



club
sin

ROOM FOUR

Playing with the Big Boys.

MATILDA MARTEL

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UPON ENTERING CLUB SIN YOU
CONSENT TO THE FOLLOWING:

1. You are STI/STD free.
2. You are healthy and able to engage in or observe sexual activity at Club Sin.
3. You are on or have brought birth control of your choice.
4. You consent to engage in the kink of your choice upon entering the room of your choice. Anyone is welcome in the room that represents their kink with consent; privacy is maintained when requested. Multiple partners are common and encouraged at Club Sin.
5. No kink shaming allowed. People are free to explore and enjoy all their desires in a safe and consensual environment at Club Sin.
6. Honesty and communication are key to a satisfying experience at Club Sin.
7. Discretion and privacy are valued at Club Sin.
8. No cell phones are allowed in Club Sin.
9. Universal safe word at Club Sin is RED, unless otherwise agreed upon. Be aware of non-verbal cues.

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

Go and play!



ONE

club
sing

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JANA

EVERYONE HAS that one day that changes everything.

Some people feel it coming and wake up with black clouds over their heads. They're afraid to get out of bed, fearing doom is around every corner. Others leave the house excited to be alive. Their skin prickles with premonition on the way to work. The universe sends them signs that a life-altering event is just over the horizon, and good or bad, fate will deal her hand.

Today is that day for me.

Unfortunately, I walk into work utterly clueless and head straight into the shitstorm of the century.

Two months in charge, and my board room has turned into chaos. All around me, people ignore my gestures to sit, cast accusations of treachery, and scream profanities at my brothers. It's all well-deserved, but there is a process to these things, and I prefer to maintain order. A few well-intentioned souls make things worse by asking if I'm okay, but my feelings are the least of my worries.

I offer a fake smile and nod. I have nothing more to say. If I speak, I might scream, and if I scream, there's a distinct possibility I will unravel into a hot mess of tears. That is not an option for someone in my position. People depend on me

for their jobs. If a member of my staff catches me in a state of despair, they'll panic or do something rash. So, there's no crying in public. The thought alone makes me want to cry, and of course, that only compounds my problem.

While my brothers repeat their apologies and state their case, I gather my portfolio and roll my chair away from the table. There isn't enough air in the room for the three of us, let alone the rest of the board of directors.

"Please, excuse me. I'm leaving for the day." With nothing more on my plate, I rise to my feet and walk to the door, clicking my heels in a perfect storm of anxiety, sadness, and suppressed rage.

As furious as I want to be, I know my brothers did nothing wrong—not technically. The signs were clear, but I stuck my head in the sand like an ostrich, hoping if I didn't address the elephant in the room, it might go away on its own. But it didn't. And I bear responsibility for that.

Once upon a time, Penrose Media ruled the airwaves. We were a powerhouse in print, cable, and digital real estate. But my father's mismanagement, overindulgence, and failure to recognize trends set us behind our competitors. Ever since his death two months ago, we've been treading water upstream and sinking like dead weight.

Jared and Joshua made an executive decision to offer their stock to the highest bidder. I get it. They have to act before word gets out about our financial instability. When that happens, our stock will nosedive into oblivion, and we'll be lucky if we can give it away. Dad left us in a pickle. That's the understatement of the year. If I'm perfectly honest, we're up shit creek without a paddle, and the natives are getting restless.

I can't say that I blame them. If Dad hadn't left me in charge, I might be tempted to do the same thing. But leadership takes guts, and I'm not ready to call it quits.

Charging through the hall like a power walker on speed, I place my hand over my heart and feel it beating like a jackrabbit. When I reach the entrance near my office, I feel dizzy but press on with renewed determination. Behind me, loud thumps distract my pace, and I hear my brother, Jared, call my name. There's no reason to turn because I have nothing to say. I'm too close to the finish line, and I can't waste oxygen giving him a reply.

"I know you hear me, Janie!" Jared's bellow startles me into a sprint, and I slam into my door, fumbling to insert my key like a girl in a slasher film. "Leave me alone, Jared! You no longer have any business here. Leave."

Jared slides behind me, just in time for my confused executive assistant and best friend, Macy, to swing open the door, allowing us to stumble forward together.

"What on God's green earth are you two doing?" I squeeze past her and stagger towards my desk, smoothing out my suit to calm my nerves. "Make him leave, please. I don't want to see him." Jared ignores my pleas and barrels past Macy, who tiptoes past him and tries to make a hasty escape.

I catch her in the act and flash my best pair of puppy dog eyes. "Please, don't go. I need you." I clasp my hands in prayer then point to a chair, begging her not to abandon me too.

"We don't owe him shit, Jana. Dad left this company in shambles and ignored us, especially you, all our lives." He follows me around the room, bumping into my back when I pivot towards my desk.

“I appreciate your predicament, but you should have come to be first, Jared. I could have bought your stock. I have the money to buy you out, and I could have taken out a loan for Josh’s shares. It would have stayed in the family. You didn’t have to sell it to some godforsaken trust which may not have our best interest at heart.” Dewy and overheated, I slide my Chanel jacket from my arms and hurl it across my cluttered desk. It’s not new and a little frayed on the edges, but it’s a classic. Ever since I crunched the numbers and looked at our bottom line, I’ve had to curtail my expenses. It’s a shame my brothers couldn’t join me in the land of frugality. I have little doubt their spending habits and dwindling inheritance played a part in their treachery.

“Jana! No, you couldn’t!” Macy chimes in unexpectedly. “You can’t go into that kind of debt. Jared, don’t let her go into that kind of debt!” She flies to her feet, spinning headfirst into a whirlwind of hysterics. Macy Ramos is God’s gift to the world of Finance. She’s a phenom—a numbers freak who spent her college summers interning with the big dogs on Wall Street. Each one would hire her tomorrow, but she’s holding out for the job and man of her dreams. I should have never mentioned the word debt in front of her. “Do something, Jared!”

Jared waves his arms across his chest like an umpire calling a time-out. “No fucking way, Jana. That’s precisely why we didn’t tell you. Dad left us this company, knowing damn well he was three billion in the hole and on the verge of being sued. And then he had the balls to look us in the face and ask us not to sell it—to cherish his legacy. We needed out yesterday. All of us.” He paces to the door then turns to lean on it, crossing his arms over his chest. “We’re selling this garbage.”

“Don’t talk to me about Dad’s legacy. That’s not why I’m holding on. There are three hundred people out there counting on me, on us, for their jobs. They don’t get to cash in fifty million worth of stock and call it a fucking day!” My nerves catch up to my voice and turn my whisper into a screech. I slap my hand over my mouth, fearful someone outside might have heard.

Jared shakes his head once, exasperated with my naïveté. “If we don’t bail. We’ll inherit that fucking debt and might end up giving testimony before Congress. I can’t help anyone but me.” He steps closer, shuffling his feet like an adolescent boy seeking forgiveness. “I know you wanted to save it, and I love you for trying. If it wasn’t sinking so fast, I’m sure you would’ve made it ten times better than Dad. But I’m begging you, stop wasting your time. It’s not worth it. Talk to Mitchell Carnegie. He’s offered to buy our stock.”

My brain freezes then sputters aimlessly like a malfunctioning machine that needs to be reset. “Carnegie? You want to sell your shares to Carnegie?” I look at Macy, then Jared, and then back to Macy, choking on bile that’s moments from making a gruesome appearance. This can’t be true. He’ll buy their stock for rock-bottom prices like a two-bit grifter, stiff them for the cash and then strip my company for parts. There is no way in hell I’ll let that charlatan anywhere near this place. I don’t care what I need to do.

I gaze stupefied at my brother and read his blank expression like a book. The truth sinks in before he can utter a word. “How far are you in this process, you imbecile?”

Jared feigns shock, mumbling as he inches towards the door, too ashamed to look me in the eye. “We’ve met with him once. We haven’t closed anything yet.”

“Don’t you dare see him again. Carnegie doesn’t have the funds to pay you anything. Macy will run his financials if you don’t believe me. And if you’re so desperate to sell, let me look for buyers, someone who can help the company with a merger or cash injection and not only line your pockets.” I pace with fury, chewing my nails and wearing a path across my tiny Turkish rug, a gift from my mother.

Macy flies to my desk and goes to work on my laptop, clicking away while I rack my brain on possible allies. The only viable solution appears and reappears in my mind, but I push them away, fearing what their allegiance could cost me in the end.

“Janie, you’ve done enough. We’ll deal with Carnegie.” Jared tries to interrupt my strategic meeting for one, but I hold my hand up and silence him.

“No one has the kind of money to save this sinking ship.” He steps closer and barks in my face. “At least, no one who will take a chance on us. Let it go. If Carnegie screws us over, then I guess we’ve got it coming. I’ll have someone check him out before we give him our shares.”

“The Valerians do.” I stick my finger into his chest and bark back. “You don’t know everything, Jared Penrose. The Valerians would offer you more money for your shares, and they could easily buy us out and possibly build something bigger. We may be sinking, but this ship has good bones. We’re not a total loss.” I turn to Macy, who appears just as stunned as my brother.

“Vladimir Valerian hated Dad. Why would he help us?” My brother won’t admit he’s intrigued, but I can clearly see the dollar signs floating around his head. He’s willing to consider anything that might bring him a few extra bucks.

I nod and fold my arms across my chest. “Dad is gone. Vlad despised him for good reason, but he’s never hated me. And his brothers have been trying to get into my sensible panties for years.”

“Janie! They’re like twice your age!” Jared clutches imaginary pearls and sways in his Doc Martens. For heaven’s sake, he really needs to revamp his wardrobe.

“Oh, shut up. Only Vlad is twice my age and not even. I’m a twenty-three-year-old woman running a corporation. I’ve got responsibilities. If I need to throw myself under the bus and sleep with one or two of the hottest men in the corporate world to save my employees from becoming destitute, then goddamn it, I shall.” I turn to Macy, stick out my tongue then reach for my purse. “Besides, this is your fault. You’ve driven me to exchange sexual favors.”

Spinning in his imaginary world of shame, Jared blocks my retreat. “I can’t let you do this. You’re not throwing yourself at three men to save this company.”

My eyes grow wide with confusion. “Dummy, I’m kidding. Do I look like a prostitute? I’ll meet with them to discuss a merger. Maybe I’ll show a little leg to cut a better deal. Now, get out of my way before I find out one of them is gay and send you in wearing skinny jeans.”

TWO

club
sing

The logo consists of the words "club" and "sing" stacked vertically. The word "club" is in a serif font. The word "sing" is also in a serif font, but the letter 'g' is replaced by a stylized key. The key is oriented vertically, with its head at the top and its shaft extending downwards. The key's head is a simple circle with a small notch, and the shaft is a thin vertical line ending in a small hook.

JANA

“YOU CAN DO THIS, Jana. I know you can. Do you know you can?” Macy spritzes perfume and shakes imaginary pompoms, fondly reliving her days as the head cheerleader of Exeter Academy. I smile to myself and remember her in her heyday. I watched from the sidelines as she kicked, bounced, cheered, and somersaulted her way into everyone’s hearts, reciting every cheer in my head. As much as I wanted to join her, I never tried out. My father convinced me cheerleading was a self-indulgent waste of time and mocked me for considering it.

It’s a silly thing, but it remains one of my biggest regrets.

“Yes, yes. My father will probably turn over in his grave the minute we shake hands, but I think I’ve moved past his feelings. I’m too busy cleaning up his mess to care.” I step into my pumps and fasten the last button on my jacket, hoping to hide her ridiculous hot pink camisole that barely covers my nipples. I don’t know how I allowed her to talk me into something so outrageous. This meeting may not even last more than five minutes.

“I thought you said you were going into that meeting with both guns blazing?” She unfastens my button and lifts my boobs.

“Quit that! I meant my business guns. I didn’t mean I’d light my tits on fire. Vlad’s my old boss. I interned for him the summer between freshman and sophomore year. You don’t flash your boobs to your old boss.” I brush her hand away from my cleavage and button up.

“You don’t?” Macy whips her head, horrified by this new information.

I roll my eyes and walk back my words, remembering her obsession with her former boss, Hunter King. “Sorry. That’s not a rule. I mean, I’d feel awkward flirting with Vlad. I haven’t seen him in years. He’s a grown man pushing forty, and he’s not into girls like me. I’m too young, and he’s too cranky. It’s like a female Elmo hooking up with Oscar the Grouch. Nobody wants to see that show. If Ilya and Maxim attend, I swear I’ll make you proud.” I check myself in the mirror and recall the last time I saw the Valerian twins.

