room. I've had a hard-on since walking into the house today, so before he gets three steps away from me, I have my hand cupping the back of his neck. His back arches into my hold, a low moan escaping his lips.

"To the playroom with you. I expect to find you naked on the bench." My voice is husky with the lust I have for my sub.

"Yes, Sir." The words come out on a breathy moan. Yep, he's just as turned on as I am. There's been no playtime as we've taken care of Ronni, so we both desperately need this.

I let go of him, and he scurries down the hall to the playroom. We had it built into the house during the renovation. We wanted a deep red room with a big bed on the back wall. Our toys are hung from posts all around the room for easy access. A lot of the furniture in the room is custom made for the exact positions I like to fuck my subs in.

I walk slowly behind him, thinking two minutes should be enough, and if not, I'll just add an extra five counts to his punishment. He so does love to have his plump ass paddled. Opening the door, I see he's done exactly what I've asked. He bent his body over my favorite bench. The black wooden

bench has leather cuffs that connect to his thighs to hold him open for me and puts his mouth exactly where I need it. I walk over to his sexy body and smirk. Sliding my hand into his hair, I praise my sexy boy.

“Well, aren’t you a good boy? Doing exactly what your Master has asked of you. You need this just as much as I do, huh, Pet?” It’s more of a statement than a question, but he nods his head in agreement. My fingers trail down his back as I walk behind him and admire his ass. The muscles flex as he feels my eyes on him, and a pleased hum escapes me. My cheeks are aching from all the smiling I’ve done tonight.

“You are being a good boy. But you were very naughty hanging up on me the way you did. I think you deserve the paddle. Nod if you think that’s a good choice.” I want to use it on him, but if he asks for something else, I’d give it to him right now. I get off on the control that he submits to me. But part of accepting that power means I must give him what he needs.

“Yes, please, Sir. I need the paddle. Can we use the one with holes in it? It’s been so long,” he moans out as my hand trails down between his ass cheeks. My thumb rubs over his pucker, and my dick thumps in my pants. I was in the office today, so I’m wearing my black dress pants. All I’d have to do is unzip and slide right into his molten hole.

“Oh, good choice, Pet. That’s a very good choice. Hold onto the bar in front of you and make sure you count them. I think we’ll go with ten to start,” I say, moving my hands from his

body to reach for the paddle directly behind us hanging on the wall. He must have seen it when he got naked.

It's a black wooden paddle with six holes drilled into it. Ben gifted it to Monty when he started to practice switching. I flick it into my left palm, smirking at the sting. This is going to be good.

"Hold on, Pet," I say before swinging back and cracking it against his round cheeks. His red hair leads to very creamy pale skin, and I do so love to make his ass cheeks match his hair.

"One," he calls out in the sexiest moan. I'm lost in the sensation of the paddle hitting his skin, but he calls them out, getting to ten. Moaning so loudly, I can see the orgasm that wracks his body before cum lands on the floor below him. It's one of the sexiest things I've seen.

"Oh, Pet, did I say you could come?" I *tsk* at him. "You're a very naughty boy today. Maybe I shouldn't play with you anymore?" I suggest before placing the paddle back on the wall. He'll know to clean it tomorrow as one of his sub-duties.

"Please, Sir. I couldn't help it." His voice is so low I can barely hear his plea. I hum at him as the door to the playroom cracks open.



CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE



Ronni

BEN IS PLAYING WITH my hair as a moan comes from the hallway. I must investigate. Even though he said I should just close my eyes and relax, I can't. So, I crawl across him—doing my best to not place a hand somewhere it would hurt—and step off the bed.

“You looked like a kitten crawling off the bed. I’m positive you’re going to find something that will shock you, but if you still want to, let’s go. It’s been so long since I’ve gone into that room.” The words glide from his lips with longing, which just

makes me even more curious to find out who made that sound and where.

We head down the hallway, and Foxy is close behind me when I hear it again. There's only one door at the end. I hear a *thwack*, then a louder moan dripping from my Bear's lips. The sound makes my kitty wet. Ben steps in front of me, putting his hand on the doorknob.

"Are you sure, Kitten?" he asks, his voice husky. The idea of either having me in that room or seeing what's happening behind the door turns him on.

"Yes, Foxy, let's do this," I say, stretching my arms like I'm getting ready for a marathon. Oh, how fun would that be. The door cracks just as I hear a hum from Jer. He's standing—his legs parted in a show of confidence—behind Monty who is spread out over a bench.

"What are you doing out of bed so late?" Jer asks as I step through the door. My eyes are flying around the room. The dim yellow light gives it a decadent feeling. Different types of sex toys are hung on the walls. There's a king size bed set at the back of the room on a platform with dark red silk sheets. It almost looks like a stage. The four posters have leather cuffs chained to them.

Overwhelming fear passes through my stiff body. The idea of coming in here seemed smart, and I thought I was ready, but the chains bring a flash of what the fosters did to me, and I freeze. Chains were always Tristan's favorite torture device.

The sounds become muffled in the room. It feels like I'm behind a waterfall and they are on the other side. But I know it's Monty talking to Jer. Maybe asking him to let him get up? I can't focus that far. All I know is that there are chains.

I feel someone step behind me, pressing their front against my back as their hands come up to my arms, stroking up and down.

"Oh, Kitten, where did you go?" Ben's voice is closer but still muffled.

"She's lost in thought. Something in this room has triggered her in her mind," Jer whispers. I feel Ben's hands land on my shoulders, his body leaning into mine.

"Veronica, I'm going to count to three, then I want you to look into my eyes. One... two... three," Jer commands me, and I have to listen. Something in my brain releases the hold it had on me, and I look into his honey-glazed, hazel eyes.

"Yes, Wolfie?" I ask. I can still feel the stiffness in my body from the hyper-focus, but with the safety Jer brings me, I start to relax.

"What was it that held you captive, Pretty Girl?" he asks, his voice softening from the Dom in him.

"Chains... the chains. Tristan would chain me to his bed for days. I don't want to be chained, Wolfie," I say, my voice small. "Don't let anyone chain me..." The plea is a mere whisper from my lips.

“No one will chain you, Ronni, and I will remove them from the room. Would you like to go back to bed?” Jer speaks the sweet words as he moves around us. I can feel in my gut that if I say yes, he would leave every exciting, sexual promise that this room holds and never look back.

The sound of clinks pass us. Ben must be removing the chains. The second he shuts the door, I feel the boulder lift from my chest, and I can breathe again. I didn't even realize I couldn't breathe.

