

DARK DESIRES SERIES

ONLY FOR

Tonight

KALI NOIR

Only for Tonight

Dark Desires series

Kali Noir

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Dedication

*This is for anyone who's ever wanted to be tied up and
fucked
by three masked men while they call you their whore.*

Authors note

This is a prequel novella to start the Dark Desires series.
This series will be stand-alones and the first one will follow Oliver as he gets his dark desire.

Warnings

MMMM, mask kink, fantasy website, sex club, restraints, spanking, blindfolds, sex toys, praise, degradation, primal, free use, CNC, dub-con, rimming, cum clean up, rough sex, DAP

Contents

[1. Oliver](#)

[2. Oliver](#)

[3. Oliver](#)

[4. Oliver](#)

[5. Oliver](#)

[6. Toby](#)

[7. Oliver](#)

[8. Oliver](#)

[9. Oliver](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[Up next for Kali](#)

[About the author](#)

Chapter 1

Oliver

Everyone wishes they could fulfill all of their dark fantasies, no matter what they are. I just so happen to stumble onto a website that could do just that. All you have to do is put a name, location, medical records showing a clean bill of health, your fantasy, hit submit, and then wait. I waited for what felt like forever before I got a reply, and when I did, my heart almost exploded out of my chest.

All I want is one night of being used for sexual pleasure. No strings, no feelings, no rules, and no faces. I want the people that I'm with to be completely anonymous, so when they sent me an email for instructions to arrive at an exclusive Halloween party, I knew it was perfect. They assured me that my demands would be met in a safe environment, but that didn't make me any less nervous.

"Oliver!" I turn toward my bedroom door, adjusting my black button-up dress shirt.

"In here!" I yell out to my best friend, Leland. He walks through the door, looking me up and down.

“Are you really going through with this?” He flops down on my bed. “You look hot, though.”

I roll my eyes and turn back toward the mirror. “Yes, I’m sure for the millionth fucking time.” He’s the only one I’ve told about my secret, and he’s been supportive. “It’s what I’ve always wanted. Plus, you know I’ve researched the shit out of this place. It’s legit.”

“So, you’re really going to walk into this party and get fucked by three random dudes in masks?”

Even him saying the words makes my cock jerk in my pants. I’ve wanted this since I stumbled onto a video on a porn site. They had a guy tied up and were taking turns fucking his mouth and ass. It was the hottest thing that I’ve ever seen. “Yep. I’m twenty-two, and I’ve never done anything like this in my life. It’s time.”

“You sure know how to rebel with a bang,” Leland laughs. “You still want me to wait here for you?”

“Yeah.” I asked him to stay at my apartment because it’s closer to the party and I’m sure I’ll need someone to talk to. I check my outfit one last time and turn to face him. “Are you sure this looks okay?”

“It looks good, I swear.”

Before I can answer, my phone pings with a message. I swipe it open and see that my Uber is here. “I have to go. Beer is in the fridge, and I ordered the fight for you to watch.”

Leland jumps from the bed and gives me a hard, smacking kiss on the cheek. “You’re the best. Have fun!” I shake my head as he jogs into the kitchen. We’ve been best friends since we were kids, and he’s the first person I told I was gay. He didn’t even question our friendship. He became my protector when I would get ridiculed for it. People always assumed we were dating, but Leland’s straight as an arrow.

I grab my keys from my dresser, say goodbye to Leland, and walk downstairs to the Uber. Sliding inside, excitement courses through me.

Tonight is the night that I finally get what I want.

Walking into the party, I look around at all of the costumes. I spot several men in masks and can’t help but question if it’s them. I go to the bar and order a shot to calm my nerves. While I’m waiting for them to find me, I walk around the room, soaking in the atmosphere. It’s decked out in red lights, decorations, and a packed dance floor. I walk around for twenty minutes before I finally feel someone walk up behind me, sliding an arm around my waist.

“Oliver?” he asks in a deep voice, causing me to shiver.

“Yes.” Without a word, he grabs me by the arm and spins me around, making me land against his hard chest. I look up to his face, and I’m met with a Ghostface mask. He’s tall, probably ten inches taller than my five-seven. He keeps his arm around my waist and slings mine around his neck. He starts swaying to the music, looking me over. The more the song plays, the

lower his hand goes until it's planted firmly on my ass. He jerks me closer and leans in. I feel his hard cock rub against mine, and my arms tighten around his neck.

“You hard for me? I have two friends downstairs who would love to play with you,” he says, playing into the fantasy.

“Really?”

“Hm.” He rubs the mask against the side of my face. “Want to know what it feels like to be owned?” His voice has taken on a hypnotic state, weaving us into a spell. My voice is locked in my throat, so I nod, making him chuckle. His hand tightens on my ass. “I want to know what this ass looks like out of these tight pants.”

“Do it then.”

He pulls back and tilts his head to the side, which makes it even creepier with the mask on. He pulls away, grabs my arm, and leads me toward the back of the house. I follow him down a flight of stairs, and he stops me at the bottom in front of a door.

“What's your safeword?”

“Red.”

“Very good,” he purrs. “Let the games begin.” He pushes another door open, and what's inside takes my breath away.

Two other guys are standing there with the same Ghostface mask in front of a table. The one who led me downstairs presses himself to my back. “You're such a pretty boy,” he whispers. “I can't wait to fuck up that pretty face.” His hand

slides down to my ass, squeezing. “And this tight ass.” He pushes me away, and one of the other guys steps forward.

“Did you do what you were told?” he asks in a raspy voice.

“Yes.” My voice comes out high-pitched, showing my nerves.

The last guy steps forward and slides his hands onto the front of my shirt. He closes his fists and pulls, making the buttons fly off. Everything else happens fast. One grabs my arms to hold them behind my back; another starts roughly undoing my pants. *Holy shit*. In a minute flat, I’m standing completely naked. Fear spikes through me, but I remind myself that this is what I asked for.

“This little whore wants to be our fuck toy for the night. Get him on the table,” raspy voice demands.

The one who hasn’t spoken spins me around, shoving my cheek against it with my ass pointed out. He plays with the plug in my ass that I was told to place there. “He already got it primed and ready.” This voice is soft but deep, and I immediately love it. “Spread your legs.” I slide my feet apart, and his hand goes to my cock. “Hard as a fucking rock.” He grabs a handful of my brown hair, jerks me to my feet, and then shoves me to my knees.

The tall one with the sexy growl walks forward, pulling his pierced cock from his jeans. “Open that mouth.” I swallow the lump in my throat and let it fall open. He rubs the head of his cock across my lips. “Last chance to back out.” I shake my head, and he groans.

He slides forward, making the five barbells from his Jacob's ladder bump across my lip and shallowly fucks my mouth a few times. His hands slide to my cheeks, and he shoves all the way inside, making me gag. "That's it. Gag on his cock," Raspy says, walking to stand beside him. The guy in my mouth grabs the back of my head and holds his cock in my throat, crushing my nose against his pubic bone. My hands fly to his muscular thighs, only to be pulled off by the other one standing behind me. He ties a soft rope around my wrists, holding them against the base of my spine. A million thoughts are running through my head, but the one that stands out the most is how turned on I am. I'm choking, gagging, and drooling from the guy in my mouth, and my dick is so hard that it hurts.

He pulls from my mouth, and they switch places. Raspy voice is thicker, and he doesn't waste time shoving into my mouth. He starts fucking it hard, making his balls slap against my chin. I moan against the head of his cock, and it spurs him to go faster. The guy behind me starts manipulating the plug in my ass, then abruptly pulls it out. "Look at your hole begging to be filled." He shoves two slick fingers inside me, fucking me ruthlessly. He wraps his fingers in my hair and pulls my head back so I'm almost looking up. Raspy follows me, still buried in my mouth. I look up at him and barely see his eyes glittering behind the mask.

A hand slides around my cock again, and fingers slide down behind my balls. The snap of a cock ring that traps my balls inside echoes around the room. My body is on overload with

the cock ring, Raspy fucking my mouth, and the other finger fucking my ass. They shuffle around, and the guy who led me down here starts fucking my mouth. They start taking turns using me, and the fingers in my ass get more insistent.

“Fuck,” the guy in my mouth grunts. “I think he’s ready to be fucked senseless.” He pulls from my mouth, reaches down, and wraps a hand around my arm, jerking me to my feet. “Is that what you want? You want that slutty asshole used by us?”

“Yes,” I pant. The guy playing with my ass never lets up as he moves with me. He slides another finger inside me, and I shiver from head to toe. “Please.”

“Oh, the whore begs,” Raspy taunts. He runs his finger across my aching cock, making it jump. “Tell us how bad you want it.”

“So bad.”

“Not good enough,” the one with the soft voice says. “Beg harder.”

“Please fuck my ass.” His fingers stroke across my prostate, and a whimper slips past my lips. “Please. Oh fuck, please!”

Raspy’s hand lashes out, wrapping around my throat. “Such a good little whore.” Something about that fills my chest with warmth. Being degraded and praised in the same sentence shouldn’t be such a turn-on. *Neither should getting fucked by three masked strangers, but here we are.* He pulls me closer until my lips are touching his mask. His cologne hits my nose,

and it smells vaguely familiar but oh so good. “Go bend over the edge of the table and wait.”

I do what he says and can hear rustling behind me. The table is soft, and I can see restraints in various places. I listen to the soft footsteps coming up behind me but still jump when a hand rubs across my ass. His hands slide down the back of my thighs to my ankles. Soft cuffs are strapped around them, securing me to the table legs. His big hands slide back up, spreading my ass cheeks apart then I feel the hot slide of his tongue on my asshole. He flicks his tongue back and forth a few times, then stiffens it to slide into my ass.

“Oh fuck,” I moan, and his hands tighten on my ass cheeks. Admittedly, I haven’t been with that many guys before. I can count them on one hand, but none of them ever put their mouth on me like this. It suddenly hits me why they had me turn around. If his mouth is on me, that means he no longer has his mask on. I can turn around right now to see what he looks like because it’s my fantasy, but I resist. The anonymity of it makes it even better.

“You taste good.” *Raspy*. God, I love their voices. “You want my cock?”

“Yes, please.”

“Fuck. His whimpers are doing something to me.” A hand curls under my chin and pulls my face up. The tall, growly one is now completely naked, covered in tattoos, and his cock is level with my mouth. My eyes are transfixed to the pre-cum

leaking from the tip. “Lick it off.” My tongue darts out, licking around the head. “Good fucking boy.”

Raspy jerks my hips back so my cock is hanging between my legs. He goes back to my ass and lets his tongue slide down the underside of my cock to gently suck on the head. I moan low in my chest, and the growly one starts pounding into my mouth. In this position, it’s making it hard to take him all, but he doesn’t give me a chance to try. The head of Raspy’s cock slides against my back hole, and I brace myself. He shoves in with one firm push, and I cry out against Growly’s cock. “Look how good you took me.”

His hands spread me apart, and without warning, he pulls back out and slams back in. His and Growly’s thrusts link up until they’re pounding into me from both ends. It’s painful but not enough to make them stop. Raspy wraps his hands around my biceps for leverage, going even harder. When he holds himself as deep as he can go and starts grinding his hips, I almost lose it. Growly pulls from my mouth so they can hear every whimper and moan I make. The sound of grunting and skin slapping fills the room. The one with the soft voice steps up naked beside Growly, also covered in tattoos and a pierced cock. He has the same amount of barbells in his Jacob’s ladder as the tall, growly one, but he has a Prince Albert to go with it. *Holy shit, I’m going to self-combust.* “You need more, don’t you?” I nod rapidly, and they step up at the same time. Both of the cocks are at my mouth, so I lick around the heads.

“Oh shit,” I whimper when I feel Raspy’s fingers sliding inside me with his cock, stretching me.

“You ever been stretched before?” he asks.

“No. Oh my God.”

“There’s no God in this room, Whore,” Raspy says with a sharp slap to my ass. Another finger slips inside me, making me feel like he’s ripping me in two. “Look at how bad this ass wants it.”

I want to feel ashamed for wanting him to stretch me wide open, but with the way my body feels, I can’t. I’ve never felt this much pleasure, and I’m becoming addicted to the pain. A hand slides into my hair and jerks my head up. “Look at those eyes,” the soft-spoken one says. “They’re begging us to ruin him. He wants a night to remember; let’s give him one.” He disappears behind me, and Growly follows him.

Raspy’s thrusts intensify, making my cock rub against the side of the table. He’s hammering into me, and all I can do is hold on. I listen to him groan as he comes, and then he’s gone, another cock taking its place. The cum from Raspy is dripping down my balls, making the next one slide in easy. I have no idea who this is, and I shout when he shoves inside me hard.

“Take it all,” the tall one with the familiar growl demands. His big hands wrap around my hips, and he’s fucking me hard.

Raspy squats in front of the table until I’m looking into the mask. “How does the whore feel?”

“So fucking good.”

His fingers run down my cheek, almost tenderly. “Good. Because after we fuck that pretty ass raw, you’re going to go

back to the party full of our cum with a butt plug holding it in. You'll get a drink, walk around, and wait for our next instructions. Then we'll do it all over again until you beg us to stop."

My eyelids flutter closed at the picture that he's painting. Will they make me walk around naked? I've already concluded that this is some sort of sex club, so it's entirely possible. Can I do that? Can I make this fantasy go that far? Can I handle more?

The cuffs fall away from my legs, and I'm pulled to my feet. The dick falls from my ass, and he's spinning me around. He shoves me back on the table, pushes one leg to my chest, and shoves back inside me. Raspy reaches under me and unties my arms so they aren't digging into my back. He places a blindfold over my eyes, and then I feel his lips on mine. He kisses me deep and rough. I find myself chasing him when he goes to pull away, so he runs his fingers down my cheek again. "You look stunning like this. Chest heaving, cock leaking, legs spread open, begging him to go faster, deeper, and harder. Beg him. Beg him to pound that pretty asshole. Beg him for what you want."

"Please! Please fuck me harder. Oh fuck! Please!"

"Good," Raspy whispers. "Now take it like a good boy."

Growly grabs my other leg and lets my calves rest on the crease of his elbows. He leans his hands down on the table, bending me in half, and my knees touch my chest. His lips land on mine, kissing me desperately. It's driving me crazy

now that I know they don't have masks on, and I can't *see* them. I imagine what they look like, and one person pops up that is off-limits for me to think about. *Stop thinking about him naked.*

“Fuck, you feel good,” Growly groans. “I can't wait to fuck this ass all night long.” I whimper in agreement because I don't want this night to end. His teeth sink into my shoulder, and I cry out. “There you go. Make all those pretty noises.” The blindfold is ripped from my eyes, and Ghostface is staring back at me. He climbs onto the table, pushing my legs even further. It's tilting my pelvis up, and he's fucking me so hard that he has to brace his hands on my shoulders to keep me from sliding. He lays his forehead against mine, and I focus on the eyeholes. When my eyes adjust, pretty brown eyes are staring back at me. His thrusts stutter and he swells inside me, coming with a deep groan. He stays buried inside me until his breathing evens out and then slides out.

The soft-spoken one climbs onto the table, puts my legs against his shoulders, and slides slowly inside me. A little sound of pain escapes, and fingers slide through my hair in comfort. “You're doing so good,” he says. He wraps his arms around my legs and moves slowly, dragging his cock against my prostate. “I want to take my time, but this ass feels so sweet. It's sucking me back inside when I try to pull out. You can take it, though, can't you?”

“Yes,” I breathe, trying to make my body relax. When he feels me melt against the table, he pulls out and slams back inside. “Yes!”

Something inside him snaps, and he's thrusting deep and rough. His hands come down, pinching and pulling at my nipples. My cock is relentlessly throbbing on my stomach, begging to come. A hand wraps around it, and my back leaves the table. "You don't get to come yet," Growly says. "I want you walking around that party hard as a rock, but no one is allowed to touch you but us."

"I don't want anyone else."

"Fuck," Softy groans. "Put his blindfold back on. I need his lips." The soft satin slides over my eyes, and he kisses me deeply. My legs fall to the table, and I wrap them around his waist, loving the feeling of him grinding against me. Raspy lets my arms go, and I slide my fingers through thick hair. I hold on for dear life until I feel him pulsing inside me, coming hard. We stay like that for what feels like forever, with his lips on mine until he finally pulls away. "Grab your legs and pull them up for me." I do what he says, and I feel the plug sliding back inside my ass, holding their cum inside. He helps me stand and takes my blindfold off. He turns me to face the others.