This past Fourth of July weekend, Macy dragged me to a new club in Tribeca. She loves to dance, but it’s never been my thing. I sat by the bar like a wallflower, nursing a frozen Margarita until Ilya and Max talked me into a dance. One dance turned to four, and I found myself sandwiched between two brothers, grinding, sweating, stealing kisses, and exchanging filthy fantasies for close to an hour. We talked about going back to their place, but of course, I chickened out.

I grit my teeth and sigh with regret. It’s just one more thing to add to my what-if pile.

“Are we done?” I lift my wrist and take note of the time. My meeting with Vlad begins in forty-five minutes, and I’d like to arrive with only enough time to appear punctual, not early. I’m sure he’s heard I’m desperate. I don’t need to confirm his suspicions.

“Just one more thing.” Macy rushes to my bureau, rummages through my jewelry box, and returns with a shiny gold crucifix. Without asking, she winds it around my neck and dangles it between my breasts. “This will draw his eyes to your cleavage, but because it’s Jesus, you look totally innocent of any wrongdoing.” She winks and subtly flicks open my top button, hoping I don’t notice her sleight of hand.

“Please, stop that. I’m not practicing the art of seduction by thrusting my tits in his face. I’ll only make a giant ass of myself.” I know she means well, but I am aware of my limitations.

“Why are you so down on yourself? You’re a beautiful girl. His brothers like you. I bet they have similar tastes.” Macy is the queen of compliments. She hands them out so easily, it’s hard to believe all of them are sincere.

“No.” I button up.

Annoyed with my defiance, Macy throws her arms in the air and groans, “Jana Penrose, will you please stop hiding your assets and let that push-up bra work its magic. I have no doubt Vlad Valerian believes you’re a competent businesswoman. You have nothing to prove, but you need his help. He hasn’t seen you in years, and a man is a man. They all have a one-track mind. They can’t help it. Plus, you said yourself, there is so much on the line.”

“I’m not trying to be difficult, and I know how to play the game. I’m willing to smile, show some leg, drop a pen and take longer than average to pick it up. I do a hundred squats a day to maintain my ass, and I’ll show it off for the sake of my employees. But this push-up bra is false advertising. It makes me look like a double D, and I’m a solid C.” Anxious to leave, I push her away and spin around in search of my bags.

“Quit being a baby.” She fluffs my hair and nudges me towards the foyer, whispering in my ear like a tiny devil with her God-given ginormous boobs. “Hush up and listen. Since you can’t plant your ass on his desk, you gotta work with what you have. Talk business with the man but gain the upper hand by sticking your boobs in his face. It’ll make him forget his own name. I know what I’m talking about.” She winks, then hands me my purse.

“You’re insane,” I mumble and reach for the door. “Leave your ringer on. I may need a ride from the police station after my tits fly out of this bra, and Valerian has me arrested for public nudity.”

“He won’t have you arrested. But he may marry you.”

THREE

club
sing

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JANA

“THAT’S AN INCREDIBLE REQUEST, Miss Penrose. What’s in it for me?” His gruff reply silences my well-rehearsed speech before I reach my thoughtful conclusion. Maybe Macy was right. I should have stunned him with my carefully constructed cleavage first. Why the hell am I so stubborn?

Perhaps I’m in over my head. Four years ago, I traipsed through these halls as a part-time intern, splitting my time between Maxim’s Finance and Ilya’s Marketing Departments. I was a nobody and rarely saw any of the Valerian brothers. Except on days when I wore miniskirts. Ilya always noticed me when I wore short skirts. But I digress.

It was my father’s idea to set me up for an internship. He and Vlad were on better terms then, and the brothers welcomed me into their company with open arms. However, my father had different ideas. He wanted me to spy on his friend, gather information on a possible future competitor, and recruit any talent that appeared worth stealing. I did not comply with his wishes. The Valerians were kind and didn’t deserve my treachery. Before I left, I told Vlad my father was about to double-cross him on a deal. I felt I owed him that much. He didn’t automatically take my word, but my warning made him take the necessary precautions to learn the truth. He

thanked me later, and my father never learned who betrayed him.

As we sit in silence, I consider leaving. When Vlad's pinched face assistant led me through the executive wing of Quest Headquarters, the Valerian flagship corporation, I nearly bolted into the nearest stairwell. So, what made me change my mind? What the hell made me strut into Vladimir Valerian's office, one pump in front of the other, shoulders back, breasts thrust forward, shaking my ass like Jessica Rabbit?

Sex.

One look into his smoldering blue eyes and four lonely years of sexual deprivation came crashing down at my feet. The last time I saw him, I was still knee-deep into my skinny, rock star bad boy phase and soundly unaware of how hot a well-built man of a certain age could be. I'm such a fool. Until today, I've never taken more than a passing glance at the man my father often called the devil incarnate.

Holy crap, that nickname only makes him even hotter.

"Really?" I swallow the lump in my throat and let my fingers trail down the grooves of the gold crucifix nestled between my breasts. His eyes follow my hand, narrowing as they scrutinize their path into my cleavage. His smug expression fades as he leans forward and shamelessly ogles. I lean back and wiggle into my seat, just enough to jiggle my breasts. My feminist sensibilities die a horrible death and good riddance as far as I'm concerned. These are trying times, and my panties are wetter than the Atlantic.

I sink my teeth into my bottom lip and produce a genuine pout. "I apologize, Mr. Valerian. It was a mistake coming, and I've wasted enough of your time." I squirm forward, then dip down to grab my purse off the floor, giving him a generous

view of my tits hoisted to their full potential thanks to this damn push-up bra.

“Thank you for your time. It was lovely seeing you again. Please give my regards to Ilya and Max.”

He quickly stands, extending his hand to halt my retreat. “Miss Penrose...” I give him an obligatory shake but pause when the touch of his warm skin makes my brain fizzle like an uncapped bottle. My pupils focus like robotic lasers, glued with perverse admiration to the masculine hands holding mine. They’re stunning—too beautiful for mere mortals. They’d cover my breasts with ease.

“Miss Penrose?” he repeats himself.

“Yes?” I sway like a leaf in the wind, then gaze mesmerized at every glorious angle of his chiseled face. This is so unfair. Why are these men so pretty?

“Please, don’t go. Not yet. I have other propositions to discuss.” My eyebrow quirks when his heated gaze meets my stunned expression. “Other propositions?”

He nods once and gestures for me to retake my seat. “Please, allow me to explain.” Remembering Macy’s words, I shimmy my ass into the corner of his desk and cross my legs, frustrated I’ve lost my upper hand and trying like hell to win it back. It probably isn’t even him, but the pull of the forbidden. He’s sixteen years older than me and a bit of a daddy. Or maybe it’s the fit of his suit: hand-tailored, perfect lines, snug on his chest, tight on his biceps, and an excellent little lift on his ass. There’s so much more to him than those hands.

I really need to have sex. Soon. Very soon.

“Miss Penrose, may we end with these formalities? May I call you Jana?” He abandons his earlier scowl, and his mouth

curves into a slight smile—nothing toothy, but just enough to set me at ease.

“Like I said, Vlad...” My teeth rake across my lips to pronounce the *vl* sound, and my heart skips a beat, tickled by the way it rolls off my tongue. “My concern is mainly for my employees. If I lose my shares and my stake in Penrose, I’ll still have a comfortable life with my inheritance. It will be substantially less, but I can do with less. My employees will have nothing.”

“Please, hear me out.” He unbuttons his overcoat and slips his jacket off his arms, teasing me cruelly by thrusting the well-defined outline of his pectoral muscles directly into my face. The little jerk is paying me back.

I nod and unbutton my jacket, squirming to adjust my position. Vlad’s eyes dance, following the bounce of my breasts as I straighten my posture and heave my chest into his line of sight. Two can play this game, mister.

“I’m listening,” I purr, channeling my best sex kitten and oblivious to anything but the movement of his full lips and the sky-blue eyes peering deep into my soul. No wonder he’s so successful. Those big eyes must shock his opponents into submission.

He clears his throat and shifts his gaze from side to side as if he’s trying to recall words on the tip of his tongue. “Miss... I mean, Jana, I need to discuss this with my brothers.”

“Of course. Perhaps we can follow up in a few days.” I hop off his desk and straighten my skirt. I should have seen that coming. They’re business partners and would need to discuss something this big. This isn’t bad news.

“Jana Penrose, where the hell have you been hiding?” I startle and nearly stumble to the ground at the sound of Ilya Valerian’s husky growl. My cheeks heat, and machine-gun giggles emerge as I cover my obscene cleavage with my purse. Ever since our close-call threesome, I’ve shamelessly ghosted him by changing my number and disappearing from all social media. Due to my cowardice, I’ve been forced to return to my ridiculous college email handle of bunnylover97.

“Hi!” I wave my fingers like a child and offer a toothless grin, reminiscent of that brief phase in primary school when I lacked the skills to smile.

“Hi?” He narrows his gaze in anger and storms towards me, teeth bared and breathing fire. “Is that all you have to say? Do you have any idea... oh fuck it...” He catches me by the waist, cradles me in his arms, and smashes his lips into mine. I lose my breath but find it in a kiss that carries me into the stars, past the moon, and drops me into cloud nine. Every swipe of his tongue leaves me spinning with desire and weak with lust. No one has ever kissed me like this. I’m pretty sure no one has ever tried.

Aware someone is watching, I push my fingers into his chest and thrill at the touch of the bulging muscles hidden from view. He lifts his dark gaze to mine, and the deep longing in his eyes leaves a tingling in the pit of my stomach. I don’t understand what’s happened. “How could you do that?” he whispers between kisses, but I’m too dazed to reply. “What does she need, Vlad? Whatever she needs, I’m in.”

“Okay. That’s one down.” Vlad appears unaffected and makes no moves to curb his brother’s strange behavior. Fortunately, Maxim arrives.

“Will you leave her alone?” Maxim approaches and whisks me out of his brother’s grip. “I’m sorry, Jana. Ilya is incredibly overbearing.” His velvet tenor and soft brown eyes bring me back to our night on the dance floor. The things he said—the things I said. Dear Lord, what if he remembers?

He offers me a seat and takes the one next to me, hovering close in a protective pose. Instead of taking the seat on the other side of Max, Ilya stands behind me, like an overprotective guard dog with no plans to let me out of his sight.

Vlad explains the situation with Penrose Media, the problem with my brothers selling their portion of the company, and my fear of mass layoffs if I lose control. Both Ilya and Maxim listen and agree to help me however they can. Neither put up a struggle nor ask too many questions over the hundreds of millions of dollars I’m asking them to put on the line.

My stomach flips, then flops. Something’s wrong—nothing happens this quickly in business. I know the Valerians have more money than God, but they have it because they’re shrewd businessmen who don’t just take any offer some chick with a push-up bra developed by NASA tosses their way. Maybe this is one big joke at my expense. Was Ilya’s kiss part of it? Sweet Jesus, I’ll never live this down.

“Jana, we have a lot of work ahead of us. We’ll need to get started right away.” Vlad’s stern voice interrupts my downward spiral of dread.

“What?” The air leaves my lungs and strangles me into silence. He can’t mean it. Not so soon. Not without more conditions.

“I won’t do this alone, Jana. I don’t have much interest in media, and frankly, I don’t believe you have the experience to handle it all on your own. You’ll have to hire the best people in the industry to help you. My brothers will help you play hardball, and I’ll sign whatever checks you need. But I want to see proposals and financials. Plus, your brothers are out, and I want you here full time.”

“We should talk about this over dinner tonight.” Ilya interjects, placing both his hands on my shoulders. “We’ll be partners, now. We should act like partners.”

“Partners?”

“It’s too soon for that, Ilya. You’re getting way ahead of yourself.” Vlad’s voice softens as he steps around his desk and attempts to put Ilya in his place. My confusion deepens. Am I a partner?

“Miss Penrose, you don’t need to go to dinner with three men. Ilya’s intentions are hardly innocent. But I don’t need to tell you that. Yes, you would be our partner in this venture since you bring a small part of your shares. We’re not equal partners, but your expertise counts for plenty. I will ensure you are well compensated. We can go over details next week.”