“No, Jer. I think I'd like to know what was happening here,” I say, a little strength returning with the offending items removed. Jer chuckles and looks behind him.

“Well, Pretty Girl, I had been paddling my Little Bear's ass. I haven't done it in so long. But he was a bad boy and came before I allowed it.” The growl in his voice deepens with each word that falls from his lips. My breath hitches when he says Monty had come. My bottom lip pops out since I wasn't quick enough to see my Bear's orgasm face.

Jer's finger moves to trace my now pouting lip. A chuckle erupts from him, a gleam in his eyes.

“Are you sad that I used a paddle on him or sad that you didn't get to see him lose himself?” he whispers, his lips replacing his finger as he kisses me before I can respond. He drags the tip of his tongue on my lip before biting down. The crisp sting of it causes me to gasp, and not waiting another second, he dives in to taste me. My body bows against his. I want him.

“Well, this is not what I thought I’d be returning to,” Ben says from behind us.

Jer

She's perfect. Her body presses into mine, and she makes the sexiest little noises as I taste her. I pull back to allow us both to breathe.

“Well, Pretty Girl, what is it? Would you like to stay or leave?” I ask. I try to hide how badly I want her to stay. My dick jumps in my pants that is now pressed against her belly, and I groan. Shit, that was not supposed to happen.

“I'd like to stay now... now that the chains are removed. What are you going to do now that Bear has been naughty?” she asks, sucking her lip in to nibble on it. Her pupils dilate the more she wants to know.

“Well, Pretty Girl, I was going to play with his little pucker before fucking it. And if he came again without asking, I was going to make him sleep with my dick in his ass.” My voice deepens with every word I speak to her. Fuck, I'm so turned on I could probably finish myself just by describing what I would do to them. All three of them.

“Are you still... still going to do that?” I can't tell which answer she wants, but I'm going to be honest with her. If she is choosing to stay here, then she can watch.

“Of course, my Little Bear has been naughty, and he needs his punishment. As his Dom, that's what I need to do. For us both. Would you like to sit on the bed and watch?” I offer. I see her shake her head and move closer to Monty, who hasn't

made a sound since asking to get up, and I told him to stay there and be quiet.

He lifts his hand, and she kneels while taking it. Her body leans in, and she presses her face against his, whispering something. He nods at her and whispers back.

“Well then, Pretty Girl, be prepared to let go. He might squeeze a little tight,” I say before heading to the stand beside the bed. I pull out the blue anal beads. Monty has blue and Ben’s are red. I’ve gifted them both several toys, each color-coded so we know whose is whose.

I also grab the lube. I would never want to hurt my subs in a way they haven’t asked for, and dry fucking Monty just doesn’t sound very sexy.

I walk back behind Monty and see his dick is as hard as a rock, pointing at the floor. It bobs every once in a while. I don’t hesitate. I hold the bottle above his pink pucker and drip the lube down. It’s cold, so his ass tightens. Fuck, that’s a sexy image.

“Does it feel good, Little Bear? Do you want me to play with your little asshole? Say it. Beg me to fuck your pucker,” I demand, lubing up the anal beads. I want him to take them all, but last time, he only went halfway.

“Please, Sir. Please, fuck my ass,” he begs. I see Ronni’s eyes widen and her thighs rub together. She’s so turned on by what’s happening. I look at Ben who’s been silent, then nod my head to have him come over.

“Benjamin, hold his cheeks apart for me. I want to get to the big one,” I say. I’m no longer able to focus on anything but putting this toy in my lover’s ass. One bead goes in with a pop, and Monty softly groans.

“Are you okay, Bear? Does it feel good, or do you want him to stop?” she asks him as if I would... as if I could at this point.

“No, Ronni, it feels amazing, and it’ll only get better. Go look. Watch as Jer fucks my ass,” he practically begs her, and I can feel his body tighten at his words. Ben brings his hands up and pulls Monty’s cheeks further apart, making Monty moan at the contact. None of us have had a lot of time to feel each other lately, and it’s so needed.

Ronni hesitates, but with a nod from Monty, she moves to my side.

“Here, Ronni, hold this.” I let go of the bead and watch as her hand wraps around it. I step back for one second, then strip my clothes from my body. With my dick finally free, it jerks up toward my stomach.

Ronni and Ben moan at the sight of me, and fuck, that does something for the ego. I step closer and without warning, push the beads in deeper, placing my hand around Ronni’s. It rips a beautiful sound from Monty’s lips, and I feel Ronni wants to push another in. “He’s never gone further than this one, but let’s try for just one more.” I help her work the bead into his ass, then twist. He moans but doesn’t push back like usual.

“Does that feel good, Little Bear? Do you like having all three of your lovers fucking your body? Working together to bring you pleasure?”

I see his head nod, but the words won't come since he's so full.

“Ben, reach around and grab that big fucking dick. I can't wait any longer.” I pull the beads out without warning, then grab the lube again.

“Give me your hand, Ronni?” I barely remember to ask since I'm so turned on. She holds her palm up, and I squirt lube into it. “Rub my dick, make it nice and slick for him.” I don't think her eyes could get any bigger, but she does as she's told, wrapping her fist around my cock and working the lube up and over. Ben's working Monty so good he's humping into his hand.

“Look at him, Ronni. Look how beautiful he's fucking Ben's fist, working toward his orgasm,” I growl before slapping the side of Monty's hip. “An orgasm he hasn't asked for yet.”

“Please, Sir. I'm so close. There's so much.” The words explode from his lips as if he completely forgot where he was.

“Ronni, guide my dick into his ass,” I say, watching as she places my head on his hot little hole. I feel him push his ass back, and I use that moment to press in. Fuck, it's molten. The way he wraps around me is almost too much. I press in until my hips are touching his cheeks. He's moaning and bucking into Ben's hand. I grab Ben's face and bring it to my own. I

need to taste him now. I need him to know I haven't forgotten about him. I nip at his lip, and he smiles, nodding. He always knows what I'm thinking, even without words.

“Well, Ronni, what do you think of Jer's cock in Monty's ass?” Ben asks, the words coated in lust.

“I want to lick it,” she says, bringing her face closer to the conjunction of our bodies.



CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

Ben

I THINK ALL THREE of us are stunned at her words, our breath hitching. Jer's mouth blatantly falls open and Monty can't keep the moan from escaping. The idea of her licking anything right now brings him even closer to his orgasm.