Raspy holds something up in his hand and then places it on my neck. "It's a collar. You'll wear this all night, marking you as ours."

"Will you be with other people while I wait?"

He shakes his head. "No. We're yours tonight."

Softy pats my ass. "Get upstairs. I want them drooling over that hard cock."

I swallow past my nerves and turn toward the door. Taking a deep breath, I pull it open and walk back upstairs. I almost chicken out at the top, but I have nothing to be ashamed of, even walking in here wearing nothing but a collar and a butt plug. When I push open the door to the party, I breathe a sigh of relief when I see other naked people walking around. Two guys standing beside the door turn to me simultaneously, looking with interest until they see the collar.

With my head held high, and shoulders pushed back, I walk to the bar.

Waiting to see what they have planned next.

Chapter 2

Oliver

Walking around a party with strangers naked is surreal. People are staring, but they aren't judging me. Knowing that they are looking in appreciation is an ego boost.

I walk to the bar and order a drink like I'm told. The bartender slides me a scotch on the rocks with a wink. I gingerly slide onto the barstool and sip my drink. The plug is pushing against my prostate and making my cock throb, so I shift my hips to alleviate the pressure. This one feels bigger than the one I wore here, and I wonder if that was intentional. Raspy said he was stretching me open, and I'm dying to find out why. The sticky feel of their cum is still on my balls and the back of my thighs, making me want to wrap a hand around my cock. But something tells me they're watching and wouldn't be too happy about that.

"You got to experience the trifecta?" a guy asks, sitting beside me at the bar.

I turn to look at him, and he's openly staring at my hard dick. "I'm assuming you mean the guys I was with tonight?"

“Precisely,” he finally says, lifting his eyes to my face. He’s a gorgeous older gentleman with salt and pepper hair, deep blue eyes, and laugh lines. “People come here every night wanting to get the chance you just got after seeing them in action, but they never oblige unless it’s with each other.” I frown at that, and he smiles. “They like something in you.”

“Why come here then?”

He shrugs. “A place to watch other people get their dark desires.” That’s the name of the website I went to. “I’m Jackson Baker. It’s nice to meet you in person, Oliver.” Jackson Baker? Why does that name sound familiar? It hits me, and my mouth drops open.

“You own the website.”

“I own many things, but this club and the website are my favorites.” He takes his drink from the bartender and stands up. “Enjoy the rest of your evening.” He slides something to me and walks away. I pick it up, unfold the piece of paper, and my eyes widen.

“Are you up for some public play, Whore? If you are, tell Casey behind the bar.”

I lay the paper down with shaky hands and go over my options. If I say no, the night ends here. If I say yes, it’s hard to tell what they’ll do to me in front of all these people. I’m already sitting naked at a bar, so I throw the rest of the caution to the wind. “Casey? My answer is yes.” With another wink, he reaches under the bar and hands me another paper.

“Good boy. Go to the stage and find Elise. She’ll tell you what to do next. We’re watching you.”

I glance around and don’t see the masks anywhere. Are they mingling in the crowd without them? Any of these guys could be the ones who rocked my world downstairs, and I’ll never know. I drain the rest of my drink and, on shaky legs, stand from the stool. The walk to the stage is short but no less intimidating. I see a tall woman with long, jet-black hair dressed in tight leather pants and a bra. “Elise?”

She turns around with a smile and beckons me to walk onto the stage. “Are you Oliver?” I nod and walk up the three steps. “Aren’t you gorgeous? No wonder the boys want to show you off. Did they give you a safe word?”

“Yes,” I croak. I can feel the eyes below me, waiting to see what happens. There are so many things on the stage that I can’t take it all in.

“Come with me.” I follow behind her to a long bench. “Crawl up and get on your hands and knees.” Taking a shuddering breath, I do as I’m told, and she hums in approval. “Very nice. I need to restrain you.” With my nod, she wraps a leather cuff around my ankles that are strapped to the table to keep my legs wide open. She moves in front of me to do the same to my arms. When she’s done, she walks to stand behind me. “I need to remove your plug.”

“They said no one else can touch me.”

She laughs softly. “I find it sexy that you listen to them so well, but I’m no more interested in you than you are in me.”

“Oh,” I breathe, embarrassed.

“Don’t do that. They made a rule, and you followed it. Never be ashamed of that. Now bare down and start pushing the plug out.” I push, and it starts to slide out. She grabs the end and pulls it the rest of the way out. “They want to show you off before they come on stage. Have you ever used a sex machine?”

I peek over my shoulder at her. “A what?”

“It’s a mechanical device with a dildo on the end. It has a remote to control the thrusting. Only you won’t have it, sweet Oliver. They will. When you feel it, push your hips back.”

My dick jumps at that thought, and I have to smother a moan. I’m so wrapped up in this fantasy that I almost forgot I’m on display for this whole club to see. I didn’t think it would ever be something I wanted, but there is something sexy about it. Elise starts moving around behind me, and then I feel something slick and plastic slide against my asshole. I adjust my legs as much as I can and let it sink inside me. She slides something into my ear and disappears from my line of sight.

“You look sexy up there, Whore,” Raspy says into the earpiece. “Fuck yourself on it. Show this place how much you wish it were my cock in that tight ass.”

I brace myself and start moving, slowly letting the fake cock slide out before lowering myself back on it. Raspy groans into the earpiece, and goosebumps cover my skin. The third time I sink down on it, it comes to life and starts thrusting slowly inside me. I don’t stop moving because Raspy hasn’t given the

command. I scan the club but don't see anyone with their masks on. Are they out there without them? I'd have no idea if they were, but I know they're watching from somewhere.

"Faster," Raspy demands, and I snap into action, following the cock when it pulls out. I get a rhythm going, and I know I'm making a mess from the pre-cum leaking from my cock. "Let them hear you."

I let my mouth drop open and let the moan out I've been holding in. Several groans fill the room in return, and Raspy cusses. The thrusting on the machine intensifies, and I shift my hips so it repeatedly hits my prostate. I need to come so bad that I can't see straight, but with my cock and balls trapped in the ring, it makes it almost impossible. The more I move, the faster the machine gets until it slams into me so hard that I whimper each time it bottoms out.

"Look at that pretty cock leaking everywhere." That voice belongs to the tall, growly one, and my chest puffs out at the praise. "You like being tied up at our mercy? You like having that asshole destroyed? Just wait until we get ahold of you."

My moan echoes around the room, and someone slaps me on the ass hard. I jerk my head to look, and Growly is standing there in the mask with his head tilted to the side. He flips the remote around in his hand and ups the speed. He lays it on the bench beside my knee and rubs a hand down my ass.

"Do you know how fucking gorgeous you look right now?" He pulls his hand back and slaps my ass again. I jerk against the binds, and he slaps me three more times, spreading them

across my ass cheeks. “Does this machine fuck you better than we do?”

“Fuck no,” I moan. Yes, it feels good, but they feel even better. I can’t wait until they put their hands back on me. “Please, touch me.”

“Don’t worry, I will. But first, I’m going to spank this perky ass. What’s your safe word?”

“Red.”

“Good boy,” he purrs. I feel him hook something on the cock ring and tug my cock backward. The sensation shoots through my entire body, and I gasp. He ties the end to something else, making it tug on my aching cock. Every time the machine hits my prostate, my dick jumps, and the sensations start all over again. Warm, wet lips wrap around the head, and my back bows.

“Holy shit,” I moan. He starts sucking, and my body starts to tremble.

“You like the way his lips feel, Baby?” Softy says into the earpiece. Something flat and hard hits my ass without warning, making me yelp in surprise. “That’s just a riding crop. Feel that burn? Focus on it, and it will become the most intense pleasure you’ve ever felt.”

I think past the pain, and warmth spreads across my entire body. Growly starts sliding his mouth up and down my cock faster. The dildo is still thrusting, and I feel like I’m going to explode. The crop lands several more times, each time harder

than the last. The slap fills the air, and I start floating. It's almost like I'm having an out-of-body experience. The room disappears, and it's just me, my three men, and the pleasure.

“Look at me.” I struggle to follow Raspy's command because I can't figure out how he wants me to do that when I don't know where he is. “Up here, pretty Whore.” I feel a hand slide under my chin and lift my face to his mask. I know I have a dopey smile on my face when he chuckles. “Look at you taking this so good. I knew there was something about you.” Before I can decipher what that means, he bends down to unhook my arms and then attaches it to something else. He nods, and my chest is lifted slightly off the bench. He unbuttons his shirt, and I notice for the first time the vertical scar that runs between his pecs almost to his stomach. That's from some sort of heart surgery, and I've seen that scar somewhere before, but my mind isn't working. His pants come off next, and he sits on the table so his legs are beside me, and his cock is right in my face. “Suck my cock, Whore.”

I lower my mouth eagerly, more than willing to taste him again. Growly keeps his torment up behind me with the crop, his mouth, and the machine. I slide my mouth up and down, licking around the head when I get to it. I'd love to put my hands all over his muscular body, but I know they won't let me. Raspy hooks a hand on the back of my head and shoves it down, burying himself in my throat. I cough and gag around his length, making drool dribble down my chin. He shoves harder and buries my nose against his pubic bone. He plants his feet on the bench and starts fucking my mouth hard.

“You like being on display like this?” Softy asks in my ear. “You want everyone to see how desperate you are for cock?” *Not just any cock, their cock.* I’d tell him if I could, but with Raspy using my mouth as a fuck toy, it’s impossible. “The crowd fucking loves you, Baby. They like watching us fuck the innocence out of those pretty green eyes.”

Raspy fists my hair and rips my mouth from his cock. He turns my head to the side, and there’s a large crowd gathered around the stage, watching me get the life fucked out of me. My face flushes with shame, and I try to turn my head away, but Raspy won’t let me.

“Don’t you dare feel ashamed of what you want,” Softy growls, surprising me. “I wish you could see it from my point of view. Your body is perfect, bent at that angle with your ass turning red from his crop. Your greedy ass is taking that fake dick so well, and how you suck his cock like you love it is driving me insane.”

“Come to me then,” I say before I can stop myself. “Please.”

“Are you needy for me, Baby?”

A lie is at the tip of my tongue, but what he said is still rattling in my brain. I have nothing to be ashamed of. I’m going after what I want, and I’ll be goddamned if I let my head ruin it. “Yes. I need you.”

Raspy turns my head to the right, and I watch as my last masked man approaches the stage. He walks confidently, with his head held high and eyes entirely focused on me. Growly lets my cock go from his mouth, and his spanking stops. Softy

makes it to me and runs his hand down my spine. “What do you want me to do to you?”

“Anything you want,” I say without hesitation.

He picks up the remote for the machine, turns it off, and Growly removes it from my ass. “Hold him open for me.” Growly grips my ass cheeks and pulls them apart, putting my hole on display. His fingers run across it. “I want you to ride me.” He bends down close to my ear. “And then two of us are going to take your ass at the same time.”

Raspy runs his fingers through my hair. “But that’s just for us. We don’t want a crowd for that.”

“Okay,” I whisper, ready to be alone with them again.

My arms are pulled over my head, and Raspy gently pulls the restraints from my wrists while Growly does the same with my legs. He softly strokes my back before he releases my cock from its odd angle. Before I can move, Softy scoops me into his arms and strides from the stage. I hook my arms around his neck and bury my face in his shirt, inhaling his scent and committing it to memory.

Because this is going to be a night to remember.

Chapter 3

Oliver

Softy walks me through the crowded room, takes a left, and goes upstairs. He kicks a door open to a bedroom with the other two right behind him, sitting on the bed with me on his lap. He reaches onto the end table and hands me my phone. Confused, I take it from him.

“Someone named Leland has been calling you nonstop.”

“Shit.” I swipe open the screen to see twelve missed calls and fourteen text messages. I look at the time and see I’m two hours past my check-in time. “It’s my best friend. I told him that I would check in.”

Oliver: I’m so sorry, but I’m fine.

Leland: Holy shit. I was about to walk out the door to find you. You promise you’re good?

Oliver: I swear. I’ll see you later.

Leland: Get your freak on! With a laugh, I lay my phone back on the end table.

“Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, he was just worried.”

“He sounds like a good friend,” Raspy says. Did he sound jealous, or was I imagining things?

“He is,” I agree. “And that’s all he is. He’s straight.”

Softy’s arms tighten around my waist. “With you as a friend? I doubt it.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means that if I had someone as sexy as you walking around me all the time, I would have a hard time focusing.”

“Oh,” I breathe when his hands slide down to my ass.

He stands up and sets my feet on the floor. He strips from his clothes, and I take in all his tattoos all over again. He’s covered in them, and they even disappear under his mask. He slides back on the bed and pats his thighs. “Come ride me, Baby.” *He has to stop calling me that.*

I climb onto the bed and sling my leg over his waist. A hand slides between my ass cheeks, and someone notches his cock for him. “Lower your hips,” Growly says. “And take him all.”

I brace my hands on his chest and push back onto his cock. I moan the whole slow slide down until my thighs are touching his. I wait for one of them to tie or restrain me, but it doesn’t happen. As much as I love it, I like this more. I have the freedom to run my hands all over Softy’s chest as I start riding

his cock. I move slowly at first, just loving the feeling inside me.

“I want to kiss you,” I whisper. He nods at someone behind him, and the blindfold is placed over my eyes. I wait for him to remove his mask, and he pulls me to his lips. He kisses me, slowly rubbing his tongue against mine. I melt against him, still moving my hips. Big hands slide up my back, and I feel someone else’s cock against my asshole. They start to push inside, and I jerk away from the kiss. “Holy fuck.”

“Shhhh,” Softy soothes. “Just breathe, Baby.” I take a deep breath in and blow out when the head of their cock pops inside. “Good boy. We’ll make it feel so good.”

“We will,” Raspy says, kissing the side of my neck. “Just relax.”

“You guys are too big for this.”

“Your body was made for us,” Growly says, running his fingers down my cheek. Raspy slides the rest of the way in, and a whimper leaves my lips. “Adjust, and we’ll rock your world.” I have to think hard about unlocking my muscles with them whispering soft words and kissing all over me. I’m overwhelmed, but in the best way. Pain morphs into pleasure, and I give into it. “There you go.”

Softy and Raspy start moving slowly together until one is pulling out and the other is pushing in. My body is on fire, and my fingers dig into Softy’s chest. Once I get used to having them both inside me, I start rocking between them. “Baby,” Softy groans. “You feel too goddamn good like this.”

“Yes, he does,” Raspy says in agreement. He says it right in my ear, and goosebumps pop up on my skin. “You like our cocks stretching you out, Whore?”

“Yes. It’s the best thing I’ve ever felt.”

“Open,” Growly says, tapping my jaw. My mouth drops open, and he’s shoving into my mouth. His hands land on my cheeks, and I brace my hands on his forearms, giving myself over to them. “So perfect.”

They start moving inside me perfectly in sync, and I start rocking between them. I feel so full but so damn good at the same time. I can feel them everywhere, and I know I’m never going to have sex like this again. Everything else will pale in comparison to the pleasure these three strangers have brought me.

I moan against Growly’s cock, and he pulls from my mouth, rubbing the head across my bottom lip. “You like being our fuck toy, don’t you?”

“Yes. Fuck,” I gasp when Raspy slams inside me.

“Such a pretty little fuck toy,” Raspy says, reaching around and rolling my nipples between his fingers. “Your greedy ass was eager for both our cocks.”

They start moving faster inside me, and I can’t control the noises leaving my mouth. Someone grips my jaw in a tight grip, and their lips land on mine. I already know it’s Growly just by how his tongue is stroking mine. *I’m fucked.* There’s no way I can go home after this and not wish for more. I can

already feel this night coming to an end, but I want it to last forever.

“Where did you go just now?” Raspy asks.

I pull away from Growly’s kiss. “What do you mean?”

“You weren’t with us.” How the hell can he already read me like that? “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. Please don’t stop.”

“Not a chance in hell, Darlin’,” Raspy growls. “You just have to stay out of your head.”

“I will. I swear.”