With Maxim’s help, I stand to leave. I don’t feel his hands grip my waist until he pulls me into his arms. I can’t feel my feet leave the ground until he places me on his powerful thighs and holds me close. I should feel stunned, accosted, violated by a strange man, but I don’t. Cooing gently, he wraps me in his warm embrace and assures me I’ll be fine. It isn’t sexual. It’s affectionate. Maxim brushes the hair off my collar and whispers in my ear, “We missed you, Jana. Come out with us tonight. I would never let you do anything you didn’t want to do.”

I hum something in the affirmative and cling to his lapels, nuzzling my face against his hard pecs. I'm too lost in the scent of his cologne to argue with a man who smells this good. "What time?"

"We'll pick you up at 8:00." Ilya yanks me out of Maxim's lap and brings his lips to my forehead. "We won't rush you into anything. We'll go at your speed."

"My speed?" I stammer and lift my wide eyes to his, finally aware that we may not be talking about the state of Penrose Media anymore.

He nods and brings my hand to his lips. "Of course, it will always be about you."

FOUR



VLAD

“ARE YOU OKAY?” My brother, Max, tugs my sleeve, clearing his throat multiple times to draw my attention to him.

“What? No. Yes, I don’t know.” I thread my hand through my sweat-soaked hair and continue to stare at the hypnotic sway of Jana Penrose’s luscious hips. When she disappears into an adjoining hall, she releases me from her cruel spell and uncurls her talons from my icy heart. I stand listless, confused by the ache in my soul and the stiff cock taking up far too much space in my pants. I’m sure this has never happened before.

“You like her, don’t you?” When a small group of curious employees gathers close, Max nudges me into my office, blocking everyone’s view of his crazy catatonic brother, and waves them back to work.

“I’m...fine.” I stutter and stumble through the door frame, struggling to regain my senses. My hazy mind reflects on the last half hour and the strange turn of events that unfolded. The last time I laid eyes on Cecil Penrose’s daughter, she was a waifish little thing who betrayed her father to do the right thing. I agreed to see her today because I respect that kind of honesty in people and because my brothers insisted. I didn’t think I’d gaze into her angelic face, supple curves, and

kissable lips then lose my fucking nerve to stand firmly against whatever she had to say.

When she walked into my office, I swore she stepped out of a dream. One look from those dark eyes awakened a part of my heart I was sure didn't exist. A few words from those full red lips and my restless soul calmed. I never believed in soul mates. I never dreamt of searching for my other half until she walked into my office and asked for my help. It took every ounce of strength not to give in to her every demand.

Ilya was right. She gets under your skin without even trying.

“Vlad?” Max interrupts my mindless rambling and follows me to my desk. He's unaccustomed to this side of me. I'm almost sure he saw me hanging on every word Jana spoke while we said our goodbyes.

I nod, mouth slacked, eyes glued to the door, hoping against hope that she might appear at my threshold, having left something behind. “Where are we going to dinner?”

“Ilya made reservations at Gianni Russo's.” He spits it out and waits for me to comment, almost certain I'll have something to say about the location. And he's correct.

“Is he out of his mind? Absolutely not.” I fly out of my chair and walk back to the door, searching the hall for that idiot's smug, impatient face. There's nothing seedy about Gianni Russo's. It's one of the nicest Italian restaurants in Brooklyn. But Club Sin is less than two blocks away. Only patrons know it's there, and I'm almost sure she's not a member. The cringeworthy thought leaves a bad taste in my hypocritical mouth. I can't picture my lovely girl in a place like that—not without us. But that isn't the point. He's chosen that place because he hopes to take her there.

“I think he’s playing with fire too, but he swears she was close in July, and he doesn’t want to wait. He’s in love with her. Ilya hasn’t been with another woman since last year—not since he fell for Jana. I mean, neither have I, but I was never as much of a hound dog in the first place.

“This could go horribly wrong, Max.” I clench my fist and punch it into my palm. “If she is the one and we move too fast, we could ruin everything.”

Max walks to the door, chuckles, and turns to face me. “Let’s not overthink this. Jana’s different. She’s used to dealing with men. She walked into scary Vlad Valerian’s office to fight for her employees when she knew there was a good chance you’d say no. Let her tell us what she wants, and then all we have to do is give it to her.”

“Just like that?” I smirk at his simple answer.

“Yep. Just like that. I’m in love with that girl. I’m willing to wait, but if I can have her tonight, fuck it, I’ll dive into the fucking deep end and pull her under. See you tonight, big brother.”

FIVE

club
sing



JANA

I'VE SPENT my whole life swallowing my emotions because my father considered them a sign of weakness. My gender didn't matter. He raised me like my brothers and told me to be as tough as nails. I had to put my needs aside and do what was best for the family. But that was bullshit. As far as he was concerned, he was the family, and my life revolved around pleasing him.

Macy was right. It feels good to be a girl. It felt good being sexually objectified by three men I wanted to strip naked and ride bareback into the New York sunset. Sweet Jesus, how will I ever make it through dinner without asking for sex from one or two—dare I say, three men? No, who has sex with three men?

Is that a thing? Is it? I mean outside pornography because I'm not setting those kinds of goals. I need to look this up on the internet.

One foot in front of the other. It's such a simple act. I've been doing it since infancy, but it's never easy when three of the hottest men you've ever met are watching you walk away. There is no sense looking over my shoulder to verify their presence. I can feel their eyes glued to my ass.

Come on, Jana, don't force it, and please don't fall back into your typical waddle. Eyes forward, shoulders back, relax your hands, and swing your arms slightly—not too much for heaven's sake. Put on a show but don't give away the farm. Make them work for it but let them know you're open for business. Business? For crying out loud, that's not the word I want to be associated with right now.

I'm not imagining it. I'm naïve, but I'm not that obtuse. Those twins want to pick up where we left off. Dinner is the opening act for a threesome. I know I said I needed sex, but can I handle two men at once? Does Vlad plan on watching? What's the point in that? The man is drop-dead gorgeous. If he's in the room, why wouldn't he service me too?

I can't believe my own ears. And I can't believe I have nothing to wear to my very own foursome. Everyone's already seen my one sexy brassiere. Everything else I own is white and functional. I better call Macy. If I text, she'll think I've been kidnapped and using code to tip her off.

Perhaps I'm jumping the gun. I don't know anything about swingers and poly sex. This is a huge gamble. I just really hope I don't spend a ton of money on new underwear for nothing.

SIX

club
sing

The logo consists of the words "club" and "sing" stacked vertically. The word "club" is in a serif font. The word "sing" is also in a serif font, but the letter "g" is replaced by a stylized musical note, specifically a G-clef (soprano clef) with a single note on the first line of the staff.

ILYA

“I DON'T THINK you've spent enough time thinking about what pleases you, Jana. And I want to know all about what pleases you.” I stare into the murky depths of her dark eyes and wonder how long it would take to lose myself in the bottomless pools. This girl is long overdue for a proper release. And I don't mean a simple climax— she'll soon tire of those. If she lets us into her life, her next climax will always be just around the corner.

I mean a true release. To experience something like that, she needs to let go of all her inhibitions. Right now, that's all I see.

She fights the urge to smile, then ducks her head, fidgeting with the napkin in her lap as she tries to think of a proper reply. “What do you mean? I'm pleased with the direction you'll take Penrose, I mean Valiant. I like that name. Vlad has a much clearer vision than my father.” She lifts her wine glass towards Vlad then brings it towards her lips. Maxim smirks. He knows me well. As much as I want her to fall in love with both my brothers—right now, I want her eyes on me.

“It will please me tremendously if you maintain fifty percent of my staff and provide a decent severance for the others. But I suppose we can speak more about that next week.

This place is lovely. Who chose it?” She flutters her lashes then shifts her gaze from me to Maxim, then Vlad.

“Ilya chose it,” Vlad calls me out before I can answer. He thinks this was a bad idea, but I have no doubt he’ll join us at Club Sin if she agrees.

I extend my arm to her side of the table and offer my hand. She hesitates for a moment, then walks her fingers into my palm, giggling when I snare her hand in my bear trap. Her gaze catches mine, and her brown eyes glimmer in the candlelight. She’s so fucking beautiful. My heart swells and squeezes the air from my lungs. “I don’t mean professionally. We’ll take care of your people, Jana. I want to know about you. Do you want to stay in media?”

Her expression stills then mingles with a hint of curiosity. She doesn’t understand why I want to know such a peculiar thing, but she wants to answer. “When this is settled and running on its own, I’d like to run something smaller. I’d like something I can manage from a small home office in case I start a family—if that day ever comes. My father used to think it was silly.” She shrugs, and the luster that sparkled all around her moments ago fades.

“The hell with your father, Jana. I don’t think it’s silly at all.” I give her a wink and delight when a pink flush blooms on her cheeks.

“No doubt you’ll excel at motherhood” Her round eyes flash to mine, then quickly move about the table, hoping to latch on to something other than my eager expression.

“You’re teasing me. But there’s no rush when you want to do things right.” She’s stunning and utterly oblivious to how much her life is about to change. We’ll give her whatever she wants, whenever she wants it. If not us, then me alone.

This afternoon, I wasn't myself. This emotion is so utterly foreign I was convinced it was nothing more than a temporary obsession brought on by a pair of dark eyes, luscious breasts, and months of sexual deprivation. After Jana left, I spent the following hours talking myself off the ledge. Now, I'm sure I've lost my heart. And I know she's the one.

My brothers and I rarely speak of the details. It's just understood we'll build our lives together. It's something we rant about when we're drunk or looking for someone at Club Sin. But truth be told, we've never tested the waters. Until now, we've only dabbled with sharing a woman when our hearts weren't on the line.

Jana isn't like the other women. She could recoil with disgust at the mere suggestion of three men devouring her sumptuous body like a Thanksgiving buffet. I need to stop this. This is no time to get an erection. Not another one.

"Is everything okay?" Jana's sweet voice reminds me we're having dinner, and too much time has passed without a word between us. There's so much to say, but my lust-addled brain refuses to send the proper signals. Compliments, pleasantries, and words of admiration clog my throat and leave me lovestruck.

My face heats under her gaze. Surely, I'll incinerate into a pile of ash and never have to relive this humiliation again. But then I'd never get to sink my bare cock into her wet sex over and over, harder and faster, until she screams for me to make her my good girl. Jesus Christ, I can't wait. I scratch the palm of my hand with my fingers, itching like crazy to feel it slap against the supple skin of her voluptuous ass.

"No, it's not." I make a bold move and slide closer. Her body tenses, but she makes no attempt to flee. It's a small

victory, but I take the win. I reach between her inner thighs and part her legs, searching her eyes for any signs of protest. There aren't any.

“Jana...” Our eyes lock in a heated gaze that sends her straight into my arms. My control plummets. The taste of her kiss makes me lose my mind and launches my hand into her panties. She lifts one leg over my thigh and grants me access to my overwhelming relief and endless gratitude.

We need to leave. I need to tell her where we should go. But she's so wet, and the tablecloth is long enough to shield our naughty activity below the waist. “Ilya,” she purrs when my fingers find her hard button, then surprises me by placing her hand over my cock.

I groan into her lips and deepen our kiss, wishing she'd tighten her grip around my shaft and take me into her mouth. But that's not the way I want this to go. We'll start this right and have her together.

I take her wrist in my hand, smile, and pull it off my crotch. “Not yet, sweetheart. There's somewhere we should go.”

“Somewhere?” Her lips part then spread into a slight smile. She's intrigued and maybe a little titillated. Jana looks to Vlad, then Max, both stunned and sweaty with eyes as wide as saucers, then brings those big brown eyes back to me. “Should we go now?”

My heart explodes, but for the sake of keeping the façade of control, I nod and lift my hand for the check. “We should go now.”

SEVEN



MAXIM

THIS IS NEVER AN EASY CONVERSATION. Ilya's in love, and he wants what he wants when he wants it. But the object of our affection has never spent time in our world. If you can call it our world. We've never lived a polyamorous life—not yet. The women we've met at Club Sin were sexual distractions at best. Jana's different. If we take her there, we'll take her home. And we've never taken anyone home.

“You brought me here for a reason.” Jana walks ahead of us. Her confident gait and saucy strut return as she lifts her arms overhead, stretching like a kitten after a nap, then turns to face our curious expressions. Her long brown locks blow wildly in the cool autumn breeze as she waits for one of us to answer her question.

I step forward and stare bewildered, unsure how to answer a question that wasn't asked. “Here?”