“What do you want to lick, Kitten?” I growl at her. My hand is still wrapped around Monty's fucking dick. It's easily eight inches long but the width... My fingers don't even touch when I try. I feel the thick corded veins that travel his length, and I moan. Feeling them is almost as sexy as seeing them and

watching them pulse as he spills his seed. I move my hand from the base to the tip as I see Ronni's tongue dive out and wet her lips before she speaks the words.

"I want to lick both of you right there," she whispers, pointing at the spot where Monty and Jer are connected. Oh, fuck. My dick pulses and my orgasm builds at her words, even with my clothes still on and without doing anything. Both of them moan as the image in their minds is almost enough for them to lose it. So I take control by switching to my Dom.

"Do it, Ronni, lick where they are connected and watch. Watch what that contact will do to these big strong men," I demand. I bring my hands back to Monty's ass cheeks, pulling them apart so Jer and I will have a better view of her hot tongue licking them both. Her cheeks flush pink at my words, but she nods. She's breathing heavily, her thighs pressing together to catch any type of relief. She slowly bends and her tongue slides out. Her eyes connect with mine as she finally reaches them; the fire in them is so fucking hot. Both of their bodies freeze for a second, then Jer comes back to himself.

"Yes, oh god, yes, Ronni. Lick us, put your hot tongue all over us." Jer's words are a prayer to her as he starts thrusting into Monty's ass again. The poor man can't even form a sentence, his body accepting the ecstasy his lovers are giving him. It takes Ronni a second to get used to the rhythm of their bodies moving, but when she does, she flattens her tongue against Monty's pucker, so with every thrust, she licks up Jer's thick cock.

Ronni

My eyes shutter as I focus on giving them every sensation I can. I can't stop my thighs from pressing together. My pussy is so wet. I've never willingly been a part of a scene like this, and it's so empowering. No one is forcing me to do anything. They are just letting me do what I want. But now, I think I want more. Backing up from their bodies, I watch as Jer nods at me and grasps Monty's hip with a punishing grip.

"Did you like that, Pet? Was Ronni's tongue everything you wanted?" he questions, fucking Monty's ass so hard he can't even respond. His back arches into it, accepting and loving every thrust.

"Ronni, would you like to do anything else?" Jer asks me softly. And it hits me. I love this man. In the throes of passion, he still thinks of me. I'm positive if I said I wanted to leave now, at least one of them would walk me back to my bedroom. But that's not what I want. No, I want to feel one of their cocks in me. I want to be the one to ask for it. I want to feel the power of making the choice. This knowledge gives me the courage to whisper the words that tumble from my lips.

"Yes, Sir. I want to be fucked." I can't help biting my plump bottom lip as I say it. I feel strong. It feels amazing. All three of them gasp at my words.

Foxy's eyes crash into mine, and I see the emotion hiding in them, sparkling with pride. I love him, too. I love all three of these men.

“And who, Kitten, would you like to fuck your little pussy?” Fire alights in his green eyes, like they could brighten up a darkened room. Everything seems to still around me as all three of them hold their breath. And I know instantly who I want. I want it to be him. We might not have started as easily as the other two, but I love him just as much.

“You, Foxy... Please,” I beg. He moves so quickly, releasing Monty’s ass. He’s around Jer in one breath and has me in his arms, crushing my body against his. My eyes lock onto Jer’s, and he nods, signaling that he is okay with my choice. I smile and look up at Ben. My breath hitches when I see the intense look he has locked on me.

“Where,” he demands from me. The one word tells me he’s completely on edge. I look around for a second and see a plush rug right in front of where Bear is bent over the bench.

“In front of Bear, please. I want him to see,” I say. The words sound wanton, and I love it. Monty moans at my words, then presses back on Wolfie’s dick.

“Yes, fuck our girl where we can all watch your dick plunge into her pussy,” Jer says, his timbre so deep I can barely hear him. But Ben must agree because he picks me up and walks to the rug, laying me down gently. I know I picked the right one. He needs this. He needs to feel our connection and not feel like the odd one out.

My pajamas are slowly unbuttoned. And that’s when I remember I’m still in my onesie which makes me giggle. Ben chuckles, removing it from my body.

“How would you like it, Kitten? You’re calling the shots here,” he says softly. I can feel his love and concern pouring through his words.

“I don’t... I don’t know. How will they see the best? I want everyone to enjoy this,” I say, watching the heat in all three of their eyes grow.

“Please, Ben. I’m not going to last much longer. Fuck her.” A prayer leaves Monty’s lips, his hips pressing back on to Jer.

“Okay, Kitten. On your hands and knees. Let’s put on a show for our lovers, hmm?” Ben asks, and I’m quick to do what he asks. Rolling over so I’m propped on my hands and knees, my bare bottom is in full view. Their groans fill the room. Ben leans in and licks from my clit to my pucker. My back arches at the touch of his hot tongue. He sits back, taking a second before touching me again. I check back to make sure I didn’t do anything wrong, but he’s just sliding a condom over his erect dick.

I try to contain the moan that wants to burst from me. *They—the foster fucks*—didn’t like me making noise. I feel a small tap on my bottom.

“Let us hear you, Kitten. Let us hear what we do to you. It’s so fucking hot,” Ben says, and I release it. I release the pent-up emotions I’ve hidden in my soul, moaning loudly.

“Please, Foxy. I’m ready. Fuck me, please. I need it. I need you,” I beg him, and I feel him trace my labia, tasting how ready I am for him.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he says before lining up his erect cock with my opening. I press back onto him, feeling him fill me up. I’m tight since it’s been so long, but the stretch feels so good. I thrust back harder to feel all of him.

“Yes,” I moan, pushing back onto him faster and taking control, fucking myself on him. The rush of emotions is overwhelming and I feel tears prick my eyes.

“That’s it, Pretty Girl. Fuck yourself on Ben’s dick. Use him. Chase your orgasm,” Jer groans at me. His breaths come out hard, and it sounds like he’s timing his thrusts with mine. Monty’s moans are coming faster, and I can tell he’s going to come soon. “Pet, I want you to come hard. I’m so close. The sight of your pussy wrapped around Ben’s dick is so fucking sexy,” the words grunt from his lips.

Monty whimpers at his words, and I can hear the change in his breaths. He’s so close to adding another load of his cum to the puddle already below him.

Ben starts meeting my thrusts. His grip is rough but the bite against my flesh fuels my pleasure, and I feel the orgasm building, starting at my toes and tingling through my whole body.