A hand wraps around my cock, and the snap on the cock ring is loosened. “It’s time to get your reward, Baby. You’ve been such a good boy.” He starts stroking my cock in a tight grip, and my whole body starts to shake. I’m so fucking sensitive that every time he swirls his hand around the end, I whimper. “That’s it. Let it go.”

Growly shoves back into my mouth, and they start moving fast. My body is jerking against them, and their hands tighten on me. I feel one of them swell inside me, and it sets me off. I come so hard that I almost pass out. Stars explode behind my eyelids, and Growly’s cum slides down my throat.

“Holy fucking shit,” he groans when I swallow greedily around the head of his cock.

“Shit,” Raspy gasps. He pulls from my ass, and I feel his cum land all over my back, marking my skin.

I collapse against Softy's chest when Growly pulls from my mouth. My breathing is out of control, and my cock is still twitching between us. They rub their hands all over and knead my sore muscles with their hands.

"You need to get cleaned up, Baby," Softy says.

"I don't think I can move," I mumble, making them chuckle.

"I'll run the bath," Growly says.

I listen to them moving around, going in and out of consciousness. I feel like I'm floating on a warm cloud.

"Are you with me?" Softy asks.

"Yeah," I sigh and stretch my legs. That's when I feel the water slosh and look around. "What the hell?" I don't remember him bringing me in here.

"You were gone," he laughs softly.

"Oh," I reply, slightly embarrassed. I look up at his masked face, and I'm overwhelmed with the feelings running through me. Even when they were rough, they made sure I was always okay. I can't do this to myself, though, because the moment I walk out of here, they'll forget all about me.

"What's wrong?" He runs his fingers down my cheek. "I liked the blissed-out look, not this one."

"Nothing's wrong," I sigh. "I just know that I'll never find anyone to make me feel like you guys did."

"How did we make you feel?"

“Sexy. Desired. Amazing. I could add so many more words to that, but you get the idea.”

“No one has ever given you that?”

I shake my head. “No. I was always afraid to tell them what I wanted, so it fell...flat.”

“Don’t ever be afraid to tell someone your desires. If they have a problem with it, then they aren’t for you anyway.”

“That’s easy for you to say. You work for a naughty website and hang out in sex clubs.”

“You are the only one we’ve ever indulged from the website. We only know Jackson because of here.”

“You don’t do this with anyone else?”

He shakes his head. “Just each other.”

“Why me?”

“There’s something about your innocent eyes. We help Jackson set up these fantasies, and when we saw you, we all agreed that we’d be the ones to fulfill it.”

“Thank you. I don’t think it would have been the same.”

“No. Thank you for trusting us to deliver your fantasy.”

I stare into the eyeholes of his mask and make a decision. “Can you take it off?” I at least want to remember one of their faces.

“Are you sure?” He reaches for it and pauses, waiting for my nod. When I do, he pulls it over his head, and I’m struck by the gorgeous man staring back at me.

His hair is jet black and slightly damp from the mask, making it flop over in his brown eyes. I reach up and run my finger over the piercing in the middle of his bottom lip. “Holy shit,” I whisper. He has another piercing in his right nostril and his septum. I push his hair back off his forehead, and his eyebrow is pierced, too. The tattoos stop just under his chin and cover every inch that I can see above the water. “You’re beautiful.”

He laughs softly. “I think you need to look in the mirror, Baby. You’re the beautiful one. Let me clean you up before the water gets cold.”

He grabs body wash from the side of the tub and cleans the top half of my body with his hands. I stare at his eyes the whole time, committing his face to memory. He nudges me to stand and gets to his knees in the water. When his hand rubs across my sore ass, I can’t help the hiss of pain. He kisses my thigh and finishes washing before pulling me back into the tub.

I curl back against his chest and start steeling myself for having to say goodbye.

I just know I’ll never be the same after this.

Chapter 4

Oliver

It's been two weeks since the night of the Halloween party, and I'm still kicking myself in the ass for not getting Softy's name. I'm even more pissed that I didn't find the other two to commit their faces to memory.

I see Softy in my damn dreams, and the other two are there but still masked. I wake up hard as a fucking rock and have to take care of the matter myself. I don't regret anything from that night; it fulfilled one of my biggest fantasies. But I still wish I would have asked for a number or something.

"Oli, are you even listening?" I tune back into Leland, and he rolls his eyes. "Are you thinking about that night again?"

I groan and lay back on the couch, throwing my arm over my eyes. "I can't help it. They were...perfect."

"What if the other ones look like Voldemort?" I throw a pillow at him, and he laughs. "It could happen. What are the chances they all looked like your pierced and tattooed sex God?"

“Another one was tattooed and had dick decorations.” And the other one had a body and voice that could melt fucking ice with one word.

“Why don’t you just fill out another fantasy? You said they picked you on purpose. Maybe they will again.”

“It was one night. Something tells me they aren’t up for repeats.”

“So, what are you going to do?”

“Nothing.” I shrug. “It will just be a good memory to give me wet dreams and a hard cock.”

“You could always find a friend with benefits.”

“Why? They’ll just disappoint me now.”

“Oh, now that you’ve been fucked sideways, you’re an expert?”

“They didn’t fuck me sideways. They did from the back, me on top—”

“Shut the hell up.”

I laugh and look at the time on my phone. “I’m going to bed. I have to work in the morning. You staying here again?”

“Yeah. Roommates fucking suck.”

“Why don’t you just move in with me? I could use help with the rent now that Scott is gone.” Scott was my old roommate who moved to get a better job.

“Are you sure?”

“I wouldn’t have asked if I wasn’t.” I stand from the couch and go toward my room. “Night!”

“Night, Whore!”

“I hate you!”

“I hate you more!”

I strip out of my clothes and slide into bed. As soon as I start drifting off, I hear Raspy’s voice.

“Such a pretty little fuck toy. Your greedy ass was eager for both our cocks.”

“Not a chance in hell, Darlin’. You just have to stay out of your head.”

“Damnit,” I groan and roll over, burying my face in the bed. I just want one night without hearing or seeing them in my dreams.

But I don’t think tonight is that night.

“You look like shit,” Leland says the next day at lunch when we meet at our favorite cafe like we usually do.

“Thanks. I really appreciate it.”

“Did you not sleep again?”

“Like two hours total.” I give the cashier my card to pay for my food. “When are you moving in?”

“I’m going to pack up most of my stuff tonight. I can’t take one more day in a fucking frat house.”

I step to the side to wait for my food, and a laugh stops me in my tracks. *There's no fucking way.* I slowly turn around, and Mr. Tattooed and Pierced Sex God is sitting there with two other guys. I can't see the other ones because their backs are to me, but I'd know him anywhere. Are the other two the ones I was with that night? "Holy shit," I breathe and hightail it out of the restaurant. I can't come face-to-face with him right now. Not when all I've thought about is *them*. I make it to the corner before his voice freezes me on the spot.

"Oliver!" *No. No. No.* "Wait up!" I whirl around, and he's jogging toward me.

"What are...I can't...What the fuck?"

"Breathe, Baby," he chuckles.

"Don't call me that," I say harsher than I mean to.

"Excuse me?" He tilts his head to the side, and I have the insane urge to drop to my knees and apologize. *I'm sure that's all you want to drop to your knees for.*

"Sorry. I just," I blow out a breath, "I didn't expect to see you." He steps up closer, and he's taller than I remember.

"I'm damn glad that you did." He wraps his arm around my waist and pulls me against his chest. "You're all I've thought about."

What do I say to that? Admit the same thing, or play it cool? "I don't even know your name." Well, that wasn't on the list of options.

"Toby."

“Toby,” I repeat, trying to get my brain to catch up to the fact that I’m staring at him *and* know his name. *If this is some sort of dream, I’m going to be super pissed when I wake up.*

“Fuck, you’re even more gorgeous than I remember.” His fingertips slide over my hip. “I love these pants on you.”

“They’re the same ones.” I can feel my cheeks getting hot, and he smiles. He has one of those crooked smiles that make my heart skip a beat.

“No wonder they look so damn good. You want to come back in and eat with me?”

“Are they with you?” I don’t think I can sit down and do something as mundane as eating lunch with them.

He shakes his head. “No. Those guys work at my club. We were working on some plans and stopped in for lunch.”

“Oh. Okay.”

“Is that a yes?”

Leland steps out the door, looking for me. His eyes land on me, and they almost bug out of his head. “My friend is here too.”

“He can eat with us. Come on.” He takes my hand and starts pulling me toward the cafe, stopping when he gets to Leland. I introduce them, and Toby sticks his hand out for Leland to shake. “Nice to meet you.”

“Uh, you too.” He looks at me, and I nod, letting him know this is one of the guys. “I’m going to head back to work.”

“You sure you don’t want to hang out?” I ask.

“Lunch is almost up for me. Some of us don’t make our own schedules. I’ll see you later.” He gives me one last look and a thumbs up when Toby turns his back. Toby leads me into the cafe, stops to grab my food, and pulls me to their booth. I slide in, and he sits beside me, pressing his thigh against mine. My mind is still reeling that I’m here with him. “Oliver, this is Vince and Zac.”

“Oliver? The Oliver?” The one he indicated as Vince asks. He has a head full of dark curly hair and deep blue eyes.

“Yeah,” Toby answers, sliding his hand onto my thigh.

“Hm. Nice,” Zac says. He’s a big guy with blonde hair and gray eyes. They’re both gorgeous but have nothing on Toby. “We’re going to head out. We’ll see you back at the club.” They say their goodbyes, and Toby pushes my plate to me.

“Eat.” I pick up a fry and can’t help but look at him out of the corner of my eye. His hair is different today. It’s almost shoulder-length and kind of fluffy. I just want to run my fingers through it and push it out of his eyes. I watch him eat like a freak but can’t pull my eyes away. “You aren’t eating.”

My eyes snap from his lips to his face. “I...uh...”

His hand tightens on my leg. “You need to eat, Baby.”

“This is just really fucking weird. We were together one night. You keep calling me baby and acting like we’re on a date. I didn’t think I’d ever see you again, and I can’t fucking

concentrate with your hand on me.” He smiles at my rambling, and I groan. “No one should be that damn hot.”

“I wanted to reach out, but all personal information besides your first name and medical records is confidential. I even tried to pay Jackson to give me your number, and he wouldn’t budge. I wasn’t lying when I said all I’ve thought about is you.”

“Me too,” I admit.

He pulls his hand from my leg and lays his arm on the back of the booth. “I know this is a lot, but I’d really like to take you out on a real date.”

“Can this be our first date? I have so many questions.”

He laughs. “Of course, Baby. Do you need to get back to work?”

“I own my business.” I finally start eating, and he looks relieved. “What kind of club do you own?”

“It’s a nightclub called Inferno. What’s your business?”

“Graphic design. How old are you?”

“Twenty-five.”

“Aren’t you going to ask me?”

He gives me that crooked grin again. “I already know how old you are.” His arm drops on my shoulder, and he pulls me closer, his lips right at mine.

“I don’t kiss on the first date,” I joke breathlessly.

“Good thing I wasn’t asking.” Toby jerks my lips to his and kisses me hard. My hand lands on his chest, and I feel the muscles bunch under my touch. Memories hit me left and right, making me moan into the kiss. I completely block out that we’re in the middle of a cafe and get lost in the kiss. He pulls back, pecking my lips a few times. “Give me your phone.”

Confused by the sudden change, I pull it from my pocket and hand it to him. He punches something in, and with a grin, he grabs his off the table. “What did you do?”

“I put my number in your phone, and now I have yours. I’ll pick you up tonight at eight.” He kisses me hard one last time before sliding out of the booth.

“I didn’t agree to another date yet.”

“Once again, I wasn’t asking.”

He disappears from the cafe, and I’m staring at the door with my mouth hanging open. There’s no way this is real. My phone pings with a message, and I snatch it off the table.

Toby: I can’t wait to see you tonight.

It looks like this is real, and I’m going out on a date with Mr. Tattooed and Pierced Sex God.

Holy shit.

Chapter 5

Oliver

“I can’t do this.”

“Dude, you went to a sex party, and now you’re freaking out?”

“This is different.” I pull off the fourth shirt I’ve tried on and dig through my closet for another. “This is a date.”

“So we’re okay with getting gangbanged by masked strangers but not a date?”

“Leland,” I groan, buttoning my shirt up. “It’s *him*. It was supposed to be one night. I never thought in a million fucking years I’d run into him.”

“Then why did you agree?”

“I didn’t have a choice.”

“Um, what?” Leland lays back on my bed and props his head in his hand.

“He just told me we were going on a date and to be ready at eight.”

“You could still message him and tell him you don’t want to.”

“I do want to, though.”

“You’re the most confusing person I’ve ever met. And wear the green shirt.”

“Why didn’t you tell me that four thousand shirts ago?” I strip off the shirt I just buttoned and put the green one back on. “Black or gray pants?”

“Because it’s so much fun watching you run around like a girl going on her first date and wear the gray pants.”

“I really don’t like you.”

“You love me. Your life would be boring without me.”

“Whatever,” I grumble, sliding my shoes on. Someone knocks at the door, and I almost jump out of my skin. “Jesus fuck.” Leland jumps off the bed and runs toward the door. “Leland! Don’t you open that fucking door!”

“Too late!”

Shit. Shit. Shit. I’m not ready for this. I already know he’s going to be too much for me, and he’s going to realize the fantasy of that night is all it was. A fantasy. I’ll never be able to live up to what he’s built up in his head about me. Sucking up the same courage I found that night to walk around that club naked, I walk toward the front door.

Toby is standing there dressed head to toe in black. Am I drooling? “Hi,” I say lamely.

“Hey, Baby.”

Leland’s eyes are flashing between us, and I kill him twenty times in my head when he slaps me on the back. “I’d tell you not to fuck on the first date, but you’ve already done that. Have fun!” He disappears down the hallway, his laughter following him.

“He seems fun.” Toby grabs my arm and pulls me against his chest. “You look gorgeous.”

“Oh, I, thank you. You look...well, delicious.”

Toby laughs and grabs my hand, leading me from my apartment. He pushes through the main door, walking to a motorcycle. I’ve never been on one in my life, and it looks fast. “Don’t be nervous. We aren’t going far.” I slide on the helmet he hands me, and he straps the buckle under my chin.

I almost melt into the street when he puts his on and swings his leg over the motorcycle. Toby puts my hand on his shoulder and tugs until I get on behind him. I’m not sure where to put my hands until he grabs them and jerks them around his waist. They tighten when he fires up the bike. “Hold on.” His voice filters through the helmet, and I shiver from head to toe.

“Okay.”

He pulls away from the curb, and the way the motorcycle is made, I’m practically glued to his back. Two minutes into the ride, he wraps his hand around mine on his stomach. I still can’t believe I’m with him and on the back of his motorcycle.

I start relaxing the further we ride, and he squeezes my hands.

“How are you doing back there, Baby?”

“This is actually kind of fun. Where are we going?”

“Inferno.”

“Your club? Won’t people ask questions?”

“And? They already know about you, and I’m going to show you off.”

“They know about me?”

“Yes. I told you you’ve been on my mind.”

“Why?” The question leaves my lips before I can stop it.
“I’m nothing to write home about.”

“First of all, stop that shit right now. Second of all, you’re everything I’ve ever dreamed about. Third of all, I’ve already told my mom about us.”

“You what?”

He chuckles. “That was a joke. But the rest of the stuff was true.”

“You don’t even know me.”

He pulls over in front of Inferno without a word, steadying the bike so I can step off. He gets off beside me and takes my helmet off, hanging it on the handlebars with his. Toby cups my cheeks. “I know all I need to know, Baby.”

With that cryptic comment, he’s grabbing my hand and pulling me inside. We get several curious looks, head nods, and waves. I get more and more nervous by the second. Toby

walks up a set of steps with VIP written on the banner above several rooms. He goes into the middle room and pulls me beside him on the couch with my hand still in his. I take a second to soak in the club. A live band is playing the music, the atmosphere is calming in a way, the dance floor is packed, and people are lining the bar. “This place is awesome.”

“Thank you. I ordered us some food.”

“You have food here?”

“No. I sent someone to go pick us something up. I hope you like Italian.”

“I love Italian.” I feel so awkward with his whole focus on me. I want to fidget but refrain because he’s holding my hand. What the hell is wrong with me? I’ve been on dates before, and I never get this nervous.