She nods and attaches one hand to her hip. “Do you want to know why my father left me in charge of his company?”

I shake my head, expecting to hear something about her intelligence and business prowess. I've followed her career since she worked for us four years ago. She's a force of nature, and although she's young, she's got incredible instincts. There's so much more to her than beauty.

Her wide eyes narrow into slits as the corners of her mouth twist with exasperation. “He didn’t think I was fit to lead. He didn’t think anyone could replace him. My father chose me over my brothers because he thought I would be easy to control after he retired. But I’m not. I saw through his head games from the beginning. Are you three faking this crazy infatuation to control me?”

Our jaws hit the pavement. Ilya, Vlad, and I gasp like a trio of church ladies at Sunday service. Pushing each other off, we try to reach her to explain our intentions, but she lifts her hand and holds us off.

“Listen, I won’t put up with cruel jokes. In twenty-three years, I’ve had one boyfriend. So, it feels a little strange that three appear out of the ether and want me so badly they’re willing to share.” She spins on her heels like a petulant brat and gives us her back.

I jump forward and try to explain the unexplainable. “I know it feels strange, but we’ve always been close. We always fall for the same woman. That’s how it is with us. Except we’ve never felt anything like this before. And I think you feel it too.”

“And what’s Club Sin?” She peeks at me from beneath her lashes and stammers, “The woman in the restroom called it a sex club.”

“That’s where we want to take you. If you’d like to go.” I take her hand in mine and lift it to my lips. “Or we can take you home. The choice is yours.”

“Are you swingers?” She mumbles, then looks past me to Vlad and Ilya, who shake their heads and turn beet red at the implication.

Vlad flies forward and whisks Jana out of my arms, taking control of the conversation and quickly setting her mind at ease. “No swinging. No other women. Let’s go have a look, and if you hate it, we’ll leave and grab a drink somewhere else. This is all about you, Jana. We want to know what pleases you.”

EIGHT

club
sing

The logo consists of the words "club" and "sing" stacked vertically. The word "club" is in a serif font. The word "sing" is also in a serif font, but the letter "g" is replaced by a silhouette of a key. The key is oriented vertically, with its head pointing upwards and its blade pointing downwards. The key's head is positioned between the "i" and "n" of "sing".

JANA

I GREW UP WITH BOYS. When you have two brothers who demand as much attention as mine, you learn to fight for every flicker of spotlight you can garner. I let my father shape me into something I wasn't, into something that never fit, because I didn't want to be invisible anymore. But the older I got, the more I found boys will always be boys. No matter how much I tried to play with the big boys, there would always be those who just picked up their ball and went home.

Today, I figured out, I don't need to play their game anymore. This afternoon, I got precisely what I wanted by doing exactly what I wanted to do. And who knows what tonight may bring.

Outside, the place looks like nothing more than a subdued luxury hotel that blends into the background. If you don't know what you're looking for, you might miss it. There are no glaring signs that say Club Sin. No sounds of whips being cracked. I see no scantily-clad mistresses handing out condoms or ball-gagged submissives on all fours being led like beasts of burden. I'm not sure what I expected when I entered the dark-walled, dimly-lit foyer of the only sex club I've ever visited.

“Are you nervous?” Vlad whispers, clutching my hand tightly to his as he leads us into one of the many lounges in the center of the club. It isn’t only a place where people come to hook up. Maxim tells me monogamous couples rent specialized rooms that cater to their predilections. There are bondage rooms, orgy rooms, and rooms designed to better serve polyamorous couples who need unique furniture. I stumble in my pumps, shocked by his words and stunned by the amount of moisture pooling in my panties.

I give him a weak smile and shake my head. Of course, I’m nervous. It’s three penises against one. That’s hardly a fair fight.

When we reach a high-top table, Vlad orders a bottle of champagne, and Ilya slides in behind me. He winds his arm around my waist and pulls me into his chest, reclaiming his place by my side. “We can stay here, and people watch, kitten. We don’t have to go to a room.” He rests his chin on the top of my head and sighs, perhaps remorseful he may have rushed me into something before I’m ready.

I don’t answer. Not yet. It’s not a matter of being ready. Are you ever prepared for your first time with three men? I’m just thinking about positions, logistics, leg placement, and the fact that three men will see me completely nude when the last time I refused to remove my sports bra. Truth be told, I’m not sure I’m a good lover. When it’s one on one, you can blame the other person. But if it’s four people and you’re the only woman, it might become apparent you’re the problem.

What if we go into that room, and I crash and burn? What if no one has an orgasm? I will die on the spot.

Maxim hands me a flute of champagne with two raspberries floating in the center. I lift my eyes to his, and my

belly winds into a tight coil of anticipation. I'm doing this. Jana Penrose is taking it up a notch. No more what-ifs. No looking back on my life with a long list of regrets. Three gorgeous men want to take me into a private room for one night of raunchy sex. How can I say no? I've been so good for so long, and this year has sucked so hard. A three penis night just might make up for it.

"I don't want to be me." I make my announcement to the table and arouse three looks of confusion. Ilya quirks an eyebrow. Maxim cocks his head. Vlad leans closer and demands to know more.

"What does that mean?" Vlad's stern voice returns, and the deep vibration so close to my ear sends a nasty tingle down my spine. I think I'll start with him. No doubt, Ilya assumes he'll go first, but they keep repeating this is about me. And between the three, no one has my number more than Vlad.

"Try to understand, little girls aren't normally raised to embrace their sexuality. If and when we jump that hurdle, there's nothing in society that tells us we're allowed to fully enjoy three men at once. My libido needs to reconcile this with my brain, and for me to do that, I need to walk into the room, pretending I'm someone else. Does that make sense? Can we role play?" I take a sip of champagne to wet my whistle, having concluded my lesson in female sexuality.

They nod and slap their foreheads, sighing with relief and chuckling at their stupidity. "Of course, sweetheart. That sounds like an excellent idea." Vlad sidles close, and I curl into his chest, clutching his lapels to hide my face. "Who would you like to be?"

I take a deep breath and steel my nerves. "Anything? And you'll play along?"

“Are we aliens?” He smiles from ear to ear then bends down to kiss my forehead.

“You and I are married.” My voice shakes as the words squeak out from my clenched throat. Vlad’s thoughtful gaze begs me to continue. “Gentleman’s choice. You take me first while they watch, or you offer me to your friends while you watch. I want it dirty, nasty—but no degradation.”

He fights a smile. “I would never degrade you. But can I spank you?”

I nod. “Only my ass. Not on my breasts, legs, or feet. And nothing on my face.”

“Never.” His brow furrows deep, horrified that I’d think such a thing.

“I just need to be clear.” I take another sip, then turn to Max and Ilya. “I don’t know how much I can handle. I’ve only ever been with one man, and my experience is limited.”

“Understood. If you want things to end, just say the word, red.” Vlad lifts me off my stool and plants me on my feet. I stare up at his impressive height and drink him in like a tall drink of water on a scorching summer day. In minutes, I’ll feel his hard body pressed against mine and feel his stiff cock slide deep inside me. Followed by two more. Sweet Jesus, what am I doing?

Hoping to regain control of my unbridled emotions, I make a second announcement. “And this is just for tonight. What happens here—stays here, just like Vegas. Monday, we begin as co-workers. Strictly colleagues, okay?” I look to each one and wait for a sign of agreement. Nothing greets me but confusion.

“No one’s agreeing to that, Jana.” Ilya twirls me under his arm and dips me. “Let’s get a room before I bend you over a

chair and take you here.”

NINE

club
sing

The logo consists of the words "club" and "sing" stacked vertically. The word "club" is in a lowercase, serif font. The word "sing" is also in a lowercase, serif font, but the letter "i" is replaced by a stylized key. The key is oriented vertically, with its head pointing upwards and its blade pointing downwards. The key's head is positioned between the "i" and the "n" of "sing".

VLAD

ILYA CHOOSES ROOM FOUR. We've never used it before, but he claims he saved it for a special occasion. There's nothing extraordinary about it, but it is a room uniquely set up for four people. For obvious reasons, four is meant to be our lucky number. Since I'm not a superstitious man, I'll take his word for it.

From the moment we get our key, Jana plays her part. With nervous anticipation, she takes my hand, threading her fingers in mine and sealing her body against me as we walk hand in hand down the long red corridor of rooms. Maxim and Ilya's slow, heavy footsteps echo behind us, like two serial killers stalking their prey. Anything can happen. She could walk in, walk out and never speak to us again. The ball is entirely in Jana's court.

And oh boy, does Jana know how to play.

Jana steps in first, touring the room like a newlywed inspects the honeymoon suite on her wedding night. She examines the circular bed, tests the mattress's firmness, and then tiptoes towards the arched leather chaise specially made for easy access during double penetration. I'll explain that to her later—or perhaps show her. The night is young.

Ilya and Maxim find two leather captain's chairs in the corner of the room and push them closer to the bed. If they're going to watch, they want a better view.

I peel off my jacket and hang it on a hook, anxious to begin but searching for the right words to put her at ease. I have particular preferences that I don't typically share in front of my brothers. When we come here, there isn't enough time to cultivate that kind of relationship with our partner for the evening. But Jana is for keeps. If I'm going to do this right, I need to start right from the beginning.

I unbuckle my belt, and the sound of clicking metal brings Jana rushing to my side. Her dark eyes, deep and wicked with mystery, stare into my heart and read me like an open book. "Let me do that, Daddy."

My eyes widen with shock, and my heart beats clean out of my chest. I take her face in my hands and seal my lips to hers. Our tongues slowly entwine in a sweltering kiss that sears this moment in my mind forever. While we kiss, her fingers work fast to unfasten my belt and yank it off my trousers. It's too soon to take out my dick. Once that happens, I'll want to put it inside her, and we'll reach the end of round one. I need to draw this out for the sake of her game.

I reach for her wrist and pull it off before she can unzip my pants. "Daddy wants to see what his little girl looks like under this dress." I walk her to the center of the room and watch her from the bed. "Will you undress for me? And my friends?"

She feigns innocence and smiles. A crimson blush stains her cheeks as she steps out of her shoes and gives us her back. "Can someone unzip me?"

Maxim jumps to his feet, pushing Ilya back into his chair, and obliges without question. He takes his time, letting his

fingers trace her skin along the path of the zipper before helping her peel it off her shoulders.

“Thank you.” Jana holds the crumpled silk in her hands then lets it fall to the floor.

Allowing Jana Penrose to stand before us in next to nothing is probably a massive miscalculation on my part. She’s too beautiful for words and too stunning to take in all at once. My brain freezes, locked in admiration and stuck in a temporary state of madness. Ilya’s jaw hangs open, and his mouth waters with hunger and avarice. Maxim appears to be struck blind from staring directly at the sun.

I can’t believe she’s ours. She may not understand it yet, but she will be ours. There’s no going back from here.

“Daddy?” While Jana waits for further instruction, she unhooks her bra and flings it at my face.

“Daddy’s going to make his little girl pay for that.” The sight of Jana’s perfect breasts, the same ones she thrust in my face this afternoon, brings my simmering lust to a raging boil and unleashes the beast. I tackle her like a linebacker, fling her over my shoulder and toss her onto the bed. She lands with a bounce and hops up to unbutton my shirt.

“I’m sorry, Daddy. Did I do something wrong?” She brings her lips to mine, and I devour her mouth, suckling, and licking, mining for her taste like my life depended on it. I rip off her panties and toss them to my brothers. Ilya catches them mid-air and brings them to his face, inhaling the scent of her pussy and wishing he was me.

“You did. You teased me. Don’t ever tease your Daddy, baby.” I spread her legs and run my hand between her thighs, then kiss my way through her dripping core. She’s soaking

wet. The scent of her arousal hits my nostrils and makes my mouth water like a hot dish of fine cuisine. I drag my tongue through her slit and growl with hunger.

“Daddy?” Her soft whimper makes me smile, but I want to hear her scream.

“Daddy’s going to fuck his little girl in front of his friends. That makes you hot. Doesn’t it?” I bury my face in her glistening pussy and thrash her hard bud, lashing and striking it until her sweet cries fill the room and her sweet honey coats my beard.

Her legs tremble and bounce off the mattress. “Yes! I love it when Daddy’s friends watch him fuck his little girl.” The blush on her chest deepens and spreads to her limbs. Her breath catches and comes in pants. She moans profanities and mumbles nonsense, rocking her hips into my face so hard she nearly knocks me unconscious.