“Yes, Ben. Please, harder. Fuck me, please,” I implore him. He doesn’t hesitate, chasing his own orgasm.

The lust in the room is palpable, and the next second, I feel it. It’s like the air is sucked from the room, then a chorus of moans surrounds us. All four of our orgasms crash at the same time. I can’t think with the rush of sensations filling my body.

Ben falls against my back, being as careful as he can. I fall to my forearms, resting my head against them. My breath comes in heavy puffs as I finally find my thoughts.

“I love you all. I love you so much.”



CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

Monty

ONE MONTH LATER...

It's been a month since our first time together when Ronni told us she loved us. We've spent this time loving each other and experimenting with where she feels most comfortable and how she fits into the relationship we already have. Some things have been tough like with any relationship. She spends most of her days with me at the worksite while Ben and Jer work in the office. She says it's more enjoyable than waiting for them to finish calls and meetings. But then she made a

point to demand alone time with both of them, which felt weird at first but also makes sense.

Today, we've decided to play hooky and go on a date, just her and me. I've been wanting a new tattoo. It's been too long since I've felt the sting of the needle buzzing on my skin. I don't have many, and I've kept them all in spots that can be hidden. But now, I want to have a teddy bear on my forearm where I can see it. So I've brought her to our favorite artist.

We sponsored Alora when we found her sketching on the back of a paper receipt with a pencil in our first shelter. She and her mother had walked through our doors the night before, begging for refuge from a man who had beaten them both then kicked them to the street. That receipt is framed in Jer's office as the nonprofit's symbol. We thought she'd want to be an artist of some sort, and once she found tattooing, she never thought of trying anything else.

The door chimes above our heads as we step into a beautiful, well-lit front area. It's all black and white. The floor is checkered and leads to a beautiful, marbled desk, and as I look around, I notice that even the rocks in the planter follow the color scheme. A young man sits at the desk, typing away at a laptop, but looks up when he hears the chimes of the door.

"Hey, I'm Jones. How can I help you today?" he asks kindly. If I had to guess, Alora found this young guy stranded somewhere, and she gave him a chance. She picked that up from us. He must be new since I'm a regular around here, not

necessarily to get a tattoo, but I like to check on the woman who has become like a little sister to us.

“Hi, Jones. I called Lora earlier. Is she around?” I use her nickname to show that I’m not some random person off the street. A grin spreads on his lips when I say it, so he must know the protocol. Lora always has it that if someone walks in knowing her nickname, then the front desk person can relax and grab her, instead of doing the normal business spiel.

“Alora, Babe! There are friends here!” he calls, facing the black sliding doors behind him. He presses a button, and the workspace is revealed fully. Lora is sitting at her desk beside her chair. It’s big and covered in papers that she must be pulling from to make the design we talked about.

In the chair opposite her is a lady that must be at least ten years older than her tattooing a man—that’s Sloane. He has headphones in, and his eyes closed as she scratches into his skin.

“Hey, ladies. Lots of hard work is happening, I see,” I joke. Sloane doesn’t look up from her work, but her deeper voice chuckles. Lora looks up and smiles. She’s not much taller than Ronni but has a short blonde pixie cut with lime green streaks in it. Her hazel eyes sparkle at me.

“Bro! You’re early! But I’ve been working on the mock-up. Are you sure you want the purple swirls? And on your forearm? You never do anywhere that is visible.” The questions slip from her lips as she walks toward me, throwing

her arms out to embrace me. I let go of my girl's hand and hug her.

“Alora, we've missed you. You're going to have to come over for dinner,” I say, kissing the side of her head. Then I step back and pull Ronni into my side. “Lora, this is Ronni, our... girlfriend.” I want to call her our Little but I'm not sure how Ronni will feel announcing it in public. But she shocks me, stepping up and offering her hand.

“Hi, Alora. I'm Ronni, their Little. I'm thinking he didn't want me to be embarrassed, but I'm happy to announce it.” She glances at me with shy eyes. She chose to wear a dress with straps that button at her armpits like a jumper and a white tee shirt underneath. It flares at the bottom, and when she twirls, it lifts around her. The giggle that sprang from her lips when it happened was addicting. It's still cold outside, so I made her put on thick stockings over her petite legs. We only had a little bit of an argument about it.

“Well, I'll need to hear all about that. I knew you guys had started talking about it, but it's been months since then. Nice to meet you, Ronni. Don't hurt my brothers or I'll kick your ass.” Alora smirks in a teasing manner, but she doesn't question me further before turning toward her tattoo chair and patting the seat.

“Sit down, Monty. Let's get this on you,” she hums, smiling. Jones brings a stool for Ronni to sit on and places it by my right side while I lay my left arm on the rest.

“Yes, I want the swirls, and purple is the perfect color. But did you get the right style?” I ask her. She rolls her eyes at me, clenches her jaw, and turns back toward her desk. She was printing the drawing onto transfer paper.

“Of course, I got the right style. You repeated it so many times on our phone call. Here, let’s see if you approve. I’m so unconcerned that I’m going to transfer it before you see,” she replies, sticking her tongue out at me. She places it onto my skin, pressing so that the image transfers. She lifts the paper, and I can’t help my lips spreading into a huge smile.

Ronni

A teddy bear. My Bear is getting a bear tattooed onto his skin. My breath is stolen. Tears prick my eyes.

“Bear,” I gasp. “You’re getting a teddy bear on your skin?” The fear of things changing and him possibly regretting his decision wafts over me.

“Yes, Little Pickpocket. I’m getting a teddy bear. Part of it is for you, but part of it is for our guys. They’ve called me Teddy Bear since our days in the shelter. I’ve grown up being a Teddy Bear. I might look scary, but all anyone has to do is talk to me to know I am one, as long as my loved ones aren’t being harmed. The purple swirls... Those, my love, are for you,” he offers before leaning over and kissing my cheek. I can’t stop looking at the bear on his arm.

“It’s perfect, Lora, just like you said it would be. Let’s do this,” he tells her, and she dives in with her machine, which she must have picked up while we were talking. I watch as she starts on the outline, and I’m astounded. The way she moves with it is beautiful. She takes her time and puts her all into her art, her eyes never really moving from the skin before her.

After staring at it for what feels like half an hour, I’m amazed at how quickly it’s coming together. I look up at Monty who has his eyes on me and not the needle beating into his skin.

“What?” I giggle at him, and he smiles, the lines at his eyes crinkling, before leaning over and kissing me softly on the

lips.