Toby slides his hand onto my chin and turns my face to his. “I want you to have fun tonight, but I know you have a lot of questions.”

“Are they coming?” I blurt out and tuck my lips to stop word vomiting anymore.

“Do you want them to come?”

“I’m okay with just being here with you.”

“If you want me to call them, I will.”

“Are you guys like dating or something?”

Toby raises a brow. “Dating? No. Do we fuck occasionally? Yes.”

“Why are you here with me?”

“What’s going on?”

“You could have anyone you want, but you’re here with me. I guess it doesn’t make sense.”

Toby turns in the seat and pulls his knee up to look at me. “Listen to me. There’s no one else I’d rather be here with. You’ve consumed my fucking mind, Baby. I’m not going to let you sit there and doubt yourself. Do you understand?”

“But it was just sex,” I whisper.

“It was,” he admits, and my heart sinks. “At first. But I want more. I *need* more of you, Oli. I’m fucking obsessed.”

“Wow,” I breathe, at a total loss for words.

Toby leans in, and I slam my lips against his before he has a chance to kiss me. He lets me control it for a few seconds before I feel his hand on my throat. He squeezes in warning, and I let him chase my tongue back in my mouth. I give myself over to him, and he pulls on my hip, making me straddle his waist. I don’t care that we’re in a packed club where anyone can walk by and see us. I want everyone to know that he picked *me*. I hear something behind me and try to pull back, but Toby places his hand on the back of my head so I can’t move, kissing me harder. Our hips are moving, making our cocks rub together.

“Fuck,” Toby groans, pulling away first. “I could get lost in those lips.”

“I’m okay with that.”

He rubs his thumb across my bottom lip. “Tempting, but you need to eat.”

“What’s your obsession with me eating?” I ask with a laugh.

“I want to take care of you.” He slides me to sit beside him and starts digging through bags, setting stuff in front of me.

“That’s a lot of food, Toby.”

“I wasn’t sure what you’d like, so I got one of everything.”
Oh. My. God. “Now, eat.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Toby stops mid-reach and slowly turns to face me. “You need to eat. Fast.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m going to bend you over the balcony and fuck you so hard that this club will hear you.” Noted: Toby likes being called Sir.

I reach for my food, and we eat in mostly silence. He hands me different things to try and even feeds me a few times. By the time I’m done, I’m so fucking hard that it hurts. Toby gestures to the bouncer outside our VIP room, and he shuts the curtain, blocking us off from the stairs but not the balcony.

“Get your cock out,” he demands. It hits me that I’m actually going to be able to look in his eyes this time. Swallowing, I unbutton and unzip my slacks, reach in, and pull my dick out. “Stroke it for me.”

I start moving my hand up and down, swirling my hand around the head. Toby's eyes are locked on the action, and then he reaches over to unbutton my shirt. When he's done, he spreads it open and runs his hands down my pecs. He drops to his knees in front of me and knocks my hand away. He strokes a few times before his mouth closes over the head. "Shit." My hips lift, pushing myself further into his mouth. He reaches for my hands and places them on his head, giving me full control. I sink my fingers in and start fucking his mouth in shallow strokes. I know this won't last long, so I savor every feeling of his mouth on me. Toby starts sucking on the head. "Toby," I moan.

"Goddamn," he rasps, pulling his mouth away. "My name sounds so fucking good coming from your lips." He reaches under me and jerks my pants down around my ass, bringing my hips with them. He pulls my shoes, boxers, and pants off before I can blink.

"What if someone walks in?"

"What if they do? They'll see how good I make my Baby feel." He stands up and strips out of his clothes, and I watch every inch he reveals. He reaches down, grabs my hand, and pulls me to sit up. Toby pushes my shirt the rest of the way off my shoulders. "Suck my cock."

I greedily suck him into my mouth. Toby hooks his hand on the back of my head and holds me against him, sinking into my throat. I cough and gag around him, making him groan.

If this feels this good, I can't wait for what he has in store for me next.

Chapter 6

Toby

I look down into Oliver's green eyes and can't fucking believe we're here together. I couldn't tell him I already had his number, address, and knew he went to that cafe several times a week. The only reason it took me so long to run into him there was because I didn't want to rush him. But there's no stopping me now. I'm fucking obsessed, and he's *mine*. No matter what Aiden and Jace say. They wanted more, too, but they were too scared to admit it. That's the difference between them and me. I'm not.

"That's it, Baby," I groan, watching tears roll down his cheeks. "You take me so good." He whimpers against the head. I pull from his mouth, and he sucks in several lungfuls of air. Saliva is dripping down his chin, and he's never looked sexier. I shove back in his mouth, and his greedy hands slide to my ass. Oliver loves his mouth on my cock as much as I love it there. "Such a good boy for me." His eyes flutter closed and then slowly open, showing how much he likes being my good boy. "Suck hard." Oliver hollows his cheeks as I pull from his mouth. I grab his cheeks and start fucking his mouth hard. He wraps a hand around his cock, stroking in a tight grip.

I slide from his lips, watching my piercings bump across his bottom lip, and he chases after my cock. *Goddamn*. He's needy for me, and that's just the way I like him. I look over the balcony, and my dick jumps at the thought of someone seeing me with him. I want them to be jealous that I found someone

like Oliver. He's everything that I've ever wanted and so much more. I reach down and pull him to his feet, crushing my lips against his. His hands rub all over my chest, and I step back, giving him room to explore.

Although we picked ourselves to fulfill Oliver's fantasy, I had no idea the hold he would have over me. Jackson had him upload a picture so we could find him at the party, and the picture he posted took my breath away. He's in the shot with someone else, but they're cropped out. Oliver was smiling from ear to ear, but you could see the innocence in his eyes. We played into everything that he detailed on the website, including restraining him. When we decided to finish out the night with just the four of us, we also decided to let him have his hands. The final nail in my coffin was giving him a bath and revealing my face to him.

Oliver's hands run over my abs and across my hips. "You're beautiful." He traces several of my tattoos with his fingers, making goosebumps pop up on my skin. I haven't had this reaction to anyone in a long fucking time, and it's intoxicating. He slowly sinks to his knees and runs his finger on the underside of my cock. "And these are fun." He lets his finger roll over my piercings with a grin. "Really fun." My cell phone starts ringing, and I don't take my eyes off Oliver. It stops and starts right back up again. "That sounds important."

"Not as important as you," I hiss when he licks around the head of my cock.

When it starts ringing for the third time, he reaches into my pants pocket and grabs it. He hands it to me. “Answer it. It might be important.”

I look at the display and slide to answer with a roll of my eyes. “What do you want, Jace?”

“Are we going to Jackson’s club tonight?”

“No.” I run my fingers through Oliver’s hair. “I’m busy.”

“Busy? Since when?”

“Since now. Is there anything else?” Oliver wraps his hand around my cock, stroking. I give him a warning look, but he just smiles back.

“What’s going on with you, man? We’ve barely seen you for two weeks.” Oliver licks around the head of my cock and then starts sucking on it. *Jesus Christ*. I tighten my fist in his hair and slowly start thrusting into his mouth.

“I’ve been—”

“Busy. Yeah. You already said that. If something is going on, you know you can talk to me, right?”

“I know that.” Oliver starts sucking me faster, sliding his mouth up and down, twisting his hand around the base of my cock. I take my foot and push the table away, giving us more room. He sucks me into his throat, and I have to contain the groan.

“Something is going on with you, Toby. You’ve never stayed away for this long, no matter what was going on.”

“Nothing is going on.” I tighten my fist even further in Oliver’s hair and jerk him from my cock. I walk behind him and sit on the couch. Placing my hand between his shoulder blades, I push until he’s leaning on all fours. Oliver looks at me over his shoulder and spreads his legs apart, giving me the perfect view of his ass. I run my fingers over his asshole and watch his cock jump between his legs. He pushes back, trying to get me to slide a finger inside him, and I slap his ass in warning, making him bite off a moan. “Is that all you needed?”

“Are you with someone right now?” I tuck the phone against my shoulder and use both hands to massage Oliver’s ass, spreading him apart.

“No.” I squeeze his cheeks in my hand, dying to sink into him.

“You’re with Oliver, aren’t you? Damn it, Toby. You heard what Aiden said—”

“I have to go.” I hang up and sling my phone on the couch, giving my full attention to the man in front of me. “What do you need, Baby?”

“You,” he moans when I squeeze his ass harder.

I drop to my knees behind him. “Spread yourself open for me.” Oliver lays his cheek down on the table, reaches back, and opens himself up. I shove my face between his ass cheeks, licking around his asshole. I lick, kiss, and fuck him with my tongue until he’s shoving back against me.

“Toby, please.”

“Tell me,” I rasp, working him up further with my mouth.
“Beg me.”

“Fuck me, please. Holy shit, please.”

“Are you needy for my cock, Baby? Did you miss it?”

“Yes. Fuck yes. I missed it so much.” I reach around blindly until I find my pants. I dig the lube from my pocket, flick open the lid, and squirt some onto my cock. I massage it in, getting it ready for him.

“Did you stroke your cock while thinking about me?”

He groans, “Yes.”

I jump to my feet. “Stand up.” He gets up, and I march him over to the balcony. “Hold on to the banister so I can fuck you like a good boy.”

“Oh God,” Oliver moans, his hands curling around the railing.

I drop my knees, line up, and slowly push inside of him. “There’s no God here, Baby. Just the devil.” I slam inside of him, and he cries out. “Fuck, I’ve missed you being wrapped around me.” I angle my hips and start pounding into him, making sure I’m hitting his prostate with each thrust.

This isn’t how I planned on this night going, not that I’m complaining, but I had a plan. I was going to bring him to the club, have dinner, take him out on the town, and then take him back to my place to make love to him. But there’s something

about Oliver that begs to be fucked like this. He wants to be controlled, but I want to show him there are many sides to me after we finish here.

Oliver reaches for his cock, and I smack his hand away. “Come without touching yourself.”

“But I need to come so fucking bad.”

“I know, Baby, and you will. But it’s just going to be because of my cock.”

“Fuck,” Oliver whimpers, and it’s music to my fucking ears. I start pounding harder and watch his cock bounce from over his shoulder. It’s so hard, pointing straight up and bouncing with each thrust. His knuckles turn white on the railing, and I know that he’s close.

“Come for me, Baby. I’m going to fill your ass up with my cum, so you know who you belong to, and then I’m going to take you home to fuck you all over again. Is that what you want, my sweet boy? You want me to show you all night long that you’re mine?”

“Yes,” Oliver moans. I grab his throat and pull his back against my chest. He starts coming, and it’s like a never-ending stream. I fuck him through it, making it sling everywhere.

I slam into him three more times, sink as far as I can go, and come deep inside him. “Baby,” I groan, biting into his shoulder. I wrap my arms around him, holding him. I look out

over the club and lock eyes with Jace, who shakes his head and walks out.

Well, this just got interesting.

I wake up the next morning and pull Oliver closer. He's lying in front of me, sound asleep, and I can't remember the last time I woke up this fucking happy.

After the club, we decided to come back to my place, where he practically dragged me to my room. He was insatiable all night long, and I loved it. Jace seeing us complicated things, but I'm not going to let him stop me from seeing Oliver.

I kiss the side of Oliver's head and slide out of bed to go fix breakfast. I slide boxers on, and when I step into the kitchen, Jace is sitting at the kitchen island. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" he demands.

"If you wake him up, I'll stab you in the neck."

"He's here?" Jace hisses.

"Yes, he is. My question is, what are you doing here?"

"I came to see if you've lost your damn mind. Aiden said—"

"I don't give a shit what Aiden said. He doesn't control my life. If I want to see Oli, I will." Aiden laid down some ridiculous rule that we couldn't see Oliver again when I told him I wanted to find him. He should have known I wasn't going to listen.

I start pulling eggs and bacon from the fridge, letting Jace stew in his own shit. When I turn around, he's standing behind me. "How did you find him, Toby?"

"Just lucky, I guess." I step around him and set the stuff on the counter. I set a pan on the stove and wait for it to heat up before I lay the bacon in it.

"Just lucky?" Jace repeats. "Did you fucking stalk him or something?"

I chuckle. "Or something."

"You did, didn't you? You fucking psycho."

I get the eggs in the pan before I turn around to face him. "You can't tell me you haven't thought about him."

"That's beside the point."

"No, it's not. Why are you blindly following what Aiden said? He lays down a law that Oli is hands off, and you just listen? Since when?"

"Since there's a reason he said it. He's never told us we couldn't see anyone except for Oliver."

I turn back to the stove, flipping the bacon. "There's something about him, Jace. I can't leave him alone."

Jace sighs, and I listen as he sits back down. "Aiden can't know. He's been fucked up since that night."

"I know, but he won't say why. I'm not hiding him like a dirty secret."

“I’m not saying you should. Just until we find out what the hell is going on.” I throw some toast in the toaster and turn to face him again. “So? Is it as good as you remember?”

I roll my eyes with a laugh. “Better. There was nothing between us this time. No masks, no blindfolds, no restraints. He’s fucking amazing, man.”

Jace nods. “I know.”

Movement from the hallway catches my eyes, and I watch Oliver shuffle into the kitchen in just his boxers, hair sticking up everywhere, still looking half asleep. *Fuck, he looks gorgeous.* “Good morning, Baby.”

He smiles and walks toward me. That’s when he catches sight of Jace. “Oh. I didn’t know you had company. I’ll just—”

“Come here.”

“But—”

“Come here,” I repeat, opening my arm up. He comes over and tucks himself into my side. I wrap my arm around his shoulders and pull him closer. “This is Jace.”

“Hi,” Oliver says shyly.

“Hey,” Jace replies. I watch Oliver’s face closely, and I see the moment he recognizes the voice. His brows furrow, and I wait for him to make the connection. It doesn’t take long.

“Holy shit. You’re the tall, growly one!”

Jace bites his lip to keep from laughing. “That’s me.”

“I...have no idea what to say.”

“Why don’t you go take a shower and get dressed while I finish breakfast? We’ll talk once you wrap your head around this.”

“Okay.” I kiss him hard and pat his ass to get him going. He glances over his shoulder several times before disappearing down the hallway.

“Fucking hell, dude. You’re fucking gone.”

“Yep,” I agree. “Are you staying for breakfast?”

He stares down the hallway for a few seconds, then looks back at me. “You know I couldn’t stop thinking about him, too, right?”

“Yeah.” I shrug. “But I think we can give Oliver what he needs.”

“We?”

“Yes. We. Did you lose your hearing over the past couple of weeks?”

Jace flips me off. “I was just clarifying, asshole. Does he know about us?”

“Not us specifically, but he knows we all fuck around. I’m going to be honest with him about everything.”

“Even that you were stalking him for two weeks?”

“Maybe not that, yet.”

“That’s what I thought,” Jace laughs.

I trust Jace with Oliver, and I’m not letting either one of them go.

No matter what Aiden says.

Chapter 7

Oliver

What. The. Fuck?

I step into the shower with my mind still reeling. *Jace*. Now that two men are unmasked with names, my mind and body are in hyperdrive. Jace is the tall one who danced with me when I first arrived. His hair is jet black, wavy on top, and shaved on the sides. His eyes are a light brown instead of dark brown like Toby's. He has a neat beard, mustache, and full lips. Tattoos crawl up his neck and disappear into his hairline. He's fucking gorgeous, and I don't know what to do with myself. I'm so totally fucked.

"Baby?" I jump at the sound of Toby's voice. "Are you okay? I had Leland bring you some clothes." Like he needed to do anything else to make him perfect. "I didn't know Jace was going to show up."

"I think I'm okay. Thank you."

"Do you want me to ask him to leave?"

"Yes." I sigh. "No."

The glass door opens, and Toby steps into the huge shower with his boxers on. "If you aren't comfortable with him being here, he can go." He pulls me into his arms. "I don't want you to think I planned this."

"I know you didn't." I wrap my arms around his waist and peck his lips. "It was just a shock to see him there. I'll be fine."

“He’s staying for breakfast.” Toby starts kissing my neck, and I shiver from head to toe. “Then I’ll kick him out and take you back to bed.”

“You don’t have to kick him out.”