“Are you going to be a good girl and let Daddy’s friends fuck you too?” I shove two fingers inside her pussy and pump them into her inner wall. She lifts her knees and points her toes, twisting in a fit of ecstasy that makes the twins scatter to the side of the bed, stroking their dicks without mercy.

She shakes violently, nodding her head and pulling the sheets as her body succumbs to the wildest orgasm I’ve ever witnessed. I cover her body with mine and growl against her tight nipples, swirling my tongue over each tight bud. “Your Daddy wants you so bad, baby.”

“Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck your little girl. Jana runs her hands through my hair and presses my face to her breasts. If her nasty words weren’t enough, the scent of her skin sends me into action.

I clasp her wrists and hold them over her head. With my free hand, I run the head of my cock through her wet slit, bumping her clit, once, twice, three times, until she moans and begs for my cock. I thrust into her tight pussy on the fourth pass, stretch her walls and fill her to the hilt. Inch after inch, she makes room for me, gasping with delight as she strangles my cock and nearly pushes me out. She can't get rid of me so fast. This pussy is too fucking good to lose my place. I come back for more and more, and we set a brutal pace that fills Room Four with the sounds of sex.

Maxim and Ilya watch, ready to join us, and as much as I'm enjoying the moment, it's unfair to keep her all to myself.

"Maybe you should be nicer to Daddy's friends." I flip her over and prop her up to her knees. With her gorgeous ass in view, I give her a good swat and repeat my instructions. "Why don't you take Ilya and Max in your mouth, baby."

She nods and curls her finger towards Maxim. Ilya doesn't need a prompt. He slides in next to him and waits his turn. While I take her from behind, thrusting and rutting her tight pussy, Jana takes Maxim's shaft into her warm mouth. She hums around his length, plunging up and down, taking him as far as she can while Ilya holds her hair. His hungry lovesick eyes take in every second, lost in admiration and eager to feel her lips wrapped lovingly around him.

She takes a breath and fists Ilya's cock, gasping at the sight of his thick member. He's the biggest and thickest of us all. But his size doesn't stop her. On the contrary, it seems to turn her on. She looks over her shoulder to me, then takes him as far as she can, gagging on his length and choking on his girth. He holds her head, nudging her down, then pulling her up again and again. She tosses her head back, and he bends down,

covering her mouth in a fiery kiss as they exchange words of love. He wants his turn, and he's about to get it.

“Fuck, Jana.” Her pussy clenches around my shaft, and my resolve weakens. With every thrust, my balls ache for release. Ramming harder and faster, I feel her shatter in my arms, trembling into spastic jerks that milk my cock and fill her pussy with hot cum.

This is just the beginning.

TEN

club
sing

The logo consists of the words "club" and "sing" stacked vertically. The word "club" is in a serif font, and "sing" is in a similar serif font. The letter "g" in "sing" is replaced by a silhouette of a key, with the head of the key forming the bottom curve of the "g".

JANA

MY BODY CRAVES the feel of six masculine hands exploring, claiming, demanding my submission, and wrecking my sex with every thrust. Whatever they want, I give freely. I scream my devotion with every plunge in every orifice because I no longer feel complete until I'm filled to the hilt and stuffed with Valerian cock.

For the second or perhaps third time, Ilya carries me to the chaise on the far side of the room. He gently licks my swollen lips, bruised from kissing three men for hours, and folds me into his lap. His hands caress my breasts, massaging my nipples as his mouth travels the length of my neck.

“Do you want to try it, kitten?” He purrs, nibbling into my shoulder, tempting me with certain damnation like the devil. Apart from oral play, I've only taken them one at a time, but we've been slowly working toward the ultimate undertaking for a woman pleasuring three men at once. I didn't walk into Room Four believing this would turn into my life. Tonight was supposed to be a one-and-done. But three hours in, and I'm not sure I could ever go back to one man. This next act could seal my fate or prove my ultimate undoing.

I lean back into his chest and spread my thighs to straddle his lap. “Can we take it slow?” I've hardly spoken the words

when I feel Ilya's lubed cock gently snake its way into my ass. He's bigger than his brothers and the hardest to take. But goddamn, he makes me come hard and fast once he works his way into an easy rhythm. I dig my fingers into his muscular thighs and brace myself for the rest of his invasion, trembling as he creeps deeper and roots himself as far as he'll go.

"Ilya..." My breath hitches and a quiet gasp floats free as he penetrates my pussy with three fingers. "Ilya...oh, no..." I squeal through every thrust, but my protests have nothing to do with pain. He knows what he's doing. This is the third time we've had anal sex, and he already knows the precise angle I need to dissolve like a blubbering banshee.

"Give it to me, kitten," Ilya demands my climax, and without hesitation, I hand it over in a shattering fit that makes me fear I'll have to scream for the paramedics. He's magnificent and could be the death of me outside these four walls.

I fall back into his chest and close my eyes for no more than a second when I feel Maxim approach with his stiff cock in his hand. I'm not sure if it's the afterglow or Max's sweet face, but I welcome him into my embrace and help him slide his thick cock into my still quivering pussy.

"Oh, fuck..." There are no other words to describe the unbelievable feeling of two massive cocks filling me at once. Max hooks his elbows under my knees and roots himself deeper. Ilya cups his hands under my ass and adjusts our angle, working in tandem with his twin to ease me into each shaft, in and out, out then in, moving as one as they conquer me together. The scent of our skin, sweat, and arousal inflamed by our heat blends together as the friction between us grows to a fevered pitch.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?” Maxim’s lips find mine in a tantalizing kiss that gets me hotter if that’s possible. Anything’s possible. I’m in a private room inside a sex club in Brooklyn with the three hottest men I’ve ever met. I’ll surely learn this was all a nasty dream in the morning.

I nod and squeak, “Yes. Keep going. Where’s Vlad?” I cry out his name without thinking, forever horny for my Daddy, who I spot watching us from across the room.

Vlad approaches, naked and hard, but makes no move to join in. He offers a warm, almost paternal smile and brushes the sweaty hair off my forehead while his younger brothers have their way with my body. In a sick twist, that gets me hotter than the fucking Sahara.

“Daddy, please...” On the edge of release, teetering between a series of little deaths, I shamelessly plead for his cock. And he obliges. I take Vladimir into my mouth, with Ilya stuffed in my ass and Maxim thrusting deep in my pussy. Hot sex becomes a frenzy of epic proportions. The four of us, tied together, bound in one seamless juggernaut of primal lust, unites us in more ways than any of us understand. When I come, they come, and once again, each one marks me as theirs. It’ll take me days to wash off their scent.

As we lie together, exhausted and silent, I feel nothing but the promise of these yet to come. Things I’m not sure I can handle.

ELEVEN

club
sing

The logo consists of the words "club" and "sing" stacked vertically. The word "club" is in a lowercase, serif font. The word "sing" is also in a lowercase, serif font. The letter 'g' in "sing" is replaced by a stylized key, with the head of the key forming the bottom curve of the 'g' and the shaft extending downwards.

JANA

“YOU’RE A REAL HUSSY. You know that?” I shove my sheets into the washer, toss a detergent tablet into the drum, and turn the setting to whites. The boys left thirty minutes ago. They didn’t want to go, but after thirty-six hours, I needed time to recover, hydrate, stretch—I don’t know what other women do in these situations. I’m new to the ways of the tramp, but if these are the rewards, I may be ready to embrace her lifestyle.

We spent most of the weekend making love. No, it wasn’t love. They don’t love me if they’re willing to share me with one another—right? It was smoking hot sex in every position known to man. If I didn’t need it so badly, I might have been able to resist their charms. And if I didn’t have a long-dormant Daddy kink that needed purging, I wouldn’t have jumped at the chance to have sex with Vlad. Which got me hooked on Ilya and Maxim. Dear Lord, I’ve fallen faster than Lucifer.

I tap the button on the washer and listen for the water. Once I’m satisfied the suds have begun removing the evidence of three men’s passion, I dash into my bedroom and finish dressing. I’ve called an emergency meeting with my best friends, Macy and Willow, at our favorite coffee shop. Macy has been on call since Friday and was prepared for my all-points bulletin this morning. But Willow needed a tad more

convincing. Once Macy spilled the beans about my first sexual encounter since those two lackluster months I spent as Jeremy Haven's sexually discontented girlfriend sophomore year in college, she flew out of bed.

As much as I love Macy's advice, I need Willow's experience at a time like this. Macy has a one-track mind. She's been in love with the same man since she was sixteen years old, a man old enough to be her father, and never deviated once. He can ignore her, look past her, and reject her advances when we all know he caught the Macy bug years ago. That girl won't give up until she breaks him because she's one hundred percent certain there's only one man for her.

Willow doesn't see the world in black and white. She knows there are shades of gray, and right now, I'm swimming in a great big pool of gray. I don't know up from down, right from left, or love from lust. This weekend didn't feel like a two-night stand. They made plans for Monday, Wednesday, and the weekend. Nothing makes sense, and yet nothing feels wrong. This should feel wrong. Why doesn't it feel wrong?

"No, it should definitely feel wrong." Macy squeezes the honey bear over her cup of peppermint tea and stirs it in, clinking the ceramic sides with a touch of judgment.

"Stop that." Willow grabs Macy's hand and holds it still. "That's the most annoying sound when you're nursing a hangover." She places her teaspoon on a napkin and turns to me. "Don't listen to Macy. If it doesn't feel wrong, then you kind of have your answer, Jana. You're not a sociopath. You're one of the kindest women I know. If I were you, I would have sold those stocks weeks ago and been sunning myself on a beach in Bermuda right now. I wouldn't have given one thought to all the people losing their jobs. And not because I

don't care. I'm just a self-absorbed jerk. All that business shit would have gone over my head until it was too late. But you put yourself out there. Stop being so down on yourself. And ignore Macy. Virgins don't get an opinion on our sexual misadventures until they have stories to contribute."

I shrink in my seat and slurp my hot chocolate, visualizing the length of Ilya's cock, Maxim's oral talents, and Vlad's skills getting me off. Where does Ilya hide something like that all day? How did Max get so good? I wonder what Vlad's doing right now.

"Are you ignoring me or remembering something nasty?" Macy's shrill interrupts my daydream and drags me back to reality.

"I remembered something nasty." I sit up straight and take another sip of chocolate, holding my pinky out to demonstrate I haven't lost my class.

She clears her throat and repeats the question I missed, "You know I love you, and I don't mean to call you names in any way, shape, or form. You're a grown woman who can do as she pleases. But I worry. You have a big heart, and I don't want you to get hurt. You don't strike me as the type who can have sex without any emotional attachment, and I find it hard to believe any man would form an attachment to you if he's perfectly okay with you sleeping with both of his brothers. Whether or not he's present. Say what you will, Willow, but you know it's true!" Macy gives us one big nod and defiantly folds her arms across her chest.

Willow and I stare at one another at a loss for words. I've got no rebuttal that makes sense in Macy's strait-laced world or mine, for that matter. What kind of man shares you with his

brothers? What kind of man indeed? They say this is who they are, but what the hell does that mean?

“Listen.” Willow leans into the table and prepares to impart her particular brand of wisdom. Technically, she’s not much more experienced than I was before this weekend, but she works in public relations and spends more than the average amount of time around celebrities. She insists they’re way freakier than ordinary people. “Not everyone loves the same, Miss Ramos. If the Valerians plan to see Jana again on multiple occasions, they’re obviously not looking to blow her off. Plus, they’ll be working together. She starts on Monday. That doesn’t sound like guys who plan to keep her at arm’s length.” She takes a sip of coffee and scoots her chair closer.

Macy won’t be outdone. “You don’t know how they’ll treat her at work, Willow. Things might be different now that they’ve had their fun. I’ve known Jana since second grade, and I’m sorry if this strange scenario worries me.”

“They don’t seem like the type of men to play games. The Valerian brothers are close, and from what you describe, they want a polyamorous life with one woman.” Willow cocks her head and takes a sip of coffee. “Do you want to be that woman, Jana? Can you handle three husbands?”

I stare, confused, then look left to right. My panicked voice appears. “What? Three husbands? That’s not legal.” I hug my elbows and shudder. “How would that even work?”

Willow glares, befuddled, amazed by my stupidity. “Jesus Christ, Jana. You’re as bad as Macy. You only legally marry one, and the others are your unofficial husbands.” She emphasizes unofficial with rabbit ears.