“You are beautiful,” he says, the words so soft and loving.

“I love you, Bear,” I gasp before looking back at his arm.

I hear him whisper, “I love you,” back.

“So, their Little Pickpocket... how did they find you?” Alora questions, shading in the purple swirls. It’s almost done, and I’m amazed. The bear is black and white so the purple pops. Monty chuckles at her question because it was a find for us both. I’d been watching that restaurant every day for a month. I had been watching a woman slap her assistant. I wanted to take all of her money and watch her burn for treating another human being that way. Unfortunately, on the day I was out of money, she didn’t show. But those three did, and I couldn’t stop myself from making my move.

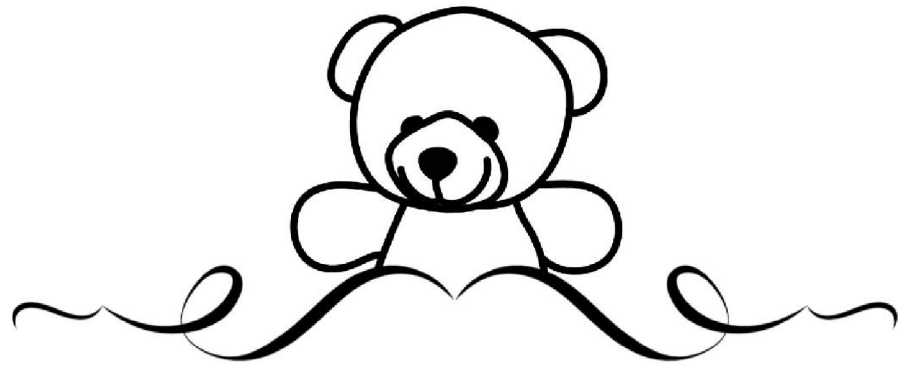
“A happy coincidence,” he says, smiling his big cheery smile at me.

“What does a tattoo feel like? Does it hurt badly?” I can’t stop the question from popping out of my mouth. Alora looks away from her work for the first time in I don’t know how long. I’ve been so entranced, it could have been a half-hour to three.


“Well, it’s a needle, so it stings, but some people say it’s relaxing. Why? Would you like one?” She smirks at me, her eyes sparkling and inviting me to let her tattoo my unmarked body. I hear Bear start to argue, but this is my body, and I was given a nice new wallet that has lots of money in it.

“Yes. Yes, I do. Can you do that bear but in color with a fox and a wolf in the same style? And purple swirls? Ohh, and on my back please!” My words rush out. The excitement builds as the image comes together in my mind.

“That, we can do. Let me finish this big bear up,” she jeers in the best conspiring tone.



CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT



Jer

I'VE SPENT ANY FREE moment I've had this past month planning the death of the fucking foster family. The plan is for Monty to take Ronni on a weekend trip out of town so she isn't anywhere near the crimes we will commit. The things I have planned for these fucking bastards are plain evil, but I don't regret them, nor will I when we enact them.

When I called Rax the other day, he offered to do it all for free since we've been friends for so long, and he now lives his days out killing the sick fucks in the world who target the

innocent. But it didn't sit well with me, having someone else remove the shit stains from this earth. We compromised, and he's going to be in the area to do the clean-up.

I'm lost in our plans when our driver, Kuebler, pulls into our driveway. I see Ben's car but not Monty's, which is odd since he should have gotten off two hours ago.

I head into the house, calling out to anyone. Ben walks out of the living room in black sweatpants and nothing else. His bare feet are doing something for me, and I don't know why I've always liked the sight of them, and my dick jumps.

"Hello, Pet. You look delicious," I comment, stepping into him. I grab his face and press our lips harshly together. I love this man. I grind the front of our pants together so he can feel exactly what he does to me. He kisses back, fighting for control. Hmm, his Dom is showing. I nip at his bottom lip, then release, showing him that right now, I need to be in control.

"Have you heard from our lovers? They should have been home from the site an hour ago," I say. He's staring at my lips but doesn't try to take a kiss without asking. His Dom side might want to play, but he'll have to wait for one of our softer partners to join in.

He shakes his head, still not lifting his eyes, and I can't help but chuckle.

"Later, Pet. Now, let's find them. I don't like not knowing where they are," I state. As I move toward my office, I hear the front door click open behind us.

“Honey, we’re home!” Ronni sings as they stumble into the house. She’s moving very slowly, and Monty has very different clothes on than what he normally wears to the worksite.

“Hello, Pretty Girl. What have you two been up to today? Have you been naughty?” I ask, a smile slowly spreading across my face. Ronni moves closer to me, tilts her head up, and puckers her little pink lips for a kiss. Who am I to deny her? I bend to kiss her, moving my arm to her back to pull her close. That’s when she winces, and I freeze.

“What the fuck is on your back, Kitten?” Ben exclaims, coming around to see it. That’s when I feel something like plastic over her skin.

“Yes, Veronnica, what have you done?” The words explode from my lips, and I can’t help it. Did they get hurt today? My nostrils flare at the thought of someone hurting her when Monty steps up.

“Look, guys, we went and saw Lora today,” he starts to explain, peeling off a layer of Saran Wrap from his skin. It’s a teddy bear with purple swirls. My eyes soften when I see it, and my body relaxes when I realize it’s not an injury but... did my Little get a tattoo without permission? I grasp her shoulders, then turn her around so I can see her back. She has on a strappy corduroy dress which allows me to see her entire shoulder area is covered in almost see-through Saran Wrap. I can just make out the soft purple swirls before I turn her around to look in her eyes.

“Veronnica... Would you care to tell me what I’ll see when we remove that plastic from your skin?” My words come out in a growl. I’m not angry that she didn’t ask. I’m angry that she flinched away from my touch. I swallow hard at the realization, and press my fist to my lips to hold in my hurt. I never want to be the person who hurts her.

“Well, Jermaine.” My name is laced with annoyance. I see her hands clench at her sides as she steps away from me and turns to face me. “Since I’m a grown woman and I just so happened to be gifted a beautiful new wallet full of money, I decided to get a tattoo. I was going to show you, but with that attitude, I think you’ll have to ask nicely,” she huffs before turning to Benjamin. “Would you like to help me remove this cover and wash the rest of my body, Daddy Fox? I want to show you every detail.” She says the last words with a bite, glaring at me as she leads Ben toward her room. He doesn’t even say anything, just follows behind her like her Foxy.