“Oh? So you want him to stay while I have you screaming my name?” I jerk back at that, and he grins. “That is what you want, isn’t it, Baby?” He leans in close to my ear. “Or do you want him to join?”

“Oh fuck.” His hand circles my hard cock, slowly stroking.

“This says you like that idea. Trust me, I know how good he feels.”

“Wha...what?”

“You know we fuck, Baby. Jace is the one that makes me scream his name.” He starts kissing on my neck, stroking harder. “He’s the one that makes *me* beg.”

“That’s so fucking hot.”

“It is,” he says huskily. “He can make me come so hard that I see stars. Is that how he made you feel?”

“Ye...yes.” His hand is moving faster, paying special attention to the head of my cock. I latch onto his biceps and start fucking his fist. “You do, too.”

“I know I make you feel good.” He licks up the side of my neck. “You want to watch him fuck me? I can take care of you at the same time, and then we can both come all over that pretty body.”

“Toby,” I gasp when he reaches down to squeeze my balls. He pulls and tugs while still stroking my cock. I can feel my release blazing down my spine, and then he steps away, taking his talented hands with him. “Why did you stop?”

He drops his boxers and steps out of the tub. “Finish your shower. I’ll be waiting in the kitchen.”

“Toby!” He shuts the glass door with a devilish laugh. “I’ll do it myself.”

“I don’t suggest that, Baby. I’ll leave you hard, panting, and needy for days. Don’t push me.”

“Toby!” I yell when I hear the bathroom door click shut. I look down at my hard cock and run my finger over the top of it. It jumps from my touch, begging me to finish what he started. How would he even know? He left me alone in the bathroom, and I could keep my mouth shut. I wrap my hand around it and immediately drop it. For some reason, I know he’ll find out without me saying a word.

I rush through the rest of my shower, dry off, and throw on the clothes Leland brought me. There’s an extra toothbrush lying on the counter that he must have put there, so I grab it and brush my teeth. I stand there for five minutes, willing my dick to go down, but the visions Toby put there about him and Jace have me giving up. If he wants Jace to see me hard, that’s on him. I should walk out there naked and see what he thinks about that.

Pulling open the bathroom door, I march into the kitchen. Both their heads snap up when I walk in, and all the bravado

that I had in the bathroom leaves. Jace has a predatory look in his eyes, and Toby is giving me that crooked smile. *Lord, help me.*

“Come here, Baby.” I walk over to him and expect him to pull me on the stool beside him, but he puts me between them. “Eat.”

I pick up my fork, and it’s halfway to my mouth when Toby’s hand lands on my thigh, moving up. “Toby,” I hiss under my breath.

“Are you still hard, Baby?” he whispers.

“You know I am.” I try to tune him out and start eating. His hand slides over my cock, and I drop my fork.

“Are you okay?” he asks innocently, and I want to slap that smug look off his face.

“Yep.” I grab it again and start shoveling food into my mouth.

Jace coughs to cover up a laugh. “Are you going to the club tonight?”

“Nope. I’ll be here with Oli. Are you?”

“I guess that depends.”

“On?” Toby prompts.

“If Oliver wants me to hang out too.” Fucking hell. I look at Toby from the corner of my eye, and he subtly nods, letting me know it’s up to me. If he stays, will what Toby said in the

shower happen? I want it to so damn bad, but I'm more than a little intimidated by them.

I clear my throat. "I'm fine with that."

"Good boy," Toby whispers. "You want me to take care of your problem now?" Is that why he left me hard? So, I'd make this decision? Who am I kidding? I would have made this choice either way.

I turn to face him, feeling bold. "Yes."

He raises a black brow in a challenge. "Pull it out then."

"I...uh—"

"That's what I thought."

Damn it. Why couldn't I call his bluff?

After breakfast, Toby brought me into the living room and turned on a movie. It took forever for my dick to go down, but I finally relaxed when it did. Now I'm curled up on the couch beside Toby with his arm around my shoulders. It felt nice to be normal like this, even with the sexual tension pulsing around the room.

Jace is sitting at the end of the couch, but I can feel his eyes on me occasionally. I have no clue what to say or do, so I stay snuggled against Toby's side.

Toby kisses the top of my head. "What else do you want to watch?"

"I don't care. You can pick."

“Jace, it’s your turn.” He tosses the remote over my head, and Jace catches it one-handed.

He starts scrolling through the movies, and Toby’s hand starts roaming. I should have known there was a reason that he threw a blanket over our legs. “Shhhh,” he says before massaging me through my sweatpants. I have to bite my lip to keep from making a sound.

“What about this one?” Jace asks.

“Looks good to me. What about you, Baby?” *Damn him. Damn him all to hell.*

“It’s fine with me.”

“Lift your hips,” Toby whispers. I do, and he tugs my pants down with my boxers. There’s no way Jace doesn’t know what’s going on right now. His big hand wraps around me, stroking in a tight grip.

“Toby. Fuck.”

“Be quiet. You make another noise, and I stop.” He knows it’s impossible for me to control my reactions, but I’m going to prove him wrong. He strokes harder, and I almost come off the couch. I look at Jace from the corner of my eye, and his eyes are on the TV, but his hands are balled in fists on his lap. “You want him to touch you, Baby? The ball is in your court. Move the blanket if the answer is yes. Just know that you’re playing by our rules if you do.”

I run through my options as fast as I can with the way Toby is stroking my cock. I look over at Jace, and he’s still staring at

the TV but subtly shifts his hips. I can see his erection pushing against his jeans, and I think back to that night of the party. Being with him was nothing short of amazing, just like Toby. I could have a repeat of that minus one mask, but with these two, I'll get to stare them in the face. I'll get to touch them and watch them touch each other.

I kick the blanket off, and Jace finally looks at me. His eyes slowly crawl to Toby's hand on my cock and back to my eyes. "Our little fuck toy wants to play?" he asks.

"He does," Toby says. "But he wants something from us."

"What's that?" Jace asks, sitting up on the couch.

"Go ahead, Baby. Tell him." Toby continues to stroke, and I lose all train of thought. "Tell. Him."

"Fuck. I want to watch you guys together."

Jace raises a brow. "You told him about us?"

"Was he not supposed to?"

"He's usually more closed lip about it."

Toby shrugs and moves to his knees beside the couch. "I felt like telling him. Fucking sue me." Toby leans down and takes my cock in his mouth. He starts sucking me hard and fast, making my breathing speed up.

"Stop," Jace demands, and Toby speeds up.

"Oh shit," I moan, pumping my hips up.

"I said stop." Jace gets up from the couch, closes his hand in Toby's hair, and pulls him off. He tips Toby's head back to

look him in the eye. “Did you forget how to listen?”

“Maybe.”

Jace grabs Toby’s jaw, squeezing until his lips pucker. “I guess I’ll need to remind you.”

“I guess—”

“Did I say you could talk?” I watch Toby’s entire body shudder and watch in amazement when Toby shakes his head. Jace loosens his hand and looks at me. “Alright, Angel. Finish getting undressed and go over there.” He jerks his head toward the chair across from the couch. “Sit, but don’t touch yourself.” I stand up, and he pulls me against his chest. His lips land on mine, and he kisses me until I melt against him. “Fuck, you’re such a good boy. Now, go.”

I pull my pants the rest of the way off and jerk my shirt over my head. I go over to the chair that Jace indicated, and my eyes take in Toby. He’s on his knees, staring up at Jace with such a relaxed look on his face. I never expected Toby to be a switch, but I love it. You can tell they’re comfortable in this dynamic, showing how long it’s been going on.

“Get my cock out,” Jace demands. Toby reaches up, undoes his pants, and pulls them down enough for his cock to spring free. When I see it, I imagine him and Toby stretching me together, their piercings rubbing inside me. A moan slips past my lips, and Jace slowly turns to look at me. “You’re so hard, Angel. You like watching Toby on his knees for me?” I nod, and Jace rubs the head of his cock against Toby’s lips. “Suck me just the way I like it.”

Toby takes Jace into his mouth, sucking on the head, then slowly slides his mouth down until Jace bumps the back of his throat. Hollowing his cheeks, he sucks hard on the way back up, making Jace groan. I have to grab onto the arms of the chair to keep from stroking my cock. Watching Toby suck Jace is killing me. Toby makes several of the same passes before Jace tightens his fist in Toby's hair and jerks him away. Toby moans deep in his throat from the movement, and I swear I can come from just the sound. "You taste so fucking good," Toby says.

"You miss my taste, Dirty boy?" Jace runs his fingers through Toby's hair and then steps back. He strips off the rest of his clothes, giving my first full look at his tattoos. He's even hotter naked than I remember. He looks over at me. "Come worship my cock, Cum drop." *Cum drop?* Why is that so fucking hot?

I get up on autopilot and walk to them. I drop to my knees beside Toby, and he smiles at me. We lean in and start kissing each side of Jace's cock while he runs his fingers through our hair. When we get to the head, our lips tangle together. Toby grabs Jace's cock and leads it to my mouth. I suck him into my mouth, sucking him just like Toby was. Toby leans in and starts sucking and licking on Jace's balls. We take turns, switching between his cock and balls until Jace starts fucking our mouths harder.

"Such good boys," Jace groans, and my eyes flash to his face. His eyes are locked on us in an almost tender way. He taps Toby on the cheek to get him to pull away from his cock.

Toby scoots to the side, Jace braces his foot on the couch and leans forward until his hand is braced on the arm. “You know what I want.”

“Yes,” Toby groans, moving behind him. I watch as Toby buries his face in Jace’s ass, eating it like it’s his last meal.

“Holy shit,” I pant.

Jace grabs the base of his cock. “Open, and stick your tongue out.” I do what he says, and he smacks his cock on my tongue. “You’re desperate for cock, aren’t you? You like us using you for our pleasure.” Toby hits a certain spot, and Jace shudders from head to toe. “That’s it, Dirty boy.” Jace slaps me on the cheek with his cock when I try to look at Toby. “Eyes on me, Cum drop.” He sinks into my mouth until he’s pushing into my throat. Hooking his hand on the back of my head, he holds me there, making me gag and choke on him. I start swallowing around him, and he holds me tighter. “So fucking hot with a cock down your throat.” He lets me slide from his cock and roughly smears my saliva all over my face. Jace leads me back to his cock and, using the hold on the back of my head, leads me up and down. My hands go to his thick thighs, letting them slide to his hips. Without warning, he shoves into my throat. “Take it all. Fuck. Yes.” He holds me there until black spots dance in my vision, then lets me go. His eyes stay locked on my face as I suck in lungfuls of air. “Toby, go upstairs and wait for us.”

Toby leans around Jace’s thigh, winks at me, pops to his feet, and disappears around the corner. Jace reaches down and jerks

me to my feet. His lips land on mine hot and hard, dominating the kiss by holding the sides of my face, keeping it exactly where he wants me. My hands rub over his tight abs and up his chest. He pulls away and starts roughly kissing my neck. I know he's going to leave marks, and I don't give a fuck. I want everyone to see it. "Fuck," I moan when he sucks roughly at my hammering pulse point.

"I want to eat you alive," Jace growls. "I want every inch of you to remember that I was inside you." He roughly massages my ass cheek and squeezes. "I want to turn you into a whimpering, crying mess, Cum drop." The picture he's painting flashes behind my eyes, and I start rubbing my cock on his leg, seeking friction from wherever I can get it. Jace rears back and slaps my ass so hard that I jump. "Stop that. I didn't give you permission."

He spins me around so I'm facing the couch and shoves me forward so my ass is out and my cheek is on the cushion. He pushes down harder on my face and starts digging around in the end table. He shifts, and something cold slides down my ass. *Lube*. My mind sends a quick thank you to Toby for stashing that shit everywhere. Jace roughly shoves inside me, and even with the lube, it burns. He doesn't give me time to adjust, just starts pounding into me. Even as painful as it is, the pleasure is hot on its heels. Noises are leaving my mouth that I've never made before, and it spurs him on. I find myself trying to pull away from the pain and then pushing back against him, asking for more. "Jace," I whimper.

“Fuck,” he says harshly. “You do something to me, Angel. I turn into a fucking animal when I’m around you.” He reaches down and wraps his fingers in my hair. Jace closes his fist and jerks my head back so I’m bent at an odd angle. He keeps slamming his hips forward, and I have to lock my arms to keep them from slipping. “I want to ruin this ass.” He abruptly pulls from me and lets me slump on the couch. “On your feet.” I get up on shaky legs and turn to face him. Jace grabs my hand and pulls me upstairs. We walk into Toby’s room, and he’s waiting in the middle of the bed on his knees. “Crawl to the corner. Slowly.” I swallow my pride and drop to my knees. I crawl like he said and make sure my ass is on full display.

“Fucking hell, Baby.” Just hearing that hoarse tone from Toby just from seeing me makes this embarrassment worth it.

I stop when I’m in front of the wall, waiting for my next command. I hear kissing behind me, and my mind goes into overdrive. Are they going to leave me like this? I can take a lot, but this feels like being left out. I’m about to turn around when I hear footsteps. “Spread your legs apart.” I follow Jace’s command, and he rewards me by kissing up my spine. Something big starts sliding inside me, and I clench, trying to pull away. “Shhhh. You can take it.” He continues to push, and I feel like I’m being ripped apart.

“Oh fuck. That’s too big.” He doesn’t stop, and I cry out. “Holy fuck. Stop.”

“Do you really want me to stop? You have a safeword. Why aren’t you using it?”

My body starts shaking, and I try to pull away. The safeword is on the tip of my tongue when he continues to shove whatever it is inside me. “Jace, please,” I cry.

“Either use the safeword or shut your sweet mouth. Those are your only options.” Jace leans into my ear. “You don’t want me to stop. Your cock is throbbing and leaking everywhere, begging me to stretch your asshole wide like the little whore that you are.” He pushes again, and the thing in my ass gets impossibly bigger until it’s seated fully inside me. Jace roughly strokes my cock, making me cry out again. “Good boy. Now turn around, get on your knees, and watch us.”

He slaps my ass, and I flip around, watching as Jace climbs onto the bed. They start kissing, and it’s brutal. Jace’s hands are sunk into Toby’s thick hair, controlling the kiss. I bite my lip and fight against the urge to stroke my cock just from the sight. Toby painted an awesome picture, but nothing prepared me for what I’m looking at now.

Jace pulls away from the kiss to start kissing and biting down Toby’s chest. “On your back,” Jace demands, and Toby stretches out below him. “Look at you, Dirty boy.” Jace kisses down Toby’s abs and then bites into his hip, letting his beard scrape against the side of Toby’s cock. Toby moans so loud that it echoes around the room. Jace sucks Toby’s cock into his mouth, sucking hard and fast while swirling his hand around the base. Toby’s hips are lifting, trying to fuck his mouth. Jace grabs Toby’s hips, digs his fingers in, and holds him still.

“Fuck, Jace,” Toby pants. “I’m going to come.” Jace starts sucking faster until Toby’s breath is sawing in and out of his lungs, then abruptly stops. Jace flips Toby over onto his stomach with no effort. “Goddamn.”

“Chest on the bed. Ass out.” When Toby’s chest hits the bed, Jace spreads Toby’s ass wide and buries his face between his cheeks.

“Shit,” Toby whimpers, and it almost does me in. Toby’s fingers are digging into the comforter, and he’s shoving his hips back. Jace squeezes Toby’s ass cheeks in a tight grip. “Fuck, Jace.”

“I’ve missed this ass,” Jace growls against Toby. “Look at our whore while I drive you crazy.”

Toby’s head turns toward me, and his eyes lock onto mine. “Hey, Baby,” he pants. “You look fucking gorgeous.”

“You do, too. You both do.”

His eyes flash down to my cock, and he groans. “You’re so goddamn hard. You like watching him eat my ass?”

“Fuck yes.”

“He’s such a good little whore, isn’t he, Dirty boy?” Jace murmurs, kissing and biting on Toby’s ass.

“Yes, he is.”