“Hey!” Macy objects to being lumped in with me.

“So, enough bullshit. What the hell was it like?” She wags her eyebrows and lifts her cup of coffee to her lips, slurping loudly to Macy’s horror.

I cover my laugh with my hand while Macy sways in her seat. “The foursome? None of your damn business. That’s privileged information.”

Willow narrows her gaze. “I can’t believe you’d withhold after dragging me out of bed on a Sunday morning. At least tell me if you’re in love.”

My heart stops, then slowly picks up speed, like a Formula One race car changing gears in the Monte Carlo Grand Prix. In love? I clench my thighs and envision coming home to all three. It’s not an unpleasant thought, but how could I keep up with them every day for the rest of my life?

And how would I recover from that kind of heartbreak? Jeremy’s break was hardly a blip on the screen. I couldn’t wait to ditch that dead weight. If I get used to the Valerians, if I fall any harder than I already have, I may never be the same again.

Macy’s right about one thing. I can’t separate my emotions from sex. That’s not who I am. Two nights and I feel altered, changed forever by three men who charged into my life and turned it topsy turvy. I can’t allow this to continue. I’ll have to set boundaries.

“Where did you go, champ?” Willow nudges my forearm. “Are you picturing your foursome? God knows, I am.” She shakes her shoulders and giggles. “Are you still seeing them?”

“You’re playing with fire, Jana.” Macy offers a stern warning by waving her teaspoon at me.

I strike her judgmental spoon with mine. “Yes, I’m still seeing them. We work together, and this job is important for

the employees at Penrose. As soon as they're good, I'll rethink my future prospects. But no, I don't plan on engaging in sexual congress with them anymore. I'm keeping. I'm keeping things professional and above board." I take a sip of chocolate and clink my spoon on the edge.

"So, what are you saying? No sex?" Willow attempts to clarify.

I grind my teeth, fearing I've boxed myself into a corner. "Yes!" I swipe a cookie off Macy's plate and placate myself with sugar. "No fucking sex!"

TWELVE



JANA

“OPEN UP.”

“No, it’s too big for heaven’s sake. You’ll dislocate my jaw.”

Ilya Valerian never quits, but it’s too early in the morning for this kind of temptation. I lift my pumps off the floor and spin my chair to face the saltwater aquarium Vlad installed in my office on Monday. He wanted me to have one to match his own. It’s gorgeous. Almost as gorgeous as the man trying to shove a whole chocolate-covered donut into my mouth—but not quite.

“I saw you inhale one of these in the employee lounge.” He lies then tears the donut in half. It was a chocolate mini-muffin, and he knows it. “Are you going to deny it?”

I yank the severed piece and grab a napkin from the bag he placed on my desk. “Why are you bringing me sweets so early in the morning? Maxim brings me fruit or bagels. Vlad brings mimosas.”

He tries to smile, but one bushy eyebrow jumps with annoyance. “Vlad is trying to ply you with alcohol, and Maxim is simply grasping at straws. He has no idea what women eat for breakfast.” He straightens his legs and rises from his squatting position.

“And you think women eat chocolate donuts?” I chuckle and roll my chair, tucking it back into my desk.

He leans forward and grips my headrest, placing his lips to my ear. “I think you should do whatever makes you feel good, Jana. Did I make you feel good, baby?”

My nipples tighten. This is the fifth time in four days he’s shamelessly crossed the line after our heated discussion on Monday. I came into work locked and loaded, believing I’d end the sordid part of our relationship for good. They responded by pulling the rug out from under me and suggesting I move into their three-story Tribeca penthouse as soon as possible. There was no sense in wasting any more time when we knew everything we ever wanted was right in front of us.

How audacious—and so damn hot.

Their offer blew my favorite pair of slingback pumps clear off my body, but I’m not one to fly by the seat of my pants. At least not on a Monday morning. Last Friday, I followed my heart and other nether regions, but I need to listen to my brain, too. I’ve asked for time to think it over. Lust doesn’t automatically translate to love, and I’m not so sure I can tear my heart in three directions. That’s a big ask for any woman.

“None of your business. These are business hours, and we agreed to only discuss business during business hours.” I brush him away like a bothersome gnat and return to my work. “Your brother and I have a meeting across town at 11:00, and I’d like to finish answering my emails before we leave.”

“Brother? Which one?” Ilya props his behind onto my desk, planting it centimeters from my screen. It’s one of his best assets. All the Valerian men are exceptionally gifted in that region. I don’t know how I get any work done. These

heartless men tease me daily, taunting me with their perfect bodies and swoon-worthy stunts. I can't believe I've fallen under their spell so fast. I hang enraptured on every word and leave home every afternoon with nothing but a fat paycheck and moist panties. I ignore the beat of my racing heart and read my email out loud, hoping he won't catch me peeking at his attributes.

“Maxim,” I whisper, squinting so hard my vision blurs and blots out the obscene bulge padding the front of his trousers. Good Lord, he's truly incorrigible, and I'm awful to encourage him. There's just something delicious about brazen bad boys, and Ilya's the worst. He's the brother I know the best and the easiest to be around. He's a hot beefcake nerd who's too good to be true until you realize he's probably impossible to tie down. Except he wants to be tied down to me. But for how long?

Every morning he comes into my office to check on my progress, but I'm not so sure I've given it any serious thought. How can I move in with three men? It's been five days, and my lady parts haven't fully recovered from our thirty-six-hour romp. I'm tense, sore, and horny at the drop of a hat. And as much as I love Ilya's company, his constant presence only makes things worse. He's a horrible reminder of what might come. If I let down my defenses and follow my heart, I could spend the rest of my life in some perpetual orgy. No, that's not supposed to turn me on.

“I never promised anything, kitten. You're avoiding the inevitable and making everyone's life difficult. We belong together. I know you know it.” I try to ignore his comment, but the hunger in his voice makes me clench my thighs.

“It’s not that simple.” I stutter and stare wide-eyed, fearful I’ll give in quicker than he has time to tear off my skirt. It’s so wrong to encourage him, but I can’t help my current affliction. I’ve got a bad case of the Valerian flu.

“Yes, it is. You’re ours, baby. I’ve already admitted I’m in love with you. You don’t need to confess you feel the same—not yet. But you should at the very least admit you’re dying to take us together again.” He wags his eyebrows and smirks.

I gasp and shove his ample behind off my desk. “That’s enough from you. I’m telling Vlad about your sexual harassment, mister.” I pretend to balk then slump into my computer, giggling into my hair like a teenage girl.

He leans forward, grasps both sides of my head, and kisses my forehead, chuckling as he heads for the door. “I’ll see you tonight, sweetheart.”

“Tonight? I haven’t agreed to see you tonight.”

Figures.

THIRTEEN



JANA

IT ISN'T easy being a woman in business. No matter what anyone says, it's still a boys' club, and the higher you go up the ladder, the less your peers take you seriously. Most of the time, I hardly notice. Two minutes into our meeting, Maxim takes exception.

I can tell by his stunned expression he's never experienced anything like it. The Valerian brothers are close, closer than any siblings I've ever met. They built their company together and probably schmoozed their way from meeting to meeting with only themselves in tow. Maxim leads the finance department, and most of the executives that work under him are men—an issue I addressed with Vlad two days ago. Although to be fair, Ilya's department is packed to the gills with women.

I'm not sure what I expect when I arrive side by side with Maxim Valerian, the wealthiest and most powerful man in the room. But media investors and financiers are old guard, conservative men. Their round eyes and slack jaws say everything I need to know. Despite my experience and long-standing connection to mass media, my presence is clearly unwanted.

The snubbing is subtle at first. No handshakes or eye contact. Everyone dotes on Maxim then somehow forgets to offer me a drink. Fortunately, Maxim is far more chivalrous than our hosts. Before the meeting begins, he stands to grab me a bottle of water, delicately scolding the group for failing to cater to his colleague.

Murmurs commence, but no one apologizes. It's par for the course.

The first time someone speaks over me, Maxim grits his teeth, clenching his fist on the table for everyone to see. "Miss Penrose has the floor. Please allow her to complete her sentence before you rudely jump in."

I place my hand over his forearm and smile, unwilling to ruin negotiations over something so dumb. I'm accustomed to it. I shouldn't be, but I am.

His shoulder meets mine as he cocks his head and whispers, "We can leave. You don't need to put up with this disrespect. I wouldn't tolerate it, and neither should you."

I shake my head and urge him to calm down. As much as I appreciate his chivalry, it solves nothing. We'll only lose investors for Valiant Media. None of these men will turn over a new leaf because Maxim Valerian put them in their place.

"Calm down, cowboy. This is nothing new. It's happened before, and it'll happen again. Let's just get through this bullshit for the sake of Valiant and celebrate when we're done. Launching this company means a lot to me, and I don't want to let them ruin it." I clear my throat and urge him to answer someone's question. I know the answer and could probably provide a more thorough reply, but I refer to his pseudo-expertise for the sake of my sanity.

Maxim won't have it. He shakes his head and turns to me, insisting I explain the finer points of the escalating downtrend in cable media and uptick in digital real estate over the last six years. I hesitate, but he nudges me under the table until I open my mouth and detail the latest demographics and market trends. I don't get far. Seconds into my presentation, a side conversation begins. And then another. The host, who sat as quiet as a church mouse while Maxim rambled nonsense, waves his hand to speed me up, dismissing everything I have to say before I finish.

I straighten my papers and slide them into my folder, too furious to continue and too frazzled to anticipate Maxim's next move.

"We're done here." Maxim's booming voice silences the man who cut me off. "Consider these negotiations closed and any pending business you have with Valerian Enterprises null and void." He stands from the table, helps me out of my chair, and rushes me out of the room. We can't leave soon enough.

"Maxim! You don't have to do this!" Standing by the elevators, I fuss with my bags, slide my purse over one shoulder then tuck my portfolio under my arm. "They're jerks, but they'll do anything if it's got your name attached to it. Your name makes money, and that's all they care about."

He appears unmoved by my words, mumbling under his breath while he taps the button furiously and tries to will the car to open. Down the hall, doors fly open, and a ruckus of footsteps charges towards us. Men who never apologize for anything beg Maxim's forgiveness but offer no words of contrition for me. And it doesn't go unnoticed.

"You can't lose your temper every time that happens, or we'll never get anything done. Those investors don't know

jack shit about media. They just want their name tangled up with yours.” I spot our car by the curb and march ahead, grateful for his chivalry but angry he’s set us behind. Penrose Media is dead in the water. But Valiant, the new company Vlad’s creating from its ashes, will take on many of my father’s former employees. And I need to make this work for them.”

Max’s long strides quickly catch me. “Jana, we’ll make Valiant work with or without them. But no one fucking disrespects you like that. Not in front of me. Not fucking ever.” He groans with frustration and nearly slams into my back when we reach the car together. “I couldn’t stay. A few more minutes, and I might have strangled him.” He waves his driver away, opening the door and helping me into the backseat.

We sit in silence on opposite ends of the seat as we pull away from the curb. I understand his annoyance with the men. I wanted to jump on the table, kick them in the teeth and yell, *I am woman, hear me roar*. But what good would that do? My father’s old workers need jobs more than I need to have my ego stroked. I know I’m an intelligent and capable woman. It’s nice that Max knows it too, and that’s enough for me. For now, anyway.

“Thank you for having my back. I appreciate it. Lots of men don’t even notice when their female co-workers are being dismissed, and you did. That means a lot to me.” I walk my hand across the leather seat and clasp it over his, giving it a gentle squeeze. “I’m sorry I snapped.”

“Please, don’t apologize.” His dark gaze falls on mine, and the look in his eyes is unmistakable. He licks his lips, and I tense, fearful I’ve set something in motion.

“Jana...” his voice emerges like a feral groan, an inaudible whisper that makes my skin prickle. I shimmy back, bracing myself against the car door as he approaches like a jungle cat, a deadly jaguar with perfect hair and peppermint breath.

“Max,” I rasp, holding my arm out to keep him at bay. “I just need a bit more time.”

He brings my fingers to his lips, kissing each one, suckling my fingertips until I whimper and make a pathetic attempt to pull it away. “You’re thinking about this all wrong.” Maxim’s dark eyes dance, and his lips curve into a knowing smile. He clasps my hand and holds it to his chest. “You can’t help the way your brain is wired. You won’t give yourself permission to love us together. But that’s exactly what we want. It won’t be perfect, and not every day will be the same. Some days will be like Club Sin, and others, we may fall asleep in front of the television. But we’ll love you better together. We know you’re the one, Jana. Let yourself love us together.”