Monty clears his throat, then nods toward our living room. I take a second, rubbing at my eyes to hide the tears that are brimming. The defeat burns my cheeks.

Monty

Well, shit. I knew the second she asked what a tattoo felt like, she'd want one. But I did not expect Jer to react this way. He's angry at her? I head into the living room to our drink cart, and pour two nice-sized glasses of bourbon for us. I won't have more than one since I just got a tattoo, but no one wants to drink alone, and I think Jer needs one right now. He steps into the room in a daze. His eyes are glazed over, and he keeps waving at something in front of his face like he's trying to wipe it away.

“Here, Jer. Let's talk about what the flying fleaping lizards just happened out there? Are you angry that she chose to own her power and made a decision for her body? Really?” I question him, disbelief etched in my words. I can feel my eyebrows pull together as I look at him. He chugs the glass before refilling it and sitting down on the opposite couch from me. He shakes his head before taking another sip.

“No... she flinched... when I went to wrap my arm around her. She flinched at my touch.” The words are a whisper of despair. He shakes his head again, then swigs back the rest of his drink. “For a moment, I felt... Damn it, Monty.” Jer slams down his glass, and I'm surprised it doesn't break.

I watch as he runs his hands down his face before he speaks again. “I felt as if she saw me as another Tristan. A person whose touch is revolting and terrifying. As if she thought I

would hurt her like he did. She flinched, and I panicked.” There is no anger left in his voice, only sadness.

My heart squeezes at his admission. I tilt my head and offer the kindest smile I can, imploring him with my eyes.

“She didn’t shy away because of you. You know what it’s like to have a fresh tattoo. Nobody can touch it without at least a twinge of pain. I would punch you if you tried to touch the bear, and that’s just on my forearm. She loves you, Sir, and was very excited to show you.” I beg for him to understand my words. He’s insane for comparing himself to her foster family, but if Ronni were to flinch away from me, I would probably have the same thought.

“She loves you, Wolfie. You are her Daddy Wolf,” I say, emphasizing his place in her life, so hopefully, he understands. He’s nodding along with my words, but I don’t think he’s convinced.

“The plan needs to move up. I can’t have those people on this earth. I was worried she jerked away because she thought I was that fucking shit stain, but you’re right. I’ll call Rax to move it to this weekend,” he demands before standing and heading toward Ronni’s room, from which moans can be heard despite us being down the hall. Ben must have liked the tattoo.



CHAPTER TWENTY NINE



Ronni

WELL, I SHOWED MY Foxy, and he loved it. The up-close look turned him on. Having his symbol on my body was enough to earn a reward. He was hesitant at first, worried that our relationship would end and I would regret it. But no matter what, these three men have changed me. They've helped me find a healthy way to heal from the trauma of my past. And for that, having their animals on my body feels like the right decision.

He didn't want to have me lay on my back. He said no pain for his Kitten. So he had me sit on his face and ride his tongue. Holy cow, I want to do that again. I felt so powerful using him to climb to orgasm. It was better than I could have ever imagined.

Jer comes to the door and knocks when we're snuggling. I let him in, and he immediately draws me into his arms. He explains how worried he was at me flinching from his touch and I immediately forgive him. I reassure him how much I want his touch, even when my body and mind sometimes get stuck reliving trauma from my past. We climb into bed together and tell each other we love the other repeatedly. I then fall asleep on his chest.

I wake up to Monty bringing a tray of coffee and water into my room.

"Good morning, Bear. Where did you sleep?" I ask, sitting up between Jer and Ben to take a glass of water from him. I want the coffee, but I've learned they'll withhold it until I've had at least one glass of water. Then they laugh when it makes me have to pee super-fast.

He chuckles at me before sitting at the foot of my bed. His eyes shine with happiness as he takes in his lovers' sleeping forms.

"Well, I had to sleep all alone in my bed; yours isn't big enough, Sweet Girl," he says, sticking his tongue out at me. "But that's not why I'm here. I must go out of town for the weekend, and I was hoping you would go with me. We might

be able to stop at a spa in Saint Paul. It's super fancy." Sweet words tumble from his lips like he's nervous, and I can't help but smile and nod. A trip with my Bear sounds very fun.

"What about them?" I whisper, nodding to our guys after I finish my glass of water and do gimme hands at Bear. He trades my water glass for my kitten mug with the tail and little feet. It's my favorite.

"They have a very important meeting on Saturday so they can't come with us, but we'll be back on Sunday," he says before taking a big gulp of his coffee. Leaving them makes me sad, but I've never been on a trip like this before, and I can't pass it up.

Ben

Ronni and Monty head out shortly after we all wake up and have breakfast together. He'll take her to Saint Paul, hunting for an area to set up a new site for cabins since a lot of the families we've had at the shelter lately want to be closer to one of the twin cities.

That gives Jer and me some alone time to prepare for tomorrow. We've got the knives that Rax sent, along with a couple of things Jer bought with his wicked mind. I can't wait to watch him torture the dickheads.

Jer

It's time. Ben and I spent last night together making love on the playroom bed, which is something we rarely do but I needed that emotional connection before going into today. The thoughts racing through my head about what we are about to do are intense. My jaw is permanently clenched, and my hands tingle at the illicit thoughts, ready to take life from the shit stains. Ridding the earth of them will be a pleasure.

Rax texted that he's in the area and ready to do whatever we need.

We wait till just after dinner time when we've learned the family normally gathers in the living room to fuck each other while watching videos of the girls they've raped. Ben already has the files and is ready to send them to the cops when this is done.

Pulling into their driveway, in their suburban neighborhood, sends sparks down my spine.

"Are you ready, Jer? We can call Rax if this is too close to home," Ben questions me which he always does before I enact justice on pieces of shit in this world. It's a part of taking care of the innocent. We learn about the dark souls in existence, then if I'm lucky, I get to suck their souls from their bodies and send them to hell where they belong.

I nod at him before shutting off the car and getting out. I don't want to talk anymore. I want to see their blood on my

hands. Ben grabs our goody bag, and we head in through the front door since I had a key made to use tonight.

I step into the open living area and to my surprise, see all three of these sick fucks naked and tied to dining room chairs. Rax, the tall Puerto Rican man who has a psychotic smile on his lips, is standing behind them holding a stun baton in his hands. Tristan starts moaning something around the ball gag in his mouth like either of us would help him right now. I look behind him, locking eyes with our oldest friend.

“They chose a video of your Veronnica tonight. I chose to shut that shit off before you got here. Merry Christmas or some fucking shit.”