Jace slides off the bed and digs around in the bedside table. He pulls something out and throws it onto the bed beside Toby. Jace walks around to the other side closest to me. “Crawl to

me, Cum drop. Slowly.” I drop to my hands and make my way toward him. The huge plug in my ass rubs against my prostate, making me moan with each movement. I stop when Jace’s feet come into view, and he starts circling around me. “You’re so desperate for cock, aren’t you? Yours is leaking everywhere, leaving a trail behind you.” He slaps my ass hard, right against the base of the plug, sinking it even deeper. I moan loudly, and he does it again. “Listen to you, begging without words for me to destroy this pretty little asshole. Is that what you want? For me to fuck you so hard and deep that you can’t walk straight? Put your chest on the floor and present your ass to me.” I let my arms slide out from under me until my cheek is pressed to the cool hardwood floor. Shame is trying to fight to the front of my mind for wanting exactly what he’s describing, but I refuse to let it. I *need* him to give it to me like that. *Crave* it. Jace smacks the base of the plug harder than he did the last time. It sinks it even deeper, and my ass starts pulsing around it. “Reach back and spread your ass apart.”

I do what he says, and he grabs the end of the plug. Jace starts fucking me with it slowly, and I breathe through the burning pain. I can’t explain it even to myself when pleasure starts spreading across my body, even though it still hurts. It’s an intense pleasure, so intense that my body starts shaking. Jace wraps a hand around my cock, and the noise that leaves my mouth doesn’t even sound human.

“There you go, Baby,” Toby encourages. “Let him make you feel good.” I look up at the bed, and Toby is peering over the side.

Jace steps over my back so his feet are on either side of me. He starts fucking me harder with the plug. He starts pushing against my sides with his calves and helps me get turned around so Toby has a prime view of my ass. “Stroke your cock, but don’t come. I’ll tell you when to stop.” I reach under and wrap my hand around myself. I’m so sensitive that I flinch.

“Oh fuck,” I say, my voice shaky. I’m all sorts of fucked up right now, and I’m powerless to stop it.

I start moving my hand, focusing on the head of my cock. I’m twisting and turning my hand while Jace fucks me with the plug.. I start jacking my cock faster, my hips are dropping, and my abs are bunching. My breathing speeds up, and I can feel myself racing toward the finish line.

“Stop,” Jace barks. “Hold yourself open.” With trembling hands, I drop my cock and reach back for my ass. I know that my hole is still wide open when Jace jerks the plug free. He smacks me directly on the asshole, and my cock jumps, flexing like I’m coming.

“Did he just come without cum?”

“Fuck yeah he did,” Jace says gruffly. “It’s called a dry orgasm, and he’s going to do it again.”

“I can’t,” I pant.

“You can and you will, Cum drop. Start stroking.” Jace squirts more lube onto my ass, working his fingers inside me.

“No, no, no,” I chant. I try to move away, and Jace locks his legs on my hips, never stopping his fingers.

“You want to fight me, Angel? Tell me you don’t want it while your body is sucking my fingers inside you?” He starts working a third finger in. “Tell me to stop.” He fucks me with them a few times before I feel a fourth one stretching me.

“Stop! Jace!” I know I can stop it with my safeword, but I don’t want to. Jace wants me to fight him off, and I want to see how far he’ll push me. “Please, stop.” I start to crawl away, and he follows me, still fucking me with his fingers. “Holy fucking shit.” The pads of his fingers rub against my prostate, and my legs give out from under me.

“Get up.” Jace hooks his arm under me and pulls me back to my knees. “Take it like a good boy, Cum drop.”

“I don’t want it!”

“Liar,” he says, smacking my ass. “You’re begging to be destroyed. Now stroke your fucking cock.”

It takes every bit of energy I have to reach under me. I hiss when my hand circles my sensitive cock, and start stroking like I was before. “Jace. Fuck.”

“That’s it. Give it to me.” I stroke faster, harder. “Stop.” My hand drops, Jace removes his fingers, and I orgasm again so hard that my toes curl. I feel Jace move, and then he’s reaching down to pull me to my feet. He starts kissing my lips roughly before kissing all over my wet cheeks. I didn’t even realize

that I'd been crying. "You're fucking amazing, Angel." My cock rubs against his leg, and I shudder from head to toe.

"I need to come so bad," I whisper.

"We're almost done, okay? Then I'll let you come." He starts walking me backward toward the bed. "I want to taste you." He starts kissing and sucking on my neck, his hands roaming everywhere. Across my back, down my side, and over my ass. I run my hands over his big arms, and he steps back. "Touch me," he says hoarsely. This is the first time he's given me the opportunity and full access to his body. I'm not going to waste a second.

I step forward, run my hands over his pecs, squeeze his arms, and smooth my hands across his abs. I walk behind him, massage his back, and slide my hands across his ass. "You're beautiful." His body has the perfect amount of muscle for his tall frame, and add in the tattoos, he's mouthwatering. Jace sucks in a breath when I wrap my arms around his waist and kiss his spine. "Can I get you ready for Toby?"

"Fuck," Jace grunts when I boldly wrap my hand around his cock. "Yes."

Toby hands me the lube with a grin. "Get him nice and slick, Baby."

I flick the cap open and step back long enough to squirt some into my hand. I plaster myself to Jace's back because I can't stop myself. Wrapping my hand around his cock, I start stroking, swirling my hand around the head several times until he starts fucking my fist. My hard cock is prodding at his ass

cheek, and an overwhelming urge to fuck him comes over me. I've never topped before, never had the desire, but I want to feel my cock slide inside Jace. Or Toby. "What's on your mind, Angel?" Jace pants.

"Nothing."

"Don't lie to me. I can feel you pushing against my ass. What do you want?"

"I want to fuck you," I rush out before I chicken out.

Jace looks at me over his shoulder with a raised brow. "You want to fuck me? Or do you just want to feel what we feel when we slide inside you?"

"Yes, very much that." Jace and Toby chuckle.

"Sorry, Baby, but Jace isn't a bottom, like at all."

Jace pulls my hand from his cock and turns around. "You want to fuck Toby, Cum drop?" I nod. "Get on the bed."

Toby flops over on his back and spreads his thighs when I climb up. "I need to see your face when you feel me for the first time. Have you done this before?"

"No. I've never wanted to." Toby takes my hands and puts them on the inside of his thighs. I run them up until my hands are braced on his hips.

I feel Jace behind me, then his slick hand circling my cock. "So, technically, Toby is taking your virginity?"

"Yes."

“Holy shit, that’s hot.” Toby adjusts his hips when Jace lines me up with him.

“Push forward, Angel. He’ll do the rest.”

I slowly push my hips forward and feel Toby stretching around me. I keep a close eye on his face when the head of my cock slides inside. “You feel so good,” I groan. He’s so hot and tight. It’s better than anything I’ve ever felt.

“Give it to me, Baby. Don’t hold back.”

Jace presses up against me and pushes against my hips. “Fuck him, Angel.” He shoves me forward, making me slam inside of Toby.

“Fuck. Yes,” Toby moans, latching onto my forearms. “Move, Oli.”

I pull out and push forward while Jace is leading my hips. When I find a good rhythm, he lets go, and I feel him lining up with my ass. When I pull out of Toby, Jace pushes forward and slides inside me. His thighs settle against the back of mine. “Lean down.” I brace my hands beside Toby’s head, making my lips hover over his. “Good boy.”

Jace pulls out and slams into me, making me push harder into Toby. He sets a relentless pace; all I can do is hold on. I stare into Toby’s eyes and feel a change coming over us like this is no longer us fucking around. “I know, Baby,” Toby whispers, softly kissing my lips. He must have sensed it and read me like he usually does.

I start grinding my hips between Toby and Jace, letting the feelings overtake me. It feels so damn good between them that I know I won't last long, but I want to drag it out as long as possible. Jace kisses the back of my neck. "You going to come inside him, Angel?"

"Yes," I moan when Jace shifts his hips.

"I'm going to fill you up at the same time. Rock them hips, Cum drop."

I start rocking faster, and the most delicious moan leaves Toby's lips. I seal mine over his and come so hard that black spots dance in my vision. I feel Jace swell inside me, and it makes my orgasm go on forever. I collapse on Toby's chest, completely spent from being edged so many times and the dry orgasms. Jace gently pulls from me and slides me to the side. He locks his hand on the back of Toby's thigh and pushes it toward his chest. "What are you doing?" I ask.

"I said I wanted to taste you." My eyes widen when he leans down and licks up my cum leaking from Toby. He starts licking and sucking Toby's ass, making sure he gets every last drop.

"Jesus fuck, Jace," Toby pants, pushing down on Jace's face.

Holy shit.

I'm never going to survive these guys.

Chapter 8

Oliver

I wake up slowly, hotter than hell. I crack an eye open and realize quickly why. I'm sandwiched between Jace and Toby. Jace's arm is thrown over me, holding onto Toby's hip, and Toby's arm is anchored around my waist with his face buried in my neck.

After we fucked earlier, Jace took me to take a bath and was so tender when he washed me off. It was such a stark contrast to the way he fucks, and it messed with my head. He could sense where my thoughts were because he assured me that this wasn't just a one-time thing and that he and Toby both wanted more. How could that even happen? Fucking multiple people at the same time was different than dating. What would they do? Take turns taking me out like shared custody? I bite my lip to keep from laughing at that thought, and Jace stirs behind me.

"Hey, Angel," he says, his voice still gruff from sleep.

"Hey," I whisper, trying not to wake Toby.

Jace kisses the back of my head. “Let’s go get something to eat. We’ll let him sleep.”

He slides from the bed, and I gently lift Toby’s arm so I can wiggle out from under him. When my feet hit the floor, he flops over on his stomach with a groan, burying his face in the pillow. Jace huffs a laugh and grabs my hand, leading me to the kitchen. He pushes me onto a stool and goes to the fridge. I can’t help but stare at him in nothing but a pair of tight black boxer briefs. His muscles shift under his tattoos each time he moves. What the hell am I doing? Jace and Toby are way too hot for me. They probably have guys beating down their doors, so why are they wasting their time on me?

“What’s wrong?” I look up at Jace from staring at the island, and his brows are furrowed.

I give him what is hopefully a reassuring smile. “Nothing.”

He leans his hands on the island, looking intimidating as hell. “Don’t lie to me, Angel.”

“It’s just,” I sigh and run my fingers through my hair. “Why did you pick me? I’m sure better people come onto the website or into the club. So why me?”

“Toby told you that we picked you?” I nod, somewhat confused. Was Toby lying to me? “Hm. Well, that makes this easier.” Jace comes around to my side and slides onto a stool beside me. “We’ve worked for Jackson for a while now. He likes our input on certain fantasies, and it’s worked well until yours popped up. Something about your eyes made us all

curious. There was innocence, but there was also something lurking just below the surface.”

“What was that?”

“It was darkness begging to be set free. You’ve always wanted what you asked for, and we knew we were the ones to give it to you. We’ve never messed around at the club unless we were fucking each other and never fulfilled any of the fantasies. We just set them up. But with you, Oliver, we were in full agreement that we were the only ones who would touch you.” He runs his fingers down my arm. “Toby’s not the only one that’s still drawn to you. It was supposed to be only that night, but Toby had other ideas. You had him tied in knots for weeks.”

“What about you?” I ask breathlessly when he moves closer.

Jace chuckles, and it sends a shiver down my spine. “Me too. I woke up many times, stroking my cock thinking about that night.” He runs his nose up and down my neck. “Every reaction.” He kisses a path across my neck to my ear. “Every sigh.” Jace nips my earlobe and works his way back down my neck. “Every moan.”

“Jace,” I breathe when he kisses across my shoulder.

“Fuck, I love hearing you say my name. It drove me crazy that night that I couldn’t hear that being moaned from your dirty mouth.” Jace turns on the stool and tugs my arm, so I stand up. He pulls me between his thighs, wraps his big hands around mine, and lifts me effortlessly to straddle his waist.

How the hell? I wrap my arms around his neck, not even about to argue.

“We’re supposed to be eating,” I point out with a grin.

“We will. I just need to do something first.”

Jace pulls my lips to his and kisses me slowly. There’s none of his usual dominance, just unhurried, taking his time to explore my mouth. I relax against his chest and give in to it. Some of what he said has smoothed my nerves about whatever we’re starting. We kiss until I feel myself getting hard and grind against him. Jace groans deep in his chest and kisses me harder. *Fuck*. The fact that he’s just as desperate for me as I am for him is a heady feeling. Jace pulls away from the kiss but goes right back to my lips. He wraps his hands around the back of my thighs and stands up. Jace sits me on the island and steps between my legs. I’ve always been small for a guy, but Jace and Toby make me feel smaller, and I fucking love it. He pulls away from the kiss and kisses down my chest. When he gets to my nipples, he licks and sucks on them, then bites down hard.

“Holy shit, Jace.”

“I want you so bad,” Jace says hoarsely. “All the time. I can’t control myself around you.”

“Then don’t.” Jace pulls back, and the look in his eyes holds a dark promise. I lean back on the island and scoot my ass to the edge. I’ve never been brave enough to initiate sex, but I want what happens when I push Jace. “I need you.”

“So fucking desperate. Did you not get enough earlier?”

“I need more.” I don’t think I’ll ever have enough. They take me to heights I’ve never been before, and I never want to come down. Jace reaches between us and hooks his hands in the waistband of my boxers.

“Lift your hips.” I do, and he pulls them from my legs. He pushes my legs up and sets my feet on the edge with my legs wide open. He steps back and tilts his head to the side. “Stay just like that.” He walks out of my line of sight.

“Jace. What the hell?”

“Don’t. Move,” he says when I’m about to drop my legs. “I want you on display for me.” I hear him clanging behind me and try to look over my shoulder.

“This is really unsanitary.”

He laughs, and it’s such a delicious sound. “I’ve had Toby spread out on that counter more than once. It’ll be fine.” At the mention of Toby, I look down the hallway toward the stairs where his bedroom is. What would he say if he came out and I’m spread open right here? “Jackpot.” I hear his footsteps fade away and turn to watch him walk into the living room. Did he really just leave me here? My question is answered seconds later when he walks back in. He grabs something off the counter and comes to stand in front of me. He picks up a croissant and smears butter all over it before handing it to me. “Eat.”

I take a bite and watch Jace pull a bottle of lube from the waistband of his boxers. With a grin, he shoves them off and squirts lube onto his hand, smearing it all over his cock. He jerks my hips closer to the edge and lines up with my asshole. “What are you doing?” His answer is slamming into me with one firm thrust. “Jace. Shit.”

He grabs my hips in a bruising grip and starts pounding into me so hard that our skin slapping echoes around the kitchen. I reach for my cock, and Jace smacks my hand away. “No. You want to be used like a filthy whore then that’s what I’m going to do.” His thrusts turn punishing and painful, but my body responds to it in a good way. He’s slamming into me, and my stupid cock is leaking pre-cum all over my stomach. Jace hooks his hands on my thighs, digs his fingers in, and starts pulling me down every time he thrusts inside me. “Take it all, Cum drop. Goddamn, you can take cock so fucking good.”

“Jace.”

“Don’t you dare come,” he grits out. “I see your cock twitching. I’ll punish you for fucking days.” Jace slams into me four more times before he holds himself as far as he can. “Fuck, Angel.” He groans as he comes, then pulls out, leaving me panting. “Finish eating and get cleaned up.” He leaves the kitchen without a backward glance, and I’m too stunned to say anything. He really just used me to get off and left me hard as fuck with his cum still leaking out of me.

Damn him.

Toby is awake by the time I get out of the shower, and he pulls me into his arms when I step from the bathroom. “Hey, Baby.”

“Hey,” I reply, accepting his kiss.

Toby spins us around and then turns me so my back is against his chest. He marches us to the bed and pushes between my shoulder blades, so I lay my chest on the bed. He jerks my boxers down. “Spread yourself open for me.”

I reach back and open myself for him without question. He grabs the lube from beside my head, and seconds later, he’s pushing into me. I’m more than a little sore from the repeated abuse my ass has taken, but I’m not going to complain. I want every bit of what they give me. “Toby,” I moan when he rubs against my prostate.

“Jace said you were desperate for cock, Baby. But you don’t get to decide when you get it. We do.” He bends down and kisses across my shoulder blades. “We’re going to use you all day. When and where we want. However, we want. And you’re going to take it like the good fucking boy you are.” *Fuck.* I don’t know if I should have kept my mouth shut or not. If I’m honest, I want them to use me without caring for my needs. I need them to. Toby lifts one of my legs and puts it on the bed. The move spreads me even further for him, and his thrusts turn brutal.

“Oh my God.”