FOURTEEN



MAXIM

“MAX, don’t tell the others. Not yet.” Jana peeks over her shoulder, hoping to buy my silence by holding her naked pussy over my head.

“Of course.” I position her on her knees, then finish slipping off her panties. A yellow glow of sunlight shining through the back windshield illuminates her arousal and makes my mouth water for a taste.

I spread her legs wider and tuck my head between her thighs. Her musky scent makes my cock dig into my zipper and begs me to come out to play. I drag my tongue down her slit and lap up the sweet honey I’ve been craving all week. “Do you want me to stop?” I ask with no real intention of forfeiting my place at her pussy.

She shudders and falls forward, catching herself on the armrest. “No, but can you keep our secret?” She cries out when I lash her clit once, twice, three times before I answer the only way I know how. “That’s unlikely.” I bury my face in her wet warmth, suckling her clit, massaging it between my lips until her thighs tremble and her hums turn to cries of palpable yearning for my cock.

“Max! Holy shit, not so fast!” She yelps and wiggles her ass, feeding her pussy straight into my mouth. That probably

wasn't her plan, but once she starts, she can't stop. And neither can I. The more she gives, the more I take, the more I want. When I find her perfect spot, the one I know will trap her in my web, I strike without mercy and catch her by surprise.

Her trembling knees give way. She bangs her fists into the leather seats as her body spins into a shattering dance of tiny jerks and calls to Jesus. Jana clutches her throat, frightened by her she-wolf howls and mumbles for mercy through her quivering lips. I top her off with a growl, inhaling every drop of her thick honey, and unbuckle my belt. My throbbing cock needs to feel her pussy spasm around me. I need to sink as far as she'll take me and unload until I have nothing left to give.

"Hold on, please." She gasps, stammering through labored breaths as she tries to gather her thoughts. "What if I can't, Max? What if you're all too much for me?"

"Too much?" I continue to unzip, tugging my dress shirt out of my slacks and unfastening the rest of the buttons.

She nods, clasping her hands with worry. "I don't know if I can keep up. Not forever. You'll get tired and want someone else." She waits for me to comment, but I'm too busy tearing the shirt off my back.

"Well?" She rises to her knees and tries to read my expression. If she interprets anything but mad lust, she's read me wrong.

I shake my head and grab the hem of her dress, pulling it over her head in one good yank. "Don't be ridiculous. You're twelve years younger than Ilya and me and sixteen years younger than Vlad. With your energy, you'll bury us all and find three more men to entertain you in your golden years." I trail my hands up the sharp angle of her waist and greedily cup both breasts. The weight of her soft flesh in my hands makes

the corners of my lips tug upward. My heart flutters with love—boundless, unfettered love that wants to be unleashed to its full potential.

“I love you, Jana. We love you. And I know you’re falling in love with us. Let yourself fall, or we’ll push you over that cliff.” I seal my lips to hers and trap her in my grateful arms. “Now, stop talking and turn over that pussy. It’s been five days, and I’m tired of using my hand.”

Aroused by my words, her lips find mine, and her tongue invades my mouth. She captures my bottom lip and suckles it between her teeth, teasing me with tiny kisses that drive me mad. She pulls away and smiles, but I crush my mouth to hers and deepen our kiss. The old Jana was tethered too long. This Jana has the fire of a thousand suns burning inside her. Now that she knows what she’s missed, it’ll take all three of us to make her happy.

“Max... it’s been so long.” Her sweet words propel me into action. I lift her into my arms and straddle her over my lap. Her naked pussy lands next to my stiff cock, and my breath hitches, tortured by the touch of her wet heat. Overcome by lust and the sight of her naked body, I encase my face in her breasts and ravish what belongs to me.

“Is this what you want?” I slip inside her tight walls and watch her eyes startle wide with each inch of my invasion.

“It’s been too long,” she whispers and wraps her arms around my neck, lifting her knees and impaling herself deep. When she roots herself at my balls, my eyes roll back in my head, and my heart leaps into my throat. I thread my fingers through her long dark hair and bring my fevered gaze forward. Her eyes find mine, and I choke out the words, “you’re ours, Jana. I won’t let you get away.”

“Max!” she gasps and arches back, thrusting her hips forward as my cock touches just the right spot inside her. She screams, vibrating in the throes of ecstasy, and digs her nails into my skin. I flip her over and push her knees to her shoulders, thrusting into her tight channel until I hit the spot that makes her wail.

“Maxim!” Her toes curl, and her voice suddenly climbs to an immeasurable octave. I know she needs more, and I haven’t even scratched the surface of this unquenchable hunger.

While she trembles beneath me, basking in a state of blissful afterglow, we arrive at her place, and I carry her in. Here, we start from the beginning. We take it sweet and slow, and I promise to keep her secret for a few more days.

I should have known that wasn’t possible.

FIFTEEN



JANA

THIS IS SO UNPROFESSIONAL. Maxim called us out of the office as soon as we arrived at my apartment. He's allowed to do things like that. No one questions a Valerian. But this is my first full week, and office gossip spreads like wildfire. It's bad enough I have a sweet office in the executive wing, catty-corner from Vlad's. That did not go unnoticed with the hordes of female employees who have probably pursued that man for years, but I've heard whispers people believe we're having an affair.

It's reckless hearsay, and I don't want this afternoon romp to add fuel to the fire. I mean, of course, it's true, but they have no proof.

"Where are you going?" Maxim stirs awake with a shift in the mattress. I woke up thirty minutes ago, but he was sleeping so peacefully with one arm wound tightly around my waist, I felt terrible waking him up. Unfortunately, nature calls.

"I'll be right back. Go back to sleep." I slither out of bed, shrug on Maxim's undershirt, and pad into the bathroom. It was nice being alone with Max. Three at once feels sexy as hell, but one at a time helps me see them as individuals. As much as they talk about loving them together, I still need to fall in love with three separate men, and I can't do that if I

don't get to know them separately. I think I'd like to see Ilya and Vlad alone before I make up my mind. That's the least they can give me.

"Dear Lord, I look like death warmed over." I stare into the mirror and see smeared red lipstick spread across my cheek. Things may have gotten out of hand. I can't believe Max didn't tell me. After pulling up my hair and washing the makeup off my face, I step into the bedroom to check on him.

"Are you hungry?" When the sound of snoring greets me, I take that as a no. But I'm starving. It's nearly 5:00, and we skipped lunch in exchange for strenuous physical activity. I don't think I can wait for him to wake up.

Starving and sure I'm woozy from low blood sugar, I slip out of the room and head towards the kitchen. I don't like asking Max to withhold information from his brothers. They're close for a reason, and I don't want to come between them. Today wasn't a mistake. I needed this more than I realized. I'll talk to Vlad and Ilya today. I'll confess what happened as a statement of record. It's not like we did anything wrong. We just jumped the gun and got a bit ahead of ourselves. If anything, they should thank Max for making me turn a corner.

That sounds like an excellent way to start. They understand rational thinking and the need to process your thoughts. Well, Vladimir does.

"Don't move a fucking muscle." A hand clasps tightly over my mouth and drags me into the living room. My heart races. Adrenaline rushes through my veins as fight or flight kicks into high gear.

"You've been a bad girl, kitten." I thrash and growl with rage until the sound of his voice and the scent of his cologne

sink into my brain and force me to look over my shoulder.

“You idiot.” I groan and squirm to free myself from his grasp. But he doesn’t give an inch. “Max is sleeping, Ilya. This isn’t funny. How the hell did you get in here anyway?”

He kneels me on the sofa and places my hands on the armrest. “You like role play, kitten. I let myself in.” With one thrust, he sinks his thick member deep into my core. I fall forward and clutch the end table, clinging to the smooth mahogany as he plunges in and out, harder, deeper, wilder with an animalistic grunt that makes my hair stand on end.

“Tell me you love me, Jana.” He leans forward, reaches over my hip, and gently strokes my clit. “Tell me you love me. I can’t live without you.”

“Ilya!” I’m so close. Each thrust gets me inches away. Every stroke of his finger brings me to the brink of explosion. But he withholds my climax. Like a naughty priest, he wants to hear my confession before he grants me the ultimate absolution.

“If you can’t say it, you don’t deserve to come, baby.” He sets a brutal pace, plunging with anger and ramming his enormous cock into my quivering pussy to teach me just how badly I’ve behaved. I cry for mercy, then grind back, welcoming every thrust like a wanton woman who’s lost her way and has no need for directions.

“Please, Ilya. I’m not ready.” I can say it. I could say it a thousand times, but I’m a greedy woman who wants angry sex.

“Then I’ll make you ready.” He flips me over onto my back and pushes my knees to my shoulders. I’m so wet, I’m soaked to my thighs, and he can see it all. A voyeur at heart,

he watches his cock slip inside me, grinning with wicked delight at the sight of our union. It's almost too much to bear. His pace returns to a reckless speed. His fingers find my clit and stroke to the beat of his rutting cock, thrusting seamlessly through my wet slit and taking me to a world where I leave my body and fly high above the stars.

“Come with me, Jana. Tell me you love me. I know you do.” He asks again, and I have to give in. He knows I love having sex with him, but he should know I love him. Men need to hear it too.

I'm not ready to decide, but he should know I love him.

“I love you.” My true release comes with my confession. “I love you, Ilya.”

He fists his hand into my hair and snakes his arms around my back. His full lips smother mine, ravaging me in a kiss that reverberates through my heart and settles into my soul.

“That's my good girl. Let's wake up Maxim.”

SIXTEEN

club
sing

The logo consists of the words "club" and "sing" stacked vertically. The word "club" is in a lowercase, serif font. The word "sing" is also in a lowercase, serif font, but the letter "i" is replaced by a stylized musical note with a stem and a flag.

VLAD

“YOU DIRTY, DIRTY GIRL.” I pull Jana into her foyer and slam the door behind us. We said one goodnight kiss, and I swear I meant it. She made the request before dinner, and as much as it killed me to keep intimacy off the menu, I kept to her rules. Jana isn’t a conquest to win. She’ll be our partner in life, and a partner should be respected. If she needs more time, I need to give her space to consider the gravity of her decision.

We’ve waited years for her to come along, never believing she truly existed. Waiting a few more days or, God forbid, weeks to resume our relationship isn’t an enormous sacrifice. I know my brothers agree. Well, Maxim agrees. Ilya won’t give her any peace.

But that was before she tried my patience and turned into a brat.

“Daddy, you promised!” She tears her lips off my neck and pulls her hand out from my jeans. That was my breaking point. The second she unzipped my jeans and stuck her hand inside my boxers, Jana Penrose nullified all earlier agreements of abstinence and guaranteed the games were on.

“You know what you’re doing, little girl.” I tug off my belt and crack the leather strap against the wall. She kicks off her heels and tosses one in my direction, giggling as she makes

her way down her darkened hallway. “I’m coming to get you, even if I have to tear down that fucking door. Nothing’s keeping me from destroying that pussy, Jana.” For fuck’s sake, I can’t believe the shit that’s coming out of my mouth. But there’s just something about this girl that brings out my inner beast.

“Forget it, Daddy. All I wanted to do was feel it. It was your job to stop me.” Her playful voice makes me want to race into her arms, but I take my time and draw out the suspense. She teased me all through dinner, hoping I’d break my promise. And I don’t think I’m flattering myself. Her game of footsies was sweet, and although it got me hard, I took it as nothing more than a frisky way to move the conversation along. I’m not an oaf incapable of controlling my urges.

I felt backing her ass into my hips and rubbing her cheeks against my erection while we waited for the valet was unnecessary. But I figured she was being a brat and testing my patience. Her hand on my thigh while I drove her home got my juices flowing, but still, I kept my cool, and I swore I’d see this through. I never expected her to take such drastic steps.

But if my lady wants dick, my lady shall have it.

“Vlad?” I stay silent and drag my feet across the Persian rug, littered with remnants of her wardrobe. While I stalk my prey like a creepy villain in a horror movie, I pull off my sweater, tug off my boots and discard my jeans. “Are you there?” She calls again, fearing I’ve left her naked and horny. Not a chance, sweetheart.