CHAPTER THIRTY

Ben

JER STALKS TOWARD HIS prey, hitting Tristan so hard across the face, I can feel the crunch under his knuckles. He turns quickly, giving the same treatment to Randy. The bitch is shrieking around the ball gag Rax gave her, and I can't help but huff in annoyance.

“That fucking noise isn't going to save you,” I say, but Rax is the only one to hear me. The man chuckles before coming over and handing me the stun baton.

“I’ll leave you two to it. I know Jermaine wanted to take his pound of flesh. So I won’t take this from you both. But I can already feel the edges getting hazy. I’m here if you need me,” he says before swaggering out the back of the house and onto the back patio. He leaves the sliding glass door open—he must have entered through it—and sits on the stairs, watching the sunset.

I turn back to the scene at hand and find the noise has stopped. Jermaine has wrapped his hands around Gloria’s throat and is stealing any air she has to use.

“You were watching my girl, *my fucking girl*, as you raped her. I told you.” His voice raises as he says the words, pointing at Tristan. “I fucking told you to never think of her again. To never fucking look at her again or I would end you. Well, guess what, you cock sucker? I’ve come to follow through with that threat,” he says, moving his hand to his side and grabbing the thick serrated knife he has in the thigh holster. He drags it up Gloria’s chest and digs it deep into the skin at her neck. The shrieking noise starts again, and I can’t take it.

“Please, Sir, make that sound stop.” The words are a lazy plea to Jer, but he listens so well and slices against her carotid artery. Blood gushes from her veins in a beautiful arc, hitting the wood floor in splashes.

“How was that, Pet?” Jer asks, looking back at me with a psychotic smirk across his lips.

“Oh, my love, that was exactly what I needed,” I say, stepping toward him and kissing him. He kisses me back

before pulling away.

“I wanted to make this slow and torture you all the way you did my love. But I’d rather take my Pet home and fuck him, so let’s get this over with,” he says to the foster fucks, but his eyes are trailing over my body. I chose tight black clothes for tonight because that’s what the bad guys wear in the movies. I think he likes what he sees.

“Rax,” he calls, and in a second, the fucker is there. How he moves so quickly, I will never know.

“I’ve decided I’d rather leave this to you. Do your worst. They raped and tortured our sweet girl,” he says. Rax nods at his words, walking over to a black bag on the ground by the kitchen island.

“Well, I’m glad I brought this then,” he says before pulling out a blow torch. He ignites the fire with a lighter, and the grin that spreads across his lips reminds me of the fact that he always was the psycho friend.

Jer

I take Ben's hand and got out of there. Do I want to be the one to end them? Yes, but purely because I need to know they are removed from the same earth as Ronni. But really, why do it myself when a friend can do it for me?

Ben and I hurry back to our house across town. Monty texted earlier saying that Ronni wanted to come home since she thought she saw Gloria at the spa. We know that wasn't the case, but she didn't and fully went into Little space. So they are heading back. That text came in an hour ago while we were in that house, slicing the life from her former foster mom's neck.

We pull in and hustle to find a shower to wash away the events from tonight, wanting to be ready for when they arrive. We meet back in the kitchen and decide she'll need double chocolate cookies and a movie to help her relax into sleep, so we get to baking. Ben's better at it, so I mostly just hand him ingredients, but at least I'm doing something. Just as the cookies are finishing baking, we hear their car pull into the driveway.

"You get her, and I'll get the movie going," Ben says, carrying the tray of cookies and milk into the living room. I nod and head to the front door. Monty is just getting out of his side when he spots me. The tightness in his eyes instantly relaxes when he sees me. That must have been a hard drive for

him since he was not able to wrap his Sweet Girl up and hold her.

“She’s deep into it this time. Be gentle, my Love,” he says before heading toward the door.

“I will. Shower the stress off and join us in the living room. Ben is getting a movie ready,” I say, not taking my eyes off of the passenger side door.

I open it quickly and see her huddled in toward herself. Silent tears trail down her cheeks.

“Oh, Pretty Girl, can Daddy hold you?” I ask as softly as I can. I hear her whimper as she nods and reaches toward me.



CHAPTER THIRTY ONE

Ronni

I THOUGHT I HAD been healing from my past trauma, but the second I thought I saw Gloria, I went into Little space. Monty had to tell the spa attendants I was sick and got me out of there. But now I don't want to talk or do anything. I want to be in my Little space with my Daddies who make me feel safe.

“Come here, Pretty Girl. Let's get you unbuckled. Daddy Fox has cookies and milk, and we'll watch a movie and relax on the couch. Does that sound good?” he asks, his voice so

soft. I can tell he needs a response from me, so I nod my head and lift my arms up so he can unbuckle me. The second the latch clicks, I'm in his arms. He smells so clean and comforting. It was just over twenty-four hours we were away, but that was too long.

He carries me into the house and straight to the living room where Monty and Ben are. Daddy Bear must have showered quickly. His hair is wet and he's in new clothes, even though we weren't out there for very long without him.

"Are you okay, Kitten?" Daddy Fox asks me, coming to stand beside Daddy Wolfie. I shake my head, then huddle closer into Daddy Wolf's neck. I feel Fox's lips on my cheek in a soft caress, and I hum. The aroma of the cookies overtakes my nose.

"Can I have a cookie, Daddy? They smell so good," I plead quietly against his skin. I feel him chuckle as he moves to sit down on the big fluffy couch. Either Bear or Foxy covers us with a blankie and hands me a cookie.

"I hope you like it, Kitten. Wolfie and I made them from scratch while we were waiting for you," Daddy Fox replies, making me giggle.

"What's so funny, Sweet Girl?" I hear Bear ask.

"I want to see Daddy Foxy bake. Do you wear an apron?" The image alone makes me giggle again.

"Well, if my Kitten wants me to wear an apron, I will, but it would have to be a matching one with you," he says before

bopping my nose. I move to sit up fully in Wolfie's lap.

"I'll match with you any time," I exclaim, the idea making me so excited I bounce in Jer's lap.

"Hey, now. Let's sit still so you don't choke on that yummy cookie. Ben, which movie did you pick?" he asks. Daddy Foxy sits down beside us and reaches for the remote on the stand next to the couch.

"Well, there's this new Disney movie called "Raya And The Last Dragon", and it has magical dragons. I thought our Little Girl would like to try that one?" he questions, tilting his head at me. I'm nodding before he's even done talking. That sounds like so much fun.