“What did I tell you about that?” Toby pulls out, pushes me until my knees are on the bed, and climbs behind me. He

shoves me onto my hands and slams back inside me. “Only the devil can fuck you like this, Baby.” Toby wraps both hands, one over the other, around my throat and pulls until my back is bent, putting me at an odd angle. He’s fucking me with quick, deep strokes, and my cock is rubbing against the comforter. It’s barely touching, but feels like a million hands are running all over it. “I love the way you feel, the way you squeeze my cock. You were made for me.” Before I can put that sentence together, Toby pulls me flush against his chest. He wraps one arm around my waist and squeezes my throat with his other hand. My air supply is immediately cut off, and my hands latch onto his thighs. Toby reaches down and squeezes my balls hard. “You were about to come, and we can’t have that.” My cock starts throbbing painfully, and I whimper. Black spots start dancing in my vision, and I lay my head back against his shoulder. Toby squeezes my throat one last time and lets go. “Perfect.”

“Please let me come.”

Toby pushes me to my stomach and lays on my back, still pumping inside me. He grabs my hands, laces our fingers together, and pulls them over my head. “You are here for our pleasure and ours only. You have to earn the right to come.” He starts grinding harder and groans when I start moaning with each thrust. “Fuck!” He pulls out abruptly and moves off my back. “Roll over.” I maneuver onto my back, and Toby walks up to straddle my head on his knees, stroking his cock. “Open.” He braces his hand on the bed and starts jerking his cock fast over my open mouth. I watch every look cross his

face, his abs bunch, and his body hunch with each stroke. “Baby,” he groans when the first splash of cum hits my cheek. The next lands on my lips and then in my mouth. “Don’t swallow.” He fills my mouth up and sits back on his heels. “Come get a taste, Jace.”

I look around Toby to see Jace leaning against the wall beside the bed. I was so in tune with Toby that I didn’t even hear him come in. Toby jerks me to sit up, and in three long strides, Jace is beside the bed. He hooks his hand on the back of my head and jerks me toward his face. “Let me see.” I let my mouth open more so he can see Toby’s cum. “Fucking hell.” He seals his lips over mine, tasting Toby on my lips. He kisses me until I’m trying to climb up him. Jace pulls back, takes his finger to wipe Toby’s cum from my cheek, and sucks his finger into his mouth.

“Oh,” I breathe when he grins at me.

“Get dressed and meet me downstairs.” Jace stands up and runs his fingers through my hair. “I have some meetings today, and I’d like you to go with me.”

“Me?” Why the hell does he want me to go to meetings with him? I don’t even know what Jace does for a living.

“Yes, you, Angel.” He walks away and turns around when he gets to the door. “But no underwear.” He disappears from the room, and Toby chuckles.

“You better get ready, Baby.”

“I don’t have anything to wear.” Toby gets up from the bed, walks into his closet, and comes out holding a shopping bag. He sets it on the bed in front of me.

“I had one of my employees go pick this up.”

I open it and suck in a breath. “Holy shit, Toby. This is too much.” There are expensive brands here that I couldn’t even buy if I saved for a year. “I can’t take this.”

“You can and you will. Wear the gray pants with that green shirt. There’s shoes on the bottom.” He pecks my lips. “See you downstairs.”

I pull myself from the bed when he walks out. I get dressed, feeling very overwhelmed. Not about the sex but about how much Toby wants to take care of me. I’ve never had anyone like that besides Leland and my sister. My mom was killed in a car accident when I was ten, and my dad drank himself into isolation. No one can stand him and I haven’t seen him for over eight years because of it.

“What the fuck am I doing?” I ask myself in the mirror. I’m letting two men I barely know fuck me all over this house. However they want to, without argument. What’s wrong with me?

“Come on, Oli! We have to go!” Jace yells up the stairs.

I slide my shoes on and feel like something is sitting on my chest. I walk downstairs to see them dressed and waiting for me. “You look delicious, Baby.” Toby pulls my stiff body into a hug and his brows furrow. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Can we go?”

I see the argument all over their faces, but something keeps them from asking. After this is done, I’m going to tell them I can’t do it anymore. I won’t put my heart on the line to get it stomped on not once but twice. We slide into the backseat of a sleek black limo-style sedan, and I move to the other side to sit by myself so I can breathe.

“What’s wrong, Oli?” Toby asks, and I can hear the worry in his voice. “Did we hurt you?”

“No. I just...need a minute.”

My dad’s voice is loud in my head for the first time in years. I hear him yelling at me for being an abomination because I’m gay. I can hear him telling me that I’m going to hell, he’d never have a faggot for a son, and my mom would be disappointed if she were alive.

“Oli.” My head snaps up at Toby’s soft voice. “Baby, please tell me what’s going on in that gorgeous head of yours.”

“Do your parents love you?” I blurt and want to sink into the floorboard. That is not what I wanted to ask. “Sorry, forget I asked that.”

“Don’t apologize,” Jace says. “There’s a reason that you did. To answer your question, yes.”

“Even though you’re gay?”

“My dad was hard to win over, but it worked eventually. My mom was supportive from the beginning. She had more problems with all the tattoos.” Jace smiles, and it does a little

bit to ease the rising panic. I don't know how, after all this time, my dad's words can still hurt the way that they do.

“My dad died when I was five, but my mom had a hard time dealing with it for a while. She's fine now. Is that what this is about? I can feel you pulling away.”

“How?” I throw my hands in the air in frustration. “Just because we have amazing sex doesn't mean you know me.”

“That's not all we have,” Toby says. He gets up and sits beside me. “And I do know you. You're ashamed of what your body wants, and you're letting the voices in your head tell you that you should be.”

“How do you do that?” I slump against the seat, and Toby pulls me into his side.

“Like I said, I know you.”

We ride the rest of the way in silence so I can get my shit together. The car comes to a stop, and a driver opens the backdoor. Jace slides out first and sticks his hand in for me. I slide mine into his, and he helps me out of the car. “I might not know you as well as Toby yet, but I want to if you give me the chance. I know you're confused, and we'll do everything to help you through this.”

I nod, and Jace slides his hand onto the base of my spine, leading me into a high-rise building. “Good morning, Mr. Masters,” the receptionist calls out to Jace and then smiles at Toby. “Mr. Pierce.”

“Morning, Grace.”

She comes around the side of the desk, clutching a clipboard. “I rescheduled your three-thirty as you asked. Your Zoom call is already set up, they’re just waiting for you to join.” She punches the button on the elevator, and the door slides open. She motions for us to enter and then hits the button for the twenty-fifth floor. “Mack called to let you know you’re on schedule for the delivery on Wednesday.” My mind is still spinning when the door dings open, and Jace leads me to an office door.

“CEO, Jace Masters?” I squeak. CefuckingO?

“Yes,” Jace chuckles and pushes his door open. “That will be all, Grace. Thank you.”

“No problem. If you need anything else, let me know.”

I wait until she’s out of the room before I turn to Jace. “CEO of what? Are you in the Mafia or something?”

Jace and Toby laugh. “No. I own several import-export businesses. *Legal* ones.” Now that my brain isn’t in panic mode, I take in how he’s dressed. Crisp white dress shirt and black slacks. Toby is dressed like he normally does, along with that sexy, crooked grin.

“You look fucking hot,” I blurt out, making Jace smile.

“You do too, Angel.” He pulls me into his chest and runs his hand down my ass. “Are you okay now?”

I shrug. “I will be. Sometimes old thoughts make themselves known at the wrong time.”

“I get it, but just talk to us next time, okay?”

“I’ll try.”

“That’s all we can ask,” Toby says, pecking my lips over Jace’s arm. “I’m going to go order some food.”

“I’ll go with you so Jace can have his meeting.”

I go to step away, and Jace tightens his arm. “You’re staying with me, Cum drop.”

Toby disappears from the room, and Jace pulls me behind his big desk. He sits in the chair and pulls me onto his lap, pulling my lips to his. This kiss is different than any other one that we’ve shared. It’s like a promise of what I could have if I just gave in and stopped fighting what I’m feeling. I relax into his arms, and Jace deepens the kiss. I get lost in the feeling of his hand on my face, his tongue stroking mine, and the scrape from his beard. I reluctantly pull back. “You have a meeting.”

Jace tilts his head to the side. “Are you still down to play today?” Him fucking me on the kitchen counter flashes through my mind, and he grins. “Yes, you are. Get on your knees between my legs.” I slide from his lap and onto the floor. “Good boy. Get my cock out.”

“Your meet—”

“I’m aware. Get my cock out.” I reach up and unbuckle his belt, then undo his pants. He lifts his hips enough so I can pull his pants and boxers down. His cock springs free, already hard and leaking. “Put me in your mouth.” Jace scoots forward, and I suck his cock into my mouth. He runs his fingers through my hair. “Keep me hard, but don’t make me come. And be quiet.”

He stabs the button on his laptop, and several male voices fill the room. I listen to them talk about shipping, customs, and anything else business related with Jace's cock in my mouth. I move slowly, savoring his taste. Jace's voice is steady except for a slight hitch when I pay special attention to the head. A giddy feeling takes over that I can have that much effect on him. I take him into my throat, careful not to gag. There's something thrilling knowing that people on his computer screen have no idea what's going on under his desk. They don't know that my mouth is sliding up and down his hard, pierced cock while he conducts a meeting.

"Gentlemen," Jace says. "We're ready to open the new company, and plans are in motion. What I need from you guys is the guarantee that you guys can keep up. This is bigger than anything that I've ever done."

"We can handle this, Jace."

"Good. What else is on the agenda?" They start talking again, and I suck hard on the head of Jace's cock. His thighs tighten up under my hands, and one of his hands lands on my head. He tightens his fist in warning, and for once, I'm not going to listen. I want his control to snap.

I suck harder repeatedly, making him jerk against my tongue. Jace's hand gets tighter, and it's exhilarating. Reaching up with my hand, I wrap it around the base, swirling it while I milk the head of his cock. Jace pulls on my hair, trying to remove my mouth, but I pull against him, refusing to let him go.

“Gentlemen, you’ll have to excuse me for a second,” Jace says, his voice tight. He stabs the keyboard, grabs both sides of my face, and forces his cock into my throat. I move my hand, and he thrusts harder, making me cough, choke, and gag. “You’re being a filthy fucking whore. You know what happens to filthy whores, Cum drop?” He pushes harder until my nose is buried against his pubic bone. I choke harder and feel saliva dripping down my chin. Jace stands up, still holding me in place. “Pull my pants all the way down.” I reach up and jerk them to his ankles. I start feeling lightheaded, and my hands fly to his thighs, tapping repeatedly. He doesn’t let me go, and I slap his legs. He finally steps back, falling from my mouth, and I gasp for breath. He grabs my hair in a tight fist and jerks my head back to look at his face. His eyes are black and menacing. “Stand up.”

“Jace—”

“Stand. Up.” He jerks me to my feet by my hair, making me moan. “Get your goddamn pants off. Now.” I kick my shoes off while undoing my pants. When that’s done, I push them down and kick them the rest of the way off. “Shirt.” I unbutton it slowly, and Jace pushes into my face. “Are you playing with me?”

“No.”

“Sir. From now on, you address me as Sir. Are you playing with me?” His voice has dropped to such a low level that he’s practically growling, and the thought of calling him Sir has me ten shades of fucked up.

“No, Sir.” I slide the last button free and shrug the shirt off.

Jace steps back and slaps the top of my cock. The shock of it rolls through me, making me shudder. Jace does it again, then slaps both sides, getting harder with each slap. “I think you’re lying to me. Do you know what I do to liars, Cum drop? I punish them.” He grabs my arms and spins me to lean over his desk. Jace steps to my side and braces his forearm against my back. The first slap I’m expecting, but the several that come in rapid succession surprise me. It stings, and every time I jerk, my cock slaps the edge of the desk. Still braced against my back, Jace jerks open a desk drawer and digs around. I see the flash of a lube bottle when he pulls back. “Spread yourself.”

I work my arms from under me and spread my ass open. He squirts lube directly on my asshole and smears it with his fingers. “Jace.”

Slap. Slap. Slap. “What did I tell you to call me?”

“Sir.” *Slap. Slap. Slap.* “I’m sorry. You just tasted really good.”

“Your ‘sorry’ doesn’t mean shit to me now. I warned you, and you didn’t listen.” *Slap. Slap. Slap.* He starts pushing two fingers inside me, fucks me with them a few times before adding a third. “Hit the button on the laptop.”

What?! “Jac...Sir.”

“Now.” *Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap.*

With a trembling hand, I reach up and push the button to turn the Zoom call back on. Five faces fill the screen, and I focus

on none other than the deep blue eyes of Jackson Baker—the owner of the Dark Desires website. “Shit,” I groan when Jace works a fourth finger in. He starts ruthlessly fucking me with them, and my shame is in full view of the five strangers on the screen.

“Nice to see you again, Oliver,” Jackson says hoarsely.

“You too,” I gasp when Jace gets rougher. His fingers disappear, and he jerks me to my feet.

“Turn around and grab the arms of the chair.” If I do, these guys will have a prime view of my asshole being tortured by Jace. Do I want that? “Now, Cum drop.” *Fuck*. I turn around slowly, grab the arms of the chair, and Jace locks the wheels so they won’t roll. “Bend over and show them that slutty hole.” I poke my ass out and spread my legs apart. Someone groans on the screen, and I try to tune them out. Jace’s fingers slide back inside me, adding more from his other hand. “Look at this needy whore. All you had to do was suck my cock, but you just had to fuck with me.”

“I’m sorry, Sir.” Jace spreads his hands apart inside me, and a ragged cry leaves my lips. “Sir.”

“You asked for this.” He pulls from me again and then shoves four fingers back inside me before I can catch my breath. “I was going to let you come after this video call, but now you have to wait until I decide you deserve it.” Jace braces his hand beside my arm and leans down beside my ear. “I want to shove my whole fist inside you, and your pretty ass would take it.” He jerks his fingers free. *Slap. Slap. Slap.*

“That time will come, but for now...” He pulls me to stand and sits in the chair, stroking his cock. “Face the computer and ride my cock.”

I blow out of breath and move back to straddle Jace’s huge thighs. I reach underneath me to line him up with my hole and start to sit down. When the head of his cock is inside me, Jace grabs my hips and jerks me down hard.

“Fuck!”

“Ride it.” I brace my feet on the floor, my hands on his knees, and start to move. I grind down on him and then lift. Slowly sliding down his cock, I finally look at the other faces on the screen. The only other ones I recognize are the two hot guys Toby was with, Vince and Zac. Their eyes are filled with lust, and they’re locked on me. I lose myself to the feeling of Jace inside me, riding him faster. “That’s it, Cum drop.”

I lean further onto my hands, lift my hips, and slam them back down. I move faster, making him go deeper and harder.

“Fuck, he can ride cock,” one of them comments in a familiar voice.

“Look at him leaking everywhere. He loves it,” someone else says.

“Jace, are you trying to kill me?” Jackson asks.

“You liked watching us that night,” Jace pants, squeezing my ass cheeks in a harsh grip. “Tell him how sexy you think he looked.”

“You were on fucking fire,” Jackson says. “You’re made for them.” My eyes flash to the screen, and I moan loudly.

“Is this a free-for-all? Because if we’re done with business, I’m about to get my cock out.” *Vince*. Now I remember his voice from the cafe.

“I already did,” Zac chuckles.

“Let him see,” Jace groans. “Let him see what he does to you.”

Zac moves the webcam so I can see all the way to his waist. His big hand is wrapped around his cock, stroking. I can appreciate how hot it is that I turn him on that much, but I have all I need with Toby and Jace. I don’t even mind putting on a show like this, even if it’s supposed to be punishment.

“You see that, Angel,” Jace whispers. “Never doubt how fucking sexy you are.” Jace reaches down and pulls my legs up so my feet are braced on his knees. I lean my back against his chest and put my hands on the arms of the chair. Jace wraps his hands around my waist and starts lifting me.

“Goddamnit.” Vince swipes a hand down his face and adjusts his camera. He’s jerking his cock hard and fast.

“If I had known this was going to happen, I wouldn’t have been pissed off about getting up early on a Sunday.” The guy who’s speaking is a beautiful Asian man. “Fuck, I can see him taking all of you, Jace. I haven’t been this turned on since I watched you and Toby.”