I reach her door and find it cracked open, only a dim light shining within. “Daddy’s here, baby. He’s not going anywhere. And neither are you.” I walk through, and my lonely heart

skips a beat when her soft voice guides me towards the center of the room.

“I’m right here.” She steps into the candlelight, naked as the day she was born, and my heart quickens to such a reckless pace, my vision blurs. I can’t believe how quickly I’ve fallen in love. If it was happening to anyone else, I’d never believe it. We’ve already had sex in every way imaginable, but this is our first real date alone. Maybe we should have done this from the start, but I didn’t expect things to fall into place so soon.

I reach out in the dark, following the scent of her skin, and taste her on my breath. “I love you, Jana. You know, don’t you?” I close the distance between us and pull her into my chest. Her breasts spill into my large hands, filling them to capacity, and I plunder each one with my greedy mouth.

“Daddy...” she purrs like a kitten, and her skin turns to gooseflesh in my hands. I lick each taut nipple, suckling without mercy as she dances on the balls of her feet, losing strength from the wild sensations ravaging her limbs. Fearing her knees will buckle, I wrap her legs around my waist and carry us onto the bed.

I clasp my hands to hers and hold them over her head. My lips fall on hers, and our mouths mate with a longing I never imagined feeling. My heart recognized Jana the moment we met. The spark was instant and unmistakable, and the minute we made love, everything fell into place, like I knew it would.

“How can you think of leaving us? Don’t you know how miserable we’ll be without you?” We gaze into each other’s eyes, lost in a moment of wonder and mutual lust. She flutters her lashes, an innocent gesture meant to throw me off. “What if everything falls apart? How will I ever stop loving you?”

“Do you love me?” My heart thumps like a bass drum and sends throbbing vibrations into my ears. I sweep her into my arms and seal our lips in a blistering kiss that summons visions of babies, birthday parties, and walks on the beach. I want to know every part of this girl, and she needs to meet every inch of me—over and over until the end of time.

She thrills me with a soft yes, and our eyes lock in a moment that seals both our fates. Jana loves me. She loves me, and if she doesn't already love Ilya and Max, I know she will. None of us have ever done this before. We're embarking on something new, something we need that only the other can give us.

But right now, I need Jana. I need to listen to her voice hit that high note of ecstasy, and I want to know I'm responsible for taking her there. Tonight, for the first time, I have her all to myself.

I kiss my way down the soft curve of her breasts across her abdomen and work my way to the apex of her thighs. The smell of her sex reaches my nostrils, and my taste buds melt. She's the best pussy I've ever had, and these last six days have been nothing less than torture.

I lower my mouth and suckle on her tight bundle of nerves, licking like the greediest glutton who hordes his ice cream on a warm August day. Her arousal drips into my mouth, and the taste turns me feral. I lose my composure, and my mind quickly follows. She can't send me away. She doesn't need more time. Another week without my Jana will only drive me mad.

I slide my hands under her ass and lift her pussy straight into my mouth, stunning her with my avarice. She screams obscenities and cries for a short reprieve but refrains from

using our safe word. I give her nothing but tongue. I feed recklessly, thrashing her clit, laving, licking, petting with hummingbird speed until she tumbles into an obscene frenzy of electric ecstasy that flattens her to the mattress. The sight nearly takes my breath away.

“Vlad...” she weeps openly and holds the sheets for purchase. “That wasn’t fair.”

I drag my body over hers and swirl my tongue around her taut nipple, relishing the feel of her supple skin against my beard. “Now you know how it feels, sweetheart. I’ve been dead these last six days. I want to give you space, my love. You deserve time and space. You should have months to figure this out because we’re going to overwhelm the hell out of you. But I just can’t bear it. Come home to us. We need you.”

She chuckles and rolls to her side, letting her long dark hair fall on my face. For a moment, I lose myself in the smell of her perfume and imagine years into the future. I’m not leaving here without her.

“I am home, Vlad.”

“Your home is with us. Do you want me to call Ilya and Max to help convince you?”

She giggles into my chest and sighs, “Just Max. Ilya is probably waiting for me in the kitchen. I’ll go get him.”

SEVENTEEN



EPILOGUE- TWO YEARS LATER

“ARE YOU READY? Do you have your uniform washed and ready to go? The car is picking us up in fifteen minutes.” I tap my watch and carry Nadia into Vladimir’s outstretched arms, allowing him to give her a kiss goodnight before we leave. We’re due to meet Jana at Club Sin in thirty minutes, and I don’t want to be late. Although they know her well, I hate the idea of anyone believing she’s a free agent. The thought alone makes me want to choke the life out of every horny bastard there.

“Be a good girl for Papa. Vlad kisses his infant daughter on the head, nuzzles her cheek then hands her to her nanny. As the pair heads towards the nursery, Maxim chases them into the hall and gives our niece a goodbye hug. Nadia is only technically Vlad’s daughter. We love her and raise her like she’s our own, but paternity was a sticking point for Jana. If we wanted to start a family, she insisted her children know who they called Daddy and who they called Uncle Max or Uncle Vlad.

We share a wife, but her babies wouldn’t share a father. Fair enough. Whatever Jana wants, Jana gets. That’s a motto that makes our lives fuller, richer, and so much sweeter.

“Are you sure this is for Jana and not some strange fantasy you have about cheerleaders?” Maxim lifts the garment bag holding the specially designed football uniforms I ordered last month for Jana’s private twenty-fifth birthday party.

I shove him towards the door and wave my hand to rush Vlad off his phone. “Do you have any idea how hard it is to find football uniforms in our sizes? I’m 6’7 –those are NFL sizes. This is a one-time use, and it’s all part of the fantasy. Last Christmas, Macy told me Jana always wanted to be a cheerleader. She said she and Willow were cheerleaders, but Jana wasn’t allowed to try out—some bullshit about her father. Poor Jana attended all their games, memorized their cheers, and regretted not joining the squad. Well, tonight, my baby is going to be a cheerleader.” I lift my second garment bag, unzip it and reveal Jana’s uniform.

“So why the fuck are we football players? Why aren’t we male cheerleaders? We could have helped her do a few cheers.” Vlad injects his two cents as we head into the elevator. “And why did she have to meet us there? You know I hate when she goes without us.”

I shake my head with disgust. “Get a grip. What woman wants to bang three male cheerleaders? We’re football players. Her uniform says head cheerleader because my baby is the fucking best, and if she’d tried out, she would have been head cheerleader, not that know-it-all Macy.” I walk ahead of my brothers and make a beeline for the car. I’ve got nothing against Macy. She’s a sweetheart. I’m just a competitive jerk, and that spills over to anything pertaining to Jana.

We each married Jana in our own way two months after we got together, but the only legal one is her marriage to Vladimir. It was the practical choice for the sake of our family

and future children. Vlad is the oldest, and more than half of our assets are under his name. As Vlad's wife, Jana's future will always be secure.

But we don't like to think of that. Jana belongs to the three of us. We share her separately, and we share her together. And, of course, we belong to her. Tonight is all about her. I really hope she gets a kick out of it.

"Mr. Valerian, what took you so long?" The beautiful woman in red rushes to greet us with open arms and a killer dress that shows off far too much leg. She sneaks her hands into my coat and wraps her arms around my waist. Her dark eyes flash to mine, and I lose my heart all over again.

"Mrs. Valerian, where the hell did you get that dress?" I give her a disapproving glare and smack her ass.

"Maxim bought it for me. It's a birthday present!" She moves on to Max and seals her lips to his, giving him a much warmer greeting than she gave me.

"She looks beautiful. What are you complaining about?" Maxim flashes the key to Room Four, our regular room, and the one with a particular piece of furniture installed explicitly for tonight's visit.

"My love, don't you look debonair." Jana twirls into Vlad's arms and gives him a tender kiss on his lips. Sometimes I think she does it on purpose.

"Sweetheart." I lift the key and extend my hand for her to take. Jana rushes to my side, adjusts her dress, and changes her tune. As we walk down the red corridor, her eyes dance with curiosity. She knew we were coming here and planned something special, but I kept everyone in the dark until today.

Before we enter the room, I hand her a garment bag with her name. “This is for you. Don’t ruin your surprise by looking around. Go into the changing room, and we’ll wait for you in the bedroom.”

Her eyes grow wide. Her feet pitter-patter on the floor like a kid on Christmas morning. When the door swings open, she disappears into the fitting room while we strip as fast as we can and try to shove our old asses into tight pants, jerseys, and cleats.

As I expect and secretly wished, we hear a squeal of delight. “Oh, my God. You didn’t! Head cheerleader!” Jana fumbles in the tiny room, stripping, dressing, and reappearing only seconds after we’ve tied our shoes. We gasp together. Stunned by her beauty and amazed at how big our erections look in tight white pants.

Her black and red pleated skirt is only long enough to cover her ass. The tight-fitted short sleeve sweater with the letter V on it was my idea. And fixing her hair into a high ponytail pulls the whole outfit together. She’s the hottest cheerleader I’ve ever seen.

“Who did this?!” She twirls and taps her cheer sneakers in a fit of excitement, then wipes an errant tear off her left cheek. My heart flutters with love. She’s the most beautiful girl in the world.

“Ilya planned the whole thing. He deserves all the credit.” Vlad answers her question and prevents me from singing my own praises.

Jana’s face beams bright with joy, the kind of joy I only ever see when she holds Nadia. “Thank you!” She flies into my arms and climbs my legs like a tree. I wrap her legs around

my hips and sit her ass in my hands. “You’re welcome. I hope you have one less regret, kitten.”

She nods and hugs my neck. “You don’t know what this means to me.”

“It’s not over. We expect cheers, Jana.” I place her on the floor and hand her a pair of pom-poms. And when you’re done —” I walk to the far end of the room and pull the tarp off the specially supplied piece of furniture. “When you’re done, the three of us are taking our naughty cheerleader back here.”

She covers her mouth, fifty percent horrified but one hundred percent titillated if I know my girl. “Did you have someone build a replica of the back of the school bus?”

I wag my eyebrows and nod. “I did, indeed. So, let’s get some cheers for your football players. Because I’ve heard rumors that the head cheerleader takes it in the ass.”

JANA

“We’ll get caught. I know we’ll get caught,” I rasp, breathless from kisses as three men surround and undress me in the back of the bus. Max pulls off my skirt and panties. Vlad strips me naked from the waist up. Someone spreads my legs from behind and slides a lubed cock between my cheeks. I look over my shoulder. It’s Ilya.

I shake my head and pretend I’m a shy teenage girl instead of a married woman with three husbands who does this at least once a week. “I can’t! I don’t know how.”

Ilya takes it slow and goes along with the act. He helps me along, holding steady while I get used to the feeling of his

invasion. I shiver, pretending the stimulation is too much to bear, moaning quietly as he slides in an inch at a time and begging off when it becomes too much cock for a cheerleader to take.

We build a quiet rhythm that slowly builds into a tight tension. Ilya drives harder, pistoning in and out with a steady brutality that he knows I enjoy. I grind back, wiggling my ass into him, meeting him halfway with a passionate enthusiasm I know he loves. Our hunger escalates into animalistic rutting that leaves no room for anyone but us. He leans forward and cups my breasts, using my body to steady his onslaught. Ilya's incomparable. I welcome everything he has to give and revel in my destruction. With three more strokes, I feel the first eruption. Two more, and we explode like two volcanoes, leaving nothing but ash in our wake. This is turning out to be one of the best birthdays ever.

“You're not quitting yet.” Vlad and Max stand over us, stiff and ready to go.

“I'm a mom now. Give me five minutes.”

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Matilda is a Texas girl in love with a Philly boy who loves to write dirty books about two people who trip into love and fumble their way into a Filthy, Funny, Happily Ever After.

I live in Austin, with my husband, two crazy Chihuahuas and an even crazier cat. And I spend most of my day writing dirty romance books about older men who fall in love with younger women and make fools of themselves trying to win their hearts.

If you love Dark Romance, you've come to the wrong place. I don't like dark heroes.

I like my hero to be successful, sweet, suave, sophisticated and kind— and then I want him to lose all his composure and game when he meets the heroine. I want him to turn into a bumbling idiot when he spots the girl of his dreams and revert to a teenage boy in a man's body trying to win her.

I like my heroines to be witty, intelligent, and unshakeable—who could do just as well without a man—until the hero convinces her otherwise.

I write A LOT OF AGE GAP—because I LOVE AGE GAP ROMANCE. I've got no other excuse for it.

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