They all chuckle at my antics as Ben presses play, then huddles closer so he can fit under my blankie with us. Bear chooses to sit closer to the plate of cookies, but that's okay since we've spent some good time together today. Until the sighting. I shake my head, trying to clear my head of it. My Daddies have me now, and it feels amazing.

Monty

I wake to my phone buzzing against my hip. I must have put it in my pajama pocket while quickly getting dressed last night. We watched Raya, then we learned Ronni had never seen the Frozen movies, and we just couldn't allow that. She made it through all of the first movie, but her eyes drooped before the second one even started.

We decided that a sleepover on the couches was the best idea. Ben had Ronni cradled in his arms, and Jer and I took the other couches.

My phone buzzes again, and I pull it out. 'BREAKING NEWS' flashes across the screen, so I swipe it open and look. I don't remember putting a news app on my phone. A video starts immediately. My eyes widen as I listen.

"Breaking news! A family living here in Rosen Springs has gone missing. An anonymous email was sent to the Feds early this morning containing several videos of them molesting and raping their foster children. We are led to believe this has been happening for several years with several young girls. If you have any news about the whereabouts of the Carmine family, please call..." The newswoman spouts a number, but I'm not listening anymore.

"They are missing?" The words are a frightened whisper from Ronni's mouth. I open my eyes to all three of them staring at me. Fear is laced in my Sweet Girl's eyes but Ben and Jer are glaring at me, probably for letting her hear that.

“Guys, I was barely awake, and something tells me our friend made sure we all heard it,” I say before getting up to stretch.

“No, Veronnica. They aren’t missing. We couldn’t allow them to remain breathing on this earth while we loved you, so we had them removed from it,” Jer says, sitting up and stretching his lean body. He might fit better on these couches, but they still aren’t as soft as our beds.

“You had them removed?” she questions as she stands and walks toward the fireplace. We all nod at her, hoping this isn’t going to shatter what we’ve created but needing to be honest.

“Yes. We are good guys, my Love, for good people. But when it comes to the rapists and sick fucking bastards in this world, if we can help to remove them, then we do. We love you, and we know what they did to you, so we had them killed.” Ben doesn’t hesitate to lay it all out there for her. She takes a minute, then turns back to us. Tears stream down her face, but they contrast the smile that’s beaming at us.

“Oh, thank you. I can breathe again,” the words a whisper as she steps toward me, her arms wrapping around my body where I stand. Both Jer and Ben are there in an instant, pulling us into a group hug and completing our family.

“Breathe, Little Pickpocket. Please, don’t ever stop.”

Rax

DO YOU WANT TO know more about the Psycho who helped them take out the trash?? Here is the blurb for Rax's very own book!

Rax

It's time to put my plan into action. I've waited long enough, watching my twin brother masturbate inside my precious Lucy. Before she can know it's me, we'll play a game. I'll do my part while ravaging her tight little body, and she'll become addicted before revealing I'm not my brother, Andrew.

Lucy

All I want in life is to express my body through dance, read books, and experience the kind of love I've always read about. But has my upbringing shrouded my view of happily ever after? What will I have to go through to find my perfect match?

Book two in the Psychotic Duet will be out in August!

Afterword

Well if you've made it this far, you must have loved Ronni and her Daddies just as much as I did! These guys came to me in a dream with Ronni slipping Ben's watch off his wrist and there was no way I couldn't write their story! Jer beat on my mind until I gave in!

Acknowledgments

First, we begin with my little family...

Mr. Rose, my bubba...

Thank you for your love and support through this book. You pushed me to finish and keep going whenever my deadline went insane, and I cannot tell you how much the crinkle around your eyes when you talk about how proud of me you are means to me!

To my little Punkins...

Everything I do is for you. I want you to grow up knowing your mommy did everything to achieve her dreams, and so can you!

To my Eggplanters...

Thank you, you beautiful eggplants. Once an eggplant, always an eggplant.

Mary, Sullyn, Rissa, Colbie, Kimberly, Mila, and Manu.

To my Wifey...

You are the best PA and friend I could ever ask for. Not only do you do everything I need, you offer me support no matter where I am in this journey. You are without a doubt an amazing friend, and I am so grateful to have you.

To my #Squared...

Sullyn... Thank you. I'm almost speechless at my feelings for you. I love you so much and can honestly say it would rip my heart apart to lose you. Not only are you an amazing friend, but damn, co-writing and plotting with you is amazing! I cannot wait to rock out Clover and have the world read our words.

To my Rissa...

You make me laugh more than any other person on the planet, and with everything going on, I've so needed that. I trust you with my heart and soul and cherish the friendship we have. Thank you for the effort you put right back into what I give you.

To my Little Pot...

I love you, you beautiful steaming pot. Never stop being you and loving me, please. Thank you for putting your time and effort into my work and our friendship.

To my Colbie...

I love you, you beautiful busy, busy lady. Thank you for putting your time and effort into my work and our friendship.

To my Mila...

Thank you for everything you have taught me and for your friendship. I love you.

To my Little Muffin...

I don't know if you realize how fiercely protective I have become over you. I would fight people with my short ass body to make you happy and safe. Please, never stop loving me.

To my Dreamer...

Did you know at first I was jealous of the friendship you and Muffin had? But then I grew up and realized friendship never has to be a circle, it can be everchanging and all different shapes. I'm so glad I told her I wanted to be your friend and the musketeers became a thing. You are one of the most beautiful humans on this planet. And I'm so happy to have you.

To my Sara...

I went into this book scared of finding an editor. I was terrified of a repeat of my last time. But I thank Sully all the

damn time because she found you. You have been so kind and have made this the best editing experience ever.

To my Debauched Betas...

How much do you guys hate when I come into the chat with "Sooo don't hate me but... new deadline!" But seriously, I am so grateful I have all of you. Especially my newbies that I've stolen from the above mentioned inner circle. Thank you all for loving me and my crazy ass ideas. I promise to try and do better with my deadlines... maybe.

To my Jefferson...

(That sounds really kinky) I love you. Thank you for trusting me and being the real life friend I've always wanted.

To my sister...

Nichole, I don't know if I've ever said it, but I look up to you so much. Thank you for supporting me and loving me.

To my momma...

I love you. Thank you for being so supportive and loving.

About Author

Aidyn Rose is a dark romance author, who has a love for the psychos. She is a full time momma, wife, preschool teacher, and baby author! She lives in eastern Pennsylvania with her two daughters and husband.

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