Jace spreads his legs wider and starts fucking me from the bottom. I don't stop riding him, taking him as hard as I can. Moans and whimpers are falling from my lips. All cameras on the screen are now angled toward the men jacking off, except for Jackson.

“Live a little, Baker,” Vince encourages. “You never have fun with us on these calls.”

“I want Oliver to ask me.” What? I look at Jace over my shoulder, and he nods.

Looking back at the camera, I look directly at Jackson. “Play with yourself for me.”

Jackson shuffles around, and then he moves his chair back. His long, thick cock fills the screen. He wraps a hand around himself, and it's almost more than I can take.

“Fuck yeah,” Zac says. “Now it's a party.”

“You like this? You like watching them play with their cocks just because of you?”

“Yes, Sir,” I moan.

“I bet he feels so goddamn good,” Vince says.

“You can look but can't touch,” Jace barks. He slams his hips up, and my back bows against his chest. “He's mine.” Jace slides his arms under my legs and starts hammering his hips up.

“Oh shit. Oh fuck,” I gasp.

“Destroy his ass, Jace,” Zac pants. “I want to see you leaking out of him.”

“Oliver,” Jackson says. “Tell me what he feels like.”

“So fucking good. He’s so big.”

“Good boy,” Jace whispers. I start pulsing around Jace, and he curses under his breath. “Shit.” He thrusts several more times before he starts coming inside me. My dick is twitching against my stomach, showing how close I am to following behind him. Jace lifts me so his cock slides free and tilts my ass so they can see him leaking out of me on the video.

“There it is. Holy shit,” Zac groans. His hand starts working faster, and then he comes everywhere.

“Put me back inside you,” Jace rasps. I reach down and line him up. He slowly slides me down. “My cum belongs in there.” *Oh. Shit.* I start grinding against him, unable to stop myself.

“Jace. Shit. I can’t stop it.” My cock jerks when he rubs my prostate. Jace reaches up and slams the laptop closed right before I come all over myself. “Sir!” I come so hard that my eyes roll back in my head, and I collapse on Jace’s chest.

“They don’t get to see that. That’s just for Toby and me,” Jace explains. “But you weren’t supposed to come.”

“I couldn’t help it. You felt so good.”

“I’m glad you think that, Angel.” Jace turns my head so he can kiss me over my shoulder. “But you’re still in a lot of fucking trouble.”

Shit.

Chapter 9

Oliver

Oliver

Jace finished his meetings, we ate the food Toby ordered, and now I'm blindfolded in the back of the car with a plug in my ass. The conversation with the guys before I left the office alone rings in my head. We were just finishing the food when Toby laid a blindfold in front of me.

"What's going on?" I ask.

"You'll find out soon, Baby."

"That's not very reassuring."

"You should learn to control your cock," Jace comments.

"Let me pound into your ass repeatedly and see if you can control yours." I bite my lip to keep from opening my mouth again, but it's too late.

Jace's hand closes on my throat, squeezing hard. "You need to watch your mouth, Cum drop. You're completely at our mercy."

A shiver rolls down my spine, remembering the look in their eyes. It was almost animalistic.

I feel the car come to a stop, and I wait for the driver. "We're here." He opens the door and removes the blindfold, letting me look around outside. It's pitch black with no indication of where "here" is. I step from the car and start walking into the woods. Jace and Toby told me to be ready for anything. I guess that means getting lost in the dark.

I hear a howl, almost like a wolf, and know I'm completely fucked.

I take off running as fast as I can, but my shoes are slick, making me slide everywhere. The plug rubbing inside me is a constant reminder of what I think is going to happen to me. Are they going to hunt me down? I'm not athletic in the slightest, but both Toby and Jace are. There's no way I can avoid this. I'm not even sure I want to. My cock is pushing against my pants, my heart is hammering out of my chest, and I'm so turned on that I can't see straight. If you had asked me a month ago if I would be running through the dark woods while two huge guys might be chasing me, I'd have laughed in your face. *I guess dreams really do come true.* A delirious laugh bubbles up, and I slap my hand over my mouth. I don't want to get caught just because I'm about to start giggling like a schoolgirl.

I lose track of how long I've been running, I just know I can barely breathe. Leaves crunch to my right, so I veer left. Something catches my foot, and I go down hard. I grit my teeth and scramble back to my feet. Fear is starting to creep up the further into the woods I go, and I just hope I'm right about being able to trust Jace and Toby. They've given no indication that I can't, so I'm trusting my gut and putting my body into their very capable hands. The howl sounds again, and I almost freeze. What kind of game are they playing? Doubt starts to settle in my stomach that maybe this is their way of getting rid of me. Letting me fend for myself and find my own way home

with a plug inside me holding Jace's cum there. Maybe that's just a reminder of what I had with them.

“Shit,” I whisper, pushing my way past tree limbs. It's mostly clear, but some keep scratching against my face. Would they really have me dropped in the middle of nowhere? I slow to a walk, letting my eyes readjust to my surroundings. There are no lights, just a lot of dense woods. Fear slams into me, making sweat bead on my forehead.

I walk aimlessly for a few more minutes when I hear a twig snap. My head swings that way, and then I'm running again. I pump my arms to go faster when a gloved hand closes over my mouth. I'm jerked hard against a body, my arms clamped to my side, and start fighting like hell. Fear is overriding common sense, and my only instinct is to get away. The arm around my waist holds me tighter, and a hand is on my pants, ripping my button open. I scream against the hand and kick with my legs. My zipper is pulled down, and my pants are jerked around my ankles. I'm shoved hard to the ground and try to crawl away, but a hand on my ankle jerks me back.

“No! Stop!” I yell. “No, no, no!” I keep fighting, crawling, clawing at the ground, anything to get away. The body behind me fumbles in my ass, jerks the plug free, and a cock is shoved inside of me. Tears spring in my eyes and start leaking down my cheeks. I try to buck them off, but I'm not strong enough. To my shame, my cock is standing at attention, loving what's happening. Hands grab my wrists and yank them above my head, indicating there are two of them. “No,” I whisper when I realize I just have to let this happen.

The cock inside of me gets deeper, slamming into me. I slump on the ground, and an arm wraps around my neck. “Good boy.” *Jace*. Holy shit. “Now fucking fight me.” I spring into the action and push up with my knees, trying to dislodge him. I try to kick my legs, but my pants are tangled around my ankles. Pulling on my wrists is useless, with who I’m assuming is Toby holding them. I’m so fucking turned on and no longer ashamed that I’m enjoying this. “Fuck. Yes,” *Jace* groans in my ear. “I love the thrill of the chase, Angel.”

I finally get my knees under me and start crawling away. *Jace* just follows behind me and then jerks me back hard onto his cock. “Fuck, *Jace*.” He’s pounding into me so hard that he grunts each time he bottoms out.

“You like being forced to take cock, Baby?” I look up at Toby’s voice, and he’s standing over me, dressed head to toe in black with the Ghostface mask on.

“No!” I scream, playing into their game.

“Too fucking bad.” Toby drops to his knees and pulls his cock from his pants. He grabs the back of my head and tries to shove it into my mouth. I clamp my lips shut no matter how much I want to taste him. “Open, or I’ll make you.” I shake my head even though he can’t see me. “Have it your way.”

Toby puts his hand on my jaw and squeezes in a tight grip. My mouth barely drops open, and he smears pre-cum all over my lips. I can’t take it anymore and suck him into my mouth, dying to taste him. I go hard and fast, deepthroating and

sucking the head. I'm beyond fucked up at this point. I want it all, and I want it now.

Toby starts thrusting into my mouth, and I keep moving. Jace reaches under me and starts stroking my cock in a tight fist. I moan against Toby, and he shoves into my throat. "Fuck, I love you like this. Hurry up, Jace, so that we can take him back to your house."

They keep moving, fucking me between them. Jace only strokes me hard enough to keep me right on the edge. I'm squirming everywhere, but it's not to get away from them. I want my clothes off so I can rub my body all over them.

"Damn, Angel," Jace groans. "You want my cum that bad?"

I jerk away from Toby. "Yes, please."

"Say the words."

"Fill me with your cum, Sir. Please. Holy fuck."

"He's throbbing in my hand," Jace comments. "He liked thinking he was being forced." Shame slams into me, and Jace squeezes my cock hard. "Don't go there. Deep down, you knew. Your body recognizes us. Our touch, the shape of our cock, everything. Like I said, you're made for us."

"Fuck me harder, please." I start shoving back against Jace, and he shoves me to my stomach. He slams into me, deep and rough. "Yes!" He clamps his hand back over my mouth and pinches my nose so I can't breathe. *Hell fucking yeah.*

"Fuck, I'm going to come," Jace growls. "You dirty whore. I wanted to last longer." Jace swells inside of me and comes

with a shout. “Holy shit.” He lets his full weight down on my back and lets my face go. “You’re amazing.”

“Get off him so we can go. I need to be inside him.” Jace rolls off, and Toby helps me to my feet. He pulls my pants up to my waist but doesn’t bother buttoning them before he drags me back through the woods. I want to fuck him so bad that I can’t see straight. The car comes into view, and Toby practically shoves me inside.

The door is barely shut behind Jace before I jerk my pants, socks, and shoes off. I climb over to Toby and jerk his pants down his hips. “I need you so bad.” I pull his mask off so I can see his face.

“Take it, Baby,” he says gruffly. I start unbuttoning my shirt, get pissed off halfway through, and jerk it over my head. “Fuck. I’ve never seen you like this.” Jace hands Toby a bottle of lube, and he pours it directly on his cock. He rubs it in and then pulls on my hip. I lift, and he lines up behind me. I sink down on him, latch onto his shoulders, and start riding him fast. My breath is coming in sharp pants, and I can’t get close or deep enough.

“I love your cock so much.” I kiss him hard. It’s sloppy and so fucking hot. His hands knead my ass, squeezing me. “Fuck,” I gasp, pulling away. “When I thought someone was forcing me, I was so hard. I wanted it so goddamn bad. I need more, Toby.”

“We’re almost to the house,” Toby groans when I slam down on him. “I’ll give you all you can take.”

“Now, please. Fuck, please.”

“Two seconds, Angel.” The car jerks to a stop, and Jace instructs the driver to walk away. “Get him inside. Jesus, he’s fucked up.”

Toby kicks his boots and pants off. He slides out of the car with me still attached and buried in my ass. I see the quick flash of a huge garage before Jace pushes a door open. Toby carries me into an expansive living room and sits on the couch. As soon as his ass hits the cushions, I’m moving again. He jerks his hoodie off and holds onto my waist, letting me lead for once. I’m lifting, falling, grinding, and swiveling my hips. It’s not enough. “More,” I gasp.

Toby stands up and lays me on the chaise. He grabs the back of my thighs and pushes until my knees are touching the cushion. He leans his weight on them so I’m bent half and starts fucking me with long, deep strokes. “I want to crawl inside you,” Toby pants. “Stroke your cock.” I gladly reach between us and brutally start jerking. The need to come is eating at me so bad that I feel like I’m going to bust out of my skin. Toby shifts his hips, and it’s exactly what I needed.

“Yes! Fuck, don’t stop.”

“Never, Baby. Not until you come so hard you pass out. Is this what you need? Someone to punish your ass?”

“Yes, yes, yes,” I chant.

“I’m never letting you go,” Toby grits out. “You can never leave me now.”

“I don’t want to leave. I’m yours.”

“You want Jace, too, Baby? One cock can’t satisfy you, can it? You need both of us.”

“Yes. I need them.”

“Good boy.”

My abs start bunching, my body shaking, and my toes curl.
“I’m going to come.”

“Come, Baby.” He leans down and bites into my shoulder.

“Toby!” My balls draw up, and cum starts landing on my chest, chin, and lips. Toby’s got me bent so far in half that I almost came in my own mouth.

“Fuck,” Toby half groans and half moans. “Baby.” He pulses inside me so hard that I can feel him coming. He gently lets my legs down and lays on my chest. “That was intense.”

“It was.” I run my fingers through his sweaty hair, and he sighs. “But it was awesome.”

“Fuck yeah. We need to do that again.”

Jace chuckles. “I think we need to let him recover from today. He’s got to be sore.”

“I am,” I agree.

“You agreed to be ours, Baby. Did you mean it?” Toby looks at me with such hope that I peck his lips.

“I did. You just have to be patient with me. Sometimes, I freak myself out.”

Jace pops his head over the top of the couch and kisses me upside down. “If you’ll let us, Angel. I want nothing more than to show you off.”

I take a deep breath and throw caution to the wind. “Okay.”

Toby and Jace kiss all over my face, making me laugh. I feel deep in my soul that we were made to meet that night, that we’re meant to be more than fuck buddies. I refuse to let my dad’s hateful words tear me down.

“What the fuck is going on?” Toby’s head jerks up at the voice.

“No time like the present,” Toby mutters and pulls me to sit up. “Meet the third mask.”

He sweeps his arm toward the entryway to the living room, and all the air leaves my body when I see who’s standing there. I push against Toby’s chest until he lets me stand up. “What the hell is this?”

“Baby, what’s wrong?”

I don’t take my eyes away from the newcomer because it’s none other than my sister’s ex-boyfriend. The one I had a crush on, the untouchable one, who dated my sister for two goddamn years. “What is this, Aiden?”

He runs his hand through his curly, dark blond hair. “You weren’t supposed to find out yet.”

“Find. Out. What?” *His voice.* That raspy tone, the cologne, the scar on his chest. It all starts slamming into me. “Holy shit.

It really was you.” Toby reaches for me, and I stumble backward. “You knew it was me! How could you?!”

“Someone better start explaining,” Jace demands.

I whirl on him. “Like you don’t fucking know. I feel so stupid. I want to go home. Now.”

“We have no clue what’s going on right now. Do you two know each other?”

I feel my eyes starting to tear up. “He used to date my sister. The only person who’s ever had my back, and I fucked her ex.”

Jace glares at Aiden. “You knew?”

Aiden throws his hands in the air. “Yes. I fucking knew. When I saw him on the site, I knew I would finally get my chance. This is why I told you guys to stay the hell away from him. I needed to figure out how to tell him.”

“Your chance?!” I yell. “You used to FUCK MY SISTER! Oh my God. I need to go home.” I feel my heart breaking for doing something so horrible to my sister. She’s the only one who’s ever been there for me besides Leland, and this is unforgivable. “How could you?”

Aiden steps forward, and Toby stands in front of me. “Stay the hell back.”

“I can explain.”

“No,” I shake my head. “I want to go home. I can’t do this.”

“I’ll take you,” Toby offers, turning to face me. I see worry on his face, but my mind keeps telling me he knew, and they set me up. I’ve repeatedly given my body to these men and was about to hand them my heart. This hurts worse than anything I’ve ever felt.

“No.” I step back. “I want to go alone.”

“Oli,” I hear the warning in Jace’s tone, which hurts even more.

“You don’t get to do that anymore! Let me go home.”

Toby sighs and runs his fingers through his hair. “I’ll get you something to wear.” He jogs from the room, and I have no idea where to look. I’m standing here naked with their cum running out of me, and I feel like I’m going to puke. He walks in minutes later and hands me a shirt with sweatpants. I slide them on quickly and head toward the garage.

Toby leads me to the sedan and opens the backdoor but grabs my arm before I can get in. “Please, listen to me. Let me take you home and—”

I shake my head. “No. I need to be alone.”

“Please—” I look into his eyes and know the one thing that I need to do to make him leave me alone. I swallow past the lump in my throat.

“Red.”

I watch Toby’s face fall and slide into the limo without another word, slamming the door behind me. Slamming it on him, Jace, and everything that just happened.

Because it will never happen again.

Afterword

Want more of Oliver and his men? Their full-length novel will be coming next year! Follow me below to stay up to date.

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1704068820062610/?mibextid=oMANbw>

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Acknowledgments

I want to thank my alpha team for being so awesome with this story! You guys gave me the opportunity to explore my darker side. PPH, FUC, EDO, MVP, ACW, ARD, I love you guys!

Becca, thank you so much for beta reading this for me and doing such an amazing job!

Jenni, you the real one lol

Up next for Kali

Oliver and his men are getting a full-length novel called
One is Never Enough!

About the author

Kali Noir is the darker side of another author you know and love! Follow her socials to find out more!